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THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XVI.] JULY, 1833. [No. 91.

THE POLITICIAN'S PRIMER.

REVENUE, DEBT, MILITARY AND NAVAL FORCE, POPULATION, GEOGRAPHICAL SUPERFICIES, ARMY EXPENCES, AND AGGRESSIVE POWER OF EVERY STATE IN EUROPE.

THOSE sources of error that render it so difficult at all times to ascertain the exact superficies and the population of states, are still more numerous when we seek to determine their revenue and the amount of their debts. First, we know nothing positively of these two statistical elements in all the absolute governments, where they are too often enveloped in the greatest mystery. All that we do know of them is confined to some documents, exact enough, it is true, but of an ancient date; or to others recently but partially and imperfectly compiled. They are, however, to a certain extent very valuable; serving, as they do, as a basis to the skilful statistician for acquiring a knowledge of the total amount of the revenues, by combining them together and by comparing them with similar documents of other countries whose finances are better known. The bouleversement of so many states during the last forty years, the constitutional or republican governments adopted by so many nations during this short period, have enabled the geographer and statistician to calculate with tolerable precision the revenues and debts of a great number of states. But this abundance of materials has been the means also of propagating a host of errors arising from a want of due care in their selection.

To prove in some degree this to our readers, and to demonstrate how necessary it is to receive with the greatest circumspection the figures that are daily presented to them, we shall exhibit the contradictory estimates of some of the principal states of Germany adopted by the most skilful statistical writers of that country for almost the same periods.

	Cannebich	Leichtenstein, in 1819.	Richard, in 1822.	Hassel, in 1822.	Stein, in 1825.	Malchus, in 1826.	Hassel, in 1826.
Bavaria	25,000,000	20,000,000	30,600,000	30,258,000	34,638,000	36,791,000	29,946,000
Wirtemberg	10,000,000	16,000,000	9,350,000	8,357,000	9,666,000	11,040,000	8,357,000
Hanover	9,058,000	9,450,000	10,000,000	8,162,000	12,000,000	11,500,000	11,700,000
Saxony	9,000,000	13,500,000	10,000,000	11,000,000	14,496,000	13,500,000	11,000,000
Baden	6,000,000	5,500,000	5,278,000	7,890,000	9,170,000	9,466,000	9,185,000
Hesse	4,000,000	3,500,000	6,000,000	4,997,000	5,816,000	5,816,000	6,077,000
Electoral Hesse	4,000,000	4,000,000	4,000,000	3,900,000	4,500,000	5,200,000	4,500,000
Saxe Weimar	1,500,000	1,500,000	1,500,000	1,500,000	1,875,000	2,250,000	1,875,000
Nassau	1,557,000	1,557,000	1,550,000	2,800,000	———	2,830,000	1,950,000
Brunswick	2,717,000	1,800,000	2,250,000	2,500,000	2,000,000	2,965,000	2,000,000

We shall now briefly analyse the numerous causes that are the sources of error in determining the revenues and debt of a state. First, then, there is the year to which these statistical elements must be referred; this circumstance alone, paying a due regard to the different phases of prosperity or misery through which a state may pass, presents results that differ in a most astonishing manner in the short interval of a few years. We shall cite Spain, whose revenues in 1802 amounted, independently of those she derived from her rich colonies and from several other sources, to the sum of £7,900,000, whilst in the year 1789 they only amounted to £6,000,000. We should find the difference still more considerable were we to compare the revenues of that monarchy in 1807 with those of 1809.

The estimate of the debt calculated at different periods presents still greater differences. The Russian and Austrian empires, and the Prussian monarchy, which now have all very considerable debts, had scarcely any before the first French revolution. In the short period of eight years, from 1816 to 1823, France augmented the nominal capital of her debt by a sum of 1,998,787,720frs. From the year 1803 to 1815 our own debt was increased £491,940,407. On the 11th October, 1824, the federal debt of the United States was 90,797,920 dollars: towards the close of 1826 it was only 74,000,000 dollars, and it is calculated that it will be perfectly extinct by 1834.

A no less remarkable difference arises from the mode of calculating the revenues. Some take the total amount of receipts, including the expenses of collection and of administration, which they call the gross revenue. Others, on the contrary, deduct from the total revenue the sums expended in its collection and the administration of the state. The difference between these—the gross and the net revenue, will be more or less according to the imperfection of the administrative systems. The states of Europe in this particular, as in every other, present the greatest differences; for while it has been calculated that the expences of collecting the revenue and the administration of government amount in this country but to 11 per cent., they constitute in France a *ninth part* of the receipts. In the budget of the kingdom of Hanover they figure for rather better than one-ninth, in that of Bavaria one-eighth, and in Portugal one-third.

In the compilation of a statistical table, which we are about to offer, we have given, whenever it was possible, the *gross revenue* of each state, because the expences of collecting it and of administering the government form a real part of the sums paid by the contributaries—they represent a part of the resources of a country. But there are certain sums which appear in the column of receipts of some budgets of which the statistical writer ought to take no account, because they are only deposits or capitals advanced for the purchase of salt, tobacco, and other articles which the government resells at a very considerable profit. There are also several states where, what is called the state domains have an administration of their own, and the revenues of which, notwithstanding their great importance, never appear in the budget. We may say, that, in general, almost all the state revenues of the small states of the German Confederation are

more considerable than the public or national revenues. And yet some statistical authors and many geographers, either through ignorance of this statistical element, or that they deem it better to follow the example of the respective governments of those states, make no account whatever of the revenues arising from these domains, and thus give estimates which differ in a most extraordinary degree from those of the authors who admit them in the budget.

There is another difficulty which appears to us to have escaped the attention of many statistical writers, and of some of the most distinguished geographers:—whether in a comparative table the considerable revenues which arise from property situated out of their respective states, or transactions with other states ought to be included in their budgets. We are of opinion that it would be better to exclude them altogether, as they may be said to be foreign to the resources of the countries in question.

The receipt of extraordinary means arising from loans, or the sale of public possessions, must be reckoned among the causes that produce the discrepancy which we observe in the estimate of the revenues of states. In a statistical table of Europe, published in 1818, in the Ephemerides Geographiques de Weimar, the revenues of the British empire were only estimated at 199,273,833 florins, or about £20,760,000. In that of Fredan, published in 1819, they amount to 290,000,000 rix-dollars, or £58,000,000, and in that of Baron Leechenstern, published at Vienna in 1819, they are rated at 465,000,000 florins. Hassel, in his Geographical Dictionary, published at Weimar in 1817, estimates them at 421,000,000 florins or about £43,850,000. Stein, in his Geographical Dictionary, printed at Leipsig in 1818, rates them at £57,368,691. We perceive at a glance that these great differences arise from the circumstance that some reckon as income only the revenues which cover the expences of the government, abstracting sometimes those employed in paying the interest of the debt, sometimes the sinking fund, and sometimes both; while, on the other hand, others include in their estimates every source of revenue.

Those states that possess colonies offer in their budgets another fruitful source of the most absurd estimates of their revenues. Seeing that in almost all of them the expences of administration and of defence leave scarcely any net revenue. Most statistical and geographical writers made no account of them previously to those political revolutions that have changed the face of America. Others have included in the receipts of the mother country the net revenue arising from those distant possessions, while others again, have included the gross revenue. We ought not to be astonished if a table compiled according to these three different modes of considering the revenues of the Spanish monarchy should shew a difference of some millions. How much greater still would be the discrepancy of these results were we to apply these different methods to the financial system of our own country. It is for this reason, and taking into consideration the numerous difficulties that the estimate of the revenues of these distant establishments would present, that we have resolved not to admit them in the column of revenues of the states of Europe.

Before quitting this important subject, we may perhaps be permitted to make some observations relative to the revenues of states whose budgets offer certain branches of the receipts, which we may assimilate to the sources of revenues of states that we consider are not in the domain of statistics. For instance,in the receipts of the kingdom of Sweden, we must take into consideration the considerable revenues which the possessors of military fiefs enjoy, either for the support of the "indelta," or the unpaid permanent army, or that of the unpaid crews of the fleet. Very considerable sums, which never appear in the budget, must also be added to the general receipts of the Austrian empire, on account of the immense landed possessions of the government, which serve to support the numerous army of agricultural soldiers established along her military frontiers. We shall not speak here of the military colonies of Russia, because the extraordinary expenses which their foundation naturally required, has increased the budget of expenditure rather than that of the receipts. But the finances of the Russian empire present, more than any other state in Christendom, a host of direct or indirect revenues, of which due accounts should be made in a comparative table. We shall discover them in Schnitzler's important work on the Russian empire, in which he has given, with singular talent and industry, the most authentic data that have yet appeared upon the statistics of that large portion of the globe. Certain particular revenues, says this able author, such as the fisheries on the river Oural, never appear in the budget, seeing that they serve to pay, or are assigned over in perpetuity, either to individuals or classes of men. Whole governments are sometimes required to furnish the necessary objects for the supplies of the army, instead of taxes, levied upon others; and the value of these are never introduced into the budget; besides, the rates at which the government receives these supplies, enables it to make considerable profits on the transaction. Labour in the mines, the transport of metals and of salts, replace in some districts the capitation tax, or at least a portion of it. Whole tribes, again, are exempt from it on condition of doing military service whenever they are required by the Emperor. Some nations pay their tributes in skins or furs, which are wholly employed for the use of the army, and which never appear in the budget: neither do the marbles and precious stones, which the state derives from its own domains; the cannon-balls furnished by its founderies; and a thousand other objects, that in any other country would swell the budget of expenditure. In carrying into that of income the net produce of several public works carried on to the profit of the government, no account is made of the expense of transportation and labour: charges which for other articles figuring in the same list, are deducted from the net produce. All these different sums, added to the budget of income, would augment it considerably. And thus it is that so many objects of supplies, equipment, and construction—so many hands, which elsewhere must be paid, and which in Russia are at the free disposition of the government, explain more or less the comparative small amount of her expenditure. If to this we add, that the public

employés are, it is true, numerous, but that they, as well as the army and navy, are badly paid, we shall be the less astonished at the astonishing contrast which the Russian budget presents with those of states even much less important.

Generally speaking, the debt of a state arises from sums borrowed by the government either at home or abroad. But we must not suppose, as is but too often the case among statistical writers, that we can form a correct estimate of the debt of a state, even though we should exactly know all the sums it has received by loans. There are many other sources which may augment its debts—either by arrears of payment for services done; by creating a paper money; or by putting into circulation coin much below its nominal value. And even then, although we know with the utmost exactness all the debts of a state, we should, in their estimation, arrive at erroneous results, if we were ignorant of the sums that had already been redeemed. As to debts, properly so called, there are several, distinguished from the national debt, and which, in some states, amount to very considerable sums. In fact, were we not limited for space, we might present the reader with a comparative table, in which the estimation of national debts would offer the same discrepancies as that of national revenues.

Persons unacquainted with statistics, can form no idea of the numerous difficulties met with in the estimation of debts; especially if we take accounts of the paper money, which is really a debt contracted by the government to the nation, and the annihilation of which either requires new loans or new taxes. But, in adding to the debts of states, the sums which represent the mass of their paper money, we have been careful, in our table, to keep accounts of the quantity that has been destroyed by the different governments down to 1826. Before the creation of the bank, Russia had not less than 873,537,920 paper roubles in circulation; of these, in the space of five years, they burnt 191,109,420, and 44,768,230 in 1822; so that, in 1826, there only remained in circulation 595,776,310. The Austrian empire presents equally favourable results: the amount of paper money, which in 1811 exceeded 1,000,000,000 of florins, was in 1822 reduced to 78,500,000. Hence her funds, bearing 5 per cent. interest, which in 1817 were down to 48, have succesively risen—to 56 in 1818, to 73 in 1820, to 83 in 1823, to 90 in 1826, and latterly they have gone up to 92 and 93.

It sometimes happens that governments contract, at certain periods, considerable loans for the purpose of making some financial operation, the execution of which may be retarded from different causes. Such sums, therefore, as are only received should be carried to the debit of the debt for that year, and the remainder must figure among the resources of the ensuing year. Thus, of the loan of £5,625,000, contracted in England by the King of Denmark, the Danish government had not received the half by the end of the year 1826.

[TABLE

TABLE

OF THE COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF EUROPE.

States.	Superfices in Geog. Mls.	Population. Absolute.	Population. Rel.	Revenue.	Debt.	Military Force.
				£.	£.	
WEST. EUROPE. (CENTRAL.)						
French Empire	154,000	32,000,000	208	39,506,800	156,000,000	410.000
Swiss Confederation	11,200	1,980,000	177	416,000	—	33,758
Kingdom of Bavaria	22,120	4,070,000	184	2,800,000	10,260,000	35,800
— of Wirtemberg	5,720	1,520,000	266	800,000	2,400,000	13,955
— of Hanover	11,125	1,550,000	139	1,100,000	2,560,000	13,054
— of Saxony	4,341	1,400,000	314	1,200,000	2,800,000	12,000
Grand Duchy of Baden	4,480	1,130,000	252	800,000	1,590,000	10,000
— of Hesse	2,826	700,000	248	500,000	1,080,000	6,195
Hesse Electorals	3,344	592,000	177	440,000	200,000	5,670
Grand Duchy of Saxe Weimer	1,070	222,000	204	197,000	651,300	2,100
— of MecklenburgSchewrin	3,582	431,000	120	240,000	820,000	3,580
— of Mecklenburg Strelitz	578	77,000	133	60,000	120,000	717
— of Oldenburg	1,880	241,000	128	152,000	—	1,650
Duchy of Nassau	1,446	237,000	233	240,000	380,000	3.028
— of Brunswick	1,126	242,000	215	251,000	320	2,096
— of Saxe Coburg Gotha	731	145,000	199	100,000	460,000	1,394
— of Saxe Meinungen	691	130,000	188	77,000	320,000	1,268
— of Saxe Altenberg	397	107,000	270	61,000	120,000	1,026
— of Anhalt Dessau	261	56,000	215	56,000	64,000	529
— of Anholt Bernbourg	253	38,000	150	44,000	68,000	374
— of Anholt Kœthen	240	34,000	142	25,200	124,100	320
Principality of Reuz Greiz	109	24,100	221	14,490	20,680	206
— of Reuz Schwiz	156	30,000	191	13,420	72,800	280
— of Reuz Lobenstein Ebersdorf	182	27,000	151	—	72,800	260
— of Schwarzburg Rodolstodt	306	57,000	187	32,000	24,800	539
— of Schwarzburg Sondershausen	270	48,000	178	24,000	21,600	451
— of Lippe Detmold	330	76,000	230	50,680	60,000	690
— of Lippe Schauenburg	157	26,000	166	24,140	41,360	246
— of Waldeck	347	54,000	156	41,360	124,000	518
— of Hohenzollern Ligmarengen	293	38,000	130	20,000	104,000	320
— of Hohenzollern Hechingen	82	15,000	183	12,400	28,000	145
— of Liechstenstein	40	6,000	150	2,000	—	55
Landgravate of Hesse Homburg	129	21,000	168	16,000	46,000	200
Republic of Frankfort	69	54,000	783	65,300	680,000	473
— of Bremen	51	50,000	980	41,360	312,000	385
— of Hamburg	114	148,000	1302	214,000	1,600,000	1,298
— of Lubeck	88	46,000	523	41,360	360,000	406
Lordship of Knaphausen	13	2,859	220	1.600	—	28
Austrian Empire	194,500	32,000,000	165	17,000,000	68,000,000	270,000
Prussian Monarchy	80,450	13,092,000	162	8,000,000	29,000,000	570,000
Holland	8,326	2,302,000	277	3,600,000	113,000,000	26,000
Belgium	9,700	3,816,000	—	4,000,000	3,400,000	47,000
SOUTHERN DIVISION.						
Sardinia	21,000	4,300,000	205	2,800,000	4,000,000	46,000
Duchy of Parma	1,660	440,000	264	220,000	500,000	1,800
— of Modena	1,570	380,000	238	200,000	60,000	1,780
— of Lucca	312	143,000	464	68,000	25,000	800

States.	Superfices in Geog. Mls.	Population. Absolute.	Population. Rel.	Revenue.	Debt.	Military Force.
SOUTHERN DIVISION contin.				£.	£.	
Principality of Monaco	38	6,500	171	4,800	—	—
Republic of San Marino	17	7,000	412	2,500	—	—
Grand Duchy of Tuscany	6,324	1,275,000	302	680,000	—	4,000
States of the Church	13,000	2,590,000	199	1,800,000	14,000,000	7,400
Kingdom of Two Sicilies	31,460	7,420,000	236	3,360,000	20,000,000	51,510
Spain	137,400	13,900,000	101	6,800,000	160,000,000	90,000
Portugal	29,150	3,530,000	121	2,000,000	8,000,000	29,000
Republic of Andora	144	15,000	104	—	—	—
NORTHERN DIVISION.						
Denmark	16,500	1,950,000	119	1,320,000	6,000,000	30,838
Sweden and Norway	223,000	3,866,000	17	1,600,000	3,600,000	45,201
Great Britain	90,950	24,000,000	263	46,424,440	800,000,000	122,000
EASTERN DIVISION.						
Russian Empire	1535700	56,500,000	37	17,000,000	63,000,000	870,000
Republic of Cracow	373	114,000	308	—	—	—
Ottoman Empire	112,500	7,100,000	63	14,400,000	—	300,000
Principality of Servia	9,000	380,000	42	155,000	—	—
— of Wallachia	21,600	970,000	45	540,000	—	—
— of Moldavia	11,600	450,000	39	240,000	—	—
Greece	11,800	600,000	51	240,000	7,000,000	11,800
Ionian Islands	754	176,000	234	146,000	—	—

Of the navies of Europe the following is a table, including the ships in ordinary, in commission, and building. The smaller vessels under the head of SWEDEN are chiefly gun-boats.

NAVIES OF EUROPE.

States.	Line of Battle Ships.	Frigates.	Small Vessels.	Total.
Great Britain	165	117	324	599
France	53	74	213	320
Austria	3	8	61	72
Prussia	0	0	0	1
Holland	12	33	56	101
Sardinia	0	3	7	10
Tuscany	0	0	1	1
Papal States	0	0	8	8
Kingdom of Two Sicilies	2	5	10	17
Portugal	4	6	37	47
Spain	10	16	30	56
Denmark	4	7	14	25
Sweden and Norway	10	13	238	261
Russia	32	25	107	164
Turkey	18	24	99	112
Greece		0	25	25

Not less difficulties are encountered by the statistician is estimating the naval and military forces of states, than in estimating their debts and revenues. In our table we have given only the peace establish-

ments of the different powers, with the exception of Prussia, whose army, by including the first and second ban of the landwehr, we have rated so high as 570,000 men. But it must be recollected that from her peculiar system of military organization, she could mobilize the whole of this force in a very short period. Holland and her rival Belgium have each of them at this moment a force of 100,000 men under arms. In Switzerland, too, from the late measures of the Diet, a force of 100,000 well drilled and equipped soldiers might be assembled in the space of twenty-four hours. But it is not by extraordinary efforts produced by still more extraordinary circumstances that we must measure the resources of a state.

The annual cost of the armies of the great powers of Europe we find by access to official documents to be nearly as follows:—

States.	Peace Establishment.	Cost.
Prussia	300,000 men	£3,370,000
Austria	270,000	5,000,000
Russia	870,000	8,000,000
France	410,000	10,358,000
Great Britain	122,000	9,029,968

WAR ESTABLISHMENTS.

Prussia	570,000 men
Austria	500,000
Russia	1,200,000

The contrasts which the above table presents, are, on a superficial view, startling, and to those unacquainted with all the circumstances upon which are based the respective military systems of the powers, would lead to the most erroneous conclusions of their resources and military power. Thus, from our table, it would appear that, for the same money, Russia can keep on foot, within her own territory, eight times as many men as Great Britain; nearly three times as many as France; twice as many as Austria, and one and two-ninths as many as Prussia: or, in other words, that every soldier costs this country £73 per annum; France £25; Austria £18; Prussia £11, and Russia £9. But this calculation would be founded on an imaginary basis; for in the Prussian army, not more than one-third receive pay on the peace establishment:—viz. the army of the line, and the Cadres of the first Ban of the Landwehr. In Russia and in Austria, as we have already observed, certain sources of revenues that are paid in kind, and which never appear in their budgets, are devoted solely to the maintenance of their armies. No accurate line of comparison could therefore be drawn without knowing the value of these items. Again, allowance, and a very great one too must be made for the difference in the value of money in the respective countries, and for other circumstances that materially affect the resources of a state. There is also a wide difference between the nominal and effective force of the continental armies. The former but too often relates only to the Cadres. This observation applies with the greatest force to the Russian army, whose *effective* strength is pro-

bably more than one-third below the number we have stated it to be in the table. But when the Cadres of the army are preserved, possessing, as she does, such an admirable system of military organization and recruitment, she would find no difficulty in filling up her regiments on a war footing. But to mobilize this force lies the great difficulty. In the event of a war not one of the three northern powers could put their numerous military machines in motion without subsidies from some foreign ally, or unless they carried their operations into the enemy's territories, and made the war feed itself, or levied extraordinary requisitions on their own subjects, otherwise the slender resources at the disposition of their governments would be soon exhausted. Thus then it would appear that the *aggressive* means of these powers have been so studiously magnified that the rest of Europe has, in reality, cowered beneath their imaginary power; but like the optical delusions of the phantasmagoria, a near inspection reduces their colossal proportions to proper dimensions.

While thus glancing at the military resources of the great continental powers, and at their "materiel" means in the event of a war, we are led to the consideration of what would be the position of our own country should any adequate cause oblige her once again to unsheath the sword. The question is one of the deepest importance.

Were this country again involved in war, government must have recourse to loans. Our great superiority over the nations of the continent is founded on our enormous capitalists, our admirable system of public credit, and superior financial organization. But splendid as are these sources of national greatness, we may be allowed to question the possibility of rendering them subservient to the prosecution of a war. War would bring in its traces increased taxation, and burthens which the people of this country, paralyzed as are their energies by those already in full operation, have neither the capability or the will to endure. In our populous towns we behold the majority of our species struggling with suffering and misery, heaped together in miserable habitations that barely shelter them from the inclemency of the seasons, living on the most unwholesome food, and exposed every moment to the loss of *even this*, from some of those numerous causes that, in this country, oftentimes throw large bodies of men out of employment. At the sight of so many evils that we cannot redress, then it is that we may be permitted to regret a savage life, where man disputes his existence with the elements—with the wild denizens of the forest, but is, at least, the master of his own destiny, and where the fruits of the earth, and the productions of the air and waters are the property of all. But how different the fate of the poor man in our boasted civilized society. He beholds around him riches and luxury—every thing appears constituted to charm and embellish existence—but is he hungry—is he naked?—Every fruit of the earth, every garment has a proprietor. There are laws, it is true, but what boots it to him that the scales of justice are held with an equal balance, and that her sword punishes with undiscriminating severity? Politically he may be may be free, but socially he is a slave. That broad line of demarcation that formerly existed between the noble and the citizen—the liberal and the monarchist—the whig and the tory—have

been destroyed in the debate by the appearance of a new element, deprived until now of all influence—the people. There no longer exist various degrees of privileged classes—they are now reduced to but two, or as, with aristocratic irony it has been expressed, to "those who have, and those who have not." The great question "of the Poor" is now agitating the surface of modern society as violently as did formerly the question of Slavery the Roman world, when at the summit of its greatness. From these causes, then, arises an inability on the part of this country to go to war. All the aspirations and sympathies of the nation have taken an internal direction. We are aiming towards a higher freedom than even political freedom—at an organization founded on the wants of the people, and not of the aristocracy; an organization that shall provide for all those changes which the effects of machinery have and may still further produce upon our social system; an organization which will ultimately lead to a more equal distribution of property. It is round these points that the attention of the nation is now gravitating.

Meantime England must resign herself to the stern necessity of abdicating her proud rank of the arbitress of nations, and see her foreign influence decline. That she has already done so, is evident from the passive endurance, the almost cynical indifference with which government has looked on the fate of Poland, and on what is passing in the East.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD ACTORS.

BY A SURVIVING SPECTATOR OF GARRICK.

No. I.

It was a rule of my family to let all the children see a given number of plays yearly, at each of the theatres, winter and summer; by this practice we saw the most favourite pieces, and the most eminent performers, as they passed in succession before the public. In that course I witnessed the last scintillations of Spranger Barry, the once formidable rival of Garrick; of Powell, who received instructions from Garrick; and of Garrick himself, during the last three or four years he trod the stage. I repeatedly saw him in several of his comic characters; in tragedy he performed but seldom, and when he did the crowd was so great, and the avenues to the theatre so inconvenient, that, young as I then was, it was thought too dangerous for me to make the attempt. He was so different from, as well as superior to, every other actor, that I preserved his intonation, accentuation, and other peculiarities of speech, as well as his general mode of representing his characters; and for several years afterwards, when the same characters were performed by others, I compared

them with him. This practice fixed Garrick indelibly in my memory, and left an impression which, though weakened by time, leaves me in a condition to say his equal has never since been seen.

The theatres were to me a constant source of pleasure; I saw every play, and every performer of consequence, as they came into view; compared them with their predecessors at the time, and their successors with them, as they arose, preserving notices of the whole, until within the last twelve years, during which I have never been within the walls of a theatre, and in consequence know nothing of theatres, plays, or performers, as they now are. But having seen everything connected with the subject for such a number of years, I have thought it possible that extracts from my notices of the persons and things that have passed away, may afford amusement to some who are curious in such matters.

The first play I ever saw was *Cymbeline*. Powell performed *Posthumus;* Smith, *Iachimo;* Yates, *Cloten;* Hull, *Pisanio;* Clarke, *Bellarius;* Wroughton and another, *Guaderius* and *Arviragus;* and Mrs. Yates, *Imogen*. Those who now look to the stage for, at least, attempts to imitate the costume of characters represented, will be amused by learning that *Cloten*, being the King and Queen's favourite coxcombly son, was dressed in a court suit, as near the fashion of the time as a theatrical wardrobe would afford; it was made *à la mode de Paris*, of rich figured yellow silk, lined with blue; his wig was in the fashion of the day, with bag and *solitaire;* and he wore a *chapeau de bras*, with a delicate small sword at his side. *Caius Lucius*, and his soldiers, were attired in something which the wardrobe-keeper sported for Roman costume; *King Cymbeline* and his courtiers, with *Iachimo* and *Posthumus*, in rich fancy dresses, which, in the theatrical language of that time, were technically called "shapes;" the three exiled Britons, with *Posthumus* himself when in exile, wore dresses of green, trimmed with fur, time out of mind devoted to countrymen or savages, of whatever nation they might be, as shabby scarlet coats, black wigs, and cut-throat Tyburn-looking faces, were the appropriate livery of bullies, bravos, and murderers. *Imogen*, in her disguise, (no doubt for sake of concealment), wore a Vandyke dress, made of rich sky-blue sattin, slashed with white, and richly trimmed with spangles and silver lace! Her man, *Pisanio*, no doubt to mark the difference of his rank, was attired in a serving man's habit of similar fashion, but of materials more modest.

This neglect, or rather contempt of costume, was invariable and universal. Quin, Barry, and all their successors, till long after I was familiar with the theatre, played *Othello* in a general's full-dress scarlet uniform, richly ornamented with gold lace, the face as black as burned cork could make it, and a white bushy wig, which I believe the cognoscenti in such matters call a bob-major, though the citizens termed it a real "Dalmahoy," the name of a leading city dandy of that day, who competed with the courtiers for superiority in such matters. *Iago* and *Cassio*, conforming, as good officers should do, with orders issued from the War-office, dressed in the uniforms of

the same corps, proportioned to the difference of their ranks.* The last time I saw the *Moor of Venice* performed in this costume, was when Stephen Kemble was started at Covent-garden in the character of *Othello*, under the following circumstances. The reputation of John Kemble had been for some time on the increase, particularly in Dublin, where he was said to have displayed astonishing powers. especially in the *Count of Narbonne*, in Jephson's tragedy of that name. The proprietors of Drury-lane theatre filled the newspapers with reports that they had secured this eminent new actor, by a lucrative and honourable engagement, to fill the first rank of characters at their house, and the day was said to be fixed for his *debut*. Previously, however, to the arrival of that day, counter-announcements, superior in number, whatever they might be in value, appeared, stating that the Drury-lane people had said what was not true, for that the proprietors of Covent-garden, had engaged the *really great Kemble*, whose first appearance, in the character of *Othello*, was to be in their theatre a few nights before the other Kemble came out at Drury-lane. By going early, and sustaining as severe a struggle as I had ever before been engaged in to see Garrick, or afterwards to see Mrs. Siddons, when she excited the greatest curiosity, I got an excellent seat in the pit, close to the orchestra. It was impossible the house could be fuller: as many were turned away from the doors as would have filled it twice over. Stephen had dressed himself for *Othello*, in the scarlet invariably allotted to the character at that time; his only deviation from preceding practice, was that instead of the white bob-major of Quin, he wore a wig as black as the cork had made his face. His voice was the loudest I ever heard from any human being; there seemed to be no limit to its compass, and it filled that large theatre to its utmost verge; he seemed to think the great merit of acting was to speak every word distinctly. Henderson, who had deviated from the usual costume of *Iago*, by dressing in a blue frock coat, with scarlet facings, was eminently annoyed at the vocal energy of the *debutant*. On the following morning, the newspapers praised the new and great Kemble to the skies; there was a good, but not an overflowing house, the second night; the third was a failure, and Stephen the great was heard of no more, till upwards of twenty years after, when he became remarkable for playing *Falstaff* without stuffing. On the following even-

* Macklin, who in his century played many parts, was, when they happened to be in the same theatre, *Iago* to Quin's *Othello*; but the resemblance between them was too complete to make their agreement cordial. Quin, whose excellence lay in keen, biting sarcasm, upon some occa ion is recorded to have said, "Mr. Macklin, by the lines—I beg your pardon, I should say by the cordage in your face—if Nature writes a legible hand, you must be a consummate villain." To this Macklin, who knew the inferiority of his own powers, in what was the great excellence of his opponent, made up by the pungency of his fist for the acerbity of his opponent's tongue, and knocked *Othello* down. The hero started like Anteus upon his legs, and they had a regular set to, *à la mode de Broughton*, (the fistic hero of that time,) in which Charley would have been victorious, if Manager Rich had not separated and fixed them in different pieces, where each could have every thing his own way.

ing John Kemble made his first appearance at Drury-lane in the character of *Hamlet*. So many critics have described his powers, that I will merely notice his costume on the occasion. It consisted of a full dress court suit of black velvet; his hair was dressed in the taste which then prevailed; he wore a bag, and a cocked hat with feathers outside the brim. All the characters in the piece were dressed in the court and military dresses of the time.

Every body, I suppose, has heard of *Gentleman Smith*, who figured, for almost thirty years, as the principal tragic hero, as well as "the man of Grosvenor-square," as Jesse Foote called him, "upon the stage." I was personally acquainted with him, when he was an eminent actor, and some relations of mine knew his father before I was born. In Aldersgate-street is a house that was built by or for, and once inhabited by, the well-known Earl of Shaftesbury; afterwards it was divided into several tenements; one of these was inhabited by Smith's father, who was a grocer, and it is remarkable that the last time I walked through the street, I saw the name "Smith" fixed in conspicuous characters upon the house in which I know the actor was born, and visible signs of the same trade being carried on within, perhaps by a member of the same family. If so, it is a singular instance of one family continuing the same business on the same spot for more than a century. Smith's father had several children, and to this his eldest son, he made the following offer, viz., that he would bring him up to his own trade, and leave him in it, with capital enough to carry it on, providing for his other children in different ways; or he would educate him for any profession he chose to engage in, and leave him to follow his own course afterwards. The youth said, "Give me the education of a gentleman, and I will then make my own way in the world." When his private education was completed, he went to Cambridge, and when prepared to engage in life, he obtained introductions to Rich, at Covent-garden, where he made his first appearance as *Theodosius*, in *The Force of Love*. Barry played *Varanes* to him. Even in such company, Smith stood his ground so effectually, that he obtained an advantageous engagement, and remained a first-rate actor in the capital till he quitted the stage.

In early life he married a sister of the dissipated Earl of Sandwich; his Lordship affected great indignation at the match, but after a time he relented, representing to Smith that, as he was now become a member of his honourable family, he should abandon an occupation that was so degrading to them. To this, it is said, Smith replied, "My Lord, the stage is my profession; I am fond of it, and it enables me to live with independence in the rank I have always held in society, and at the same time to support your sister with propriety, in that situation in which she has united herself with me; I am sensible of the honour derived from my alliance with your Lordship's house, and would do every thing practicable and becoming to deserve it, but *I must live;* yet if you will, in any way consistent with your own honourable feelings, insure to me for life the same income I now gain by my profession, I will sacrifice my inclinations to your pleasure," The conditions were not accepted, and he continued on the stage.

The lady died early in life, and Smith remained single: within the theatre he was the associate of all who preserved respectability of character; but when away from it he left every thing attached to it behind. He associated, upon equal terms, with the connections he made at Cambridge, and others that were added to them in his progress through life; he never committed himself improperly with the public but once, and as there was something peculiar in the affair, it will bear to be related. Smith had for several years been the amorous tragic hero of the theatre, when Mrs. Hartley, a most beautiful woman, was engaged there as the heroine. They became lovers, of course; at first in the way of business, and afterwards *par amour*. Every thing went on smoothly for some time, till one evening, while the tragedy of *Henry the Second* was performing, some misunderstanding arose suddenly between Smith, the royal *Harry* for the night, and his *Fair Rosamond;* and at length the *King*, behind the scenes, swore he would not go on the stage, "till that vixen was discharged." The lady, on the other hand, vowed that she would not utter another syllable of her part till he was sent out of the house. The rage of both parties increased, notwithstanding the remonstrances of all who were in the green-room, so that the curtain was necessarily dropped, and the audience dismissed.

When Garrick ceased to be a constant regular performer in the general business of his own theatre, and Barry went over to Covent-garden, Smith was engaged to hold the first rank in every department of stage business in Drury-lane. He did so, not only until that theatre was transferred to Sheridan and his associates, but for several years afterwards. At length he retired to Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, where he lived more than twenty years, in healthy enjoyment of the gentlemanly independence he had obtained. His last appearance in London, was at Drury-lane, many years after the public had ceased to think of him. King, in hopes of making a good benefit, wrote, offering a large fee by way of inducement, to request Smith would play *Charles*, in the *School for Scandal*, his original character in the piece, for his approaching benefit. Smith rejected the money, but came to town, and played the character to serve his old friend. The benefit produced as much as the house would hold. Those who were present, and remembered Smith when he performed *Charles* originally, saw but little difference between his first and last representation of the part. He died nearly at the age of a century, leaving property to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds.

Smith's friend, King, became eminent at an early period of his life, married, and plunged more deeply into dissipation than is common at the present time. He returned home late one night, so drunk that he could not speak intelligibly; his wife, on searching his pockets, found them crammed full of Bank notes to a very large amount. She rose early in the morning, and went to consult Garrick, who immediately returned with her to King's residence, and when he had risen and recovered his senses, the friend and wife questioned him as to where he had passed the preceding night. He did not know; he remembered having played at some place, and with somebody, but that was all he could recollect. The notes were now laid

before him, and he was as much astonished at the sight as they had been. Garrick now addressed him in the following terms:—"You have thus obtained what, if you have prudence to preserve it, will render you independent for the rest of your days; and that you may do so (producing a Bible) I insist that you do most solemnly swear upon this book, that you will never hereafter play at cards, or gamble in any manner whatever, even for the merest trifle. If you swear to do this, and keep your engagement, I will be your fast friend; as long as we both live; but if you break or evade it in any manner, or in the merest trifle, I will thenceforth abandon you for ever."

The oath was taken, and King, who had always been active in performing his duty, became Garrick's deputy manager and confidential friend in everything relating to the theatre. He grew affluent, purchased the property of Sadler's Wells, which he improved, made money by, and at last sold to great advantage. I remember him living many years in one of the best houses in Gerard-street, Soho, at that time a becoming abode for gentlemen of consequence; he had a country house, a chariot, with all suitable accompaniments. In consequence of having tried and proved him in every way so many years, Garrick recommended him to the new proprietors, as the most valuable assistant they could employ; they felt that he was so, and received him as such. I was present when he delivered the opening address. Every thing went on with him well until Garrick's death; but shortly after that event King returned to the gaming-table, with energy increased by long abstinence. At no great distance of time, he came home one night at a late hour, and announced to his wife that the two houses, the carriage, and whatever property he possessed, was lost, and must immediately be sold to satisfy the fortunate winner. They removed to a small house in Store-street; he lost the management of the theatre, and was now obliged to act for his daily bread, *when he could get an engagement.* His salary gradually decreased, and he was put into characters of less and less importance, as age and infirmities came upon him, and the last time I saw poor Tom King. he enacted the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet.*

COURSING IN GREECE.

In the year 1827, I chanced to be at Cranidi, in the South of Argolis: The famous Suliote chieftain, Kitso Tzavella, was there with four or five hundred Palicari and some of his friends and personal adherents. Civilities—for Tzavella knew the amenities—passed between us; and, in return for an entertainment I had given him, he invited me to a day's coursing. We met at six o'clock in the morning, and as Tzavella had promised me a horse, I made my appearance in top-boots and buckskins,—an attire rarely seen out of merry England, and I may venture to assert then for the first time published in Greece. At all events it was quite new to my Albanese friends, and as they had never known me but in the Albanian costume, they were as much astonished as a party at Almacks would be by the sudden introduction of a Sandwich Islander or a native of Timbuctoo. My spurs were minutely examined, and no one would be satisfied till he had pricked his fingers on the rowels. My servant followed me with an European saddle, which I had taken the precaution to bring out with me, but the Arnaout objected so strongly to having it put upon the back of any one of his steeds that I was obliged to give in.

Behold me then with my buckskins and *tops*, dropped into a saddle, with an excrescence a foot and a half high, by as much broad behind, and a pummel rising eight inches before—stirrup leathers not more than a foot long at the utmost stretch—(I stand five feet eleven, without my shoes)—and stirrups of the size and shape of a fire shovel without a handle—the whole adorned and bedizened with gold lace spangles and bits of coloured glass to represent jewels. My knees were so fearfully approximate to my nose, that at every movement of my steed I dreaded a collision: however, I had a consolation left, which was that "come what come might," there was no possibility of my being thrown out of the saddle.

About thirty of the Greeks, all dressed in superb costumes of velvet and gold embroidery, were armed to the teeth—each man carrying two or more pistols, atayhan, and sabre, some having in addition a carbine or short Damascus rifle, and all mounted on beautiful Arab horses. We rode gaily along, each following the bent of his humour, now urging his horse to his utmost speed, and then—after flying like the wind for a hundred yards or so—suddenly throwing him on his haunches by means of the tremendous bit, which is used all over the Levant. In fact, putting a horse to the top of his speed, stopping him in a second, twisting him suddenly round, and other similar manœuvres, seem to constitute the *beau ideal* of horsemanship in the East. I never recollect to have seen either a Turk or a Greek *trot*: for them there is no medium between a full gallop and a walk. I believe there are none but the Turkoman horses that *do* trot without being trained to it; these are very extraordinary animals—long-barelled, big-headed, ugly-looking "varmint;" but, in despite of their want of beauty, they will carry a rider a hundred miles a day for

several successive days, working at the pace of five miles an hour, twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

We were accompanied by forty or fifty men on foot, some leading the dogs, which were principally of the jet black, long haired, Turkish breed, far surpassing our greyhounds in beauty, but not perhaps equal to them in speed;* others were armed with long poles for the purpose of beating the bushes. The ground selected for the sport was a narrow valley, plentifully covered with brushwood and shrubs, and watered by a small mill-stream that meandered along its centre. The only level opening into this valley was that by which we entered, the gorge at the other extremity being blocked up by a hill that ran transversely to the two which formed its sides, giving it the form of an elongated amphitheatre. The game-finders spread themselves in all directions over the plain, while those who held the dogs took their stations at its skirt, just at the base of its acclivity. The horsemen, separating from each other, rode a few paces up the hill, where they remained intently watching the operations of the infantry in the valley. Knowing that a hare, when pursued, will take a hill, if there happen to be one near, I thought the arrangement very judicious, and was the less prepared for the scene that presented itself, when at last the game was started. At the cry of "Lagos! Lagos!" (Hare! Hare!)—all the dogs, and there were at least twenty of them, were immediately let loose; all the infantry ran, and all the cavalry rode to the spot whence the cry proceeded, as fast as their respective legs and beasts could carry them; and as soon as poor puss came in sight, the bullets whizzed about her ears in all directions. The first victim was the foremost dog: he was shot through the head by accident, or perhaps "*pour encourager les autres;*" but, be that as it may, the hare escaped unhurt from twenty dogs, and a running fire from fifty or sixty small arms. She crossed the brow of the hill and was seen no more. At the end of the day's sport the return of killed and wounded was as follows:—

Killed.		Wounded.	
Hare	1	Hare	0
Dogs	3	Dogs	4

* There is a breed of these beautiful dogs in Scotland, in the possession of a gentleman of Aberdeenshire.

ANECDOTES OF A DETENU.

Antipathy of David the Painter to Wigs.—I had frequent opportunities of visiting David during his residence at Brussels. A friend of mine, Mr. P——, had requested him to paint the full-length portrait of his mother—a lady nearly eighty years of age; who, however, wished to be represented in the splendid attire she wore when first presented at the court of Louis XV. It is well known that David had the greatest aversion to paint persons in the costume of modern times. I have heard him say, that he had once intended to have exhibited Napoleon, in his painting of "The Crossing the Alps," without a cocked hat, which might, he observed, be supposed to have been blown off by a gust of wind; then, said he, the fine head of the hero would have been seen to much greater advantage. "I will not prostitute my pencil in drawing falbalas, hoops, and powdered periwigs," exclaimed David with violent rage, when my friend requested him to humour the whim of the old lady;—"Sir, under somewhat similar circumstances I once gave great offence to Napoleon, to the Pope, to Talleyrand, and to Cardinal Caprara; but notwithstanding solicitations, and even menaces, I carried the point. These are the facts:—At the period of Napoleon's coronation, while the Pope was in Paris, I received an order from the Emperor to paint a large picture of the coronation.* I represented Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's minister, bareheaded. It was, in the opinion of every one, a striking resemblance; but the Cardinal, only anxious about his vile perruque, begged of me, in the most pressing terms, to paint him wearing it. 'I will never consent to do so,' said I to the Cardinal. 'I have depicted your head as God made it, and I will not spoil his work.' The Cardinal applied to Talleyrand, who was then minister for foreign affairs, and several diplomatic notes passed between them on the occasion. The former insisted upon appearing with his wig, and he assured the minister, that to him it was a matter of great political importance. The Pope alone does not wear a wig; and it might appear that, in the event of the papal chair becoming vacant, he had some pretensions to fill it. Talleyrand sent for me, and told me that it was the Emperor's wish that I should represent the Cardinal with his wig. 'I do not care,' said I, 'who requests me to put on his wig:—he is without one, and without one he shall remain.' In order to conciliate all parties, Talleyrand sent for another painter, and ordered him to adapt a periwig to the head of the Cardinal. This was accordingly done. Napoleon, the Pope, and Caprara, were all satisfied; but no sooner had his holiness left Paris than the wig disappeared—having only been painted in colours *à-la-gouache,* which a little water easily effaced."

I once asked David why he placed the letters *fac.* at the bottom of his pictures, instead of *fec.* which is used by other painters. "Because," said he, "I consider no production of man to be perfect;

* This is now at New York.

and by *faciebat*, I mean to intimate that the composition might be improved. *Fecit* expresses perfection—complete termination—'Deus fecit mundum.'"

The Cannons of Austerlitz.—The column of the Place Vendôme is formed of the cannons taken at the battle of Austerlitz. The Duke de Gaëte, minister of finances, after a long conversation with Napoleon on the resources of the country, requested his majesty to let him have twenty of these cannons. "What!" said the emperor smiling, "does our minister of finances intend to declare war against us?" "No, sire, not against you, but against some old worn-out machines that threaten danger to the men employed at the mint. If your majesty will give me these twenty cannons, I will have them converted into engines for the purpose of coining, and there will be enough metal to supply machines for all the mints in the empire. I will, moreover, if it meets with your approbation, cause the name of *Austerlitz* to be engraved upon them." This idea pleased the emperor, and he wrote to the minister of war the following order:—"I hereby place at the disposal of *our general in chief of the finances*, a battery of twenty cannons." These machines are still in use at the different mints. The Emperor of Austria, when at Paris in 1814, visited the principal of these establishments, where it has long been a custom, when a sovereign honours the place with his presence, to strike a medal bearing his effigy. The name of *Austerlitz* having caught the eye of Francis, "Nothing can be more beautiful," said he, looking at the medal; "the machines work admirably well. They are no longer the *ultima ratio regum*, but the *ultima representatio regum*."

A distinction WITH *a difference.*—Talleyrand said that the difference between Louis XVIII. and his minister was, the former wishes for the *happiness* of his people, and the minister wishes for their *property*. (Le roi veut le *bonheur* de son peuple et le ministre veut son *bien*.) This is a witty play upon words. *Bien* not only signifies *property* but *prosperity, welfare, happiness*.

A distinction WITHOUT *a difference.*—At the meeting which took place at Erfurt between Napoleon and Alexander, the latter did all in his power to persuade the former that he entirely coincided with his views, and that thenceforward, they were to be inseparable friends. One day they entered, arm in arm, the room where dinner was prepared. Alexander placed his hand to his side, intending to take off his sword, before he sat down to table, but perceived that he had forgotten to put it on. Napoleon, who had now taken off his sword, immediately presented it to the czar, and begged him to accept it. "I receive it," said Alexander, "as a testimonial of your friendship; and your majesty may rest assured that I will never draw it against you." When this circumstance was related to Talleyrand, he said, "Alexander will not *draw* his sword against the emperor, for a very good reason—he will very soon *throw away the scabbard*."

The Conscription.—Chambarlhac, who had been a private, raised himself by severe and cruel conduct towards the Vendeans to the rank of a general. He was so great a dolt, that Napoleon never

entrusted him with any command in the field, and he remained, during the whole of the emperor's reign, in one of the military divisions—his duty being to raise as many conscripts as possible for the service. The heart-rending scenes which I have often witnessed, when the unfortunate youths were dragged from their families, and brought before this republican general, baffles all description. The son of a farmer residing in the neighbourhood of Lisle was drawn for the conscription. The youth possessed considerable talent as an engraver, and by his exertions was of great assistance to his parents in the support of a numerous family. A substitute was obtained at the price of £300. At the period I am alluding to, it was extremely difficult to procure a person to replace him who had been drawn. I have frequently known so much as £2,000 given for one. The substitute for the farmer's son was presented to the board, at which Chambarlhac presided. "How dare you," said the general, with his usual acerbity, "bring such a man to me as this? He is consumptive, and can't live three months!" "Well, general," replied the indignant farmer, "that can be of no consequence, *he is going to join the army.*" The same general once addressed the 52d regiment of the line, which was about to proceed to Spain, and the following was the termination of his eloquent harangue:— "Fight like devils! If you are commanded to mount a breach, fear not wounds! Should you lose an arm or a leg, consider the loss as a gain—you will be raised to the rank of an officer on the field of battle!" This speech produced a caricature. A conscript was represented with a joyful countenance addressing a female in the following manner:—"My dear mother, I am going to make a rapid fortune. I will have my arm cut off, and I shall be made an officer. I will have my leg off too, then I shall be a colonel; then I will have my head off, and I shall be qualified for a general."

Junot and his Steward.—Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes, was extremely kind to his servants, and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. "They may take a few bottles of wine, or a few pounds of meat, I believe," said Junot, when his friends referred to the circumstance, "but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe he plunders me by wholesale."—"Then why not get rid of him?"—"It is of no use," replied the marshal; "he is in other respects a good man; he is attached to me, and has rendered me some services: besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another." On the first day of the year, a grand day in France, the numerous servants belonging to the marshal came to offer their customary congratulations. On each of them he conferred a gift—"As to you, sir," said he, addressing his steward, "I will make you a present of every thing you have robbed me of during the past year." The steward made a low bow and retired.

Fanny Beauharnois, Dinners.—The viscountess was in the custom of giving a weekly dinner to a numerous party. The fare at her table was invariably so bad that her guests were compelled to lunch before they came to her house. The dinners given by Napoleon to those whom he honoured with an invitation were, on the contrary, served up in the most magnificent style: his chief cook, with the

exception of that of Cambacères, was the most celebrated *artiste* of the day. Napoleon seldom remained more than twenty minutes, or half an hour at table, and the instant he rose all the guests departed. "When I dine with Fanny Beauharnois," said Lauragais, "I cannot help thinking that I am exactly in the situation of Lazarus picking up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. At her cousin, the emperor's banquets, I endure the punishment of Tantalus, surrounded with luxuries, and deprived of the power of enjoying them. The difference between Napoleon and Fanny is this: the one is a *potentate,* and the other is a *tate en pot*—(a dirty scullion, or saucepan-scraper.)

A Proverb falsified by Napoleon.—The emperor, when much pleased with a favourite, would sometimes show his satisfaction by pulling his ear in a playful manner. While conversing with Junot, in the presence of other generals, the emperor seized the duke by his ear, and pulled it with more violence than he probably intended. "Diable!" exclaimed Junot, "you seem to think that I have a sow's ear."—"Come, come," said Napoleon good-naturedly, "don't be offended. We will falsify the old proverb, and convert the sow's ear into a silk purse." He then presented Junot with a purse containing an order for 500,000 francs; which, however, it is necessary to state, he had provided himself with for the purpose of rewarding his faithful marshal, who had just arrived from La Rochelle immediately after the convention of Cintra.

Corn conducive to Patriotism.—During the war in Russia, in 1812, the King of Naples gave orders to General Nausouty, who commanded a division of cavalry, to charge the enemy. The horses being worn out with hunger and fatigue, the attack was unsuccessful. Murat having complained to General Nausouty, the latter answered, "I don't know how it is, sire, but the horses possess no patriotism. Our soldiers fight pretty well even when they are without bread, but the horses will absolutely do nothing unless they get their oats."

A Common Occurrence.—After the passing of the celebrated Berlin decree, it became totally impossible to procure any colonial produce, and consequently the price of sugar, coffee, &c. was raised so exorbitantly, that these articles were sold at the rate of from six to twelve shillings a pound. At this period Napoleon's treasury was nearly exhausted. "I want twelve millions of francs," said the emperor to his minister of finance.—"It is out of my power to give you that sum," replied the Duke de Gaëte; "but if your Majesty will grant twelve licenses in order to permit a similar number of merchants to proceed to England and bring back colonial produce, I can obtain the sum in twenty-four hours." The licenses were granted, and the money was obtained; it is a well known fact, that the minister also pocketed twelve millions of francs, as he sold the licenses for twice the amount that had been agreed upon. The merchant, although allowed to import colonial merchandize, was, of necessity, obliged to sell it, in consequence of the extortion, at a proportionate rate. The Parisians, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, wrote lampoons, and published caricatures against Napoleon and his minister. I was present at one of the minor Parisian theatres to witness the per-

formance of a man, something like the celebrated Mazurier, a kind of boneless, gelatinous fellow; the farce was *Polichinelle Roi:* Punch is represented sitting upon the throne, but he has not a farthing in his treasury. While he is reflecting upon his situation he hears a man crying macaroni in the street: he immediately sends for the vender, and inquires the price of a portion. "Three sous," replies the latter. "Three sous, thou Arabian Jew!" exclaims the king; "is this the way you extort money from my poor subjects? Come, give me immediately three portions for one sou, or I will cut off your head." The poor man complains that he will be ruined, but he must obey. "Well, well," said his majesty, "you are a devilish good fellow, and I will now allow you to sell macaroni to my subjects for just what you please." The author and actor were forthwith sent to the *conciergerie.*

A Crime Unknown in this Country.—F———, celebrated for his *bon mots,* had a brother who was in the church. One evening, while sitting in company with some of the most fashionable people in Paris, Talleyrand thus addressed him:—"I believe you have a brother?" "Yes."—"To what profession does he belong?"—"He is a priest."—"How does he spend his time?"—"In the morning he says mass."—"And in the evening?"—"In the evening—he does not know what he says."

Beautiful Cow for Smoky Chimnies.—When the celebrated Mdlle. George was in high favour with the public, the Theatre Français was nightly crowded to such an excess that it was with much difficulty sitting room could be obtained. "I have consulted all the *fumistes* in Paris," said Daru to Talleyrand, "and none of them are able to prevent the chimney of my drawing-room from smoking." It was generally believed that the count had put himself to much inconvenience, by supplying the fascinating actress with large sums of money. "I'll tell you what to do," said Talleyrand, "put George on the top of your chimney, and you may rely upon it she will DRAW." (*Vous savez que George attire tout à elle.*)

Religious Economy.—Madame de R. was said to be penurious—she had led a gay life—but when religion was *à la mode,* she became a devotee. "This lady," said Cardinal Latil to Talleyrand, "performs her religious duties with the greatest strictness."—"She is highly to be praised," replied the prince, "and the more so that she does not deem it a work of supererogation to take care of the morals of those who compose her household. I am told that she never fails making all her servants fast, at least twice a week."

The Schoolmaster in France.—A cockney *detenu,* who was residing at Verdun in 1810, kept a little shop: he took it into his head to set up a school, and in his window was to be seen a bill, on which he had written in a cramped, crooked hand, "LEARNS TO READ AND WRITE!"—"That is an honest fellow, at least," said Sir James Lawrence, "I will call next month, and if I find he has made sufficient progress I will send my two nephews to his seminary!"

Unplumed Biped.—M. de Jourches, an insufferable, bandy-legged, grey-headed coxcomb, the very quintessence of ugliness, bore a striking resemblance to the bird of Minerva. He was, one evening,

relating his amorous adventures, in the hearing of Talleyrand, and terminated them by saying that he did not believe he had slept in his bed for the past six months. "He tells the truth, you may rely upon it," said Talleyrand; "he sits all night *on a perch*."

Too Much of a Good Thing.—Madame Bacciochi, Napoleon's sister, had invited Fontanes to an evening party, desiring him to bring a few friends with him. "As many *beaux esprits* as you please," said the princess; "I am low spirited, and I want them to make me laugh." Half a dozen Parisian wits accepted the invitation, and the evening was spent in what the French term *assauts d'esprit.* When Fontanes was taking leave, the princess said to him, "Wits, sir, I find are like roses; one is very pleasant, but too many are overpowering—they make one's head ache."

Milord How-dy'e-do.—Mr. W., a *detenu* at Brussels, used to wear an enormous shirt-frill, and the French nick-named him "My Lord Jabot." He resided a dozen years in France, and the only correct phrase he was ever known to utter was "*Comment vous portez vous?*" He would call a herd of oxen, *un troupeau de bouilli.* Genders he never could comprehend. You might have knocked him down with a feather, when he was informed that a huge grenadier, with a long bushy beard was called *la sentinelle.* It was he whom Mathews imitated when he said, "I have been learning the language these twenty years, and yet that little French brat, who is not taller than my leg, speaks more fluently than I."

High Life Below Stairs.—Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, seemed to anticipate that his reign would be short, and he was determined that it should be a merry one. His revels at the palace at Cassel equalled, and probably surpassed, those of any other cotemporary crowned head in Europe—Great Britain, as Elliston would say, included. A gentleman, with whom I was acquainted, arrived at the palace, bringing dispatches from the grand army. He was dressed in the uniform of a French colonel, and the sentinels of course allowed him to enter without difficulty; he proceeded through several apartments in which the servants were dancing, drinking, or playing at cards; he at length came to a large room, the door of which was partly open; shouts of laughter echoed from within. My friend peeped through the aperture, and beheld the monarch almost in a state of nudity, with his eyes bandaged, playing all sorts of wild pranks, hallooing with all his might, and holding in his arms a young and fair damsel whom he had just secured. The lady represented some nymph, or goddess, and like the immortals she was not encumbered with needless attire. My friend deemed it prudent to withdraw. On the following day he called upon the king, who scolded him for not coming into the room. "We were only having a little fun," said the monarch. "The Pagan deities, to get rid of heavenly ennui, would frequently visit our terrestial dames. We transformed ourselves into gods and goddesses; my saloon was Mount Olympus, and the deities were playing at blindman's buff."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THERE was a time when it would have been the height of imprudence to have bestowed praise upon the poetical genius of Shelley, or to have judged with lenity his frailties as a man: but Time has already done justice to the former, and the "remorseless deep," in closing over the head of Lycidas, has now left no more of the latter for his enemies to triumph over. What a solemn and tender thing is Death! How many prejudices are laid at rest when their object has found a shelter from the bitter tempests of the world in the shadow of the tomb! Even those who waged fiercest contention with him when alive, seldom deny their tribute to the glory of a man of genius when he is at length gathered to the Kings of thought. The appearance of "The Masque of Anarchy," and of some other touching memorials of Shelley's brief career, will enable us to form a more correct estimate of his character and history than we could have done at any former period; and the more that is added to these remains, the more proofs do we find of his beautiful and mysterious genius, and the more refined traits of his amiable disposition.

The imaginative literature of Britain was graced a few years ago with a number of writers, like Maturin and Shelley, whose works betray the fondness for German literature, which at that period was fashionable and which nourished the romantic ideas that agitated their brief existence. Of all these, the fame of Shelley is alone posthumous: for it is only since the waves of the Mediterranean have "wafted him to sweet Parthenope," that it is generally conceded to his former admirers that he was a true poet. The reaction is strong, and the desire of doing justice to his merit daily becomes more and more extended.

The few remarks which we have to make have been partly suggested by the appearance of the new and original portrait which adorns the Illustrations to Lord Byron's works. It represents Shelley when very young, and does not convey an accurate idea of what he really was at the period of his lamented decease. It is to be regretted that no more authentic bust or picture of the poet exists. The expression of his features was mild and good. His complexion was fair and his cheek coloured. His eyes were large and lively, and the whole turn of his face, which was small, was graceful and full of sensibility. The upper part was not perfectly regular, yet his expression was not unworthy of the Angel, whom Milton describes as "holding a reed tipt with fire." He was a man of a feeble constitution, and of an ardent and ill-regulated imagination,—greedy of all sorts of novelties. This immoderate taste for whatever was new is displayed rather too much in his writings, and leads him often beyond the end he wishes to attain. He sacrifices all to the idea which rules him for the moment, or to the effect he is desirous of producing. If he makes a smiling description, he multiplies epithets until we are lost in their brilliancy. He scatters a luxury of words which fatigue the mind in the same manner, as colours, too glowing and varied, fatigue the sight. If, as

in his tragedy of the Cenci, he paints hideous manners and atrocious crimes, he darkens still more the natural hues of the portrait, and strives to render it more odious than the reality itself. Yet the poetry of Shelley is full of mind. In perusing it we feel that we have arisen into the beautiful world; his genius has been well likened to the old Church pictures of the Cherubim,—a winged head unable to walk the earth, but at home when soaring through the heavens. Such, however, was his love for nature, that every page of his writings reflects the loveliest scenes of the countries which he visited. There is no modern poet who betrays such an intimate knowledge of Nature in her various aspects. The memory of Switzerland and Italy was ineffaceable in him. In all his books, says Captain Medwin, he used to scrawl pines, and alpine summit raised upon alpine summit, only to be scaled by Oceanides, with some spectral being stalking from peak to peak. Judging from the abstract and symbolical taste of modern poetry, one may perhaps be allowed to predict that a time will come when the works of the most imaginative of poets—the poet of metaphysicians will be more read and understood than they are at present. His poems, as Passeri said of Guido's heads, "have an air of Paradise," and this characteristic element runs throughout all his works whatever be their subject. "The Masque of Anarchy," lately published, is an instance of this, which although written in the familiar style of his "Rosalind and Helen," and intended to be as forcible and energetic as language could speak, is full of poetry and elegance. It would seem that his Muse, like the Delia of Tibullus, in whatever she does, and to whatever employment she turns, is sure to betray the furtive grace which pervades her soul and animates all her motions—

> Illam quicquid agat, quoque vestigia vertat
> Componit furtim, subsequiturque Decor.

MILITARY ORGANIZATION OF PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian monarchy, in spite of her vicious delimitation, is, by her *interior* organization, one of the states whose influence on the political system of Europe is the most remarkable. Floating like a ribband over the surface of continental Europe, from the Oder to the French frontiers—Russia threatens her in the east and France in the west, while Austria, by debouching from Bohemia, strikes at her very heart. Warned by the sad experience of the past, and by the geographical configuration of her territory, Prussia feels that her existence as a state depends solely upon her army, and every faculty of the government has, in consequence, been put forth to bring it to the highest degree of perfection of which it is susceptible. Immense sums have also been lavished in the creation of new fortresses, or the improvement of the old ones, and on the repairs and construction of barracks and other military edifices. The new strong places are Cologne, Coblentz, Minden, and Posen; Stralsun and Smeednitz, which had been dismantled, and Thorn, which is so altered and improved that it may be considered as a place of a new creation. Immense repairs and improvements have also been made at Wittemberg, Erfurt, Torgau, Juliers, and Sarre Louis, and all the other strong places are kept in an excellent state of repair.

The Prussian engineers have followed in the fortification of the new fortresses, and in the alterations made in the old ones, a new system, which is attributed to the Prussian General of Engineers Aster, but the idea of which, is in reality borrowed from Montalembert. They surround the body of the place with a wall pierced with loopholes and embrasures, or with a revetement capable of resisting a *coup de main*, and they construct round this envelope forts or simple towers so as to occupy a sufficient space of ground for assembling a body of troops destined for an offensive operation. In these constructions masonry predominates; there is a profusion of casemated and blinded batteries, souterrains, and loopholed walls. The system appears to have received a complete application in the construction of Fort Alexander, which occupies the height of Chartreuse that commands Coblentz, a height situated between the right bank of the Moselle and the left bank of the Rhine. The polygon on which is built the fort is a square. There are two bastions overlooking the country, and two half-bastions on the side of the city. There are only *three* curtains, and in the place of the fourth, which would have belonged to the front opposite the city there is a defensive barrack and a loopholed wall terminated by two bastions. There are casemated batteries and souterraines constructed under the flanks. Before each curtain, in the place of the demi-lune in the system of Vauban, they have built a tower à la Montalembert. These towers have a considerable elevation above the surrounding ground; they have several stages of batteries, the highest being "à ciel ouvert" for guns of light calibre. These works have not properly speaking "fossés:" the ground is regularly sloped from the crest of the glacis

to the foot of the walls. The walls are flanked by the flank fires of bastions and by casemated batteries constructed at the gorge at the extremity of each face of the towers. The communications with the batteries of the bastions and with the towers are subterraneous.

The towers may be placed in three very different positions; they occupy the place of the ancient "*demi-lunes*," or they may be posited as a "*reduit*" in the interior of a bastion, or lastly they may be issolated. In the first case, they have only two faces like the ancient demi-lunes, and their walls are flanked as we have described. If again they are isolated, they may have two, three, and even four faces, and are closed at the gorge by a loopholed wall, in the centre of which there is sometimes a defensive caserne. Their walls are flanked, when they have more than two faces, by casemated batteries constructed on the middle of their faces, perpendicularly to those faces, and with which there is no communication but through the interior of the towers. When they serve as a reduit to a bastion they are circular.

The destructive effect of artillery upon thick and solid masonry like that of the towers in question, would be rapid and decisive in their operation, but at a very short range, like the breaching batteries of Vauban established on the crest of the covered way. Thus, although a great part of the masonry of these towers may be seen from the ground in their vicinity, it would only be possible to breach them with batteries established at a very short distance. The author of the Prussian system appears to have relied principally on the action of artillery to retard, if we may judge from the number of embrasures, which in some instances are so near each other, that the merlons are not of a sufficient width. The sap and artillery are the principal agents in the attack of fortified places, but in the defence artillery is but an accessory, and it is only with the bayonet that they are to be successfully defended. Should experience in the end prove the goodness of the Prussian system, it will not be owing, in our opinion, to the fire of its numerous artillery, but because it is adapted to the execution of sorties.

If we consider the great roads and the fortresses which Prussia has constructed prospectively to the military operations that may result from a war with France, Russia, or Austria, we shall find that it is in the hypothesis of a war with the first mentioned power that the most important of these works have been formed. In fact, the three new fortresses, Cologne and Coblentz on the Rhine, and Minden on the Weser, have been constructed in the Rhenane provinces, and in Westphalia, Juliers upon the Roer and Sarre Louis upon the Sarre, have been greatly enlarged. Two permanent bridges of boats are thrown over the Rhine at Cologne and at Coblentz, and numerous great roads have been made in Westphalia and the Rhenane provinces. The principal great roads are, that from Berlin to Luxembourg, through Halle, Cassel, Coblentz, and Treves; that from Berlin to Aix-la-Chapelle, through Brunswick, Minden, Munster, and Wesel; lastly, the road from Aix-la-Chapelle to Sarre Louis, through Treves, along the frontiers of Belgium, Luxembourg, and

France: the object of this last is purely military. Some of these roads traverse the dominions of other princes, but they are equally well kept up along their whole line.

Prussia has, therefore, on the Rhine three fortresses, Wesel, Cologne, and Coblentz. She possesses besides Juliers near the Belgian frontier, and Sarre Louis near that of France, and as a member of the German Confederation, she furnishes a part of the garrisons of Mayence and of Luxembourg. Coblentz and Cologne are very important places, because they command two passages across the Rhine, and may serve as a place of refuge to a considerable number of troops, and also, because a triple line of communication, by water and by excellent roads on both sides of the Rhine, would facilitate the rapid concentration of all the troops in the vicinity of the river in one of these places in order to resume the offensive.

We may estimate at 300,000 the forces which Prussia could mobilise, supposing her finances permitted such a developement of strength.

Army of the Line	100,000 men.
Kreigs reserve, (War reserve) . . .	50,000 „
Landwehr, 1st Ban	150,000 „

The Prussian Minister of War spends annually about £3,370,000, an inconsiderable sum for the support of an army of 300,000 men, numerous fortresses, and an immense "materiel" of war. The military institutions by which Prussia is enabled to keep on foot such an army, acquire an additional interest from being peculiar to that nation.

Prussia is divided into military provinces, in each of there are recruited a certain number of regiments, the depôts of which are constantly quartered in them. Every Prussian must take arms at the age of twenty years. A part of the levies serve to fill up the cadres of the army of the line, and the other part are classed in the landwehr. The recruits, who have been placed in the line, serve for three years, after which they are sent to their homes until the age of twenty-five, and form the war reserve: they may, however, be called back to their colours should the government deem it necessary; but at the age of twenty-five they are drafted from the line into the first ban of the landwehr.

The non-commissioned officers and soldiers, who, after completing the term of service in the line of three years fixed by the law, may wish to continue the career of arms, engage themselves for six years longer; and if they contract at the end of that period another engagement, a higher rate of pay is allotted to them, with the promise of a civil employment at a future time.

In order to alleviate towards the upper classes of society the rigour of the obligation which the law imposes on every Prussian of serving in person, the government allows voluntary engagements upon certain conditions. Young men who wish to follow the military career may enlist at the age of seventeen in which corps they choose, provided they prove on examination to possess the necessary acquirements. Six months after they may undergo a further examina-

tion in order to become ensigns,* and it is from these ensigns that the sub-lieutenants are chosen. Those on the other hand who do not wish to follow the military career, obtain the authorisation of the government voluntarily to enlist on the condition of furnishing their own uniforms and equipments. But they must also pass the examination we have alluded to; they are then only obliged to serve one year, at end of which they obtain a leave of absence for two years, on the expiration of which they are classed in the landwehr of the first ban.

The landwehr of the first ban is a reserve in which only a part of the cadres receive pay. It is assembled twice a year for exercise, eight days during the spring, and three weeks during the autumn. At the age of thirty-two the Prussians cease to form a part of the landwehr of the first ban, and are classed, until the age of thirty-nine, in the second ban, which is a second reserve that is never assembled for exercise, destined in time of war for the service of the interior, and only marched against the enemy when the country is in danger.

The rank of officer is obtained in time of peace in the Prussian service, but by undergoing an examination before a superior military commission appointed for that purpose, presided over by a general officer. The candidates are exclusively pupils of the first class of the schools of cadets or ensigns, and both must have obtained those first steps by passing an examination. Every soldier non-commissioned officer and volunteer, may be examined in order to become an ensign on contracting an engagement to serve beyond the term prescribed by the law.

When the post of sub-lieutenant falls vacant in a regiment, the colonel proposes for the appointment to the king, the senior ensign, provided no charge of misconduct can be brought against him, and that he has obtained the approval of all the officers of his corps. Seniority regulates the promotion of officers from the rank of sub-lieutenant unto that of major. Beyond this it depends on the choice of the king. But in the artillery, in order to rise from lieutenant to captain, and in the engineers from second captain to first captain, it is necessary to pass an examination. Among the first and second lieutenants who serve more than three years, those who have most distinguished themselves in the compilation of memoirs are sent to follow a course of study at the military university at Berlin. A part of these officers subsequently enter the topographical *bureaux*, and the rest return to their regiments, but they are from that time eligible to staff appointments.

Among the civil employments that may be filled by military men, in some instances the totality, and in others only a part are reserved for them, but they must have served a determinate number of years in order to be eligible. These employments are given according to their importance—to officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers: thus, the state has but a moderate pension list. There are besides

* An ensign ranks between a serjeant-major and serjeant—there is one per company. An ensign in the Prussian service is therefore a non-commissioned officer.

other advantages resulting, for with the perspective of obtaining these situations, the nation retains under arms non-commissioned officers and soldiers whom she would otherwise have lost, at the moment when they were scarcely formed. Consideration is likewise given to the profession of arms, and the army is attached to the government by new ties, and a sort of fraternity is established between the military and civil services, instead of a spirit of jealousy and rivalry.

The officers of the landwehr are composed mostly of officers of the line who have quitted the service to look after their own affairs, and who are almost all landed proprietors in the circle in which their battalion is recruited. When there is not a sufficient number of officers of this class, the rank of sub-lieutenant is given to non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the landwehr who had previously served as volunteers in the line, but they must undergo an examination, and be approved of by the officers of the corps. Seniority regulates the promotion of all officers in this branch of the service.

The Prussian army possesses most excellent cadres; her officers are attached to public life by the social position of their families, for in the examination they undergo they must not only prove themselves proficient in all the requisite branches of study, but also that they possess a fortune to support the rank to which they aspire. The Prussian officers are in point of education on a level with the highest classes of society: in a military point of view this would be indifferent, but in a political point of view it is of vast importance. Such are the advantages of the Prussian system—let us now contemplate the reverse of the picture.

The organisation of the Prussian army requires in the heads of this army an unceasing surveillance, and in the officers of the line and of the landwehr who receive pay an unrelenting vigilance. The soldiers of the army of the line are too young, totally unaccustomed to the fatigues of the march and the privations of the "bivouac"—full a third of them must be looked upon in the light of recruits; such a state of things is of course highly prejudicial to the efficiency of the special arms, especially of the artillery. The organization of the landwehr is exempt from this inconvenience; but the soldiers of which it is composed have contracted on entering again into the bosom of civil life, interests, habits, and customs, that render their military duties extremely irksome; again, they are almost all married, and this circumstance alone is sufficient to prevent their becoming good soldiers. Lastly, it is very difficult to maintain a strict discipline in corps that are only assembled during some weeks every year, and composed of free citizens, who, during the remainder of the year, have occupations and interests of their own.

Should the conduct of the Prussian army in the war of 1813 and 1814 be cited in support of the goodness of these institutions, we shall answer that in consequence of the astounding evils which Napoleon heaped upon Prussia, that it was not only Prussia but every Prussian who made war on him. Ages may elapse before the like occurs again, and when the recollection of these evils shall have become obliterated, it will perhaps be difficult to mobilise the landwehr for any

other service than that of the interior, and even now the government would with difficulty obtain its active co-operation in a war unpopular with the majority of the nation.

There likewise exists a great difficulty, in the event of a serious war, that would necessitate the calling out of the war reverse and the mobilization of the landwehr, of reaping every possible advantage of the Prussian army. This difficulty arises from the enormous disproportion between the expenses of the army on the peace and war establishment, a difference of such magnitude that unless Prussia were subsidized, or could carry the war into her adversary's territory, or levied extensive requisitions upon her own subjects, which they are not in a condition to bear, the treasure amassed by the government, and the money she might raise by loans, would be soon exhausted.

The landwehr has evidently been organized to resist an invasion, and sustain a defensive warfare; but Prussia would with difficulty reap all the advantages she expects from this organization, if the war were protracted, not only on account of the expense which she is not in a condition to support, but owing to the difficulty of maintaining discipline in such a militia, fighting on their own territory, and perhaps even of preventing them deserting. On the other hand, this militia would render almost the same service as the line, were the war carried into the enemy's territory; there discipline would resume its empire, and desertion to the interior of their own country be extremely difficult. The military institutions of Prussia have never yet been sufficiently tried: the first serious war which that power will have to sustain will teach us if their advantages counterbalance their inconveniences.

Prussia, for the administration and organization of the army, is divided into eight provinces. To every province there is a military chief, having at least the rank of lieutenant-general, bearing the title of military commandant. The general officer concerts with the superior president on every affair in which their common intervention is necessary, such as the recruiting, movements of the troops, the billets, &c. The corps d'armée, which each province is obliged to recruit, is composed of two divisions, each of which is composed of one brigade of infantry of the line, one brigade of cavalry, one brigade of infantry, and six squadrons of the landwehr; one brigade of artillery, to which is attached three batteries of six guns, twelve-pounders, and two ten-inch howitzers; three batteries of horse artillery of six guns, twelve-pounders, and two seven-inch howitzers; one battery of eight seven-inch howitzers; five batteries of foot artillery, each of six guns, six-pounders, and two seven-inch howitzers; one detachment of pioneers, one detachment of rifles, one battalion and one squadron of the landwehr of reserve, six garrison companies, two companies of invalids, and a detachment of gens-d'armerie.

The province is divided into arrondisemens or circles, each of which furnishes a battalion; and these arrondisemens are subdivided into sub-arrondisemens, each of which furnishes a company. The recruiting of the cavalry of the landwehr cannot however be effected

with the same regularity, because men fit for this arm are not found in proportion to the population, and all the localities are not equally provided with horses fit for the service of cavalry. However, as nearly as it can be done, every arrondisement furnishes a squadron. The cannoneers of the landwehr are incorporated in the companies of infantry; they are assembled by companies once a year, and exercised by artillery officers.

There is in every regency a general officer, or a superior officer, inspector of landwehr, who concerts with the civil authorities as to all that concerns their organization, their instruction, &c. The recruiting of the line is executed by a commission composed of the Landrath, or of the burgomaster of the large towns, of the major of the landwehr, and two notables of every circle.

The peace establishment of a regiment of infantry is one colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, three majors, one paymaster, sixty-four officers, one hundred and forty non-commissioned officers, thirty-six musicians, two physicians, twelve surgeons, and 1440 rank and file. A detachment of chasseurs is composed of two captains, two first lieutenants, seven second lieutenants, one surgeon, and one hundred and ninety soldiers.

The strength of a regiment of cavalry is one colonel, or lieutenant-colonel, one paymaster, four captains, sixteen lieutenants, forty-eight non-commissioned officers, four hundred and forty troopers, one physician, and four surgeons.

A company of foot artillery is composed of four officers, twelve non-commissioned officers, sixteen bombadiers, and sixty privates. The company of horse artillery is of the same strength. A company of pioneers in time of peace is only one hundred strong.

The uniform of the Prussian army is dark blue turned up with red. The cuirassiers wear white and the hussars sky blue. The greatest attention is paid to the cut of the uniforms, which are admirably made, and the whole equipment of the soldier is simple and in the best military taste. Twice a year camps of instruction are formed, when the troops have an opportunity of manœuvring *en masse*, and of combining the evolutions of the three arms to every variety of ground: it is here that a knowledge of the *coup d'œil* is to be acquired. In fact, in no country in Europe are the military sciences more studiously cultivated or more advanced than in Prussia.

A TALE OF GIBLETTS.

"WHAT can ail the poor man? Surely, surely, Fortune hath sufficiently bastinadoed him—hath amply wreaked her vengeance on his physical nature. There needs no mental sting, no bruised heart, to complete the misery of his destiny. Or is it guilt—is it the recollection of some terrible crime—some awful act, that in its appalling circumstances continues to be present to him? Who knows, but, maddened by hunger, sneered at by a heartless world, reproached, goaded, cast aside as a poor despised remnant of humanity, he may have imbrued his hands in his fellow-creature's blood! And now, it may be at this very moment, the eye of his victim may be glaring upon him; he may hear the blood of the dying rushing in his ears—may feel at his fingers' ends the last workings of the gasping throat! All the recollections of this horror may envelope him as a cloak! Alas, we are fearful and mysterious creatures!"

The scene of the above speculations was Bond-street; the speculator Mr. John Spasm; the subject of his doubts and fears a wretched looking man, who, handling the badge of his profession—a broom—followed with a dolorous whine those forgetful pedestrians who passed his crossing, yet paid not. Mr. Spasm was one of those men who could not only see very far into a mill-stone, but, helped out a little by his imagination, could absolutely perceive what was doing there; what creatures were lodged in it; what were their affinities, their feuds, their affections. It was his passion to "pluck out the heart of a mystery." He was a great discoverer—he could detect hints in a rush—could shear hogs for their wool.

Let us, however, do Spasm justice: he sometimes encountered an extraordinary secret, and it must be confessed the present subject of his inquiry bade fairly to repay his curiosity. The sweeper had neither shoes nor stockings; his trowsers had much ado to pass for respectable, and in truth his coat, as Wordsworth says of his nutting jerkin, was "more ragged than need was." His face seemed wan with continued anxiety. There wanted not the extraordinary acumen of Mr. Spasm to discover in it either the lineaments of a guilty or an oppressed man. You may pass—that is, if they are not very assiduous—every crossing-sweeper in the metropolis; but not the sweeper of Bond-street, that is, if your journey lies that way about the time of the sun's meridian, an hour before or after:—him, unless you are often travelling from Dan to Beersheba, you must note. Never did countenance betray more continual or deeper wailing. Is the man possessed? Hath he sold himself to our arch-enemy, who, lawyer-like, hath juggled him? There have been mysterious persons of the tribe of crossing-sweepers—witness that well-authenticated legend of the sweeper who, having for a quarter of a century received a penny per day from a merchant, refunded all with an enormous addition to the sum, to assist his once thriving benefactor. Or—the cost is but a shilling—let any sceptic wend his way to Doctors' Commons, and there read a copy of the ancient negro's will, who having for many a

long year swept from Waithman's corner to Ludgate-hill, "being of sound mind," left, we forget how many hundred pounds, as a portion to Miss W.! In truth, there have been strange doings among sweepers: it behoves us to keep an eye on every man with a broom.

Let us return to Bond-street—there is the subject of our paper, with the same restless visage; and there is Mr. Spasm, eyeing him with a mixed feeling of sympathy and curiosity. Observe the mendicant's face; mark his large, black eye—how anxiously it glances at every customer entering yon butcher's shop: he half quits his supplicating tone, and lets the passenger, unprayed, pass on, at every new arrival. There—another servant-maid—he glances at her, watches her like an ogre; rivets his eyes upon her; the butcher's man enters into new orders. All the stronger passions seem to animate the sweeper's visage; fear, suspense, a hundred different emotions ripple his face—the butcher's men exeunt with their loaded trays, and take no note of him. Again he sinks into comparative composure. Mr. Spasm is about to cross the path; the sweeper, with one eye still watching the other side of the road, approaches him—doffs his hat—begs. Mr. Spasm plunges his hand into his pocket, and drops some halfpence—into the hand of the sweeper?—No! For at that critical instant, unmindful of his loss, the sweeper, making but two steps of the crossing and pavement, leapt like a tiger into the butcher's shop; he urged his way through a crowd of customers to the tradesman himself, uttered the emphatic monosyllable—"THERE!" and again resumed his station in the road.

Mr. Spasm rushed at once into the shop:—"Heavens! Mr. Giblets! what is on the poor creature's mind—what has the miserable man done?"

"Done?"

"I have watched that poor sweeper these two hours! His eye has never been off your customers; and, but this instant, he let my halfpence roll into the road, to rush here, exclaim 'There,' and again vanish! What is it all about?"

"About a rump of beef.—You see, Mr. Besom is very particular in his cut—Bill, take this pound-and-a-half of steaks to the Blue Lion—he likes it not too near nor too far, but just in the middle. So you see, with one eye he watches my customers, and with the other his own. When my knife gets to his particular cut, all he has to do is to cry 'There,' and it's done. Very particular in his cut, sir!"

"Cut—and is this the meaning of his anxious looks—his—Why I declare he's gone!"

"Gone to the Blue Lion, sir."

GOËTHE'S SONGS.

Some idea of the merits of Goëthe may be formed by a glance at the list of his multitudinous works. These consist of lyrical poems of different descriptions; natural, sentimental, and caustic epigrams; songs of a light and cheerful description; others full of the most profound feeling, hiding under a thin veil the most earnest seriousness; elegies after the ancient and modern taste; odes which deserve to be reckoned among the loftiest productions of that kind of writing; romances and ballads, some gay and some sad; Idylls, full of grace, tenderness, and depth of feeling; three romances, each in a different tone, style, and spirit:—Werther, lyrical and sentimental; Wilhelm Meister, natural and epic; the Apprenticeship, tragical; tragedies, in each of which a different inspiration pervades, and which it is difficult to imagine the productions of the same mind:—Gotz von Berlichingen, full of true-hearted ancient German simplicity, but also strength and dignity; a Shakesperian composition, wild as the German mountain, yet with a unity of design and effect like the straggling domes and spires of Strasburgh cathedral; Egmont, breathing more of the south, seeming at times to overstep all truth and nature, and to wander into the fantastic; Clavigo, in his bourgeois sphere, transplanted from the French tragic theatre; Iphigenia, full of Grecian ideality; Tasso, of Italian warmth and mildness, of grace and tenderness, and yet not devoid of power and dignity; Eugenia, with its polish and metaphysical analysis; Faust, in which he is supposed to have reached the summit of his power; The Accessory; The Humour of Lovers, so true to the French comic stage; Stella, with its southern glow; the Sisters with their German cordiality; Erwin and Elmira, with their romantic flights; The Triumph of Sentiment, with its wit and wonderful force of truth; The Fantastical Lila; the singular Claudine von Villa Bella; The Pastoral, Serand Vatchj; The Artist's Pilgrimage and Apotheosis, so unpretending, and yet so deep and full of meaning; Palæophron and Eoterpe, &c. He has left specimens of the drama in all its forms, and yet as an epic writer Goëthe is by no means contemptible; as witness, in addition to his three romances above-mentioned, his Homeric epic, Herman and Dorothea, or the Fragment of Achilleis, or his smaller poetical tales and descriptions in the manner of Hans Sachsen. That no field of poetry might remain unattempted by him, he next appears as a didactic poet, in his epistles after the manner of Horace. Such and so various has Goëthe been as a poet; but what has he not also done for art and its improvement in his several writings, more especially in his Appendix to Benvenuto Cellini's Memoirs; his strictures upon Winkelman and his times; in his letters from Italy; and in his correspondence with Meyer as a Weimar amateur! Among his heterogeneous labours he has a work upon the Metamorphoses of Plants, and a valuable treatise upon Optics and Colours. That he should have written upon a legal subject was by

no means remarkable in a Doctor of Laws, but we may well be surprised at his letters upon the Revelations and other theological subjects, which have had such influence over the opinions of certain schools of Catholic philosophers in Germany.

His Roman Elegies or Erotics are as sweet and elegant as Petrarch, and as luscious as Catullus; his hexameters and pentameters move with an ease and grace which remind us of Ovid, and there is a native truth and simplicity pervading them infinitely preferable to the studied graces of the Petrarchic Sonnet. Of all Goëthe's poems these appear to us to be best adapted to an English taste; but although the ideas might be popular, there is a great difficulty offered to the translator in their metrical form. In the following songs some faint notion of the delicacy and playfulness of the original may be preserved; but whoever would desire to know Goëthe must study him in the original, for there is no language loses so much in translation as the German: they are mere "*esparcidas flores*," as Lope says, which have been selected at random. The melodious originals seem to have been the types of Shelley's varied music.

THE WORLD'S PHILOSOPHY.

Go! but hearken to my preaching!
Cast aside thy youthful folly,
Be by times thy young soul teaching,
Of mortals the immortal folly:
Calm and cruel—calm and strong,
Like one who does not suffer wrong,
Live from love and passion free:
Thou must swim or thou must sink,
Thou must venture or must shrink,
Thou must serve, or thou must reign,
Thou must lose, or thou must gain—
Hammer or an anvil be!

MORTAL BLISS.

Wherefore doth mortal bliss but seem
A fleeting summer dream?
Friendship's tender hours
Die like the taper's ray—
The drooping of pale flowers
Fading away!

We hope, we long, we scarce enjoy
Life's transitory gleam,
When a despairing sorrow
O'ertakes our jubilee,
Our brief and anxious hour
Becomes eternity.

THE LOVED ONE IS EVER NEAR!

I think on thee when the sunlight wanes dimmer,
And the day declines;
I think on thee when the pale moonlight's glimmer
On the ocean shines;

I see thee, when far on the mountain ridge
The dust clouds rise,—
In the dark night, when o'er the trembling bridge
The wanderer hies.

I hear thee, when, soft as thy sweet voice, yonder
The light brooks leap;
In the still forest, dreaming on thee, I wander,
When all things sleep.
I companion thee still: wer't thou ever so far
To me thou art near;
The sun sinks—soon lights me the evening star:—
O! *wert* thou here!

TO THE DISTANT ONE.

And have I lost thee, then, my fair?
Hast thou from me for ever flown?
Yet sounds in my accustomed ear
Thine every word, thy every tone.

Even as the wanderer through the field,
In vain his eyelid upward flings,
When, in the azure heaven concealed,
High over head the lark she sings—

So gaze I anxiously along
Mountain, rock, and tree, and plain;
Thee remembers still my song,
O! come, my love, to me again.

FIRST LOVE.

Who will recal the happy hours,
The hours of love, unmixed with pain?
O! who will bring me back the days
Of the young time again?

Vainly now my heart essays
Wounds to heal; for Time devours
All our joys, but leaves the pain;
O! who will bring me back the hours
Of the young time again?

SELF DECEIT.

The curtain waves to and fro
Upon my neighbour's floor;
Methinks she peeps across to know
If I'm at home no more.

And if the love reciprocal
Which I to-day displayed,
Be now, as it for ever shall,
Deep in my heart inlaid—

But ah! alas! the fair, I find,
Such passion never sways—
I see it is the evening wind
That with the curtain plays.

THE TREASURE.

Far in the forest,
I up and down
Wandered, ne'er hoping
Sorrows to drown.

In shadows saw I
A small flower there,
Like a star shining,
Or bright eye fair.

I would have plucked it—
It said to me,
"Shall I to wither
Deserted be?"

I raised it gently
With all its shoots,
And in my garden
Planted its roots.

Once more it blossoms
In quiet bowers—
Once more it branches,
And gaily flowers!

THE SHAM DEATH.

Weep, maiden, weep! by Cupid's gravestone here,
He sank by nought—by a denial slain:
And is he really dead? To that I will not swear:
Nothing—an accident awakes him oft again.

SONG.

A dark deep ocean sweepeth on
Our earth, and lives within its zone;
Billows upon billows roll,
Clouds on waves, from pole to pole
Darker seems the Future's scroll:
Now the present hour divine
Mortal seize—'tis thine, 'tis thine!

Lo! from Bergli's summit proud
Soars the eagle through the cloud;
Every note sinks in the air,
As he mounts to heaven's high portal,
And man cries—He is immortal!
Whither fled he? Tell me where!—
Now the present hour divine
Mortal seize—'tis thine, 'tis thine!

Like day now shines thy forehead fair,
Like the night thy flowing hair,
Thy lips Aurora's bloom outvie;
Day and night and morning sky,
Though the fairest, onward fly!—
Now the present hour divine,
Mortal seize—'tis thine, 'tis thine!

THE LOVE-CHILD.

[*Continued from page* 640, No 90.]

It was one of the happiest moments of my life. Lavolta—the magnificent Lavolta, spangled from top to toe, a king of the fairies on a large scale, the supreme lord of Mr. Mountebank,—had told me, on pushing me down the narrow passage from his platform, to consider myself a member of his troop. I had attained the zenith of human felicity—Fortune could do no more for me—I had not a wish.

The passage was horribly dark, circuitous, and *queer*. I did not know what to make of it. Sometimes I had to feel my way down two or three steep stairs, then, after groping along a few feet of level floor, to climb up a ricketty ladder; it seemed to be destitute of plan—without any fixed principle. The architect, as I conceived, had rendered it as difficult as possible, for what reason I could not exactly understand. Presently I heard footsteps; somebody was rapidly careering over the course on which I had been crawling like a snail. I stood on the prong of a ladder; I was descending, but to what depth I knew not. I looked down, but all below me was dark and terrible. The unknown intruder on my solitude came on like a thunderbolt. For a moment I thought of getting out of his way by dropping into the abyss; but just as he had familiarly clutched the upper part of the ladder, a sudden thought struck me that I had better twist myself underneath, and allow the gentleman to pass. I did so; but the consequences were by no means propitious. He thought proper to *slide*, not to *run* down the ladder, and I, hoping to avoid any unpleasant collision, had unfortunately left the cross bars clear, and clung with my hands and feet to the two uprights, so that he carried me down with him in his descent, and at such a prodigious rate, that the wood seemed to be red hot iron in my hands. I contrived to clutch him by his leg before we reached the bottom; and this so threw him off his guard, that he lost his hold, and down we came together in the most disagreeable manner imaginable. The instant we alighted on terra firma the wretch began to punch my ribs, and I, in self-defence, took a large mouthful of his hard calf betwixt my teeth, and bit so vigorously under his infliction—a flogged soldier has been known to flatten a bullet—that he not only desisted, but roared like a calf. By his voice, I recognized him as Mr. Merryman. Relinquishing my grip, I ran up to the little platform above with all possible speed, and tried to lift the ladder, so as to cut off my enemy from the possibility of pursuit, but in vain—it proved too heavy for me; for, though I could bite like a badger, I was still a mere child in physical power; there was no precocious development about me, except, perhaps, in the muscles of my nether jaw: but all boys can bite—most fearfully too—if, as old women say on other acquirements, they only give their minds to it. At that period of my

life, if an ox had kicked me, my first thought would have been to make my teeth meet in the tough integuments about his heel.

Finding that I could not lift the ladder, and being in mortal fear of Mr. Merryman, I ran on in the dark, heedless of impediments, and accidentally plunged into a branch passage, which, after many windings and turnings, brought me into daylight at the back part of the booth. It occurred to me that I had better cut a hole with my pocket knife—an instrument without which no ragamuffin urchin considers that he exists—through the outer canvas, and retire, or, to use a better but more vulgar term, bolt. While debating the pros and cons on this point, and biting my little nails to the quick, I was suddenly and most prodigiously assaulted by an unseen antagonist. I received the horrid shock just between my shoulders and fell prostrate under its influence. On recovering my breath and my senses, I perceived an animal about the size of a ram, with huge horns and a long grizly beard, standing in a belligerent attitude, a few paces from me. It was old Llewellyn, Lavolta's goat, the first of the species I had ever beheld; my intense dismay at the spectacle may therefore be easily imagined. I ventured to crawl a few yards, but the moment I attempted to rise, the mysterious beast floored me again by a blow betwixt my shoulders. He played with me as a cat does with a mouse. If I ran, he soon overtook me; and at last I was precipitated by one of his assaults down four or five rude steps, through a slit of the canvas into a little room containing some of the oddest people I had ever beheld.

A woman, dressed like a queen, was blowing a miserable fire that glimmered between three bricks, with an asthmatic pair of bellows. Mr. Merryman was pouring gin into *a glass* of grouty coffee with one hand, while, with the other, he was dabbing a sponge dipped in vinegar on that part of his leg which had been exposed to the operation of my teeth. In one corner a beautiful young girl, fresh and blooming as a Dryad, was pipe-claying a pair of white satin pumps—in another, a fine-featured dark woman, haggard and wrinkled, but evidently not old, distributed a roseate hue over her wan cheeks with a hare's foot. A boy and a girl—the former looking grave and important—the latter wearing the symbolical ring of matrimony—pale, rakish, and depraved, yet ennobled by one expression—that of a mother's love for her offspring—were feeding a small, ill-tempered, goggle-eyed brat, wrapped up in a sky-blue mantle, powdered with spangles in the shape of stars. In the centre of the place sat a remarkably coarse woman, with two fellows beside her. She had thrown an arm over the shoulder of each. One had a bruised eye—and from the blue, tumid, shining nose of the other, blood occasionally trickled:—they had, as I conjectured, been fighting about her, and she was reconciling them over a treat of beef sausages, which they ate out of a frying-pan. Immediately on my right a beautiful bay pony, with milk-white mane and tail, richly caparisoned, was occupied in nibbling a large lump of bread and butter, which he had evidently purloined from a lad of about my own age, who was foaming, stamping, and screaming with rage at a little distance. He had nothing on but a dingy night-gown—except that a man's neckcloth, apparently

stained with gore of yesterday's date, was bound tight about his brow —but with so little care, that, judging from the clotted locks which dangled over his eyes, some of his long black hair had been bandaged into the wound. The pony curled his upper lip outward, and repeatedly tossed his head, on account of his disrelish for the butter—but his eyes flushed with malicious delight at the spoliation which he had perpetrated. On his back, a little girl dressed in blue and silver, who bore a slight resemblance to the boy, was timidly trying to jump through a hoop. Every body was talking at a high pitch, to make themselves heard above the crash and din of the fair—every body was busy—and neither the little girl nor any one else took the least notice of the boy's wrath at the loss of his bread and butter—it was entirely an affair between him and the pony. On the other side, a barber's apprentice, with dismay depicted on his countenance, was mowing the bristles from the chin of a terrific gentleman, attired in a very shabby shirt, splendid red silk pantaloons, and brimstone-coloured boots.

The goat had tossed me between two trusses of hay—my debut from the cleft in the canvass had been unnoticed, and I might have remained snug in my berth, had not the approach of the pony to within my reach tempted me to put out my hand and deprive him of the crust, for the purpose of restoring it to the roaring boy with the bandaged head, to whom I triumphantly darted off with it at full speed. I calculated that this little bit of good nature would constitute a capital introduction—but it turned out exceedingly calamitous. The pet pony was the most vicious little villain alive—he pursued me with open mouth, and I had to dodge successively about every individual in the place to avoid his teeth. All this of course created a frightful uproar. The little girl in blue and silver was thrown off—the saucepan of sausages was upset—the barber's boy was bitten by mistake—the terrific gentleman in the brimstone boots climbed a pole that supported part of the roof—the women uttered appalling screams of "murder!" and "the pony!"—a dozen huge fellows with enormous cudgels broke through the back of the booth—but nobody attempted to put in a blow on my behalf except the boy-father of the hobgoblin infant, under the folds of whose immense mantle I had sought security as a last resource. The lad stood up in front of us, and struck out at the pony right and left; but it was not until he had dealt him two or three staggering hits on the nose, and received a bad bite on the wrist in return, that he could prevail on the fierce little brute to withdraw. At this instant Lavolta appeared—and the sight of him struck the pony with such terror, that he retired trembling to his corner, but not without several severe kicks on his seat of honour from the terrific gentleman in the brimstone boots.

This personage was prodigiously indignant at what had occurred. He threatened to throw up his engagement if more consideration were not displayed for the feelings of a gentleman. Who, he would venture to ask, was Master Nicholas Green, that he was not to be kept with the other tumbling boys in the company? What business had he, giving him full credit for his bad head, to intrude on the toilet of ladies and gentlemen—with pantaloons or without—but

particularly without? He detested brats of all descriptions, especially tumbling brats, except (turning with a smile to the girl-wife of the boy-father), sweet interesting babies in arms—natives of the booth—children, as it were, of the troop. And who was Miss Betsy Green, that she could not practice her mountebank mummeries in a proper place? Why should the quadruped and two trusses of hay be brought into an apartment nominally devoted to ladies and gentlemen, for her especial honour and convenience? He abhorred favouritism in all its shapes. For his part he could see no such wonderful talent in the little Greens; on the contrary, he felt sure that if their ambition were fostered, they would both within a month have the cock-robins crying over them. With such views he could, perhaps, have tolerated the "twin talents," as Mr. Lavolta called them in his speeches; but to have a ragamuffin little wretch, dropped from the skies to create a bobbery amongst them at so critical a moment, it was really—with all proper respect and submission—to be most energetically deprecated.

All this eloquence was not thrown away. It had a vast effect on the Merry-Andrew. He knit his brows, folded his arms, drew himself up to his full height, and looked as heroic as he could. Meantime Lavolta had been pushing and persuading the bumpkins to retire; and as soon as he had effected his object, after having given hasty directions to two of his operatives for the reparation of what trifling injury had been done to the booth, he stepped up to the orator, and in a level, business-like tone, just as though nothing had happened, informed him that in five minutes the stage would be waiting. "If," added he, "you are not ready, Mr. Rugg, I shall be under the necessity of fining you half-a-crown. Now ladies, pray bestir yourselves!" "*Must* I go outside and dance, sir," plaintively inquired the girl-mother, "my baby's bad to-day." "Umph! well! Babies! babies! But you must shew yourself at night, child, and be lively again. Now, Warwick—there's nobody in front."

This was addressed to the Merry-Andrew, who replied with insulted dignity—the gentleman in brimstone boots, Mr. Rugg, having slunk behind to back him up—that he had received a mysterious wound in the calf, which totally incapacitated him from doing the attractive. He then displayed his leg, and told his story. He had been bitten by something on Mr. Lavolta's premises. He conjectured it might have been by a baboon from Polito's menagerie; and if so, the animal must be still about, so that it was highly dangerous to go on. At this the ladies gave themselves airs, and vowed that it would be cruel and unmanly to expect them to stir a foot, until every corner in the booth was searched. The boy-husband now looked at Mr. Merryman's leg, and confidently asserted that the indentations displayed were decidedly made by the mouth of a dog. "This begins to be awful," said Mr. Rugg; "really more care should be taken. Blood to a slight extent seems to have been drawn, and we don't know but what the animal might have been rabid."

Mr. Mountebank, who seemed to regard the tragedian in brim-

stone boots as an oracle, stood aghast. His nether-jaw dropped, his lips turned blue, and his yellow painted mustachios became edged with green, from the blending of the natural with the artificial colours. Big drops of agony oozed from his forehead, and rolling across the crimson crescents above his eyebrows, fell on his fat parti-coloured cheeks like blood. As soon as he could speak he called for gin, and began to blubber like a child. "My shagreen watch," said he, displaying the valuable; "a shagreen watch, ladies and gentlemen, with a pinchbeck chain and three seals—one a genuine Scotch pebble—besides the key, for any body who will suck the venom from my wound."

All this time I had been nestling with the hobgoblin child, under the blue mantle. The poor little creature was teething, and perceiving its intense desire to gnaw something, I had given it my thumb, the mumbling of which appeared to afford it infinite delight. It looked up in my face and smiled, with that touching expression which invariably creates interest in the bosom of boy or man, girl or woman. I forgot its ugliness—I loved it for a moment, and kissed its poor little paw, which had convulsively grappled my thumb. In every emergency of life, from infancy upwards, I have invariably placed my reliance upon woman, and I was never deceived. The girl-mother had assisted me to conceal myself beneath the blue mantle that covered her child; and when she saw the pale haggard infant mumbling my thumb, and looking gratefully into my eyes, she had snatched me up, and nestled me close to her young heart. There I should have remained, in perfect bliss, but for the offer of Mr. Merryman. But his watch and its appendages were irresistible. I leaped from my shelter, and snatching my reward from the Merry-Andrew's hand, took that portion of his calf which I had previously bitten into my mouth, and began to suck. Lavolta, apparently occupied in putting a new point to his whip, but, as I thought, evidently uneasy at what he had heard, now began to be jocose, and so rallied the Merry-Andrew on his fears, that—Rugg, his influential spirit, having departed to dress himself, under the apprehension of being fined—he began to recover his spirits, and at last exclaimed, in so jocose a tone, that I burst into a violent and uncontrollable fit of laughter, "By the pigs, my master! but the youngster's teeth fit to the greatest nicety the bruises in my calf."

This led to an explanation. Lavolta charged me with having bitten the mountebank. I candidly pleaded guilty, but justified myself on the score of his having punched my ribs, which I protested were as tender as those of a sucking-pig. Mr. Merryman took me in his arms—kissed every inch of my face—pilfered the watch out of my pocket, and, I being ignorant of the larceny, we were all at once the best friends of the world.

Every body now began to be busy: a little old man in iron spectacles brought me a loose ginger-coloured dress trimmed with scarlet, which did not at all strike my fancy, and after hastily cutting and frizzing my hair, and plastering something highly unpleasant on my cheeks, took me out on the platform and told me where *to stalk*. I felt so ashamed that I would fain have dropped through the planks, especially

when Lavolta, lifting me on his arm, exposed me to the gazing multitude, protesting that I was the greatest prodigy the world had ever produced—that I lived on fire, and slept on a bed of boiling water—that I could squeeze myself through the eye of a needle, and dance barefooted on its point—that I was stone-blind, yet never wanted a guide, a stick, or a little dog, to thread my way through populous cities which I had never visited before—that I had no idea whatever of time, space, or eternity—that young as I seemed I had seven black sons in Morocco, all by one mother, who was a mermaid, each of them seven feet high, and all cannibals except the youngest—Ben Bohomo Bibbitti von Egg, an honest and well-known knife-grinder in the town of Tripoli. This, with slight variations, was frequently repeated in the course of the morning, by Lavolta, Mr. Merryman, and the gentleman in the brimstone boots, and I was far from liking it. Lavolta played a principal, but very short character in the piece performed within, and he amazed me by the dexterity with which he enacted it. Once in every half hour, a woolly-headed white negro would thrust his head through a slit in the front canvas, just between the legs of Jupiter, and exclaim, "Now massa." At this signal, Lavolta gradually drew back from the front of the platform, inviting more vehemently as he retired, the public to walk up at two-pence each: on reaching the slit he would suddenly dash in—utter on the stage two or three very heroic lines, in the character of a mighty monarch, with sufficient energy to be heard by those who stood on the platform, and rapidly emerge again, exclaiming as he advanced towards the front, "Only two-pence, ladies and gentlemen—at the small charge of one-sixth of a shilling."

About three o'clock I began to feel very sore, stiff, and weary. My walk to Caddiscombe—the drubbing I had received from the Merry-Andrew—the blows inflicted on me by Llewellyn the goat—my exertions to escape from the poney, and the pranks I had played, after I became a little bold, on the platform, had now completely worn me out. After sitting down and falling asleep for a quarter of an hour, I could scarcely move—all my joints seemed to be in fetters—I was in pain from top to toe. Lavolta told me to "go down;" and the boy-father, who filled the post of harlequin, carried me to his little wife. This darling little creature, though hagged and depraved in appearance, had a delicious heart. Her hobgoblin was asleep, and she became lavish in her attentions to me. When stripped she rubbed me with her soft palms, moistened with almond oil, until I besought her to let me sleep. She then pinned me up in a blanket, placed me on a temporary shelf, and it was not until long after sunrise the next day that I awoke. I was in a profuse perspiration, but I felt vigorous and more free from pain than I had a right to expect. The kind young creature brought me a cup of tea with a deal of gin in it, so that when I got up, for the first time in my life, I felt nearly drunk. Her husband threshed her severely for this well-meant act of kindness, alleging that Lavolta intended to make me stand on my head on a pole sixteen feet high, and that through her silliness I might fall and break my head as the boy Green had, two days before, from the same reason.

Shortly after Lavolta came in and asked me how long I could stand upon my head. I replied, "For a week, if I had plenty of victuals." He then told me to practice on a post which had been driven into the ground, but not used, as a stay to the booth, and that the next morning he would put my abilities to the proof. In two hours I felt perfectly satisfied that I could do all he desired, and went to the platform for the purpose of telling him that I abhorred my loose ginger dress. He promised me a better one, and about two o'clock the next morning, the little old man in iron spectacles brought me, where I lay, on a little mattress by the side of the young mother and her hobgoblin child, a splendid velvet hat and feathers, a spangled tunic, white shoes with gold rosettes, and long green silk stockings, clocked halfway up the calf, with mock bullion embroidery. I went to sleep in Elysium. Once again I had nothing to desire, or if I entertained a wish, it was that little Agnes might see and recognise me in my regal attire.

On awaking shortly after day-break, I cast an eager glance towards the little bundle on which the old man in iron spectacles had carefully deposited my dazzling attire. Beside it stood an apparition!—half-clad in orient taffeta, but hoofed and horned—Beelzebub attired for a gala. At first its form was indefinable, but in a few moments I discovered that it was Llewellyn the goat. The beast had been on a prowl about the booth; his climbing endowments had enabled him to get on the little elevation or platform where, concealed by a piece of old canvas by way of curtain, I and the youthful father and mother reposed. In nozzling about, an old taffeta robe had become entangled in his horns, so that its graceful drapery concealed the whole of his figure except the head, chest, and fore-legs. But what was the detestable brute about? I felt conscious of having disposed of the whole of my supper. What could he be champing then with such evident satisfaction?—Bundling the bed-clothes about me I sniggled towards him, and soon ascertained that he was devouring my dress!

One of the pea-green stockings had already disappeared—the other he was in the act of masticating—the very extremity of the toe was curling round his nose as he munched. Scarcely knowing what I did, I screamed and pitched into him. After a short squabble I found his pert, upstart, bit of a tail in my mouth, and, its underside being bare and somewhat tender, I gave it so emphatic a bite, that he howled with amazement and agony, caprioled as though he were dancing on a sheet of red-hot iron, and when I thought proper to let go, bounced and gallopped at full speed about the booth, shaking his little tail with tremendous energy, and shrieking in such a manner, that almost every body got up to ascertain who was being murdered. Lavolta appeared in all his spangles,—he had apparently slept in them. There was a deuce of an uproar, but nobody could tell what was the matter, until the little old man in the iron spectacles (which seemed to be riveted to his bald scull, for he never was seen without them) perceived the toe of my beautiful pea-green stocking, defiled by foam and slaver, dangling from the goat's nether lip. Instantly clutching it, he dragged forth a ruin of the hose from

Llewellyn's throat and stomach; it was gnawn into net-work, but still hung together, displaying the most pitiable wreck of finery imagination can conceive. I wept at the sight of it, and being noticed, frankly explained. The horrid goat, seeing me erect, instantly made at me, and my endeavours to escape his assaults produced such prodigious laughter, that Lavolta at once decided on attiring me as "the monkey," a character which Master Nicholas Green, the boy with the bandaged head, had sustained with great eclat, previously to his fall from the pole. When the monkey raiment was brought to me, my antipathy towards Llewellyn became mortal. Thirty times a day I had to exhibit my agility on the platform, in avoiding his terrible punches, and I was not always successful. I detested—I loathed him—I only wished that I was Sir Simon!

Master Nicholas Green, perceiving I was unhappy, vouchsafed me his friendship—we made common cause against the goat, and conspired to destroy him. Both of us were enjoined to practise standing on our heads, and thus we were often placed at his mercy. He would suddenly appear from some dark corner, and knock the brace of us down like a couple of nine pins. He had no objection to our sitting, lying, or crawling in his august presence, but a perpendicular position, natural or reversed, excited his ire, and he felled us. No one liked him but Lavolta, for he took the wall of every body. The huge blear-eyed wretch had in his youthful days been Mrs. Lavolta's pet kid, her zone had often graced his neck, and she had left a farewell billet for her husband on the animal's budding horn when she eloped with his friend the fire-eater. Mint, the head carpenter, whispered that Lavolta kept the ugly revolting brute not so much on account of his services on the platform, as by way of a memorandum or memento not to commit matrimony again, Mrs. Lavolta having long since, in a fit of infuriate jealousy, swallowed a bowl of boiling lead, in which her paramour, to the wonderment of a bumpkin public, had just washed his hands. Mint was the mildest of human beings, but he abhorred the goat, because, as the Merry Andrew protested, the creature had been presented to Mrs. Lavolta by the Fire-eater, instead of whom he himself would have run away with the beautiful rope-dancer, if she would have let him; but Mint was far from personable. Though standing only five feet two, he cast a broader shadow than any other man in the troop. There were objectionable peculiarities too, touching his attire. Nothing could induce him to put on a coat, or to wear pantaloons of any material thicker than nankeen at Christmas. Lavolta called him his comet, and jocosely recommended him to insure himself, no matter at how high a premium, against personal damage from spontaneous combustion. Master Nicholas Green had conceived a plot against the goat which could not be carried into effect without the loan of Mint's glue-pot; but over every thing appertaining to himself, or his vocation, the roseate little carpenter kept so sharp an eye, that to purloin it was impossible. The position in which we were placed was delicate, and Master Nicholas and I held numerous consultations as to the *modus in quo* we could effect our darling object. It was clear that Mint, who prided

himself on his dignity as a man, would not, however deeply he detested Llewellyn, become confederate in a scheme for the goat's extirpation with a couple of boys. What was to be done? The brute's delinquencies daily increased—his tyranny had become insufferable—our loins were alway blue, and one of these days he would kill us. Between Master Nicholas and Mint there was a feud—Master Nicholas therefore could not think of asking a favour, or hoping to obtain it, besides Master Nicholas, in taking chesnuts from the fire, possessed parts that adapted him rather for playing the monkey's part than that of the cat. It was proposed, therefore, that Mint, with whom I had not exchanged a word, and to whom I could not possibly have given offence—thus argued Master Nicholas—should be solicited by me for the loan of his glue-pot. To this I moved an amendment, that some day, while Mint was busy, I should venture either to engage him in amicable conversation, or to put him in a passion by playing with his tools, whichever plan might prove most feasible, while Master Nicholas purloined the glue-pot. I had now gone through the ordeal of playing at seven fairs, and while Mint was busy in getting up our portable magnificent booth for the eighth, we determined, if possible, on carrying our project into execution.

We had travelled all night: the goat, who regularly trotted along, during our migrations, beneath the front axle-tree of our foremost caravan, (containing the properties, the wardrobe, the old man with the iron spectacles, the ladies and their children,) had played on the platform, alternately with Master Nicholas and myself, until a late hour on the preceding afternoon. He was tired, and gathering his feet beneath him, he dropped on the cool dewy sward, before the first pole of our enormous tent was planted. Every body assisted, and by breakfast time we were so far ready for immediate operations, that Mint was employed at his bench, in repairing such of the fragile properties as had been damaged at the preceding fair, or during the journey. His glue-pot was behind him, on a little charcoal fire in an elevated brazier. I strolled up and asked him to teach me the tune he was whistling. As Master Nicholas, who loitered at hand, had told me, it was the only known composition of Mint's father, an itinerant trumpeter. Mint was gracious, and we became familiar. I told him, I liked him because he was always so merry. At this he threw down his chisel and sighed, but still by some fatality kept his eye upon the glue-pot, so that it was impossible for Master Nicholas to operate. "Sir," said Mint, forgetting that I was a child, "the world thinks me jovial, but I am wretched. There is a frightful difference betwixt me and my fellow mortals. I stand alone in society. In perfect confidence, and under the seal of inviolable secrecy, I commit to your friendly ear the dreadful fact, that, although for ever hot as a bar of iron fresh from the forge, I NEVER SWEAT!"

Hoping to console him, I begged to suggest that he was only in the same dilemma as dogs, creatures that got through the world very comfortably, though they couldn't perspire. "Ah!" said he, "you're a Job's comforter, my little man. If all the world were in the same predicament it wouldn't matter a shaving. But that I, and I alone,

of the whole human race, should be so marked out—so separated—visited with such an infliction—oh, God! 'tis almost beyond endurance—I can't support it much longer." The fellow began to cry, and, never having seen a man shed tears before, I was frightened and sneaked off; but Master Nicholas insisted that I should return to the charge. I told him that I could not, for Mint had let out a dreadful secret. "Pooh! Pooh!" said he, "he has only been making his grand confession, which he does to every new-comer. All the world knows it—the fat fool can't sweat. Go back, pretend to pity him, and he'll tell you more; he has a yard and a half of troubles on his tongue's tip about this. Your patiently listening to them is the only chance we have of making him forget his glue-pot. While we were friends he used to talk to me for hours of the pleasure he should feel of finding 'one liquid inborn pearl begemming his sultry brow.' If he doesn't use those identical words within five minutes, I'll forfeit you half my bread and butter at breakfast time."

I went back to the carpenter—tears stood upon his mallet—I tried to cheer him, but he seemed disconsolate—still, however, keeping his keen grey eye fastened on the glue-pot. "Lavolta says," quoth he, "that I consume one minute out of every five in wiping my forehead; but it's a pleasant fiction, which he would forgive if he had the heat of six-and-thirty sultry summers boiling in his veins. If next year's dog-days don't bring about a change, I shall go abroad and try the effect of the tropics." I did not know what "the tropics" meant, and, in the utmost simplicity of heart, begged him to enlighten me. He took a piece of chalk and drew some explanatory lines upon his bench: meanwhile, his back being turned, Master Nicholas approached and purloined the glue-pot. The goat was drowsily bobbing his head up and down at a few paces distant; Master Nicholas, with admirable alacrity, placed the pot just beneath Llewellyn's long, thick, grizly beard, and at the next bob of his head, the surface of the boiling glue nearly reached his chin. He started, but was too sleepy to rouze himself. Master Nicholas ventured to let him have another bob, and then quietly replaced the glue-pot on the brazier. It was not until long after he had retired, unseen, that Mint's illustrations on his carpenter's bench were concluded, and I left him whistling the tune composed by his father, the itinerant trumpeter.

Meanwhile the goat dozed, and by the time he thought fit to get up, his long hoary beard had become a solid mass, jutting down many inches beneath his chin. If he attempted to pick up a cabbage leaf, the hard shaft of glue embedded in hair, prevented him from bringing his nether lip to the ground. After having experienced repeated shocks on his lower jaw, he began to grow savage, but finding ferocity of no avail, he slunk into a corner, disconsolate and hopeless. Lavolta of course soon discovered what had occurred; Master Nicholas and I, rejoicing, kept our secret, and nobody could conceive by what calamity Llewellyn had been brought to dip his beard in the glue-pot. Mint was petrified. The utensil he solemnly affirmed had never been out of his sight. Various expedients were tried to unglue the goat's beard—it was boiled, but without effect—

the glue still stuck to it, and when dry, the hairs were as hard and compact as ever. Mint tried to saw it off, but Llewellyn protested against this operation with such heart-piercing shrieks, that the carpenter, much as he loathed the goat, felt compelled to desist. The creature pined hourly, and in less than a fortnight expired, not from want of nourishment (for everybody tried to make him eat from the hand), but to all appearance broken-hearted. Boys as we were, Master Nicholas and I, one stormy night, dug a grave for him beneath an old yew-tree, in the consecrated ground surrounding a village church, and, to this day, I bitterly regret having had act or part in glueing his beard.

SERVETUS AND CALVIN.

Michal Servetus, a celebrated Spaniard, after having published a theological system, under the title of *Christianisimi Restitutio*, while proceeding to Naples, imprudently took his way through Geneva, where Calvin, who indulged against him the full bitterness of theological hate, induced the magistrates to arrest him on a charge of blasphemy and heresy, brought forward by a person who had been a servant in Calvin's family. In order to insure his condemnation, his various writings were rifled for accusations, and as a proof of the malignity and injustice which he encountered, one of the charges was extracted from his edition of Ptolemy's Geography, in which he asserted that Judea had been falsely extolled for its beauty and fertility; modern travellers having found it both sterile and unsightly. As he refused to retract his opinions, he was condemned to the flames, and his sentence was carried into execution the 27th October 1553, in the 44th year of his age; he remained in the fire more than two hours, the wind blowing the flame in a contrary direction, and while his most horrid torments were being prolonged, he cried out, "Miserable man that I am, cannot I die in these flames? Could you not, with the 200 pieces of gold, and the rich collar you took from me when I was sent to prison, purchase wood enough to consume me?"

While imprisoned, his condition, judging from three autograph letters, of which we subjoin tranlations, appears to have been truly pitiable.

LETTER I.

"Most Honoured Lords,—I most humbly entreat you to be pleased to bring me immediately to trial, or to set me at liberty. You see that Calvin does not know what answer to make, and merely for his satisfaction I am left to rot in prison. Vermin devour me alive, my nether garments are all in tatters, and I have no means of changing them; neither have I coat, nor a shirt, except a very bad one. I had presented a petition to you once before, a religious one—(*la quiele estoyt selon Dieu.*)—In order to destroy its effect Calvin has quoted Justinian. This is very harsh on his part to produce things against me in which he does not believe. He does not and cannot place any faith in what Justinian has asserted, *De sacrosanctis ecclesiis et de episcopis et clericis*, and other things in matters of religion. He knows that at that period the church was already corrupted. It is a great shame, on his

part, and a still greater one is it to have kept me locked up here without being able to point out a single passage against me. My lords,—I had also asked you to allow me a counsel, or a lawyer, as you allowed one to the adverse party, who does not stand so much in need of them as I do, who am a stranger, ignorant of the customs of this country. You have, however, favoured him, to me you have granted no favour, and have let him go out of prison without examining him. I request that my cause may be placed before the council of the two hundred, as well as my petitions. And if I am allowed to appeal to it, I do appeal, protesting against my first accuser, as well as Calvin, his master, who has espoused his cause, and that they be condemned to all the costs of the suits and to the *pœna talionis*.

Written in your prison of Geneva, the 15th September 1553. Michael Servetus, in his own defence."

LETTER II.

Most Honoured Lords,—I am kept in prison, and criminally accused by Jehan Calvin who falsely states that I have written:—First, That souls are mortal; and also secondly, That Jesus Christ had only received from the Virgin Mary the fourth part of her body. These are horrid and execrable accusations. In every other heresy, or any other crime, there can be nothing so wicked as to say that the soul is mortal. For in every other heresy there may be hopes of salvation, but not in this case. He who asserts this, neither believes in God nor in justice, nor in the resurrection, nor in Jesus Christ, nor in the Holy Scriptures, nor in any thing, so that I am not only made to say, but to write, that when a man dies, he is like the beast who dies for ever. Now if I had said or written publicly such a thing, I would condemn myself to death.

I therefore, my lords, demand that my false accuser be punished *pœna talionis*, and be committed to prison like myself, until the trial takes place, which may either sentence him or me to death; and to carry this into effect, I require that the *pœna talionis* be applied to him. I shall be satisfied to die if I do not cause him to be found guilty, not only of this, but of other crimes which I shall bring against him. I ask justice of you my lords, justice, justice, justice! Done in your prison of Geneva, the twenty-second Sept. 1553. Michael Servetus, in his own defence."

LETTER III.

"Magnificent Lords,—It is now three weeks since I asked for an audience and have not yet been able to obtain one. I entreat of you, for the love of Jesus Christ, not to refuse me the justice you would not refuse a Turk. I have to inform you of important and necessary circumstances.

As to the orders you gave that I should have certain articles to keep me clean, no attention has been paid to them, and I am worse off than ever. And, moreover, the cold makes me suffer most cruelly, in consequence of my colic and rupture, both of which produce other afflictions which I am ashamed to write about. It is a cruelty that I am not permitted to speak of those things which I stand so much in need of. For the love of God, my lords, give orders to that effect, either through pity or duty. Done in your prison of Geneva, the tenth October 1553. Michael Servetus."

TILT À L'OUTRANCE.

C'est un proverbe et commun ris,
Qu'en la coûtume de Lorris,
Si juste que soit la demande,
Le mort
A tort,
Et le battu paye l'amende.
LE PLAID DU RENARD.

"WHAT, ho! master Marcoquet!—will you give us a lodging to night in your hostelry, or do you mean to leave us to pass the night under the canopy? In the name of the blessed Saint Julian, patron of travellers and strangers,—let us hear the sound of your voice, for here have we knocked and called at your door for a full hour! We are almost choked by the fog from the Seine, and if we have to wait any longer shall shortly be buried with our horses in the mud of the Rue Mortellerie!"

It was on the night of the 16th of September, 1386, that these outcries assailed the hostelry, known in the city of Paris by the sign of the Porcupine; they proceeded from a squire mounted on a mule, who appeared to act as guide to two others who rode beside him—one a tall man on a black charger enveloped in a long grey mantle, the other, a female figure, whose palfrey's rein was guided by her companion; her form was also closely shrouded beneath an ample cloak, and her features were carefully concealed under a crimson head-dress of peculiar shape, termed the '*hanin.*' *

"No answer!" exclaimed the squire, with an oath, "—— I think every body in Paris must be dead, for I hear the sound of neither children, poultry or dogs, and by the want of these signs we generally know when towns and villages are abandoned and empty. Ah! —hark!—the clock of Saint Jacques la Boucherie is striking!—One, —two,—three,—four,— five,—six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten;— ten o'clock! Come, nothing remains for us but to reach the sign of Our Lady, or the Tavern of the Eleven Hundred Devils, which is open all night, though we must be careful not to tumble into the basket-maker's swamp in passing along the *Planches-Mibrai.*"

With these words the travellers were on the point of departing, when a sudden light illumined the darkness which surrounded them. Six of the watch, dressed in party-coloured coats of black and white, approached from the quarter of the Grève: they carried flambeaux, which cast a strong red glare on the dusky gables of the hostelry, and enabled the travellers to discern an enormous porcupine, sculptured above a door, as narrow and lofty as that of a belfry. The watch soon drew near the stranger on the black charger, who as soon

* Resembling, with some slight modifications, arising from the quality of the material used, the cap worn by the Cauchoises of Normandy, at the present day.

as he saw them briefly explained the inconvenience of his situation, and, offering them money, begged that he might be permitted to proceed to the nearest lodging under their escort. "There is no reason to give yourself the trouble of retracing your steps, Sir Knight," said the Serjeant-at-Arms who commanded the party, and with the hilt of his sword he struck violently against the door of the hostelry, crying out in a stentorian tone, "What, oh! Marcoquet! thou devil of an innkeeper, must I tell thee twice to shew thy ugly visage?—Come—come—up, and quickly too!"

At the sound of this voice, so dreaded by all the inhabitants of the *Quartier Saint Jean,* symptoms of movement were speedily heard in the interior of the house, and presently the host, throwing back the frame of oiled paper* which served to admit the light, appeared behind the bars of iron trellis-work. "What does your noble lordship seek?" demanded he in a submissive tone, as if he felt conscious of being surprised in some unlawful occupation. "My lordship," replied the Serjeant-at-Arms, "requires that you immediately open your doors, and admit these strangers. Are you not ashamed to leave them at this hour exposed to the attacks of banditti and cutpurses? Be assured I will inform the Provost. He is already evil disposed towards thee on account of thy pig which thou leavest to wander about the *Place de Grève,* as if it were one belonging to the holy brothers of Saint Anthony." "Worthy Sir," humbly replied Marcoquet, "do not think that I am unwilling to admit these strangers; is it not my profit to allow all such to enter? But of a truth so many robbers infest the town after the curfew has sounded, that for the blessing of the Holy Father I dare not open the door to any man. Besides, my house is so full that there is not even room for a rat." "Nevertheless," said the Serjeant, who saw the stranger produce a well-filled purse from under his cloak, "nevertheless, you will find room for this noble gentleman and his suite. There is no barn so full but there is room for the broom behind the door, and ——" "I tell you in honest truth, Sir," interrupted the anxious innkeeper, that there is no room whatever, save in my own chamber, and you may well imagine that I cannot allow strangers to come there, of whom I know no more than Adam or Eve!" "That's a mistake," exclaimed the squire, who till then had held his peace, very reverently giving pre-

* Glass for windows was not only unknown in France *at this period,* but was not in general use till *the last century:* in some parts of the country it found admission only in the construction of buildings of importance. The reply of an inhabitant of Limoges is well known,—who on being asked by a professor, who wished to distribute copies of his thesis, which houses belonged to the most considerable personages, made answer—"Go, to those *where the windows are glazed.*"

† It was not until the death of a son of Louis VI. (le Gros,) occasioned by a fall from his horse, which was caused by stumbling over one of these animals, that the inhabitants of Paris were prohibited from allowing their pigs to roam about the streets of the city. An edict was then published, which inflicted a penalty of *sixty sols* on the owners of such truant pigs, with permission to the watch to kill them where found, to keep the heads for themselves, and to send the carcasses to the sick at the *Hotel Dieu.* The pigs of the Abbey of St. Anthony, were alone exempted from this prohibition, doubtless from respect to the companion of the Patron of the fraternity.

cedence to the Serjeant-at-Arms. "If this fog were not so thick you would have known me at once, Master Marcoquet, for I am no other than Sebastian Quimbel, own son to your gossip at Poissy." "By Saint Cosmm, he speaks sooth," cried the host, "these torches have so dazzled my eyes, yet blind with sleep, that I question if I should even be able to recognize those who owe me money. But now I see you clearly and will gladly admit you, as well as this noble gentleman and his lady; they shall have my wife's bedchamber."

So saying Marcoquet disappeared from the window, and descended to the entrance, where he unbarred the door as speedily as the numerous bolts and fastenings would permit him, and allowed the new comers to enter, giving their horses to the care of his stable-keeper whom he roused. After the stranger had rewarded the serjeant-at-arms for his trouble, the host conducted the lady and himself to an upper chamber, where were two beds, and other appliances for a night's rest. A good fire was speedily kindled, and the supper prepared. "Your lordship will pardon me," said Marcoquet, "if I am only able to offer you for your repast the legs of a goose, some mashed pease and *Chaillot* cheese, for so much company has arrived here of late that ——" Here the stranger gravely bending his head, pointed with his finger towards the door, and the host taking the hint, which he was in the habit of receiving from the greater part of his guests, perpetually harassed with his eternal clack—quitted the room, and returned to the kitchen, where he found the squire, Sebastian Quimbel, doing ample justice to his supper.

"Master Marcoquet," said he, with his mouth half-full, "can you tell me the reason why so many strangers are just now thronging to Paris? Are there any new mysteries to be played? Is there any muster of men-at-arms—or are there any Jews to be burnt?"—"What!" exclaimed the host, "have you not heard that to-morrow, in the *Culture St. Catherine*, will take place a mortal combat a Tilt *à l'outrance*.—Why, where have you come from, you simpleton?"—"From St. Symphorien, near Poissy," replied Sebastian, "where I have been in service since last Pentecost; in a village like that we rarely hear the news of what is going on in Paris." "But the traveller whom you have brought with you seems to be a person of good lineage—he must surely have heard the cause." "As for this traveller," said Sebastian Quimbel, lowering his voice, "I think he only opens his mouth to eat. Throughout the whole journey he has spoken no more than the cattle that we have occasionally met on the road; and I marvel much that he even found his voice just now to speak to that party-coloured serjeant of the watch. But on what account is this combat to be fought?"—"I can tell you after the most approved fashion of the gossips of the *Etuve de l' Arche Marion*,* whose love of talking makes them forget every hour on the face of the dial. Listen then to my tale:—Next St. Matthew's day will be a twelvemonth since the Sire de Carrouges, a gentleman be-

* The shops of the "*Barbiers Etuvistes*" were the great rendezvous of the idle from all parts of the city. It was here that all the news was discussed, and those popular commotions frequently prepared, which were so common in Paris during the reigns of Charles V., VI., VII.

longing to the hotel and household of the Comte d'Alençon, returned from Scotland, where, with the permission of his lord, he had been serving under the banners of the Bastard of Escorailles. He had left in his chateau of Capomesnil, situated in the marshes of Lower Normandy, his wife, Marie de Thibouville, a lady, beautiful and young, who on his arrival received him with just demonstrations of joy, and welcomed him according to the duty which a wife owes to her husband. But when the evening came, and the Sire de Carrouges was impatient to retire for the night, the lady having reluctantly dismissed the attendants, threw herself on her knees at her husband's feet, and bursting into a flood of tears, addressed him—'My lord,' said she, 'put me away from you, for in your absence a great evil has befallen me.' At these words the countenance of the Sire de Carrouges became redder than the crimson curtains of the bed of state, and with a terrible voice he cried, 'Woman! what has happened that you dare not name? At the peril of your soul and body have you been false to me?' 'Not so, dear lord,' replied Marie de Thibouville, with deep sobs, 'I swear by the Holy Virgin Mother! Listen, and be yourself the judge. But for pity's sake, look not upon me so fiercely, or I can never tell you. From the moment that I received the intelligence of your being on the point of quitting Scotland, to return to your own castle, I passed the greater part of the day on the turret which overlooks the road to Falaise; from thence I expected your approach, and strained my eyes to discover you from afar. I cannot tell how often I was deceived by dust and vapour, taking herdsmen for armed knights, and sheep for war-horses; but one evening it befel, that being at the window of the turret, wrapt in fancy, and idly listening to the noise of a thrasher's flail in a neighbouring barn, or the cracking sound of the donjon weathercock, I felt a hand gently laid on my shoulder. I thought at first that it was Clotilde de Ners, my cousin, who wished to surprise me, and without turning my head I strove to take the fair maiden's hand in mine; but instead of her delicate fingers, I grasped the armed gauntlet of a knight! I was struck with an indescribable dread, for the idea came into my mind that you were dead, and that according to the privilege of your noble house, you were returned from the battle-field armed at all points, to pray for masses for a soul in purgatory. But dead or alive I was resolved to see you, and with a great effort I turned round, and saw beside me, not your shade, but a knight of real flesh and blood, beneath whose vizor his eyes gleamed like burning coals. 'Fair lady,' muttered he in a hoarse voice, 'like the Sire de Carrouges, I also belong to the hotel of the Comte d' Alençon, and you may remember to have seen me at the castle of Argentan. I would not willingly pass the domains of Capomesnil without presenting you my homage, and asking news of your husband.' 'Sir knight,' replied I, very much annoyed that a stranger should have approached me so suddenly without being announced by some servant, 'this inquiry honours us highly; but if you come from a distance, will it not please you to take some refreshment within, and allow your steed to be looked after?' 'Many thanks, fair lady,' answered he, 'I cannot linger but a moment, for to night I must be

at the castle of Argentan. There are many noble lords of high degree there at present, whose entertainments you might happily enjoy yourself, in the absence of the Sire de Carrouges, instead of remaining alone in this dull castle; for never was there yet seen so fair a flower of beauty!' So saying, he half-opened his casque, and seizing my hand, he imprinted on it so rude a kiss that it seemed like the stamp of a hot iron. He then addressed me in language to which I disdained to listen, perceiving the baseness of his purpose. I endeavoured to escape from the lonely and desolate turret, under the pretext of calling for lights, for it had become quite dark; but the traitor seized me with violence, and ——' 'Enough, woman!' cried the Sire de Carrouges, maddened by rage, and striding furiously across the chamber. 'Enough! tell me the name of this false villain, for if the truth be as you say, I pardon you, but his blood shall flow to satisfy my vengeance!' 'I saw him but for a short time, and in the dusk,' answered Marie. 'As soon as he had completed my dishonour, he departed in haste, closing upon me the door of the turret that none might hear my cries; but I should know him amongst a thousand to be that squire-of-the-body of Comte d'Alençon whom you pointed out to me at the Passage of Arms of Palaise, and who then for the first time buckled on the golden spurs of knighthood.' 'Jacques Legris?' exclaimed the Sire de Carrouges. 'Himself!' 'Jacques Legris,' repeated the knight, 'is it not enough to have injured me by false reports in the opinion of his lord? Yes, the word is spoken. He shall die!' In such conversation passed the live-long night, the lady continuing to repeat her first asseveration.

In the morning, the Sire de Carrouges sent letters to his friends and relations, and to all of his lineage, desiring their presence at his castle, where, when they were assembled in the great hall, he delivered to them the particulars of the outrage which his lady had suffered. It was then decided that the complaint should be laid before the Compte'Alençon, who in his appanage had the right of administering justice to all, high and low; and such was accordingly done. But the Comte d'Alençon, who was particularly attached to his handsome squire, Jacques Legris, would at first hear nothing of the circumstance, which was resolutely denied by him, expressing at the same time his astonishment at the accusation. The parties then appeared before the Count in his court of justice, and pleaded according to law, Marie de Thibouville continuing to assert the facts which inculpated Jacques Legris, who, on his part, steadfastly denied the whole adventure. He affirmed that the accusation was utterly false, and that on the day when the act was said to have been committed, he was on service with his lord, whom he had only quitted for two hours, and that it was impossible in so short a time to ride to and fro between Argentan and Capomesnil. To this the Sire de Carrouges made answer, that the time might not have been particularly noted, and recurred to the testimony of his wife, who still maintained her first assertion. On the other side the Count, very much concerned at the accusation, suggested that without doubt the lady must have had a dream or vision. By his power he directed that the proceedings should be quashed, and that the ques-

tion should never be raised again, either by the principal parties or by any of their kin. But the Sire de Carrouges, a bold and approved knight, has refused to concur in this arrangement, and has summoned Jacques Legris before the parliament, who has been obliged to deliver hostages and security. The case has been again discussed most formally, and the proof being otherwise impossible than by mortal combat the Sire de Carrouges has thrown down his wager of battle, which the bold and handsome Jacques Legris has accepted. The court of parliament having pronounced that wager of battle was permitted, the trial has been deferred to force of arms, each champion having to justify his cause by bodily strength with equal weapons. A period of forty days has in consequence been assigned before the combat, during the first twenty of which the champions have been consigned to the care of their friends, who engaged to produce them at the proper time and place, save in the three justifiable causes of absence, which are—imprisonment by enemies, languishing sickness, or death. During the said twenty days, the champions have been daily admonished to examine their consciences scrupulously in order not to peril both body and soul in an unjust cause, but each has persisted in his first avowal.

"During the last period, which ends to-morrow, they have been closely confined in the Louvre, and there admonished by churchmen and learned personages, endeavouring to bring them to confess either their hatred or sin; but no change has taken place, and to-morrow they will appear in arms, and the wager of battle, *à l'outrance*, will be decided. Whatever may be the result, the consequence is that it attracts crowds of people to Paris, both from the provinces and from abroad. So great is the interest excited, that our sovereign, King Charles, who with his barons was at the mouth of the Scheldt, intending to pass over the sea to chastise those English dogs, has sent word that he intends to be present at these jousts. He has therefore set out for Paris, with the Dukes of Burgundy, of Berri, and of Bourbon, who are all equally desirous of witnessing the combat. Yesterday they all arrived at the Hotel de Saint Paul; and so much is the Court of Lions crowded by knights, squires, and their attendants, that many are obliged to seek for accommodation wherever it may be found. The Comte d'Alençon is also arrived, who bears no great good will towards the Sire de Carrouges, whom he would have caused to be slain had he not transferred the affair to the decision of parliament; and it is my opinion, that if his party get the upper hand, neither the Sire de Carrouges, his hostages or securities, will be long on this side of paradise, and that sooner or later the Count will pay them what he has Promised. On this account they hide themselves like rats, for the Count is just the man to cause them to be put to death, even were they to shelter at the marble table of the palace."

"Threatened men live long," said Sebastian Quimbel; "but what is the opinion of the people of Paris about this affair, which appears to me very obscure?" "By my faith," answered the host, "it is not a very easy question to decide, whether a woman, noble or otherwise, ought to be believed on such a subject without some further proof; for well I wot the evidence of women is rarely admitted, save when no

other can be obtained. In fact, if she is a wicked and dissolute woman, may she not endeavour to criminate a loyal man, out of spite at having had her love rejected? Some say that there may be sorcery in the case; and, as has been many times known, the demon may have taken the form of Jacques Legris to involve the lady in the commission of mortal sin. Again, others think that Jacques Legris denies every thing on oath, on the strength of a previous confession for which he has received absolution. Every body, therefore, is much perplexed what to suppose."

"I dont imagine, however," said Sebastian, "that a woman would cause such a disturbance solely to revenge herself for the contempt of her lover." "Vengeance is the special pleasure of woman," replied Marcoquet, "as may be seen in holy writ, in the history of Madam Potiphar. As to the lady of Carrouges, she has a heavy stake depending, since, if the matter turn out ill for her cause, she is sentenced to be burnt, and her champion to be hung, dead or alive. However, to-morrow we shall know the result, which you may see with your own eyes, for I suppose you will go to the joust with this traveller, who must have come hither with that intention." "I can tell you nothing, Master Marcoquet," returned the squire, "for I have only known and served him for the last two days; for the Sire de Coulibeuf, my proper master, at whose castle he stopped at Saint Symphorien, gave me orders to attend him to Paris, instead of his own squire, who has been so much hurt by his horse that he cannot stir for many a day. Now this knight has never spoken a word on the journey, neither has the lady, which makes me suppose that they travel to accomplish some pilgrimage or secret vow. All I can say is, that they spend their money very freely, and I think I have done you some service in bringing them to the Porcupine." "For which I render you many thanks, my son," said the host; "and will take good care of you, giving you the best to eat and drink, and a bed fit for a priest; but for this evening, you must put up with the hay-loft, as I have no other place to offer."

After this discourse, the two worthies withdrew to rest, and for the remainder of the night all was quiet, except only the cries of a drunken reveller outside, who was waylaid and murdered in the Rue de la Mortellerie.* But scarcely had the day began to dawn, when the silver whistle of the stranger knight summoned the host to his chamber, who found both the lady and himself up and dressed, with their mantles carefully shrouding their persons, and their faces concealed by a covering of serge, which fastened behind the ears. The knight acquitted the reckoning, desired the horses to be saddled, and then departed, after giving directions that the squire, who still slept soundly, should not be disturbed. Marcoquet was at first somewhat vexed at their departure, having calculated on gaining handsomely by them; but was soon comforted by seeing fresh crowds of new comers, all on their way to the jousts.

When the hour before noon arrived, after mass, and dinner, and

* These "*guet-a-pens*" were of too frequent occurrence to excite any particular attention.

careful admonitions to his household, he mounted the party-coloured coat, and set out for the place of combat, accompanied by Sebastian Quimbel, still lost in astonishment at the abrupt departure of the stranger. They ascended the *Rue St. Antoine,* which at that time was neither town or country, and leaving the *Rue des Nonnains d'Hières* on the right hand, they soon arrived at the *Culture St. Catherine.** In this field was a quantity of grain not yet reaped, several vineyards not yet culled, and vegetables ungathered, and it was with much difficulty the guards stationed there could prevent the people from trampling on and destroying every thing, so great was the press of citizens and strangers, not only from all parts of the Isle of France, but also from Normandy and other quarters. It was, therefore, with great difficulty, and not without the liberal application of many a hearty cuff, that Marcoquet and Sebastian contrived to approach the field of combat. Here, according to the ancient regulation of Philippe le Bel, the said field was so disposed as to admit of each champion having his share of the sun: it was formed by a double enclosure of oaken stakes, interwoven with osiers, sufficiently secure to prevent their being forced by animals above or below, and strong enough to sustain the shock of an armed knight on horseback. The field was forty paces wide, by eighty in length, and the ground was rolled and levelled like the floor of a barn ; to increase the smoothness of the surface a number of children had been admitted the night before to play at *croq-madame,* and *cheval-mallet.*

In the outer enclosure were stationed the archers of the Provost, and the guard of the Marshal of the Field, and at the closed barriers on either side the kings-at-arms, heralds, and poursuivants, dressed in their tunics, badges, and coats of arms. Above were erected galleries, hung with cloth of arras, and that which was intended for the King was conspicuous from its tapestry, whereon were represented the history of "*Madame Judith,*" carrying the head of "*Le Baron Holofernes,*" and the emblems of the seven deadly sins. The other galleries were decked in fresh array, and occupied by numbers of knights, and ladies of high degree, of whom the latter could, on occasion of a *jouste à l'outrance,* withdraw at their pleasure from the lists, by means of a private stair, as soon as they had witnessed the arrival of the King and the combatants. It was a noble sight to see these fair ladies, with their party-coloured robes—yellow and blue—red and white—green and black—according to their design of representing the colours of their husbands' blazon, as *or* and *azure—gules* and *argent—sable* and *sinople.* Their hair, divided in front, was braided across the forehead, and fastened behind the head; the greater part wore the *hanin,* a species of pyramidal cap covered with lace, embroidered in silver, from whence hung a long veil, floating

* The Culture of St. Catherine was a large open space, situated between the *Rues St. Antoine, Jean Beau-Sire, Pavée, des Trois Pavillons,* and *des Francs-Bourgeois.* It consisted of fields, gardens, and vineyards, and the lists for the tournaments were selected there.

in the air like the pennant of a vessel. This custom had always excited the objurgation of the preachers, who said that as it made the women appear taller than the men, it derogated from the dignity of the latter. While these sermons were preached, the ladies laid their head-dresses aside, to put them on again as soon as the reproof should be forgotten; which gave rise to a saying amongst the jongleurs and wits, that the snails hide their horns during the storm, but put them out again when it is over. Within the field, at the distance of three paces from the lists, on a table turned towards the east, and covered with cloth of silver, stood a large crucifix of ivory, near a missal open at the "*Te igitur*" of the holy mass, before which knelt a father Cordelier in prayer. At each extremity of the field were placed the tents of the respective champions, where refreshment was provided, and where they put on their armour, and remained in readiness till the moment of combat.

But one thing seemed more particularly to attract the public attention. In a small niche, formed under the royal gallery, there lay extended on the fresh straw, a man dressed in a long red garment, with a hat of the same colour, and wearing greaves of iron; a hempen cord twisted round his body formed a belt, in which were thrust a copper spoon with a long handle, and a double-edged dagger. As he slept he leaned his arms, which were bared to the elbow, on the hilt of a naked sword, the blade of which was nearly a toise in length, and four inches broad. "Gossip," said Sebastian Quimbel to the host of the Porcupine, with his eyes wandering about in every direction, "tell me who is that gentleman in scarlet, who sleeps there as soundly as a judge on the bench?" "A good customer for the crows," replied Marcoquet, "and I trust in your last moment you may not have such a chaplain near you to say *Amen* to the *In Manus*. It is the executioner." "By my faith!" said Sebastian, "this seneschal of death does not seem to be so ready to go whither he sends others. He is really in good case, and as red as a Lord Abbot." "He makes a good account also of his privileges; he receives all the dues of the passage of the Petit-Pont on the heads of swine, on fish-carts, Epiphany cakes, brooms, cresses, verjuice, eggs, and hempseed; but he is not allowed to touch anything except with the long spoon which hangs from that gibbet-noose. Such, at least, is the bearing of his letters of privilege, which the Chancellor throws under the table after having sealed them. He claims, besides, the garments of all the criminals below the waist, and I dare say has some share with the Marshal of the Field in the trappings and horse of the vanquished, which the executioner drags away on a hurdle, to fasten them to the gibbet of Montfauçon, after he has drawn the body of the slain out of the field by the heels."

Meanwhile the chimes from the clock of St. Catherine du Val des Ecoliers had long struck the hour of noon, and yet the cortège of the marshal of the field did not appear on the ground, and a murmur began to spread among the spectators; for the people of Paris were noted for their turbulence, as had already been evinced in the sedition of the Maillotins, and still more so in the strife between the Armag-

nacs * and the Burgundians, wherein they little heeded the powerful lords, who each sought by fair means and courtesies to rank them on their side. "I would give a *franc-à-cheval*, full weight, to know what can be the cause of the joust being delayed," exclaimed Marcoquet, who began to weary of being so long absent from his kitchen. "I will tell you for nothing, gossip," said a butcher; "they are waiting for the king, before whose arrival the champions cannot appear in the lists, and I dare say we shall have to wait long enough. He perhaps is not the cause of the delay, for he likes the jousts very much, as he does every thing new, being somewhat flighty; but most likely he is detained by Queen Isabeau." "Or by his fair uncle of Burgundy," added a mercer; "for these *salt Burgundians*† command all things here, even to to the very weathercocks of the Hotel Saint Paul. It is a sad thing that the white cross should yield in this manner to that of St. Andrew." "It's a still greater pity," interposed a tanner, "that we should yield to both of them; and for any choice between them I would not give the horns of an old ox. It's clear enough that whether the wind blows from Burgundy or Orleans, we are not the less aggrieved, and lose our franchise so readily, that it were as well to remain taxed and *corvéable*, as become syndic of one of the six bodies of trades in Paris." "Yes!" answered the butcher, "but Monsieur de Bourgogne is not of that opinion, and if King Charles will not learn to govern better ——" Here an old woman broke in, "Good folks," said she, "I think if the provost overhears you, he will soon make you meat for the crows on a new gibbet. But this has nothing to do with it. Depend upon it the reason why the joust does not begin is that one of the champions has recanted, or both perhaps, for men-at-arms are not what they were in the time of the good Constable, and they don't fight now as they used to do. In my time the jousters came into the field with no other armour than their ladies' shifts; while now-a-days they are shut up in their shells like crabs." "Ay! ay! good mother," observed the butcher, "healed wounds and dead folks are soon forgotten; we leave out the bad only to remember the good. To hear you talk one would think that in your time the cabbages grew ready dressed, and the cows gave so much milk that people skimmed it in boats to make mountains of butter. For all this, I don't undertake to defend the

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* In a disturbance which took place in Paris in the reign of Charles VI. the people armed themselves with offensive weapons taken from the Bastille, and in particular with leaden mallets, which procured for them the name of Maillotins. The "*maillet d'armes*" differed from the "*marteau d'armes*," by the head being square at *both* ends, while one end of the latter was pointed and sharp. At the combat of "*The Thirty*," an English knight "*frappait d'un maillet pesant vingt-cinq livres.*" And in the chronicle of Duguesclin, that warrior rushing into the field of battle—

"—— Assaut l'Anglois au martel d'acier
Tout ainsi les abat comme fait un bouchier."

In the time of Louis XII. the English archers still carried the leaden mallet.

† This phrase was applied to the Burgundians by all the writers of the period, but its etymology is doubtful. The general opinion is that it was derived from the number of salt-works in the domains of the Duke of Burgundy.

present times, for he is a lucky fellow who has not eaten 'de chien ou de chat.' We know what it cost us when King Charles came from Flanders with his barons, and laid on again the tax upon provisions." "Ay," added the mercer, "and put down our burgess-counsellors." "Yes," chimed in Marcoquet, "and raised the tax on wine from an eighth to a fourth;" "And took away the chains from the streets," * interrupted the tanner, "so that at present we can offer no more resistance than a flock of sheep; but the winter is coming, and we shall see if people will cry out as they did last year, 'I am dying of hunger,' 'I perish with cold.' We shall see if we are to pay twelve francs for a calf and sixteen for a hog. We shall see if the wolves of *Vanvres* and *Gentilly* are to come and visit us every night as far as the Place Maubert." "Patience beats skill, gossip," said the butcher; "he who burns his wood too green makes only smoke, and he who eats his bread too hot chokes himself. I may answer you too in the words of the song:—

'Take time while yet it is in view,
For Fortune is a fickle fair;
Days fade, and others spring anew,
Then take the moment still in view.
What boots to toil, and cares pursue?
Each month a new moon hangs in air;
Take then the moment still in view,
For Fortune is a fickle fair.'†

If the *Burgundy plane* smooth the *knotted club of Orleans* let the *flying stag*‡ beware! and then ——" "I have told you already," interrupted the tanner, "I have told you already, gossip, that I would not give the horns of an old ox to choose between the Burgundian, the Orleans, and the Flying Stag. They quarrel with one another like blind men begging in company, but to oppress the people they understand one another like thieves at a fair. I wish one of them would break his neck in carrying the other two into Paradise. By St. Thibaut, what we want now are our franchises, even if we must fight to obtain them." At this bold speech of the tanner's, the old woman already mentioned again renewed her monitory exclamations: "Good folks, good folks, pray cast a glance this way on the Bastille of St. Anthony beside us; there are fine cages there, where they feed you with a fork. To my thinking, unless you keep your tongues between

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* The Parisians sought to defend themselves against attack by heavy chains and doors which guarded the entrances of the streets. A proof of this exists in the names of many of the present streets which refer to the fact, as the *Rue des deux Portes*, which is so often repeated; and also the *Rue des Douze Portes* in the Marais, which formed at pleasure no less than twelve separate enclosures.

† "Faut prendre le tems comme il vient."—Rondel by Jean Froissart.

‡ The Duke of Orleans having taken for his device a *knotted club*, with this inscription, "*Je l'envie*," the Duke of Burgundy, who considered this a bravado of his antagonist, in his turn took for his device a *plane*, thus menacing the knotted club. The Duke of Orleans being afterwards assassinated in the Rue Barbette, the children went about the streets crying out, "the knotted club is planed." The "*cerf-volant*" is an allusion to the stag which Charles VI. bore in his shield.

your teeth, you may find your way to it, for there is no want of spies and false witnesses hereabouts."

The tanner was about to make an angry reply to this speech, but the sound of clarions announced the approach of the king, who, saluting the people very courteously, took his place under the royal canopy, surrounded by the princes of the blood and the officers of his household, who made a gallant display. The king, whose manners were very childish, amused himself by munching a large apple, but on the remonstrance of the Duke of Bourbon he hid it in the *aumonière* of Irish leather which hung at his girdle, from whence however he stole it out occasionally to take a fresh bite, keeping it concealed in the sleeve of his violet-coloured robe. In the mean time some of the people set up the cry of "Noel! Noel! Montjoye! St. Denis!" on which others began to shout "St. George for Burgundy! vive Bourgogne!" and a riot would shortly have ensued between the two parties and the provost's archers, when the appearance of the champions quieted all.

At the eastern barrier of the lists appeared a knight armed at all points, with his helmet of steel closed, and mounted on a splendid Norman *destrier*, bearing *or*, a lion spotted and langued; he held in his hand a banner representing the blessed St. John the Evangelist; on his right came his squire bearing his lance and shield, on his left his "*otage-plège*," or security, like his principal, armed at all points, and helmet closed. The champion's horse was clothed as if in a skin, with a damask cloth, party-coloured of his coat, and ornamented with an embroidery in gold; the charger's mane and tail were also interwoven with gold thread, and his saddle was of crimson velvet, like a German caparison. They were followed by two serjeants-at-arms and twelve archers. At the western barrier appeared at the same time, a knight similarly armed, and in similar array, save that he bore *sinople*, quarterly a cross gules; his banner represented the blessed St. James the Greater, and his charger was simply caparisoned in buffalo skin, painted with his device and colour. Between the two lists, directly opposite the royal gallery, was brought in, on a car hung with black, a female dressed in the deepest mourning, very closely veiled, with a rope round her neck. The marshal of the field then rode gently round the lists, and at a sign given, Montjoye, king-at-arms of France, came within the barriers holding a gold wand in his hand, which he raised whilst he recited the following proclamation. "Oyez,—oyez,—oyez,—hear all!—lords, knights, squires, and all kinds and conditions of people, what our Sovereign Lord the King commands under the penalty of losing life and goods, that none appear armed or carrying sword, dagger, or other arms, whatsoever, save only the guards of the lists, and those who by permission of our Lord the King have liberty to do so. Further, the king commands and prohibits all men, of whatsoever condition, from appearing before the lists on horseback or upon cars which may serve as platforms, upon pain, if noble, of forfeiting the horse or car, or if servitors or people of low condition, of losing an ear.* Those who conduct and escort

* The punishment of cutting off an ear or a hand was specially inflicted on

the champions to the field are directed to send back their horses on pain of incurring the penalty aforesaid. Further, the King our Sire, commands and enjoins all persons of every condition to be seated on the scaffolds, cars, benches, or barrels, in order that every one may see the champions at their pleasure, and this under penalty of having the hand cut off. Further, the King our Lord commands and prohibits all persons from speaking, crying, or making sign or motion, on pain of being condemned to lose both life and goods. I have said!"—The marshal of the field having received the order from the king, commanded the appellant and his pledge to be called into the lists, and from the eastern barrier appeared the knight bearing *or*, a lion spotted and langued, and advanced towards the marshal, who demanded of him who he was? "Jean de Carrouges," replied the knight. "What seek you here, and what do you desire?" "I wish to perform and execute this day my appeal to arms against Jacques Legris!" "Who is the knight who stands beside you?" "The Baron de Ners, my hostage and security, who stands my godfather in this day's combat!" At this answer the marshal of the field drew near, and himself opened the helmet of the Sire de Carrouges, whose face was seen by every one present to be as pale as the marble effigies of the knights which are sculptured on the tombs of the abbey of St. Denis. A poursuivant performed the same office for the Baron de Ners, but no sooner was his casque opened than Sebastian Quimbel observed to his friend Marcoquet, "Ah! that is he!" "Who?" inquired the latter. "The traveller of last night,—my patron of the last two days!" "By Saint Maclou, you speak sooth," replied Marcoquet, "he came and concealed himself in my hotel with the lady his cousin, for fear of being discovered in other quarters and being slain by the people of the Comte d'Alençon. But silence!—let us hold our tongues unless we wish to lose our ears. We had better keep them to hear what the king-at-arms is going to say." And as he spoke, Montjoye exclaimed, "Let the defendant appear!" and from the western barrier appeared the knight who bore quarterly, *sinople*, a cross gules, and in like manner presented himself before the marshal. "Who are you?" "Jacques Legris!" "What seek you, and what do you demand?" "I seek to reply this day to the appeal of Jean de Carrouges." "Who is the knight that stands beside you?" "The Sire Ambrose de Lore, my surety, who stands my godfather in this day's fight." The marshal now in like manner opened the casque of Jacques Legris, whom all the ladies looked on with admiration, for he was a young and handsome knight. At this moment the Sire de Carrouges approached the spot where the lady his wife knelt in prayer before the crucifix. "Marie," he said, "at your instigation, and on your quarrel, I this day put my body and soul in peril;—tell me once more, is the cause loyal and just?" "My lord," answered his wife, in a tremulous voice, and in so low a tone that she could scarcely be heard by those who stood beside her, "it

"*roturiers*," which in some instances might however be compounded for on the payment of a sum of money.

is true what I have stated—fight boldly, for the cause *is* loyal and just."

At these words, the knight bent forward, and affectionately kissed his lady's hand, and having crossed himself, he turned towards the king's gallery, and spoke: "Most excellent and powerful prince and sovereign lord, you see before you Jean de Carrouges, who appears in these lists armed and mounted like a knight, to fight with Jacques Legris, a false and disloyal traitor, for the truth of which assertion I call to witness our Lord, our Lady, and our patron Saint George, the good knight! I purpose this day to do my *devoir* faithfully, and I pray the marshal of the field to allow me my fair share of the sun and wind, and all that of right is given to combatants in like situations. Which being done, I will perform my duty with the help of God, of our Lady, and of Monsieur Saint George, the good knight!"

The same formula was pronounced by Jacques Legris, and the king-at-arms made his second cry. Then the two champions were led before the table on which lay the crucifix and missal, and, as they knelt, the father Cordelier addressed them. "See, noble knights, before you is the true representation of our Lord and Saviour, who gave himself to death for your sakes; pray then to him for grace, and that he may succour you this day according to your right, for he alone is the Sovereign Judge of all. Remember the oaths you are now to take, lest your souls and bodies be in equal danger." The two champions replying nothing, the marshal of the field placed the crucifix in the right hand of Jean de Carrouges, and the missal in his left, and caused him to repeat after him the following oath:—"I, Jean de Carrouges, appellant, swear by the Holy Evangelists, by the faith of a true Christian, and by the Holy Baptism which I received from God, that I have a good and just cause of quarrel with the defendant, Jacques Legris, whom I stigmatise as a false traitor and perjured caitiff, whose cause is unjust and wicked; which I will this day prove by my body against his, by the help of God, our Lady, and Monsieur Saint George, the good knight!" A similar oath was then taken by the defendant, and the marshal then demanded if the champions were willing to take the final oath, to which both knights having assented, Montjoye, king-at-arms, exclaimed, "Oyez—oyez—oyez—listen to the last oath!" The Sire de Carrouges then said, "I, the appellant, swear by the rood, by the Holy Evangelists, by my Baptismal faith, and by the sovereign joys of Paradise, which otherwise I renounce for the bitter pains of Hell, by my soul, my honour, and my life, that I have good and just cause of quarrel with the false traitor whom I see before me. To do this loyally, I declare that I do not bear, either upon my person or my horse, any arms forged by the black art, any characters, words, spells, stones, herbs, charms, conjurations, invocations, or any other thing which may injure the justice of my cause: I have no reliance, save in my God and my good cause, and trust to none other, on which I kiss the crucifix, the Holy Evangelists, and hold my peace." The same formula was in like manner repeated by Jacques Legris, and the two knights, each holding the hand of the other, again repeated the de-

claration of accusation and defiance. These last words were uttered by Jacques Legris in a firm, sonorous voice, while the Sire de Carrouges, whose body seemed to tremble, articulated them in a hesitating tone.

"Gossip," said Sebastian Quimbel to Marcoquet in a whisper, "methinks the Sire de Carrouges would rather be in his orchard at Capomesnil, than at such a feast as this. The poor man seems to tremble and shake like a dry nut in its shell." "Don't think, however," replied Marcoquet, "that he is tainted with fear or cowardice, for fame gives him the reputation of a renowned and noble knight; but they say he suffers from a fever which he caught in Scotland, and perhaps at this moment he may have an access of the disease." "Methinks, then," said the squire, "that in this case the joust out to be deferred." "I have always heard," answered the host, "that three causes alone can arrest the course of the combat—leprosy, the falling sickness, or madness; but even these cannot excuse the appellant, since by him the gage of battle has been required. The champions ought, besides, to be sound men to defend their bodies in good earnest; but if one has a broken arm or is blind, the other must tie his arm behind his back, or have an eye bandaged, to render the match equal. But in all likelihood the poor knight will soon be cured of all his ills, for see, he issues on horseback from his tent, which the poursuivants remove outside the lists."

The Baron de Ners, and the Sire Ambrose de Lore having now declared that they had redeemed their respective pledges by producing the champions in the field, were released from their guarantee, and with the Marshal and his attendants retired from the lists, leaving the space free for the combatants. While they waited for the order from the king to begin the combat, each knight holding his lance elevated in the air, turned round to gaze—the Sire de Carrouges on his lady, and Jacques Legris on one of the galleries where it was said his mistress sat to witness his valour. The marshal of the field, having at length received the king's commands, approached the barrier, and raising his baton, threw his gauntlet into the lists, and cried with a loud voice "Laissez aller!" three several times. At this signal the knights, who had already taken up their ground, dashed the rowels in their steeds and spurred eagerly towards each other, but without taking much effect—their lances glanced aside and they careered through the field. A silence so profound reigned throughout the lists and amid the galleries, that the paces of the horses might have been counted, and the clock of St. Dennis at that moment striking the hour, it was heard as distinctly as if on the parois of the abbey. A second time the champions prepared for the onset, and in this shock they encountered so rudely that their horses staggered beneath them. At the third encounter the sparkles of fire flew from their helms and shields, so fierce was the encounter; and at the fourth, the lance of the Sire de Carrouges pierced the acton of Jacques Legris, while the latter unhelmed the Sire de Carrouges, with such violence, that the blood gushed from his nostrils; the shock was so tremendous that both horses reared upright, and the saddles of the knights remained empty, while the riders rolled upon the plain.

The first on foot was Jacques Legris, who aiming a fierce stroke at the Sire de Carrouges, wounded him in the thigh; but the latter collecting all his strength, in great wrath struck down his antagonist to the ground; they closed immediately, and struggled hard for the mastery, each endeavouring to gain the upper hand, which at first seemed to promise for Jacques Legris, who being younger and more active, closely pressed the Sire de Carrouges. But the latter, hampering the arms of Jacques Legris, disengaged his own left hand, and drawing his dagger, cried out in a broken voice, "Say,—say,—that my—quarrel is good—lest your soul—descend—to hell—without absolution." "Never," exclaimed Jacques Legris, and as he spoke he strove, by violent efforts, to disengage himself; but the dagger of Carrouges gleaming for a moment in the air, in the next had pierced his side, and his heart's-blood dyed the blade. He strove, but ineffectually, to raise his own weapon, but his arm fell powerless by his side, and, with a deep moan, he gave up his soul to God.

At the same instant, and while a shudder at his violent death pervaded the assemblage, a man covered with dust pressed through the crowd in great haste, and rushed towards the pavilion of the marshal. "My lord, my lord," said he, in a hurried whisper, "the baillie of Caen has sent me in all haste to you, in order to inform you that we hold in prison the wretch who confesses to have committed the crime on the lady of Carrouges! the proof of which is contained in this parchment." And he presented to him a long scroll, to which were appended the seals of office; while the corpse of the unfortunate Jacques Legris was being dragged out of the field by the feet.

THE THREE PRESIDENTS.

THE British Institution has recently opened with an Exhibition of some of the works of Reynolds, West, and Lawrence; a room is devoted to each of these masters, so that their individual, as well as their comparative merits may be estimated. The comparison between Sir Joshua and Sir Thomas is certainly unfavourable to the latter; but at the same time it is unjust, for his genius was of so opposite a character that it is difficult to appreciate it, when brought into close contact with that of Sir Joshua. There is too much *devilry* in Sir Joshua's pencil for the elegance and suavity of Lawrence—his force of effect and sunny breadth put out the other's milder light. The very carefulness of drawing and delicacy of finish of the last President appear weak, when brought into collision with the glowing colour and natural simplicity of style of the other. Sir Joshua knocks Sir Thomas to pieces. Upon entering the middle room, after having feasted one's eyes upon the contents of the north end of the Gallery, the works of the latter appear painted with rose pink and white: the most vigorous touches seem petty, the broadest effect flat, and the finest expression insignificant. As well might a comparison be instituted between the physiognomy of the two painters as between their pictures. Look at the portraits of the men each by his own hand!

The features of Lawrence finely formed and proportioned, bounded by flowing lines, eked out with the most delicate finish. The eyes, nose and mouth, of Reynolds, on the contrary, are so many powerful touches, or dabs, as the ladies would say, wherein any precision of form or sharpness of coutour are not to be traced.

We lounge through the other rooms, but amongst the Sir Joshua's we sit down and feel perfectly contented, picking out half a dozen at once, between which it is difficult to decide a preference. There is No. 2. *An Infant's Head;* can any thing be more lovely? Sleep breathes from the open and richly coloured lips, the cheek is like the side of a peach, a soft shade subdues the closed and handsome eyelid; we are glad it was never finished—it could not be more like nature, but might have been spoiled. Then we steal a glance at No. 11, *Miss Hickey,* as if she were a living beauty looking at us from beneath her overshadowing hat. It is finer than the *Chapeau de Paille,* because it is less pretending, is equally transparent, more intensely real, and as unlike a picture as possible. No. 13, *Lord Rodney,* is as cool and chaste in color as Vandyke. By all that's fine in art, our Sir Joshua is worth two of the Fleming! No. 24, *Nelly O'Brien.* 4. *Contemplation.* 49. *Countess Cornwallis and her Son,* and 50. *Lady de Clifford,* are all exquisitely painted. The portraits seem so unconscious of being portraits that we are charmed as by the presence of the actual sitters. 47. *The First Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Ashburton and Colonel Barrè.* In this group of heads, the most noticeable is that of *Ashburton,* the eminent lawyer; he is said to have made some remark savouring of a strong contempt of the populace during the riots of 1780; the expression of his countenance in this picture must have been precisely the same as his imperative and stubborn features assumed at the moment of this burst of aristocratic feeling. He paid Dr. Johnson a compliment on his powers of conversation which the Doctor appeared to value very highly as coming from one unused to the gentle mood. "One is always willing to hear Dr. Johnson," said his lordship. Johnson, on being told of this, exclaimed, "Here is a man willing to listen, to whom the world is listening all the rest of the year." Below this group is the Colossus of Literature. It is the original of the print engraved for the early edition of his Dictionary.

Now for the children; first, the *Infant Academy.* It is like a scene in some juvenile comedy where there is no guile, and the playful action is right earnest enjoyment; nothing can be sweeter than the little huddled up creature in the corner conscious of a bit of finery, and laughing roguishly. We love Sir Joshua for giving up so much of his mind to illustrate the simple manners of life's first stage; such a picture as this is worth fifty of *Ugolino's;* from the starved group we depart melancholy, but unimproved; from the children our maturity derives freshness as delightful as the presence of spring. In 29. *Figures by Torch Light,* there appears a young head looking round at us under the arm of the girl in the fore-ground; we saw the same beautiful expression years ago; it was not forgotten, but hung in memory's picture gallery, among the best of our choice collection. Scores of times have we seen all that this room contains, but never has the en-

joyment derived from them equalled the present satisfaction. Our countryman possesses a charm which excites the mind as vividly as any of the works of the Roman, Florentine, Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools. 18. *The Strawberry Girl,* is like Rembrandt, (whom Reynolds took every opportunity to abuse,) but the great Dutch poet of Chiaroscuro never gave the world such a dear little funny thing as this. Of 16. *The Sleeping Girl,* 41. *Robinetta,* 43. *The Infant Samuel,* 44. *The Laughing Girl,* Robinetta carries the day, for she is a character and a prettier creature than the others—besides there is the bird. 3. *Girl with a Muff;* those round eyes seem to be wondering and laughing at once; wondering at the President with his palette on his thumb, looking so eagerly at her, and laughing at her own situation.—Young painter, whoever thou art that readest these notes, attend to our advice; be not misled in thy warranted admiration of Sir Joshua by his neglect of form, to undervalue the solid acquirement of drawing, nor in copying his pictures, extract the dross, leaving behind the gold. What wretched things have we seen done from this crowning glory of the Gallery—*Cymon and Iphigenia!* If any person will take the trouble to walk from this miracle of colour to the other extremity of the rooms and look for a moment at West's *Venus and Adonis,* he must be blind indeed not to perceive the difference between richness and poverty, splendour and dulness. How beautifully is the head of Iphigenia turned backward; a fore-shortened profile, coming sharp against the deep bit of shadow it throws upon the arm! What warmth and breadth does this intense shadow produce by its contact with the light! This arm is wretchedly drawn, but one's eye is absorbed by the colour of the flesh and forgets the outline; a living soul breathes through the glowing skin, perfect harmony lulls the mind into a willing forgetfulness of partial negligence. The effect of this picture is really magical: so brilliant is the body of the fair Grecian maiden, that the sun struggling through the trees as if to look upon her, is dim in comparison. *Sir Joshua has glazed him down.* This is snatching a grace beyond the reach of nature; nevertheless, the trick is a fine piece of poetical gallantry.

22. *The Fortune Teller.*—Sir Joshua's usual feeling is not visible in this picture. If he began it he certainly is not guilty of having finished it—perhaps young Northcote helped to spoil it. Either this is a bad duplicate or Sherwin's engraving is much better than the original picture; but even *that* we never liked very much as a composition. 19. *The Death of Dido,* though powerfully painted and richly coloured, is not equal to the *Iphigenia.*—Sir Thos. Lawrence took the pains to trace to the original source all Sir Joshua's compositions—for he stole them every one—as Rubens purloined many, of his from Raffaelle and the Carrici, but it was to invest them with an original beauty, to consecrate them anew, under another sovereignty.—14. *Ugolino.*—The Count's head is evidently painted from nature. The remainder of the picture suffers in comparison. One of the children is a copy of one of the young Niobes, but the gaunt grey head of the famishing father, presenting a sickly focus of light, is fine. Like the Laocoon, Ugolino is absorbed in his own sufferings, paying no attention to his agonized family, the wild stare

of the glazed eyes, as if his brain were shrinking into a state of powerless inaction, conveys an idea of intense past suffering. Look upon this pinched face, and then at the fat cheeks of George the Fourth, No. 37, in the middle room, painted by Lawrence. Could these two beings have inhabited the same world?—We leave Sir Joshua, convinced that, as a portrait painter, he is only equalled by Titian. Other painters may exhibit more taste for form, and put a greater variety of material upon their canvas, but our first President stands quite alone in his creamy mellow colour, and the unaffected air and vitality of his subjects.

Among the finest works of Sir Thomas are *Richard Hart Davis, Esq., Kemble as Hamlet,* and *Lady Dover and Son.* In any other situation, this middle room would be found highly gratifying to the eye, but we repeat, that with the mind full of Reynolds, it is impossible to do the works of Lawrence justice. What then can we say for West, the *venerable* President? No pictures have been more popular than the American Painter's.—"His nam plebecula gaudet."—The English public flocked in crowds to gaze at his *Christ Rejected,* and *Christ Healing the Sick.* But the same public were unable to understand the Cartoons. West, therefore, was just the painter to please them. Learned without intenseness of feeling—elaborately dull, he treated, in the most obvious common-place manner, all the noble qualities of historic art. The difference between West and the two great masters with whom he is here brought into conjunction, is simply this:—In their pictures we see something that we can find no where else, but we can meet with all that he has attempted triumphantly achieved by others who have preceded him. They were men of genius—he was a man of talent.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LA MARQUISE DE CRÉQUY.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED M.S.

Iren r lotte Victoire de Froulay de Yessé, Marquise de Créquy, &c., was one of the most celebrated women of her time. She died almost a "*centenaire*" at Paris, where she had the courage to brave all the horrors of the revolution, and the "exigences" of the emigrant party. She inhabited a superb hotel, in la Rue de Grenelle Saint Germain, which, as she tells us, she had purchased "à vie" of the Marechal de Feuquières, for the *miserable sum* of 40,000 francs "une seule fois payé." We perceive by her M.S. that she had always "*une santé deplorable,*" and it is to this circumstance she attributes the good bargain she made, of which she had always "la malice" to applaud herself, and of which she profited till her death, a space of 70 years, from the day of purchase. It is worthy of remark that the heir of Marshal Feuquieres, who died 59 years ago, could not be found in 1801, so that the hotel became the property of the state. Rousseau used to say of her, that she was "Le Catholecisme en cor-

nette, et la haute noblesse en deshabile;" and the Abbé Delille, in a letter which forms a part of the Abbé de Tessan's rich collection of autographs, to the Vicomte de Ventemille, dated 1778, after expressing "a thousand thanks to Monsieur le Vicomte for the amiable manner in which Madame de Créquy has just received him," &c., proceeds thus:—"She possesses a faculty of observation that must be *redoutable aux gens ridicules;* and it is in this manner that I account for her reputation of malicious severity. In fact, she appears to possess, in a supreme degree, the talent "*de bien raconter*," —a talent that is now almost extinct, and which appears to have been the privilege of the passed age. This favourable judgment will not be belied by the memoirs of this lady, in which will be found a curious correspondence between Voltaire and Madame de Créquy, relative to the Black Cordon of St. Michel, and the erection of his estate at Ferney into a Marquesate, which, says the author of Œdipus, and of the Dictionnaire Philosophique, would have made *la gloire et la joie de sa triste vie.*"

The unpublished work to which the Abbé alludes, is certainly one of the most curious collections of anecdotes that exist. We shall select some fragments at thirty and forty years distance of dates. These memoirs, it is proper to observe, were destined for the instruction of the young Tancred Adner Raoul de Créquy, who died long before his grandmother.

First Extract, 1772.

"The Princess des Ursénes, was my near relation and godmother. She was as vain-glorious as it is possible to be when one has been called for the space of fifteen or sixteen years Mademoiselle de la Tremoille. You may think that the name of Créquy was sufficiently well known throughout all Europe, and particularly at Rome, in memory of the Cardinal and the Duke de Créquy Lesdéjuieres, ambassador of France, under the reign of the late king. Madame des Ursénes accordingly received us there "en perfection." It would have done your heart good to hear her speak of M. M. de Crequy, whose first female ancestor was the daughter of the Emperor Charlemagne, &c.; but as she always took great care to call me 'my niece,' your grandfather's gratitude was in consequence diminished. I must tell you that my godmother appeared to me an artful, insidious, overbearing, and disagreable person in the extreme. It was said she still preserved some remains of beauty, but I could never discover them. What she had preserved without the slightest alteration, was an air of insufferable arrogance, with the habits of meddling in what did not in the least concern her. She used to make "des toilettes prodigieurses" with her "vilaine gorge," and her old shoulders in a state of nakedness. 'You who are one of the family,' said Prince Mansfeld one day to me, 'do pray tell me why Madame des Ursénes favours us with an exhibition of such things, and to please whom?' 'To please us young women, and more especially the Countess Fagnani,' I replied, shewing him my neighbour, who had, independently of her '*belles epaules*,' a '*belle passion*' for Prince Mansfeld, and apparently some anxiety on his account. She took it into her head to be angry with him because we had conversed together, with a certain '*air d'intelligence*,' in a language of which she did not understand one word. I do not know in what manner he replied to her reproaches, but so it is, that he received a *coup de poignard* from her, which nearly proved fatal, and obliged him to repair to Venice to get cured, where my father was ambassador. This accident, I assure you, has tormented my conscience not a little."

SECOND EXTRACT, 1778.

" Although I had never any kind of familiar intercourse with the Palais Royale, nor with the coterie of the Encyclopédistes, the latter imagined to make use of me to acquire the protection of the Duc d'Orleans. I knew that D'Alembert had gone to the Marchioness de Sillery to engage her to solicit the Duchess de Chartres to interpose her good offices between her father, the Duke de Penthievre, and Condorcet. He even threw out some hints to Madame de Sillery upon the propriety and utility of a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, on condition that she would not cabal with the Saints, and more especially of her never attacking the writers of the Encyclopedia. M. de Schomberg had given Diderot to understand that Madame de Sillery was preparing to write against them, which greatly alarmed them from the opinion of the fashionable world, and the coterie of the Palais Royale, of which Madame de Sillery had become the oracle, and especially on account of the Bishops and the Parliamentarians, who were only watching their opportunity to roughly handle the Encyclopédistes. Besides, they wished through her to gain the niece of Madame de Montesson, who had married the Duke of Orleans, secretly it is true, but with as little secresy as she was able.

D'Alembert went so far as to propose to Madame de Sillery to get her received as a member of the French Academy, with Madame de Montesson, Madame d'Angevilliers, Madame Necker, and me into the bargain. We should have served him as satelites, or rather as an 'Encadrement.' Do you not think you see me upon the same line with Madame de Montesson, who was the most ridiculous person in the world, and a daughter of the Captain of a Slave-ship?—As Madame d'Angevilliers, the widow of the king's valet de chambre?—as Madame Neckar née Churchod—as she always wrote upon her cards? and finally as Madame le Marquise de Sillery, against whom, at this time, nothing wrong could be alleged, but whom I had always made sit upon a folding-chair in my drawing-room, to the period of her marriage with that fool Sillery? When the Commander de Villaneuve came to acquaint me with this fine project, I so turned it into ridicule that my name was immediately erased from the list of candidates for the French Academy. Mesdames Montesson and d'Angevilliers were not deficient either in tact or pretensions; Madame Neckar was sufficiently vain, God knows, and unfortunately so too for France. She then possessed sufficient credit to bring about innovations that might turn to her own advantage and personal pleasure. In short, the Encyclopédistes had reckoned upon the support of the old Duke of Orleans, to whom the academic honours conferred upon Madame de Montesson, who had bewitched him, would have appeared the most delicious thing in the world, and if the project they had formed appears at first whimsical, it must be confessed that it was not unexcusable. I heard afterwards, from Madame de Genlis, that after an hour and a half of philosophical argument on one side, and of religious insinuation on the other, D'Alembert concluded by saying to Madame de Genlis, 'You will always have grace on your side, Madame, but will not have force.' 'Sir,' she replied, with the greatest good humour, 'our sex have never need of it.' D'Alembert composed, some months afterwards, under the name of the Abbé Remy, the first pamphlet that was ever published against Madame de Genlis and her works.

A-propos of the Montessons, I must tell you that they assumed the airs of an hereditary rancour against our house, saying always that the Montessons and the Créquys were mortal foes. 'Truly,' said the old Countess du Guesclin, who was a Créquy, one day to us, 'I well recollect their affairs with *us*, and you shall see that they are wrong to *remember* it.' She then told us that at the period when the noblesse of the second and third orders were pillaging titles right and left, the eldest of the Montesons modestly seized the

title of Marquis, which the parliament obliged him to lay down. I have already told you the last Marechal de Crèquy was a great bear. One day, during a battle, a young officer brought him a letter, the writing and signature of which were perfectly illegible. 'What in the name of the devil! who scrawled this?' said the Marshal, with an oath. 'The Marquis de Montesson, Marshal,' replied the officer, with a self-sufficient air; 'my father and your friend.' 'Mons. de Montesson, is neither a Marquis, your father, nor my friend,' retorted the Marshal.

Third Extract, 1801.

"The Bishop of Evreux told me that Talleyrand was advising every body to rally round the republican government, and to solicit audience of the first consul, for the purpose of obtaining restitution of the confiscated woods. I told him that Talleyrand would do better by restoring to us the Hotel de Créquey, Rue d'Anjou, where my son formerly lived, and which this benevolent churchman had *nationally* acquired by virtue of the laws of the republic, and, owing to the emigration of my daughter-in-law; for he lived there then, and it was long afterwards that he sold this delightful abode to an Englishman of the name of Crawford. Baron de Breteuil was my nearest relation and next heir—he advised me to write to Buonaparte, and I at last overcame my repugnance. It is impossible to imagine the efforts which this step cost me.

"Two days afterwards, Colonel ———, (I do not recollect his name,) aid-de-camp to the first consul, was announced, and I saw enter my apartments a tall young man, who made me three very low bows, and who told me, in the most respectful manner, that the first consul wished to see me, and that he would expect me on the following day at two o'clock. I was utterly confounded. I answered that I was very old and infirm, but that I would do my best, and I immediately sent off for the Baron de Breteuil, to advise with him on this 'guet-a-pens.' The Baron was of opinion that I ought not to decline the invitation of the chief of the republic, seing that he was restoring the woods that had been confiscated. He added that he had also sent for Mde de Coislin, whom he had very well treated, and the Princess de Guemenée, whom he had styled 'Your Highness,' and towards whom he had acted still more generously by restoring to her the forest of L'Orient. You must know that these ladies took great care to keep their visits a secret, and there was nothing to hinder us from acting with the same discretion. I confess that I was seized with a great curiosity, and it was at last arranged that I should repair to the audience of General Buonaparte, but that it should be mentioned to no one, not even to Mdes de Malignon and Montmorency.

"It was on the 10th November—the consul had just been installed in the Tuilleries,—'ce pauvre chateau' appeared to me dreadfully ill clad. I was carried there in a sedan, like Mascarille in Molière's play; or, if you prefer it, like the Countess Saint Florentine, to the Queen Maria Leczenoka's, and I got out at the door of the last saloon. I must tell you, that from the want of a dress, such as was formerly or is now worn on such occasions, I was dressed in my usual costume. The *Citoyenne Crèquy* was announced, and I found myself *tête à tête* with the hero of Arcola and the lord of the Pyramids. He looked at me for the space of one or two minutes, with an air of profound meditation, which presently assumed one of mock-commiseration. At last he said to me with an expression almost filial, 'I have long desired to see you, Madame la Mareschalle,' adding with *an air capable et passablement impertinent*,' 'I have wished to see you, you are a hundred years old.' 'Not quite, General; but very nearly so.' 'What is your real age?'" I felt an inclination to laugh at such an interrogation, and especially on account of his active and imperative manner. 'Sir,' I replied

he, with a smile, if, alas! at my age one can smile, and perhaps he did not perceive it. 'I cannot exactly tell you my age, I was born in a *chateau de chain.*' 'Ah! Yes.' said he, quickly interrupting me. 'In your time, the civil registers of the state were not kept, or rather they did not exist. You have seen Louis XV.' he continued with a tone of elevation, and almost of enthusiasm, 'did you ever see Peter the Great, Madame la Marschale.' 'I never had that honour, I was in my province.' 'I know that you were the intimate friend of Cardinal Fleury. Is it true that he conceived the hope of obtaining the crown for Louis XV.? Had Louis XV. then, any chance of of being elected Emperor?' 'Why, General, it was thought at the time that the thing would have succeeded, but for the bad faith of the king of Prussia, whom the cardinal never forgave for violating his word to the king.' 'Frederick was more skilful than Fleury, but not more cunning; "*il etait fin, ce vieux* Fleury—(here there are two lines that are quite illegible,) —or perhaps in 1718.' 'It was,' replied Buonaparte 'the year of Aguessau's exile. Did you know the Chancellor Aguessau?' 'I have often seen him, General,' 'he was the intimate friend of my father-in-law.' 'Were you acquainted with Dubois and Cartouche?' I looked at him without uttering a word, and with an air of such severity that I tremble when I think of it. He appeared to think that it was in bad taste to send, and almost seize the body of the Dowager Marchioness de Crèquy, to question her about Cartouche, and he smiled so sweetly and with so much expression, that I was quite *desorientée*. 'Allow me to kiss your hand,' he said, and I took off my glove, with all the *empressment* used on such an occasion. 'Nay, remove not your glove, my good mother,' he added with an air of the deepest solicitude, and he afterwards carried his lips to the ends of my poor decrepid centenary fingers which were uncovered: he then awarded me the restitution of our woods with the most perfect grace, and next spoke to me of the noble conduct of the Duke de Crèquy Lesdeguieres at Rome, adding that France was wrong to allow the destruction of that Pyramid of the Vatican, which proclaimed the reparations the Courts of Rome had made to that ambassador. He was, perhaps, not aware that upon the monument, the demolition of which he so regretted, the Corsicans were characterized as being a nation, infamous and odious to every people, and henceforth unworthy of serving kings.

I was also at a loss to explain to myself why he styled me Madame la Marschale; but, when I heard that he always said Monsieur l'Amiral to poor La Glissonière, and who had never navigated but between Dovor and Calais, it struck me that he wished to deceive himself as to the date, origin, and nature of his consular authority."

ENGLISH VOCAL MUSIC.

THE grand secret of the talismanic effect which vocal music is capable of exercising over the human mind lies in expression, and yet nothing is, in general, less understood or attended to, either in precept or in practice.

When a celebrated female singer asked Handel how it was that her execution of the very first bars of his song, "Dear liberty that gives fresh beauty to the sun," always drew from the audience peals of applause, though she was not conscious of its being other than a very ordinary passage, he replied, "It is because you sing the word 'Dear liberty,' as though liberty were really dear to you."

To make a true musician, either as a composer or as a singer, much more is requisite than is usually considered to be so. A natural poetical taste, and a highly cultivated mind are essential components, and a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the language, and of the application to it of the principles of elocution, are indispensable. To these should be added, a full acquaintance with the ancient and modern history of the science, and of the works of those great men who have contributed to its development and progress.

These things are not thought of, or even known of, by one in a hundred, and the fruit of this ignorance is, an inundation of (miscalled) vocal music, in almost every bar of which, is to be found a violation of some canon of the musical, or of the common English grammar. There is a well known instance of false accentuation in the popular song, "The Death of Nelson," the emphasis being, against all rule, laid on the words we print in capitals:—

THREE cheers our gallant seamen gave;
Too well the gallant hero fought—
OUR hearts were bounding then.

It is certain, however, that after-experience led the celebrated singer, whose name also appeared as the author of the song, to correct, in singing, such egregious errors; and it is more than probable that, at that period, like Mr. Packwood, he kept a journeyman composer.

But what shall we say to the vitiated taste of the present day, which has swallowed such a specimen of false accent as this!—

DAY HAS gone | DOWN ON the | BALTIC'S broad | BILLOW.

What a splendid alliteration too—

Baltic's Broad Billow!

A course of study in general elocution ought to form an important part in the education of a vocal performer. Instead of possessing this or any other accomplishment, singers are, beyond the mere practice of their art, in general, the most uninformed, unintellectual persons in society. To this shallowness of mind is mainly to be attributable the unpopularity, among ordinary performers, of the sound and vigorous compositions of the great German and elder English masters, and the preference that is by the same class almost universally shewn for the fiddle-de-dees of the modern Rossinian school. The giant conceptions and magnificent effects of such men as Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven, are so far beyond the mental calibre of our mere fashionable artists that, overwhelmed by a consciousness of their own littleness, they regard with envy, even with hatred, that excellence which they have not expansion of mind to comprehend. With such men as these latter for our composers, our teachers, and our concert-hatchers, what can be expected but that the national taste should be, as it is, at the lowest pitch of degradation? Hence the only successful publications of the present day have been the vilest doggrel verse, or nauseating sickly sentiment, linked to the most commonplace strains, defaced with some hideous lithographic libel on one or other of the works of God's creation, and the whole helped off by two or three deliberate untruths on the title-page; and a series of advertisements, in which impudence, ignorance, and falsehood unblushingly contend for the pre-eminence.

One would think that, with a view to bringing about a better order of things, the cultivation of a national school of truly English music might well be made a public concern, an object deserving of national protection. Other branches of the fine arts have been deemed worthy of the national care, and why not our music? A spark of this feeling seems to have animated a few choice spirits, who, imbued with the true feeling of the art, have lately organized a society, whose object is to elevate the public taste from its debased condition, by the revival and performance of those splendid productions, for which this country stood unrivalled in its Augustan age of vocal harmony. How noble and truly national would be an institution in which, the mind expanded by a course of liberal study, the foundation should be laid for a succession of such talents. We should then stand a chance of hearing English music sung with a purity of expression, accent, and pronunciation, which would, unlike most of the singing of the present day, carry with it evidence of something more than a parish education. A tithe of the patronage that has been bestowed on the Tenterden-street humbug, directed to such an object, would have produced a result that would have raised the character of our music to have been the admiration, instead of the jeer, of Europe.

Of the academy it is no secret to say, that it has been notoriously a failure. At starting, its professed object was the education of a constant succession of native talent, which should by degrees render us independant of foreign artists for our operas and concerts. What has been the result? In ten years about three instrumental performers have been produced who will probably attain to some eminence; but of its vocalists, not one has shown any indication of rising beyond a barely respectable mediocrity. The young gentlemen seem to have a greater penchant for exhibiting themselves in the streets, with dress canes and cigars than for pursuing those severe studies without which, though they may by dint of manual dexterity perchance become fiddlers, they never can be musicians. A want of a regular establishment of resident masters, as in the *conservatoires* of our continental neighbours, is a great cause of its ill success. The teachers of the academy are the teachers of all the town; absorbed in their private pupils, their concerts, their theatrical engagements, these *hommes d'affaires* give their hurried scrambling lessons to the academy pupils who catch just what they can, and guess the rest. Mark the trickery of their exhibition concerts. The same set of faces eke out their inefficient ranks, year after year; once a pupil always a pupil—veterans of threescore are still post-boys!

THE CAPEDJI BACHI.

It was a day of festivity at Galata-Serai, for the Sultan condescended to visit the Itch Oglans who were there educating for his own private service. Unhappy the children whom the chief of the white eunuchs has chosen for the purpose of making *itch oglans*. No cloister, no monastery, had ever so severe discipline for their novices. During fourteen long years they are taught to preserve the most solemn silence, to keep their eyes bent on the earth, their arms crossed upon their breasts, to pray five times a day, to read the Koran, to trace its sacred characters; to ride on horseback, to hurl the djerid, to wield the lance. In addition to these martial exercises they are taught music, to sing Persian *ghazels*, to sew, embroider, shave the head, trim the nails, arrange, gracefully, the folds of the turban; to serve in the bath, to break-in dogs and hawks, and all this under the cruel surveillance of eunuchs. But when they have gone through this probation, if they are handsome, modest, and taciturn, then they commence their service near the person of the Sultan.

A splendid djerid had been prepared to receive his highness. The Arabian horses, their young and skilful grooms, the varied and picturesque costume, rendered it a magnificent spectacle. A number of single combats, and tumultous melées had already offered to the spectators a faithful image of war, when the gaze of all present was arrested with a fixed intensity upon the horsemen whom chance had not yet opposed to each other. One was named Mustapha, the other Ahmed. Mustapha was the son of a vizier who had been strangled through the intrigues of an ancient barber-bachi, the father of Ahmed. The hatred these two youths bore each was known to all. The most lively interest was, therefore, excited in the bosoms of the spectators, when they beheld them spurring their chargers to attack each other. For a length of time they fought with equal advantage, and were on the point of separating without either being declared the conqueror, when Ahmed, profiting by a plunge of his adversary's courser, hurled his djerid, with such skill and force, that he unhorsed him. Cries of admiration resounded on all sides, and the Grand Signior himself even condescended to inquire the name of the victor.

After this defeat the hatred of Mustapha assumed that character of intensity of which alone the soul of a Turk is capable. In order to satisfy it, an Osmanli will wait, if necessary, the half of his life, during which time not a word or gesture ever betrays the sentence he has pronounced, but, once sworn, vengeance becomes the object of his existence. Under ordinary circumstances, he may live in apparent peace with his enemy, but all his actions have but one motive principle—the accomplishment of the ruling passion of his soul, cost what it may. Some months afterwards, both Mustapha and Ahmed were admitted into the service of the Sultan. The place in which they had been educated was a prison, surrounded by high walls, like a fortress; and from their infancy they had been watched with the same jealous care as the women of the Harem. But a career of am-

bition was now before them—the court of the Sultan, that had so often haunted them in their dreams, was suddenly opened to their dazzled imaginations. Mustapha was delighted with his new existence. It was the feast of the Buram, and the gorgeous ceremonies that mark its duration were unusually magnificent. But amid this intoxicating scene, so calculated to captivate his youthful imagination, the idea of revenge was uppermost in his thoughts, and he therefore eagerly sought the friendship of the chief of the eunuchs, in the hope of in time making him share his hatred of Ahmed, whose haughty and impetuous character could ill bend to the discipline of the Seraglio. The son of the barber-bachi, in consequence, soon became exposed to a system of the most bitter persecution.

One day that he had to present to the Grand Segnior the sacred turban, he let it fall, and by this accident interrupted the august ceremony of prayer. Ahmed, who foresaw, but too well, the treatment that awaited him at the Seraglio, for there, as all over the empire, the bastinado reigns, resolved to make his escape. Seizing, therefore, the moment when the Sultan, his court, and the people were absorbed in their devotions, he glode furtively from the mosque, and covering his rich costume with a soldier's *berich*, he gained the residence of an old servant of his father in the environs of the capital, and all search for the fugitive proved fruitless. Mustapha, in the meanwhile, of a intriguing and persevering character, got on in the Seraglio, and was made, for some trifling service that he rendered the Grand Signior, a Capedji Bachi.

The Capedji Bachi are the telegraphs of the Porte. It is through them that the will of the Sultan flies rapidly and mysteriously from one end of the empire to the other, and is executed when and where it is fitting. Mustapha was on the high road to fortune, and might without fostering a vain illusion, aspire one day to the Viziership But a momentary caprice had elevated him, and through caprice he lingered unnoticed in his post of Capedji.

Ahmed had lost no time in quitting Constantinople. The Porte was at war with Persia, and he took the road to Bagdad, the head-quarters of the Turkish army. Throwing aside the courtly manners of the Seraglio, which would have infallibly betrayed him, he skilfully assumed the careless arrogant tone of a soldier of fortune. With his Tripoli turban, placed low over the right brow, the ayatagan and pistols in his girdle, a shortened pipe for the journey, a mandoline hung at the pommel of the saddle of his small Austalia horse—in this guise he entered Damascus.

Noble and holy city of Damascus! a Pacha reigns over her, but reigns in fear. The Kawas dare not insolently traverse her streets. She accepts from despotism but what she pleases, makes even a compact with it, and supports it so long as it is faithful to the treaty. Then she is the high-road to Mecca, the pilgrims place of rendezvous, and she appears to respect her Pacha merely because he bears the title of the Prince of Pilgrims. Ahmed waited for some days the departure of the caravan for Bagdad. This caravan resembles an army on its march—a town in the midst of the desert when it halts—its course is like that of an immense fleet, for like it, it is obliged to often

tack ere it reaches the final destination; the wells being rarely met with in a straight line, and in order to find them, it is obliged to deviate from the direct course. What a long and painful navigation—for such it is. The desert appears to isolate you more even than the ocean—the prison of sand that surrounds you is more dreary than that of the waves. The former is monotonous, motionless; while the latter, by their undulations, recall to your mind some remains of animated nature. But in the Desert, nothing reminds you that life exists beyond the sphere of your own person; and then the desert between Damascus and Bagdad is a desert formed by the hand of man, more dreary than those of Africa, the work of nature. A ruin in the desert—'tis the idea of nothingness, coupled to that of destruction.

After forty days' march, Ahmed reached Bagdad—the brilliant wreck of two eras, that recalls to the memory the glory of Babylon, and the days of Aroun al Raschid. Since she ceased to be Babylon she has often changed masters, religion, and name; but her manners have never varied, she has impressed them upon every religious and political form to which she has submitted. Ahmed repaired immediately to the Turkish camp, where Hussein Pacha, commanded in person. Hussein Pacha was not one of those courtly favourites, more a eunuch in mind than even the Arabians of the Seraglio, their rivals—he was not one of those scourges of the East, who look upon power as upon merchandise—who take a pachalic from the Sultan as a farm, and at the end of two years having exhausted its resources, returns it a desert to the Porte. Neither was he one of those restless chiefs who, by raising the standard of revolt, speculates upon the fears of the Porte, in order to obtain exile with a rich pachalic. Hussein was a brave and active pacha, hated by the eunuchs of the harem and the minions of the court when the state was tranquil, but around whom the whole empire appeared to rally when the tempest roared. Then it was that the gallant Pacha quitted his retreat on the shores of the Bosphorus, and girding on his Khorassan scymitar, returned to it but when he had appeased the storm. In fact it was quite inexplicable that, having rendered the state so many services, his head should still be on his shoulders. All allowed that although he possessed so many brilliant qualities, his good fortune was something miraculous.

Ahmed went straight to his tent, full of confidence in his generosity, and in the hope that he might preserve some grateful recollection of his sire, who as barber-bachi more than once protected the saviour of the empire. It was a beautiful green tent, with a gold border—a Persian carpet concealed the entrance; an Egyptian mat was laid along it; at the extremity was a red divan, with green fringe. The Pacha was alone, seated on the angle of the divan—a crowd of kawas and officers stood at some distance round it, in most respectful attitudes. Ahmed advanced up to the divan, and raised its fringe to his mouth and forehead, not daring yet kiss the garment of its master. This done, he retired silently towards the other extremity of the tent. Then Hussein Pacha cast his eyes towards him, and revealed the face of an old man, martial in spite even of his venerable

white beard, and strongly marked with that expression of innate benevolence, that when found united to genius, likens man to the Divinity.

"Young soldier," said the Pacha, "what wilt thou?" "The palace of Khosroes and its enervating splendours could not satisfy a soul parched with a thirst of glory. Thus have I prayed to fortune, to exchange with me the luxury of the imperial seraglio for the din of the camp!"

It was by this Persian quotation that Ahmed replied, wishing to be understood by the Pacha alone.

The Pacha directing an eagle's glance towards the kawas, to make sure that none of them had understood what had passed, by a gesture motioned them to retire—"Approach," said he, addressing Ahmed; but suddenly casting a look of suspicion on the arms that glittered in the girdle of the young adventurer, he appeared to revoke the order by a kind of hesitation. But his great mind grew ashamed of his fears; although he was but too well acquainted with the bloody, treacherous policy of the seraglio. Ahmed, who understood the cause of his hesitation, carelessly threw aside his arms, as if to disencumber himself of them, and advanced towards him—"Speak: from whence comest thou? Can it be possible that thou comest from that fatal and mysterious place? Thy youth has prepossessed me in thy favour, and I cannot believe that it harbours treachery."

"Pacha, I am the son of Ibrahim Bey, barber-bachi of our august Sovereign. I might have vegetated in the tranquillity of the seraglio, but I preferred the career of arms, under the banners of Hussein Pacha, the friend of my sire."

"Yes, by Allah! boy, I was indeed thy father's friend, and richly he deserved my friendship; for more than once methinks, he rendered vain the labours of the Scribe, who had passed two days in embellishing the firman of my death: but, my son, what evil genius led you to quit *the nest of mercy and of felicity?*"

"My dreams, Pacha. I was haunted by visions of neighing steeds, of glittering scymitars, of long and pointed lances. Methought I was in a melée, amid the din of battle: I awoke and wept bitterly, when I found myself in the silence of the seraglio, and my dream of glory vain."

The Pacha smiled bitterly.

"Boy, who thinks that glory follows the warrior, spurring his charger to the fight?—Glory—it is in the seraglio that she is found—beautiful, attractive, voluptuous, and gorgeously attired. Here it is seen soiled and dishevelled, covered with dust and gore, concealing behind her the envoy of the Porte, who punishes deserters, and avenges success." Then quitting this melancholy tone—"By Allah, boy, if thou comest in the name of thy father, thou art right welcome; I will not give thee up to our glorious Sultan—no! not even should he send the Grand Vizier himself, at the head of 20 hortas of janizaries, to demand thee." Ahmed bent low on approaching the Pacha, and raised with respect his hand to his lips and forehead, when the Pacha took him by the arm, and said,—"Sit my son. Hast thou not lived in the seraglio, breathed the same atmosphere as our august

sovereign? Pshaw! thou mayest sit in the presence of a vizier; for I am blind if thy youth and thy noble sentiments have not interested me." Then a sinister idea would flash across his soul. "But no," he added aloud, as if to silence the suspicions that tormented him—"the Porte does not confide to such young hands the execution of her bloody orders; when she wants an assassin to get rid of a vizier, she selects one of those old courtiers whose bosom can conceal without shuddering, the death firman whose hand is skilful in seizing the favourable moment to strike the mortal blow. Oh yes! one must have lived long to be trusted with such a mission. No, my son," said he, observing that Ahmed was affected: "I will banish all suspicion. Though I knew that thy bosom concealed the fatal writing, that the Grand Vizier had given thee his secret instructions, with the poison that was to end my existence, I should be unable to resist the favourable impression thou hast made upon me." A profound emotion was Ahmed's only answer. "Oh yes, child," continued the Pacha; "thou hast a noble soul—the air of the seraglio—that atmosphere of eunuchs, has not corrupted thy heart—the name then of the old jannizary has reached thy ears. Glory is then no chimera, since her voice is heard within those redoubted walls; for there it was, that germinated in thy heart the desire of learning the glorious trade of arms under old Hussein. Praises be to God! thou hast come at a favourable moment; for the red-headed Persians appear at length resolved on accepting battle: to-morrow, God willing, thou shalt fight by my side."

This reception decided Ahmed's fortune: it is true that he fought with courage, that he took Bassorah; but all these successes were in his reception, for had he not obtained them, the friendship of the Vizier alone would have ensured his elevation. In fact, the Porte soon made him a Pacha of two tails, without knowing whom they elevated to this dignity. But what did that matter? Hussein Pacha had solicited it. There are moments when nothing is refused a vizier, but then this is the time when his enemies begin to rejoice.

Fifteen years had elapsed: Mustapha was still at Constantinople, a simple capedgi-bachi—he was ignorant of Ahmed's elevation—he might even have forgotten him, if his hatred had not constantly brought him back to his recollection. One day he encountered in the streets of the capital, a man who had just arrived from Aleppo; he heard him with indifference relate the lofty deeds of Ahmed Pacha, governor of that holy city; but his amazement was extreme, when this man added mysteriously, that it was suspected that this same pacha was formerly an itch-oglan, who had fled from the seraglio, and of whom no tidings were ever heard. Mustapha returned like lightning to his house, summoned Suleeman his confidant, and ordered him instantly to depart for Aleppo. "The Pacha who governs there, they tell me, is Ahmed, my mortal enemy. See with thine own eyes if this be true, and return and tell me."

"The son of the barber-bachi, a vizier!" he exclaimed, when alone —"that Ahmed whose glory and name was wormwood to me, without knowing him—while I am but an obscure capidgi. But no;—fate cannot thus persecute me: if she refuse to realize my dreams of

ambition, she will not at least make me feel my nothingness by holding up to my eyes the glory of my rival. " Suleeman returned at the end of two months from Aleppo; he had seen the Pacha, he was indeed the son of the barber-bachi. " It was written on high," said Mustapha.—" But God is great!" he added, as if he counted upon the assistance of the deity to avenge his wrongs.—" The more splendid the fate of Ahmed, the more splendid shall be my revenge!" and in this idea was the secret of his resignation.

Mustapha was long in studying the disposition of the Porte towards his enemy: he was too well acquainted with its doctrines, to be the first to create suspicion: the Porte gives ear but to those that she conceives herself—those that they seek to inspire her will recoil upon the head of the informer. It was a cruel probation for Mustapha; for Ahmed long continued to be in great credit with the divan. At last, one night that Mustapha had retired to his harem, two men knocked violently at the gate of his residence; they wore the splendid Mameluke costume, and carried long silver-headed canes. They were the kawas of the Grand Vizier, and were ordered to conduct Mustapha before their master. Concealing his emotion, Mustapha prepared to obey the mandate—for to be summoned at that hour, by the Grand Vizier, he well knew to be the forerunner of favour or disgrace—an invitation to fortune or death!

Traversing a number of narrow and silent streets, abandoned solely to a population of hideous dogs, they entered a kiak, crossed the harbour, and soon reached the Vizier's palace.

At this hour Constantinople resembles an unfinished sketch. The Seraglio points its vast amphitheatre—its beautiful minarets are peering indistinctly through the shades of night.

The apartment into which Mustapha was ushered was in a remote part of the building; a single lamp shed around it a subdued light. The Vizier was alone; his countenance wore that deep expression of melancholy which the satiety of power leaves behind, when we know by what dear sacrifices it is purchased, and when we cling to it as to the last plank in a shipwreck—like the malefactor to the pillars of a temple which shield him from the vengeance of the laws.

" Mustapha Bey, be seated," said the Vizier to the Capidgi. Mustapha raised the robe of the Pacha to his lips, and kneeling down on the carpet before the divan, awaited in silence the orders of the Imperial lieutenant.

The Vizier resumed his chabouque, which he had allowed to fall beside him, relighted it, and continued to smoke for some time, looking stedfastly at the Capidgi. At length he broke silence:—

" Have you imagined that a Capidgi had nothing else to do than to shew himself in a rich costume at the Beyrams, or to solicit from the Porte favours for his friends?"

" My lord," replied Mustapha, alarmed at his beginning; " for a length of time the Sublime Porte has not deigned to cast its eyes upon the wretch who now looks in the sunshine of thy glorious presence."

" I do not reproach thee; but answer me. Hast thou well reflected on all the duties which the office of Capidgi entails upon thee?

Dost thou know, that there is above all a stern and inexorable One? Art thou acquainted by what means the brilliant empire of Osman exists? Hast thou not often heard that the Sublime Porte cannot always punish traitors in the face of day, and that for the sake of our holy religion she is often obliged to strike in the dark? In short, when such a mission is necessary, dost thou know that it is to a Capidgi that it is entrusted?"

"I know it all," replied Mustapha, with assurance.

"But dost thou know also, that thou must succeed, or pay the penalty of a failure with thy head?"

"My lord—let but the Sublime Porte speak. Has she condemned the Scheref of Mecca, or even the Schah of Persia? In two months both shall have ceased to exist."

"No; it is a faithless slave that the Sultan wishes to punish—Ahmed, Pacha of Aleppo."

Mustapha's heart beat high, but he concealed his emotion.

"This perfidious Pacha has gained the friendship of all the different corporations of that city. Scherefs or Janissaries all rally round him, and would no doubt, if necessary, march against the Imperial army, for his ambition is unbounded. He has also attached to his party all the Arabian tribes hitherto constantly in a state of revolt. Such conduct gives umbrage to the Porte, who has resolved, while yet it is time, to defeat his designs. But a traitor is always on his guard; it was therefore necessary to have recourse to secret means. Disguise thyself—gain admittance to the Pacha, and stab him without remorse as a victim marked by the finger of the Lord. Depart; there is the firman of his death."

An hour afterwards Mustapha lay stretched on his divan. If the Grand Seignior had ceded to him the empire—had he held in his hand the firman of investiture, he could not have contemplated it with more complacency than he did the death one of his enemy. He touched it—he rattled it against his ears, as if to convince himself by the evidence of all his senses that it was no dream—he admired it—he examined it, and found it beautiful. A most admirable chancellery is that of the Turkish empire: whether she sends death or fortune, her firmans are written in a rich harmonious style. The Imperial cipher is always pompously drawn. An ink alternately blue as the azure of heaven, red as blood, glittering as gold, is used whether she makes a pacha or proscribes a head.

Some days afterwards a caravan was seen on the road to Aleppo; it was not one of those formidable caravans with its thousand camels and warlike pomp, destined as they are to cross the desert in spite of the myriads of Arabs who scour it in every direction, with the eye of a lynx or the avidity of a Greek pirate. It was a pacific caravan; a singular assemblage of travellers of every description, who disappeared, were changed, or renewed at every station: it was an entire family emigrating—soldiers of fortune seeking the service of some warlike pacha—pilgrims proceeding to the tomb of Christ, or to kiss the block-stone of the Cabashi—merchants in pursuit of gain—Jews, Turks, and Christians—every form of worship was there represented: Christianity and its numerous sects; Islamism and its inexorable

unity; Judaism and its stigma; all for the time appeared to have lost in a sense of common danger the fanaticism of their several creeds.

One person, however, commanded the veneration of the whole, though nothing announced in him that power so dreaded in the east. He was unaccompanied either by servants or slaves, but there was not a member of the caravan who was not eager to do him service. He rode a white horse; his *luteri* was of striped damascus stuff; his benich of red cloth; a sky blue pelisse entirely covered him. His head, which wore an expression of the deepest abstraction, was covered with a turban, the regular folds of which announced his profession to be that of the law. He was a scheik.

If in a Turkish town you see a man without a train, whom the true believers profoundly salute, whom the women dare to look on with admiration and respect, whom the pacha receives as his equal, by making him sit near him, and by giving him his own pipe, you may boldly pronounce that man to be a scheik; for in a Turkish town a scheik is more even than a Spanish monk; he acts upon every imagination—he is looked upon as an inspired prophet, and his power is thought to approach the miraculous. At his presence Turkish despotism grows pale, and the insurrections of the east are quelled.

Thus at every halting place it was who and who should spread the carpet of Hadji Joussef Effendi, prepare his repast, light his pipe, in order to obtain from him in return a word, or even a look; while he, on his side, received all these services with imperturbable dignity, smiling sometime s on the Musselmen, but the Christians and Jews, he looked upon as if they did not exist, notwithstanding the humble and creeping posture with which they approached his presence. His silence, which was only broken by short sententious phrases, opened a wide field of conjecture to the caravan. Some said he was a vizier disgusted with human grandeur, and whose mind was now bent upon God and the prophet. Others, that he was the scherif of Mecca, who had just paid a visit to the grand signior. Others again, looked upon him as a magician who knew the Koran by heart, and who could reveal the future; while another party maintained him to be a holy martyr, who had languished twenty years in the prisons Frankistans in the land of the infidels; and each of these suppositions was accompanied by an ejaculation breathing the most ardent enthusiasm. May God shorten my existence to lengthen his days! May his mother be as happy as Mariam! May the earth of his grave weigh lightly on him after death! May his guardian angel have cause then to rejoice! And when the caravan halted in a town, he was surrounded by crowds of the faithful, in the hope of learning some new means of escaping from those infirmities the lot of our nature.

They reached Aleppo. The scheik repaired to the Zeké of Mewlevi Dervises. At that period, when the isolated individual saw himself without defence against the arms of despotism, corporations were open to him in which he might escape from his isolation. Those of the dervises and the janissaries spread their nets over the whole empire, and there was not a single small town in Turkey that

had not its Teké of Dervises. The people were pleased with the mystical ceremonies they celebrated, consisting in a music that wore the character of religious inspiration, and a dance at first grave and solemn, to which succeeded a rapid and circular movement, that worked up the initiated to a state of phrenzy.

Besides, these rites are destined to direct the attention of the people from the dogmas of the dervises, which are said to be of the purest deism. Hadji Jousef Effendi waited upon the chief of the dervises with a symbolical letter. It bore some mysterious characters, that in an instant brought the dervises to kiss respectfully the garment of the scheik.

Hadji Jousef was no other than Mustapha the Capedji Bachi. The Porte, skilful in hiding her own secrets, penetrates those of all others. There is not a mysterious sect, or hidden association, that she does not invisibly govern. Mustapha, charged with the execution of a fatal order, had adopted the revered exterior of a scheik, and the grand vizier had given him a letter from the Molloh of Coniah, such as the most holy personage of Islamism could alone obtain.

A month elapsed, and the reputation of the pretended sheik filled the whole city. He waited with patience the hour of vengeance. One day as he lay stretched on the divan of the mosque in the garden of the teké, thinking on the solemn moment that was approaching, the trample of horses and the voices of men awoke him from his reverie. It was the kiahia of the pacha who waited on him, with an invitation from his master. Mustapha, without the slightest emotion, preserving his careless and recumbent position, promised, with haughty indifference, to wait on the pacha the next day, after the hour of noon. However, an attentive observer might have remarked a contraction of the lower lip, that the habitual hollow hue of his countenance became deeper, and an involuntary motion of the right hand to his bosom that concealed the murderous firman.

The hour of noon had struck at the palace of Scheik Abou Bekr, the residence of the pacha. A triple rank of kawas lined the hall in solemn silence. Achmed Pacha, in a corner, was saying his prayers upon a carpet, with his face turned towards Mecca. How noble and majestic he looked! The unlimited power with which he was invested;—the religious act in which he was engaged;—his head animated with an expression of lofty dignity;—the at once humble and impassioned energy of his manner;—the splendid windows, the naked and sombre walls, the beautiful divan, the fountain, the murmur of which appeared to create silence;—the whole formed a beautiful picture. Suddenly a man abruptly enters the hall; the kawas carry their hands to their yatagans and advance to meet him; but they recognize the expected guest, and shrink back with respect. Mustapha perceived the pacha at his devotion, and spread himself a carpet at the foot of the divan, and joined in the prayer with a solemn fervour that powerfully moved the bystanders. The act of devotion concluded, the two personages seated themselves on the divan. The pacha first broke silence.

"Dost thou think, my father, that the place that resounds with the

silvery cane of the kawas, where the lieutenant of the Grand Signior sits surrounded by the Acans of the province, is not a spot worthy of thy holy presence, or that thy words would not bear fruit in a heart full of loyalty to our Sublime Sultan?"

"Vizier, I had resolved to see thee, but I waited," rejoined Mustapha, with a freezing energy.

"Until now, then, the moment was not auspicious," said the Pacha, with a superstitious and fearful expression. "Whatever is precipitate is unfortunate. But since thou art come to day to sit upon my divan, thou hast doubtless read in the stars that our interview would have a better result."

"Yes, vizier, I hope so."

The Kawas were ten paces distant—the eyes of the Scheik glistened like a tiger's—suddenly a poignard glittered in his hand, and, with the rapidity of lightning, it was buried in the heart of the Pacha.

"Remember the Itch Oglan Mustapha," said the Scheik, as he struck the fatal blow. "Strike down the wretch," exclaimed the expiring Pacha, and in an instant twenty yatagans glittered above his head; but he, mounted on the divan, opposed to them the dreaded firman. The kawas bent their heads with respect—the order was executed, while Mustapha, under the safe guard of the bloody firman, returned to the Teké, despatched a Tartar to the Porte, and, reasuming his ordinary life, left to others the care of governing the province during the interregnum.

The Tartar, on his return, brought the orders of the Porte, appointing Mustapha Bey a Pacha of three tails and governor of Aleppo.

About two years afterwards, a group of Turks, with a grave and careless air, were contemplating a head that had just been placed in a niche over the principal gate of the Seraglio at Constantinople. This head appeared to have been cut off some time; the skin was wrinkled and as yellow as parchment; it had evidently made a long journey, for in order to preserve it, it had been salted. Above this head was the following inscription:—"Mustapha Pacha, a treacherous slave of the Grand Signior, in spite of those bountiful looks which his Highness had deigned to cast upon him from the imperial stirrup, has deserved this punishment for having tyrannized over and goaded to revolt the corporations of the city of Aleppo, of which he was governor, and for having neglected to conciliate the friendship of the Arab tribes."

"Let this be a warning to all unfaithful servants!"

THE HANDSOME MODEL.

Entrez! entrez! Monsieur Rossignol—we are right glad to see you in England. To confess the truth, we were just on the brink of importing you ourself, when all of a sudden you unexpectedly start up before us, clad in an English attire, and surrounded by those in whose society we first made your acquaintance. It will rejoice us to introduce you to our friends, but we must necessarily keep you waiting for a brief space, while we explain who these people are among whom you are seen. It will not do merely to say—this is Père Bernard, the water-carrier—this Manette, his pretty daughter—this Andrew the Savoyard, and this Monsieur Pierre, his good-natured brother—we owe it to those among whom you will in future *live*, to tell them, not merely who your companions are, but what they have been.

Let us fancy ourselves among the precipices, in the vicinity of Mont Blanc—little Andrew and Pierre, with half-frozen fingers, are pelting each other with snow-balls. What glorious sport! But every thing pleasant must have a termination. Their mother calls them—day is deserting them—the light is going out in the midst of the game, and they must be off to bed. The felicity of supper has, however, to intervene, and while gobbling down their coarse soup, they hear cries of distress. Out rushes their father, and soon returns with a gentleman, his valet, and a lovely little girl fast asleep. In another moment the postillion would have dashed over a precipice, but Georget, the boys' father, saves them, and they are compelled to pass the night in his cottage. The gentleman is one-eyed, horribly selfish, and very sulky; he is a Count, though—the Compte de Francornard; the valet is Monsieur Champagne, his rascally valet; the little girl Adolphine, his exquisite little daughter. The Countess, a beautiful and accomplished young woman, patronizes one Dermilly, a painter: they are always sketching together—the Count can never catch his wife, poor man! They are very good friends, but he finds it remarkably difficult to see her. If while sojourning at Paris, he hears that she is on a visit to any friend's chateau in the country, he he instantly sets out post-haste to pounce upon her; but two days before his arrival, she invariably starts for a distant part of the country. He has, however, by extraordinary good luck, lately surprised her, and by a splendid project flatters himself that he has completely turned the tables—that henceforth she will run after him—for he has purloined the child, to whom she is devotedly attached.

During the night Georget breaks his head in clambering over the precipices to fetch a smith—the Count's carriage being broken. At day-break the visiters depart, accidentally leaving a miniature which had been suspended round Adolphine's neck. With this, Andrew and Pierre—their father having died, and their mother being unable to support them—set out for Paris, there to make fortunes by the glorious art of chimney-sweeping. Shortly after their arrival in the

French metropolis, the little boys lose each other. Andrew luckily obtains the commisseration and protection of Bernard, a water-carrier, who has a nice little daughter, named Manette—papa's housekeeper, aged eight, or thereabouts.

One day, while looking out for employment in his capacity of a chimney-sweep, Andrew sees the Count in a cab; anxious to restore the portrait, he hurries up, but is pushed off as an importunate beggar; and, such is his pertinacity, that the wheels of the cab pass over him. Bruised and bleeding, he is seen by a young artist, who takes him to his (the artist's) house. This is Dermilly. Perceiving the miniature which he himself had painted, he acquaints the original—his lovely patroness, after having heard Andrew's statement, that he is in possession of a son of that honest mountaineer who had saved her darling Adolphine from destruction. The grateful Countess insists on taking him under her own downy wing; but before his removal from Dermilly's, he becomes acquainted with the handsome model, Monsieur Rossignol, in a manner that can be much better explained by Master Andrew himself, than by any other person in the world. We therefore give way to him, as in duty bound.* The boy, it must be premised, has wandered into the *atelier*, or painting-room of his benefactor, Dermilly.

I WAS about to withdraw, when a door opened opposite to that at which I had entered, and a gentleman entirely naked from the head to the waist, jumped into the *atelier*, singing and gnawing the leg of a fowl. The newcomer did not perceive me at first. I heard him laugh and mutter to himself —"Come this is a good one! when old Thérèse misses her leg, and can neither see nor hear any thing about it, it will all be laid to the cat—Ah! had she known that M. Dermilly was gone out! how would the modest stews and bashful pastry, have shrunk from my gaze! Bring what you want to eat with you,' said she—I did bring all—that I could lay my hands on at home—a clove of garlick and two onions—a light repast to dispel the bad air.

'Why did I leave my father's hall, my mothers fostering care?'

A thousand pities her soup was not simmering on the fire! We feel equal to the black broth of the Spartans—M. Dermilly to leave me thus for hours! Fortunately, like the hackney coaches, I am hired by the hour."

Just then, the gentleman made a caper, which brought him to my side, and he cried "Who the devil have we got here? Who is this little scamp? Are you engaged to sit for a model—to sit for the Innocents, my little tit? You must eat a little panada for some time first—you are as white as an egg —you must get a little fat in your cheeks—"

"I am called Andrew, sir?" said I to the gentleman, who, whilst I was speaking, waltzed about, and placed himself in attitudes. "I was knocked down by a cabriolet, and M. Dermilly had the goodness to take me in—"

"Ah! excuse me, interesting victim! I have a feeling heart—I have been knocked down three or four times myself, but no one picked me up—true it was that Bacchus had somewhat enfeebled my legs. Stay, my little fellow, what do you think of this *entrechat?*"

I could not comprehend how this gentleman could dance and sing so close to the other, who never stirred, and always held his sabre uplifted. I pointed

* Andrew the Savoyard, from C. Paul de Kock. 2 Vols. London. E. Marston and Co., 3, New Broad-street Court, New Broad-street.

my finger towards him, and whispered to the caperer, "Take care you do not give that gentleman the head-ache."

At these words, the shirtless waltzer threw himself on a chair, ready to burst with laughter. "Come that is a good one! the boy is fairly humbugged! he takes the *layman* for a grenadier! Don't be afraid, my little fellow; I'll engage he shall do you no harm. It is mere inanimate nature. He cannot boast, like us, the vital fluid and spiritual brain."

How, nothing but a figure! I could scarce believe it. I went over to feel it. "Halt there, abortion!" said the fine singer, stopping me; "touch not that, unhappy wretch—were you to disarrange but one fold, the artist would give you to all the devils, and you might get paid in a coin you would never think of pocketing." "Excuse me, sir, I did not know—" "Now that you do know, beware of touching—I must practise the step which I have to dance to-night at La Chaumiere." "But, sir, you must be very cold, standing so long without your shirt!" "And an't I well accustomed to it! I that for fifteen years have sat for a *torso!* You are not aware, innocent creature, that you stand before Rossignol, the finest model in Paris for a *torso!* Ah! did but the rest of my body correspond, I should be worth twelve francs a-day—but unfortunately there is no swell in my thighs, and I have little calf to my legs, though I stuff myself with beans in order to make them grow. But never mind, I have still a fair share; add to which an interesting countenance, a light and active step, and one would not wonder at the number of conquests I have effected—*un—deux—chassez—assemblez—et la pirouette de rigueur*—what pity 'tis my coat should be so dirty, and my hat so torn—but M. Dermilly advanced me five-and-twenty francs the day before yesterday, and I am already quite cleared out. 'Fortune favours the brave'—I say, you could not lend me four-and-twenty sous for a week, could you, my little fellow? I will return you twenty-five." "I have no money about me, sir—father Bernard keeps my purse." "Well—I'll put a drop of oil on my pumps to give me a wealthy appearance. Nothing strikes people so much as well-polished shoes."

M. Rossignol took the bottle of oil and smeared some of it with one of the brushes over the blacking of his shoes; then pouring a little in the hollow of each hand, he rubbed it through his hair. Whilst he was taken up with his toilette, I amused myself by examining him. The model was a man of about thirty-six years of age, of a sufficiently good height; his hair was black and matted; his grey eyes had a strong expression of impudence and liveliness, which joined to his snuffy cocked-up nose, and a mouth from ear to ear, which was ever open in chanting his ditties, made a most original physiognomy.

"It is a great pity," said he, twisting his hair in his fingers, "that I can't improve my coat by the same process—but I will just rub a drop over my hat—it smells somewhat rancid—no matter, my beauty will find me sufficiently pleasing—but with thirteen sous, which is all I am worth, I cannot treat her to a *chapon au riz*. Perhaps, however, we may meet some friends."

As I saw the gentleman settle his shoes and hair, I took it for granted that he was going to dress himself entirely, and I handed him his shirt and coat, which had been lying on the ground in a corner of the room. "Thank you, my little fellow," said he, "but I shan't dress myself till my patron returns and dismisses me. One does not stand for a *torso* with one's shirt on—but that is all Greek to you. However, my little fellow, as nature is bountiful to you, take my advice, and never follow any other trade. Make a model of yourself—it is a business very easily learnt—you have nothing to do but to stand quiet. Painters and models are all I trouble myself about. There must be models for painters and painters for models—you understand that. Ah, if my wife had not humbugged me so, we should have actually coined money. I married her for her shape, which seemed to resemble that

of the Venus Callipyga. I said to myself, ' she will sit, and we shall have children who will sit! It is hereditary in my family. My father sat for his arms, my mother for her hips, my uncle for his feet, my aunt for her back, my brother for his hands, and my sister for her ears.' When I was courting my wife, I said to her, ' Before we are knit in indissoluble bonds, I give you fair notice that I shall require my wife to sit—no matter for what, and my children *idem*.' To which she replied, ' My friend, I will do every thing you please.' Perfidious wretch!—deceitful staymaker! Madame Rossignol threw dust in my eyes—when I say dust in my eyes, *c'est une façon de parler*. How was I imposed upon! Impossible she could sit for the smallest thing! Nothing but cotton from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot! I would have quitted her for want of symmetry, but she was *enceinte*, and I hoped the child would atone for my disappointment. In fact, I had a son—beautiful as an Apollo! quite in my own style! He will be one of the finest models in Europe. As soon as the rogue was three years old, I wished to exercise him in standing—but there was no keeping him quiet a moment! I made use of a cat-o'-nine-tails to calm the vivacity of his blood; and my wife had recourse to a broomstick to defend her son, whom she pretended I made cry. As these conjugal scenes were repeated every day, and made no little noise, the *Commissaire du Quartier* found fault with my mode of instructing my son, and desired me to leave him to develope himself. This decided me. I have ever since lived *en garçon*, and I never go near my wife except when I imagine she has some little superfluity, of which she wishes to be disembarrassed—"

As Rossignol finished speaking, we heard a great noise in the direction of the kitchen, and I recognized Thérèsa's voice, crying " Oh it is him, I am certain! This rascally Rossignol has made some excuse for leaving his sitting, and has made his way to my kitchen—but I will complain to my master—things shan't disappear this way, and every thing be laid to my poor *Mouton*."

" It is the old woman," said Rossignol, who had been listening; " she is coming here. Oh! what an idea! Whilst my patron is out I could—exactly—quite a scene in a play—the old woman is easily frightened.—Quick, my little fellow—down on your knees there, before the layman—a helmet on your head, the vizor lowered—a tunic over your shoulders—and don't stir for your life." " But, sir." " No buts." " What for——" " No what fors—you have nothing to say—play the layman—it is only that she may not know you—it won't be long—but I advise you not to speak, for if you do, I will break Hannibal's sword over your back." I was not afraid of M. Rossignol, but I was curious to see what he would do. Having been so long confined to my room, I was not sorry of a prospect of some fun. Besides, I took it for granted that it was all meant as a joke, and that M. Dermilly would not be displeased. Behold me then on my knees near the lay figure. Rossignol thrust a helmet on my head, the vizor of which fell over my face, and threw a large piece of yellow silk over my body. Being completely disguised, he had nothing to do but to think of himself. I saw him run to the skeleton, which he took in his arms, and bore in front of a large chest which was in the middle of the room; he next threw over it an immense brown mantle, which entirely concealed this frightful personage; then Rossignol squatted down in the chest which was behind the skeleton, letting the lid fall not quite so close but that he could breathe, and hold a corner of the cloak. All this was but the affair of a moment, and every one was at his post when Thérèse opened the door of the *atelier*.

" Things can't go on in this way, sir—there must be an end put to it," said Thérèse, entering and walking slowly towards the side where she supposed her master was at work. " M. Rossignol is every day playing me some trick—this very morning the rest of the fowl—an entire leg—and then

the cat is blamed. I entreat you will forbid his putting his foot in my kitchen, or close up the door of communication. Besides, it is extremely disagreeable that the neighbours should see men without shirts about me—I tell them it is only a model—they laugh in my face—and think things—and get ideas in their heads—it quite compromises me, sir." Thérèse had reached the end of the room, and found herself before the large picture, and near the chest and brown mantle. She lifted her head and looked about her.

"Stay, is my master out? and Rossignol gone too? they must have finished very early to-day. In the midst of this canvass—and these lay figures, one almost fancies one sees people. Are you here, sir? No, there is no one here. I'll be off then, for I don't like being alone in this large room—there are so many figures—and this poor young man whom they are flogging with serpents! what a pity! so handsome a lad! It is Monsieur Ixion, I think they call him—and all because he looked softly at Madame Jupiter—Ah! if every one was flogged in this way that ogled a married woman—"

Just then a deep groan issued from the bottom of the chest—Thérèse changed colour, and looked timidly round her. "How very odd! I thought I heard something—sir—sir—is it you?" There was no reply; but a second and more prolonged groan than the first, redoubled Thérèse's fright. She trembled violently, and dared neither stir nor look about her. "Good heavens! what can that be?" said the old servant, who could scarce speak; "I cannot stir a step—my legs sink under me." Rossignol disguising his voice, and assuming a mournful and wailing tone, called Thérèse slowly three times by name. "Who—calls me?" said the old woman, putting her hand before eyes. "Your grandfather." "He has been dead these fifty years?" "No matter—you will be so good as to listen to him, and swear faithfully to do what he orders you." "Yes—yes—I swe—swear." "Listen attentively. Rossignol is a most excellent fellow, whom I love and watch over—he has the very finest chest nature ever formed. We desire that you allow him to enter your kitchen whenever he pleases; that you will never remove the keys of the closet or pantry; that you will allow him to taste your soup; and even to soak a crust of bread in it whenever he shall have a fancy for so doing; that you put aside for him sundry and divers jars of preserves; and that you never mention a syllable of all this to your master; in a word, that you pay the aforesaid Rossignol all the attentions so deservedly merited by the finest model in the capital. Should you fail in any tittle of this, we will launch our vengeance on you. Raise your eyes to wish us good day."

It was with no small difficulty that Thérèse brought herself to take her her hands from her eyes. At length, after a few minutes' hesitation, she slowly raised her head. At this moment Rossignol, watching his opportunity, pulled the corner of the brown mantle, which, falling on the ground, discovered the skeleton to the old servant, who screamed with fright. Not knowing what she was doing, Thérèse threw herself on the chest, invoking every saint in Paradise. But Rossignol, who thus found himself deprived of fresh air, struggled violently, and sent forth the most hideous cries from within his hiding place. The old woman thought she was seated on a nest of demons, for she felt the most violent kicks and blows on what served her as a resting-place, and from which she quickly started up; when, wishing to relieve her from her fright, I advanced suddenly with the intention of acquainting her with the truth; but I had forgotten to take off the helmet, or raise the vizor. At the sight of a knight advancing towards her in this way, Thérèse could no longer doubt but that all the forms in the workshop had become animated, and sinking under the most profound terror, she fell with all her weight on Rossignol, who had just raised the cover for a little fresh air; not being able to support his burden, he fell back with her to the bottom of the chest.

Rossignol roared as he was overpowered by Thérèse's weight, who for her part fancied herself delivered over to the evil one. The finest model in the capital, who was half stifled, pinched and pushed her, swearing like one possessed. Thérèse, who had almost lost all consciousness, allowed herself to be pinched and pushed without moving, being firmly persuaded the *atelier* was crowded with a legion of spectres. "Get away—*mille pipes*—get away then," cried the fine model. "*Sac—position*—I am stifled. Come, old woman, do you mean to stay here till to-morrow?" "Ah! Beelzebub!—Astaroth!—Asmodeus!—do with me what you please—I submit." "No, *sacre bleu!* I'll do nothing at all. Get up, old woman, will you?" "My dear grandfather—it is your orders—your wish—I obey." "To the devil with your grandfather and all the family! here is a pretty Venus tumbled on me!" I laughed ready to burst, when all at once the door opened, and M. Dermilly entered. His surprise may be imagined at seeing me dressed as a knight, whilst his old servant and his model, were rolling together at the bottom of the chest. "What does all this mean?" said the painter, running to the chest, from whence he drew Thérèse, whilst I threw from me my helmet and mantle.

"Ah, it is master—my own dear master! I am safe!" cried Thérèse, putting on her cap, which had suffered in the engagement. "And what were you doing in the chest with M. Rossignol?—and you, Andrew, with a helmet—a tunic—" "Is it really Andrew?" said the old woman; "and it was this rascally Rossignol, then, who was pinching me so."

"Yes, *morbleu*," said the model, rising in his turn; "I have been this two hours crying for you to get up and not stifle me." "Will you explain all this?" said M. Dermilly, looking at us. But Rossignol was busy curling his hair, whilst Thérèse was so exhausted with what she had undergone, that she could scarcely breathe. I stepped towards M. Dermilly, and told him candidly every thing that had occurred, at the same time begging pardon for entering his *atelier* without leave. During the recital, Thérèse cried every moment, "It is all that vagabond Rossignol—I might have been sure that—Pooh! how rancid he smelt in the chest—and garlick too enough to poison one!"

I saw that M. Dermilty had great difficulty in keeping his countenance. However, when I had finished, he looked sternly at his model, and said, "You may go, M. Rossignol—and don't give yourself the trouble to come back again, since you cannot conduct yourself properly. It's a long time since I gave you warning; I will have nothing to do with a man who upsets my house in this way." "What, sir!" cried Rossignol, who during this address cast most furious looks at Thérèse; "because this old fool throws herself on me, and thinks I am Beelzebub, you take it all in a serious light! It was nothing but the joke of an idle moment, and surely you wouldn't for that—" "You have heard what I said?" "Monsieur, I received from you twenty francs in advance; I therefore owe you four sittings, which I will clear off." "No matter;—I make you a present of them." "Present, sir! I am above receiving presents," said Rossignol, waiking behind a picture, where he put on his shirt, coat, and waistcoat. "My word is good for twenty francs, sir; and I will repay them honourably. But you will hunt about a long time before you meet a *torso* in my style;—I have an antique trunk, and defy you to paint, without me, a Hercules, a Mars, or an Apollo. See, where will you get for five francs a chest like this? You will think better of it, sir;—for a spoonful of broth, or a leg of fowl, should never embroil artists like us."

So saying, M. Rossignol once more made his appearance amongst us. After bowing to M. Dermilly, he stuck his hat fiercely over one ear, balanced his body like a drum-major, and twisting a large stick which he had in his hand, he muttered between his teeth, "Now for an inroad on Madame Ros-

signol, and a trial to make little Fanfan sit for the sacrifice of Abraham;" and withdrew, leaving behind him a smell of garlic and rancid oil which scented the whole room.

Shortly after, Andrew is removed to the *hôtel* of the Count de Francornard—clothed, taught, and educated by the masters employed to instruct Adolphine. He had been in love with this little blossom of nobility from the time when she slept in his bed, on Mont Blanc—he had loved Manette, Bertrand's nice little daughter, since he first felt her fairy attention in the matter of broth and bedding, and danced with her to amuse the old man after his day's work was done—he is now *touched* by the traits of Lucile Madame de Francornard's waiting maid. His boyish penchant for each is most exquisitely pourtrayed by our author: whose skill in the management of this most difficult subject is admirable—surpassing every thing of the kind that has ever occurred to our notice. The shades of difference are microscopically minute—still, such is the author's splendid power—the differences glare out with such breadth and sharpness of outline, that, however intertwining, they never unite. Each has its separate identity—it is perfectly distinct from the other. Love has never been so beautifully anatomized—its phases have never been so critically defined. Andrew loves three, but loves each with a perceptible difference, which is brought out by incidents—not explained: the reader has the delight of *discovering* it.

Andrew's purse is well filled—and Rossignol, accidentally meeting him while meditating the purchase of a present for Manette, obtains possession of its contents, by means of a heart-rending story about the distress of an unfortunate wretch, who was literally starving.

But Rossignol (as may easily be believed) had been far from relieving any unfortunate person with the money I gave him. My savings had enabled the fine model to sport his handsome person, and make fresh conquests in the *cabarets* he frequented. Never before had Rossignol been possessed of more than a louis at a time, and when he found himself master of two hundred francs, he felt himself equal to the mayor of Paris. However, after the first emotions of joy had subsided, he bethought him of his clothes. His coat, daubed over with oil, was not exactly suited to a man rolling in wealth; there was another in a certain quarter, which would be restored to him on the payment of fifteen francs. Rossignol then purchased a pair of pumps, decorated with large bows; next he bought a handsome red handkerchief, which he put round his neck with the broad ends spread over his breast, the better to hide his shirt, which was more suitable to a shoe-black, than a *milord*.

These purchases made, Rossignol counted his money, there remained but seven louis. He felt it was high time to stop, and that it would not do to spend all on his dress. His trowsers, rather too tight behind, had received some rents, and had necessarily undergone repairs which were unfortunately but too visible; but on examining this part of his dress, he comforted himself with the reflection that it was his fine bust that would attract all eyes. His hat had received worse usage than any other part of his dress; but he thought that by sticking it rather more than usual on one side, and thus adding to the insinuating expression of his physiognomy, no one would observe that the rim was much worn, and the top nearly out.

Having thus paraded his wardrobe, Rosignol felt convinced that there was

not to be found in the whole capital a man who could compare with him. Flourishing his bludgeon in one hand, ratling his five-franc pieces in the other, and with his chin buried in his neckcloth which almost covered his mouth, he gave himself up to pleasure, escorted his fair ones to *l' Ile d'Amour* and *Kokoli*, and became for three weeks the most admired man in the vagagond society he frequented.

But seven louis will not last long when one launches out in first-rate style. Rossignol was brought down to his last crown, and he looked with horror to the time when, for a similar sum, he would have to attitudinize for at least eight hours—a much less agreeable way of passing the time than in waltzing or dancing quadrilles. When one has revelled in pleasure for three weeks, labour becomes more than ever painful; besides Rossignol had always been an idle fellow. He carried back his coat to its old place of deposit, and the produce enabled him to keep up the ball a short time longer. But this money spent, he had no resource remaining; and since he had deprived his wife of an article which she thought secure from even his rapacity, Mme. Rossignol took right good care to leave nothing whatever in her house which he could turn to any account. It was high time, then, to become once more a Greek or Roman; but the remembrance of his departed pleasures agitated the model, and prevented him from standing motionless. The artists complained of his restlessness; and Rossignol attributed to pains in his legs the gesticulations which escaped him, when he thought of the delicious life he had been so lately spending.

One fine day, whilst enacting Antinous, Rossignol recollected me, and thought by putting my good heart and inexperience to a fresh trial, it would be easy to make money. This bright idea flashed all at once on his mind; he was astonished at never having thought of it before, and at the conclusion of the sitting he ran to take his post before M. Dermilly's door; but he waited in vain for several days, for M. Dermilly was not then in Paris. However, Rossignol was determined on seeing me. The more he reflected on my simplciity and credulity, the more I struck him as a treasure, to which, with a little management, he might have constant recourse. The sum I had been master of made him conclude that I had a great deal of money at my own disposal. Impatient to find me, he at last recollected that I told him I lived with M. le Comte de Francornard, where I was overwhelmed with kindness. At once he set himself *en route*, and after inquiring for M. le Comte de Francornard in every quarter in Paris, he at length found out the direction of his hotel.

Rossignol immediately brushed his old oil-stained coat, cleaned his shoes with a crumb of bread for want of English blacking, pulled up his trowsers as much as possible to conceal the rents, covered his mouth with his neckcloth, balanced his hat over his left ear, made two immense curls over his right eye, and his stick in his right hand, the left stuck in his side, he strode in the most audacious manner towards the hotel of M. le Comte, picking his steps on tiptoe as if he was afraid of dirtying his dress. When he entered the court-yard, the porter stopped him: "Where are you going, sir?"—Rossignol replied confidently, "To see my friend," and passed on. But as there was nothing in his appearance to recommend him, the porter ran out of his lodge, and barring his passage, said, "Pray who is your friend?"—"My friend, young Andrew—M. le Comte's adopted son."—"Adopted son?"—"To be sure—little Francornard, if you like it better."—"Little Francornard?"—"Yes—don't you understand me?"—"M. le Comte has no son; he has only a daughter."—"*Sacre bleu!*—I tell you yes. I saw him not more than four months ago—beautiful as the sun—he came from hence—a young man of about twelve, but who looks full fourteen."—"Ah, little Andrew you mean—madame's protegée."—"What the devil does it matter whether he is the protegée of madame or monsieur! He lives here, doesn't

he?"—"Yes, yes; I understand you now."—"It's well you do. Show me his room, then—I want to see him in private."—"Stay—you see the hall yonder; turn to the left, the second staircase."—"Good, good:" and Rossignol advanced, saying to himself, "what a fuss these blockheads make! one would think one was going to the Emperor of Morocco's."—When he reached the vestibule, in which were two staircases, Rossignol was puzzled, as he had not paid much attention to the porter's directions; but feeling no desire for another interview with him, he trusted to chance, and ascending that next at hand, he crossed several rooms, lost in admiration at the beauty of the furniture and draperies. "*Sacre dieu!* my little man is got into good quarters here; he is an acquaintance worth cultivating, he will prove a mine of gold to me." Some servants who were lounging listlessly about whilst waiting their master's orders, asked Rossognol where he was going; and he without being in the least disconcerted, replied in a haughty tone, "To see my particular friend." The lacqueys looked astonished; but as a confident man generally imposes—particularly on underlings—those who would have repulsed a poor man of gentle manners, allowed M. Rossignol to pass, who at length arrived before the room, where, according to custom, M. de Francornard was in deep conference with his steward and cook. A servant in waiting before the door, asked Rossignol his name. "What for?"—"In order to announce you."—"Don't you think I can announce myself?"—"It is not the custom."—"Confound your ceremonies! here is a fuss before one can speak to this little rogue! Well, then announce Rossignol, the first man in Europe for a *torso*."

The valet made him repeat it twice over, and at length carried the message to M. le Comte, who in his turn required a repetition of the announcement, and then looking at Champagne and his cook, he muttered "Rossignol—the first for a *torso*—Do you understand, Champagne?"—"'Egad, no, sir—I know no Rossignol—*torso!*—But may it not be some new sauce they have invented?"—"What do you say, M. le Chef?"—"I should rather think, M. le Comte, that it is a new way of dressing a calf's head."—"Ah! say you so?—this is becoming interesting. This man has been drawn here by the fame of my culinary knowledge, and the reputation of my dinners. Pray show in M. Rossignol—I shall be delighted to see him."

During this colloquy, the fine model had become extremely impatient at being left to cool his heels in the ante-room, and he beat time with his bludgeon on the floor, whilst he warbled "Wake, dearest, wake." At length the valet appeared, and said: "You may enter, M. Rossignol."—"Not without difficulty though," said he; and he penetrated to M. le Comte's closet, where his first act was to bestow with hearty good will a violent blow on the head of Cæsar, who jumped on him, and was driven away with:—"Down, down, rascal—the villainous dog has put his filthy paws on my clothes—If you do it again, I will give you something that shall lay you on your back for a fortnight to come."

This *entrée* did not particularly prepossess M. le Comte in favour of the stranger; and Champagne could scarcely restrain a smile, as he looked at M. Rossignol's coat, and thought of the fear he had expressed lest the dog should dirt him with his paws. However, as a man, who was master of a new method of dressing calves'-heads, was not an every day character, his little peculiarities were to be overlooked; and M. le Comte motioned him to be seated, which Rossignol obeyed, saying to himself: "It would seem the little fellow is out, but, of course, he will soon return. I suppose these are his protectors—I must, therefore, be on my guard, and show that I am quite at home in good company." And in order to evince his perfect knowledge of the world, Rossignol continued twisting his stick and singing between his teeth, then looking at M. le Comte, he said half aloud, "Here is one who would never answer for an Apollo, but he would make a pretty little Cyclops

enough."—Pray, my friend, who sent you to me?" said M. de Francornard to Rossignol.—"No one sent me; I came of my own accord, because I choose."—"Oh, I understand; you have heard mention of my dinners; and you called to offer yourself for the first I may give."—"Your dinners! devil take me if ever any one mentioned them to me! but no matter, if you please, I shall taste them with the greatest pleasure, and you will see a chap who will make no wry faces."—"He taste them!" said M. le Comte to Champagne; "he means, I suppose, that he will let me taste them. This man must be very clever indeed, for he seems extremely confident."—"I am precisely of that way of thinking, M. le Comte."—"But, after all, M. Rossignol, who told you my name?"—"*Parbleau!* why, the little fellow whom I met some time back."—"The little fellow!—ah, the little fellow who is in my kitchen, no doubt?"—"I don't know whether he is in your kitchen—but I shouldn't wonder, for I found him in right good case."—"Yes, yes," said the *chef* to his master; "no doubt it was my little turnspit, who gave M. le Comte's address."—"M. Rossignol, I shall have the greatest pleasure in putting your abilities to the test."—"Is M. le Comte a brother *artiste*, or does he amuse himself *en amateur?*"—"Oh —— I am a professor; M. le Chef here will tell you how I discuss my three courses."—"Three courses! I have never sat for that."—"Is your head adapted to an important position?"—"My head! is it my head, then, that you wish?"—"To be sure."—"Because, generally, I am only taken for my body."—"What! are you master of the body also?"—"To be sure I am—that is what I pique myself upon, But no matter; if you consider my head *à l'antique*, you may command me for five francs a-sitting."—"Five francs!" said M. le Comte, looking first at Champagne, and then at his *chef:* "upon my word, it is not dear."—"It may be dear enough, for all that," said the cook to himself."—"And you assure me, M. Rossignol, that I shall have a fine calf's-head?" rejoined M. le Francornard.

At these words the model started up suddenly, and angrily slapping his hat down over his head, exclaimed, "Who do you call calf's-head? It becomes you, indeed, miserable model of Vulcan, thus to insult a man who is every day made a Jupiter or on Achilles!"—"What does all this mean?" said M. le Comte, who, alarmed at M. Rossignol's movement, shoved back his chair suddenly, and set Cæsar barking again, whilst the model held out his stick to the dog as if distrusting him. "I entreat you, sir, to explain yourself; what brought you here?"—"Not to see you, you may be depend upon it."—"Did not you come to offer your services to dress calves'-heads after a new fashion?"—"Here is a good one! pretty humbug, upon my soul! tell me, my old buck, who has been quizzing you at this rate?"—"What the devil do you want then?" cried M. le Comte, angrily."—"*Morbleu!* I wish to see Andrew, my friend, my old colleague at M. Dermilly's, a boy that I love, and whom you are bringing up gratis. 'Tis to speak to him I came."—"What, rascal! you have had the audacity to introduce yourself, to penetrate my very closet!"—"How did I know it was your closet? don't I tell you, it was Andrew I was looking for?"—"Impertinent scoundrel! and to dare strike Cæsar! So you are the friend of the little Savoyard—a handsome specimen this of his friends."—"More handsome than you, I hope, you—one-eyed Polyphemus."—"This comes of Madame la Comtesse's countenancing these vagabonds—Lafleur, Jasmin—turn this rascal out of doors—throw him out of the window if he is impertinent."—"What do you say!" cried Rossignol, flourishing his stick over his head. "The first who dares lay hand on me will bitterly repent it. As for you, you old one-eyed sinner take care I don't qualify you for a Belisarius."

M. le Comte screamed out, and sheltered himself behind Champagne and the cook; Cæsar made a fresh attack on Rossignol, who, with one blow of his bludgeon, stretched him at his feet. The servants ran at the noise, but

his determined look kept them at bay, and he effected his retreat, followed by the lackeys, who made a pretence of attacking him, but were sufficiently well pleased to let him withdraw quietly. Rossignol had reached the vestibule when he encountered Mlle. Lucile, who had come to learn the cause of the uproar she had heard in M. le Comte's apartment. She asked him what he wanted; Rossignol related in a few words all that had passed, and the business that had brought him to the hotel. Lucile was struck with his appearance; nevertheless, she pointed out the way to my room, where my intimate friend, at length, arrived without further mistake.

He attempts another inroad on Andrew's replenished purse; but Lucile, who listens to his story, interferes, and the handsome model retires indignant and vituperating. Andrew grows apace—he arrives at maturity—a rascally nephew of the count makes love to Adolphine—insults the Savoyard, and a duel is the consequence, in which Andrew obtains the advantage. His adoration of Adolphine is revealed—the lovely countess cuts him—and he takes up his abode at the house of Dermilly, who, dying, has left Andrew his heir. Adolphine is married to her cousin—and Andrew, maddened by the event, wanders away, nobody can discover where. Previously he had discovered in an honest labourer his long lost Pierre, clothed, and as far as externals could go, made a gentleman of him; and when it seems improbable that Andrew would ever be heard of again, Pierre assumes supremacy in his apartments. Antecedent to Andrew's departure he had fallen in with Rossignol, who had contrived to wheedle him out of a splendid dinner, involve him in a fight, and send him home drunk, bruised, and degraded. In his new state of ease and opulence, Pierre becomes *ennuyé;* he does not know how to employ himself; he convinces himself that he ought to be unhappy.

One morning that Pierre was making these or similar reflections, the bell was rung violently. Pierre started and ran to open the door, saying, "That is ringing like a master! Can it possibly be Andrew?" He opened: but instead of his brother, he was greeeted by the sight of his old customer, who, as usual, had his hat stuck on one side of his head—but it was no longer the old and mis-shapen beaver. At the dinner, where Pierre had lost his new hat, this bosom friend had most probably found one, which he had mistaken for his own, although there was not the slighest resemblance between them. Unfortunately, not having been able to make a similar mistake with respect to any other part of his dress, M. Rossignol (for he it was who had introduced himself to Pierre under the name of Loiseau) had still the old coat and tight pantaloons, which he wore on the day he presented himself to M. de Francornard; but in order to hide this part of his costume, he had borrowed an old box coat from a coachman of his acquaintance, in which he had carefully wrapped himself, although it was in the month of June; and to add to his imposing appearance, he had suffered his moustaches to grow, which he was moistening and twisting every moment, first wetting his finger for that purpose.

Rossignol was not aware of Pierre being my brother, till he had learnt the fact the day of my dinner; for whilst in his cups Pierre had related all his adventures. My name, and that of M. Dermilly, soon put Rossignol on the right scent; but having very little doubt of the sort of reception he would meet with, he had not dared call on Pierre, and bitterly regretted the loss of so easy a prey. But one day, whilst loitering about the residence of his intimate friend, he learnt that M. Dermilly was dead, that Pierre was living

alone, and that his brother Andrew had disappeared, no one knew whither. Rossignol was no sooner master of this pleasing intelligence than he flew to the *porte cochère*, and was about to mount to Pierre, when a glance at his dress arrested him. His coat could now boast of but two buttons, his pantaloons were worn at the knees, and torn down the leg. Pierre might have servants, and his toilette wouldn't much prepossess them in his favour. But Rossignol was never at a loss. He ran to a coach-stand, and hailing a coachman with whom he had fought three times, and been reconciled a fourth, clapt him on the shoulder, saying " Francois, lend me your box-coat for two hours."—" My box-coat! are you mad?"—" I have a most particular occasion for it—two hours only, and I'll will bring it back again."—" Why how can I? I've only a light waistcoat underneath."—" And is'nt that enough for such a hot day as this?"—" How could I drive with bare arms?"—" You have quite the look of a Phaeton."—" Leave me alone, will you."—" Besides you are the last on the stand, you are sure not to be called for two hours, and long before that, I shall have brought back your wrap-rascal. Francois, would you desert a friend in the hour of need, who has often shared his bottle with you? My fortune depends on it—mine, do I say, yours, perhaps; for, once in funds, I will use no other jarvey, and I will pay you three francs the *course*."—" Psha, you are humbugging."—" No, on the word of the first *torso*—stay, here are fifteen sous, go wait for me at the *Carpe travuilleuse*, and treat yourself to oysters."—" Oysters with fifteen sous?"—" I will answer for all—four dozen. Come Francois, you feel for me—slip off the sleeves."—" But my carriage!"—" Look at the weather, blockhead—no *fêtes*, a working day—you will have nothing to do till the evening.' "—" But—"—" Order some white wine you know—and as far as a pennyworth of *jérômé*—come, off with the other sleeve."—" Now mind you promise faithfully, to return in less than two hours!"—" By Hercules and Antonous I swear."—" I never heard of those gentlemen, but if you fail me recollect it will be no laughing matter."—" Make your mind easy—go drink till I return, and don't spare the wine." So saying, Rossignol ensconced himself in the box-coat, and lounged away, humming " *Gentle maid believe, I never can deceive.*"

Pierre stared for some moments at Rossignol without recognising him, for half his face was lost in his moustaches, which curled up to his ears; but Rossignol had already thrown himself on Pierre's neck and pressed him in his arms as he would a bear that he was trying to suffocate. " Ah leave me, will you," cried Pierre, who knew his friend at once by his manner. " No, let me embrace you once more, my dear Pierre; I am so delighted to see you again." " Can it be you Loiseau—when I say Loiseau, my brother pretends that your name is Rossignol." " He is in the right." " Why then do you call yourself Loiseau?" " My dear friend is not one as much a bird as the other?" " True." " Well then, you see I did not change my name." " That's true, certainly—I never once thought of that." " Besides what imports a name—Rossignol or Loiseau, I am not the less your sincerest, your best friend—as well as your brother's—although I did him a slight injury once—but it was the thoughtlesness of youth—' *When young I was thoughtless and giddy.*' I came to claim his friendship, of which I feel myself worthy, and throw myself in his arms—where is my dear Andrew? let me see him—I will not leave the house without seeing him, as well as M. Dermilly, my old drawing master—a man who always honoured me with his friendship and advice. My bosom pants to embrace the worthy man, whom I revere as a father. My friend, lead me to him, you will witness how delighted he will be to see me." " If it was to see M. Dermilly and my brother that you called, you have just lost your time." " How? what would you say? speak—explain yourself?" " M. Dermilly is dead—a long time since." " Dead—my master, father—oh! my friend what a blow—let me

seat myself." "Are you unwell?" "I fear I am—give me something?" "Will you have a glass of water?" "I should much prefer a glass of brandy, if you have it." "I believe so—and good too—Mr. Dermilly was well supplied with liquors; we have at least fifteen sorts in a large chest—and the cellar—ah! there is such capital wine." "What a truly respectable man he was." "Stay, tell me what you think of that?" "Old as time itself—and so you say he is dead? Oh! sacrilegious death, to meddle thus with talents of the very first order. What a progress I should have made under him had I been but less volatile. He looked on me as his son." "He did not exactly speak of you in that way, though." "I tell you I have acted wrong; I confess my faults, and all is over; what would you have more?—another drop if you please." "Do you feel better?" "Yes, I am somewhat revived—but Andrew, where is he? call him, that I may throw myself on his neck." "Alas, I might call in vain." "Heavens, you make me shudder—can he be dead also—half a glass if you please—stay, give me the bottle, I prefer helping myself. Well, my poor Pierre, your brother?" "Has disappeared six weeks since, and we know not what has become of him—we have never heard from him." "Good God!—my dear Andrew!—and I who came to ask him to take a family dinner without ceremony—no matter, I'll dine with you. But what vertigo seized on him?" "No vertigo at all---but a passion---a most violent love---but I cannot tell you more, because it is a secret." "Right, quite right, I ask no questions! besides you will tell me every thing at dinner." "The most distressing part of the business is, that he has authorised me by a paper to dispose of all that belongs to him! and Mlle. Manette says that is a sure proof he will never return." "Mlle. Manette reasons like a judge, and there is no doubt in the world that every thing which belonged to your brother is now your's." "Well, my friend, would you believe it, notwithstanding my riches, I am as dull as a hog." "I am not the least astonished at it." "At first my grief, my uneasiness, respecting Andrew—" "Very true—and then the loneliness of living by yourself, the having no one near you with whom you might laugh: talk dries up your soul. Pierre, you know whether I am your friend or no—I will fill Andrew's place, I will be a brother to you—and from this very moment I establish myself here, and will quit you no more." "Ah! my dear Loiseau—that is to say, Rossignol—" "I have already told you to call me whatever you please." "I often thought of you, and said to myself, if he were here now I should not be yawning all day." "Egad, I will not give you time for it---we'll laugh, drink and sing from morning till night. '*Trim the lamp and fill the bowl.*'—I'll teach you to spend your money." "With all my heart and soul---but when I think of my poor Andrew.---" "Oh! we will always have him in mind---pleasure and feeling go hand in hand---we will weep for him every morning before we get up---but after that we will divert ourselves. But do you know you are lodged here like the grand Turk—sofas and arm-chairs everywhere." "Oh, you have not seen half yet—come, I'll shew you the whole of my lodging."

Rossignol followed Pierre, who already felt his heart lighter, since he had met with him whom he looked upon as a sincere friend. The young Savoyard was as inexperienced as ever: he took every man by his word, and judged of every thing by its appearance. He now believed all that Rossignol said, and was convinced that however much he might have erred, the frank manner in which he confessed his faults would have exculpated him with M. Dermilly and his brother. The handsome model exclaimed in admiration, as he entered each room; and in fact, he had never before seen them, being acquainted only with the *atelier* and kitchen. He stopped before several pictures, saying: "Do you see that Roman? That is me; and that handsome Greek, that's me again." "I see no resemblance whatever." "I don't tell you it's to my face, but to my

body—and I flatter myself that is striking." "On that side is the kitchen." "Oh, as for the kitchen, I know it well: I always passed that way when I came to work with the good, the respectable Dermilly. *A propos* and old Therése?" "And who is Therése pray?" "The patron's cook?" Oh, I think I have heard that she died." "She did right; she could not even make a soup." "Since Andrew left, I have taken no servant—at first, I felt ashamed to ask any one to wait on me." "Mark me Pierre, servants are a set of scoundrels that always rob us: it is much better to wait on one's self. It is I that will give you lessons of economy. As for dinner, we will get it at a traiteur's—it is much pleasanter—and if you wish to dine at home, send for it from the nearest wine-shop—that is more healthy. No kitchen in your house, the smell is bad. As for the rooms and beds, a little shoe black will settle them every day, when he comes to clean your boots; and in a twinkling of a bed-post all is over. Instead of which, a housekeeper would pass a morning in making your bed; and then she must meddle wite every thing—know all that is said and done in the house—we will have none of her—second economy."

"This devil of a Rossignol, how economical he is become!"—"Oh, I have not told you half yet. Ah! this, doubtless, is your brother's bed-room."—"Alas! yes—it is now useless."—"It will be my care to make it useful, and we will settle the rent between us---third economy."---"But stay---if you go on in this way, instead of spending my money, you will only make me the richer."---"Don't let that make you the least uneasy---as to the money, that is my affair. But you must admit, that a lodging like this for you alone is quite out of the question."---"I only stay here in hopes of my brother's return."—"We will wait for him together---that will be much pleasanter. But I think you mentioned a certain chest well filled with liquors---suppose we just take a look at it."

Pierre ushered his friend to the room where were all the liquors. He laid on the table the remains of a *pâté*, which he had left at his breakfast. "Have you nothing else?" said Rossignol. "Is not that enough?" "No, niggard—when one welcomes an old friend, one gives him something better than the fragments of a *pâté*." "But what can we get? There is nothing else here." "Ah! how very simple you are! And the traiteurs, what do you think they are for? Come—be quick—call your porter—desire him to go the first cook's shop—tell him to order some cutlets, eels, pigs' feet, a good omelette; and whilst they are getting ready, we will pay a visit to the cellar, with which I shan't be at all sorry to make acquaintance.'

Rossignol's liveliness, and the facility with which he made his arrangements, roused Pierre from his habitual indolence. His bosom friend had already gained the casement, from which he cried at the pitch of his voice, "Hollo, porter! here, my man; leave your magpie for a moment, and mount *subitò*." "It is not a porter; it is a porteress," said Pierre to his friend; "and, egad! she gives herself the airs of a mistress." "Because you are a novice, and don't know how, when time and place suit, to stop her mouth with a fifteen-sous piece. One must be generous at times—it brings all the world to your feet, and one can do without servants—fourth economy."

The porteress came up; she was a little woman about fifty years old, of a sharp vinegar visage, and who spoke with great pretension. She had for some time cast an evil eye on Pierre, as she was no longer employed about his rooms. "What do you want?" said she, in a sharp tone of voice; "and why scream in a way to annoy the whole house?" "Madame Roch," said Pierre, "I beg pardon; but I—I would——" "Hush!" said Rossignol, passing before Pierre, and rolling himself in his box-coat as if he was playing Catiline; "you cannot clothe your thoughts in words: leave me to speak for you. My dear Madam Roch, my friend and I are desirous of a capital breakfast. We wish to celebrate the day which has re-united

us; when old friends meet, they are not sorry, in discussing a bottle of burgundy, to flavour it with a cutlet. Pray take upon you to order every thing in the very first style." "Monsieur, I am not the lodger's servant; besides, I have no longer care of Monsieur Pierre's rooms." "The fact, is, he feared a *tête-à-tête* with you, Madam Roch—when one is still so blooming——" "Monsieur, I entreat of you——" "So extremely well preserved." "Yes, Monsieur, I flatter myself on being preserved." "What a capital model we should make of a Medea, or an Agrippina!" "Monsieur, I don't exactly know—" "How old are we, Madame Roch? "Forty-four, Monsieur." "Upon my soul, I should not have guessed within twelve years of that. Come, Pierre, the money—Madame Roch will settle every thing." "But, Monsieur—" "And no one could think of reckoning with so interesting a porteress—'*By the loves and the lures in those dimples that play!*'—fork out."

Pierre fumbled in his pocket, pulled out a five-franc piece which he had, and put it in Rossignol's hand which he held open behind him. "Get on." said Rossignol. Pierre put a second. "Once again," whispered the fine model, and Pierre dropped another, saying to himself, "Fifteen francs for a breakfast! the devil is in it if this is the fifth economy."

Rossignol put two of the five-franc pieces into Madame Roche's hand, and slipped the third under his box coat, at the same whispering the porteress, "Make the best bargain you can and keep the change for yourself." Then pinching her knee, and pretending to kiss her, he pushed her towards the staircase. Madam Roch not at all understanding his ways, but perfectly understanding what to do with the money, settled her dress, which Rossignol had somewhat discomposed, and went down down to order the breakfast.

"You see," said Rossignol, "I am obeyed; ah, my friend, money will make a tortoise run." "That may be true, but fifteen francs for a breakfast." "What, you live in such superb rooms as these, and yet think of such trifles! Listen to me, Pierre—do you wish to be amused, or do you not wish it?" "Certainly I wish it." "In that case suffer yourself to be governed. Besides, haven't I already taught you five or six economies? It isn't my wish, however, to make a miser of you." "Be it so, then; I leave you to settle everything—for I must confess I don't know much about it myself." "Make your mind easy; let your brother be but six months away, and he will find a change when he returns. In the mean time let us to the cellar."

They went down to the cellar, which might contain about three hundred bottles of common wine, and several dozens of the finest kind. Rossignol was in ecstacy; he would willingly have breakfasted in the cellar, but as such was not the custom, he contented himself with taking four or five bottles of the finest wine, and loaded Pierre with as many of the common sort; with which these gentlemen reascended, Rossignol humming—'*No couple on earth so happy as we.*'—the bottles were arranged handy to the table. Madam Roch returned with the dessert, and followed by a *garçon-traiteur* loaded with three dishes. At length every thing was settled for the breakfast, and Madame Roch took her leave with a profound reverence. Pierre seated himself at table, and his friend placed himself in front of him. "Make yourself quite at home," said Pierre. "Why do you keep on that immense coat? You must be suffocated in it." "Ah my friend, I was about to tell you. You see my friend I have had a bad pain in my back, and I fear bad drafts—besides I set a high value on this coat—it was left me by an uncle, who had passed his whole life at sea." "It doesn't strike me as being very handsome—it is lined with leather." "Exactly so, my friend—that's just what a mariner wants, when he is keeping watch on deck; wrapt in this, he cares not whether it is rain, or sunshine." "So you had an uncle a sailor?" "And

a famous sailor too, I flatter myself: he discovered three new worlds, and was about discovering half a dozen more, when he was swallowed by a shark." "Good God! swallowed by a shark!" "Exactly as I have the honour of telling you: let us drink." "Poor man!" "Ah! sailors are accustomed to those every day events; they don't think half as much of them as we do." "But how did you get back the coat?" "That is just what I was going to tell you. A short time after, the shark was taken, and as it was opened with a view of preserving it for the Cabinet of Natural History, the great coat was found within, whole and sound, and with a letter directed to me in one of the pockets. It seems sharks cant digest leather. As for my poor uncle, there remained nothing of him, but two fingers and an ear, which I have, preserved in brandy." "I'll never go to sea; I should be too much afraid of such accidents." "You are right—nothing like mother earth and good wine—capital this—Papa Dermilly was a bit of a gourmand—all the artists are." "It is very odd, Rossignol, but your hat is exactly like the one I lost the day I dined with you—one would have sworn it was the very same buckle." "Why an't all hats exactly like each other?" "I say, we were rather tipsy that day." "Tipsy! for shame, I am never tipsy. Because a few plates were broken, and a few thumps given to the tables, you call that being drunk—we were gay, in high spirits, that is all." "But why do you now wear moustaches? It completely changes yonr face—Have you been in the army since I saw you?" "Yes, my boy, I have seen service—I have even served in two places." "In the Hussars?" "No, I was in the volunteers—wore a fancy uniform—nothing remains but the pantaloons—but I was not to be seduced—' *Thy charms recollecting, can fancy e'er rove?*' The arts reclaimed me, and I am delighted that I quitted the service, since I have found again so faithful a friend—let us drink."

Rossignol did full justice to the repast; it was long since he had made such another. The corks flew, and the bottles were emptied. In order not to disturb himself, Rossignol threw the dirty plates on a handsome sofa, and rolled the bottles on the floor. Pierre, who endeavoured to drink fair with his friend, was fast losing all consciousness. His utterance became thickened, whilst his friend, quite cool, being much more accustomed to drinking, made every thing the *traiteur* had brought disappear with an inconceivable rapidity. Seated at a well furnished table, and surrounded by wines, and liqueurs, Rossignol had quite forgotten Francois, to whom he had promised to return the coat in two hours. Punctuality was not one of the fine model's virtues; he thought of nothing but making the corks fly, and began, now that his fourth bottle was finished, to partake the drunkenness of his host. Warmed by the wine he had drank, Rossignol threw off the great coat in which he had been wrapped, crying "The devil take the dressing-gown, what do I want of it? You know me, Pierre, my boy, I am your friend, an't I? An't I dressed quite well enough to breakfast with you? I was smothered in that vile blanket." "What, your uncle's great coat—the shark—that you throw on the ground in that way." "Let my uncle alone! who the devil told you of my uncle? help yourself." "Why you told me all about it just now." "Ah! true—I quite forgot. No matter, Pierre, what a merry life we shall lead! Why you are no longer the same; you cut quite another figure now: you are pleased at last, an't you?" "I am so merry I scarce know where I am." "Well, my man, this is the life we'll lead every day, from morning to night. It is settled that I attach myself to you, I quit you no more—you are rich, I am insinuating; you are narrow-minded, I am a man of wit; I will infuse some into you, and teach you '*Gaily to swim life's flowing tide!*'" "Is that your uniform you wear?" said Pierre, who could scarce speak. "No, it is a hunting-dress; there are eight buttons off, which a wild boar swallowed just as I was going to slay him. Let us taste the liqueur: what is this?—rum—

egad, that's stiff; we must keep that for the last—Curaçoa—ah, swallow that, Pierre, and do your friend justice. You ought to bless Providence for having granted me to you, for you were living alone, like a wolf." "Oh, no; I used to go see father Bernard, and Manette—very good friends—of Andrew—" "Bernard—Manette—I think you mentioned them before—is not he a water-carrier?" "Exactly." "Fie, for shame! What, Pierre, in the situation in which destiny has placed you, to keep company with water-carriers! That is not right, my man, one should never forget one's-self—now for the aniseed." "But I, what was I but an errand-boy?" "To be sure you were, but you are no longer so, d'ye see—that's passed, just like a rogue who becomes an honest man, no one thinks of calling him a rogue—one sees that every day of one's life. I tell you again—you must keep up your consequence—though I don't mean to say you are never to speak to the water-carrier: you may even go and see him now and then, when we have nothing particular to do—but I mean that you are not to put yourself on a level with him, because you will pick up low-lived manners and habits, whilst I wish to make a gentleman of you—brandy! taste that—how do you like it?" "Every thing seems to me to taste alike." "Psha! you don't know what you are talking about. Pierre, I will take upon me to collect a few friends together—lads in my own style—capital good fellows; I will take you to the best balls of La Courtille, at the Porcherons, at the Barrière du Maine—I know the best places—Hey, for pleasure, and to the devil with your friends who would preach sermons to you. This very evening we'll go waltz at the Barrière de Vaugirard, where they waltz all the week: you merely lend me a coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, and I will find the rest. Come, join in the chorus of Robin-des-bois—do yon know it, *tra, la, la; tra, la, la, la*—I sing it every Monday with a turner and a baker's wife, and you can't conceive the effect; its *tra, la, la,* from this till to-morrow—not at all difficult."

By dint of drinking, singing, and tasting every bottle, Pierre and Rossignol at length became completely drunk. Pierre, who swore that every thing in the room turned round, insisted on waltzing to keep himself steady, and was soon stretched under the table; whilst Rossignol, after chucking the dishes and plates to the other end of the room, rolled himself in Francois's great coat, and fell fast asleep between the skeleton of a fowl, and a bottle of oil of roses.

Manette finds out Andrew, and by dint of the most quiet and affectionate attention, soothes, and brings him back to Paris, from the neighbourhood of those scenes, where, in boyhood, he had freely sported with Adolphine. On his return he finds his apartments despoiled of their principal valuables—all about him indicates ruin, riot, and recklessness. Rossignol and Pierre come in, both drunk, the former dressed in Andrew's clothes. He is soundly threshed by Andrew, and kicked out. Pierre repents, and resumes his porter's knot. Andrew marries Manette, and goes with Pierre to the house of a *traiteur*, near the Pont d'Austerlitz, to order the wedding dinner. While making a bargain—but let us give a final extract.

As we passed before the window of a summer house, we heard the noise of people disputing, and a loud voice, that Pierre and I recognized at once, said "You can't prevent me from walking in your garden, my good woman—the fresh air will restore me—'*You tell me, dear girl. I am given to rove.*'" "I did not come here to listen to your singing, Sir," said the wife of my host; "pay your bill, and be off." "Express yourself correctly, then, my lovely Niobe; you desire me to go away, and yet you won't let me go out—you don't argue logically." "It is Rossignol," whispered Pierre. "Yes, no doubt it is he. What is this quarrel about?" said I to the traiteur.

"Ah Monsieur, the devil has sent here a good-for-nothing vagabond, that there is no getting rid of. He has been upwards of a week here. He called one evening, and in a gentlemanly manner ordered supper. It was served, and as he sat very long over it, he then begged to be allowed to sleep in the room, where he had supped, saying that he had made an appointment with his man of business, and wished to wait there for him. Although not in the habit of doing so, we consented to lodge him. Next day he fared sumptuously, and still stayed; in a word, as I told you before, this has been going on for a week, and he pretends he is waiting for the arrival of his man of business, to settle with me. But I have no desire to harbour him for a year in this way; he had the impudence to offer to attitudinize for me, and give me a statue in payment. What the deuce should I do with such a rascal's statue? He must settle with me and be off. I have no intention that he should remain here for your wedding party. He has the impudence to claim acquaintance with every body that comes here, and deafens every one with his chorusses, which he is for ever roaring out. But I have sent for Monsieur le Commissaire, and in the mean time, I have ordered my wife to watch the rascal, whom I caught yesterday climbing a wall, in order to do—Adonis I think he said. The scoundrel! I'll give him time enough to do Adonis in prison. He would have devoured one of my fowls every day if I had let him." "Let's be off, brother," whispered Pierre, who felt no desire for a meeting with his old friend. I was yielding to his wish, but it was too late. A man jumped from the window of an *entresol* into the garden, and placed himself in the attitude of Cupid. He stood exactly opposite to us, and exclaimed joyfully, "Oh God of artists, I thank thee gratefully. Behold two friends whom I meet at the nick of time, and who will pay for me. Monsieur le Traiteur, my bill---quick--- behold Castor and Pollux---intimate friends who will never leave an artist in durance." Pierre reddened with anger, and I was thunderstruck at the fellow's impudence. The landlord stared with astonishment, as he stammered, "What, gentlemen, are you really friends of this good-for-nothing vagabond?" "Good-for-nothing vagabond'" cried Rossignol; "how dare you address such language to me, you rascally roaster of cats?" These words rendered the traiteur furious. "Make yourself easy, Jupin," said Rossignol; "your bill will be paid; but mind, we have done with you; your rabbits have rather too suspicious a look. Come Pierre, my little man, shell out a few crowns for your old playmate."

Pierre was silent from very shame. I stepped between him and Rossignol, who carried his audacity so far as to offer to shake hands with me. "If you had been satisfied with cheating me of my money," said I, "I might have forgotten it; but you endeavoured to render my brother as despicable a a wretch as yourself—and yet you dare to call us your friends! Such a title from your lips is the greatest insult. Think yourself happy that I do not join this gentleman in getting you punished as you deserve." "That is the way is it. Preaching morality to your friends in misfortune! Well, my little chimney-sweeps, we'll manage to do without you—we don't depend on you alone for sweeping our chimneys clean." "As Rossignol uttered these words, the hostess who had run in search of the guard, the instant she saw her guest jump from the window, made her appearance at the entrance of the garden, followed by a corporal and four fusileers, whilst the commissaire with the waiter appeared at another door. Rossignol, at the sight of the soldiers, knit his brows, and I heard him utter, "No, *sacre bleu!* the most admired antique *torso* shall never go rot in a dungeon." "There is the criminal," said the hostess to the commissaire, pointing out Rossignol, who advanced towards the man of the law, making a bow down to the ground at every step, in such a way that the commissaire could never get a full view of his face. "A truce to your politeness, and answer my questions, sir," said the man of peace; whilst Rossignol buried his fingers in an old snuff-box that the cor-

poral had just opened. "You refuse to leave the house, sir?" "False, Monsieur le Commissaire; on the contrary, my only wish is to be off." "But you refuse paying, sir." "I never said so, Monsieur le Commissaire —so far from it, my intention has also been to give the waiter something handsome to drink." "Well then, sir, settle your bill, and put an end to all this." "A moment, Monsieur le Commissaire—I don't say that I'll pay just now, because I am waiting for my man of business; if he does not come, surely that is not my fault! In the mean time, I am a model. and if by chance, madame your wife should be in an interesting situation, and would wish to gaze on a handsome man, Monsieur le Commissaire, you may command my services." "March off the scoundrel, corporal, and let him be sent to the *préfecture* to night," said the commissaire, turning his back on Rossignol, who sung between his teeth, "*I'd be a butterfly.*" The corporal advanced with his men, Rossignol at once stepped in the midst of them, saying, "I surrender at discretion, my heroes, well persuaded my innocence will soon appear, for I am guileless as the chaste Susanna herself; I am, therefore well content to follow you." The soldiers did not close upon a man, who accompanied them with such good will. Rossignol walked in the middle of them: when they were out of the garden he stopped, and fumbling in his pockets, said, "Stay, I have forgotten my hankerchief—I have no idea of making a present of it to them." "I'll get it for you," said the corporal, making a sign to the soldiers to halt, and retracing his steps. By a natural movement, the soldiers also turned their faces towards the traiteur's house, which was what Rossignol expected, and taking quickly to his heels, he gained the bridge of Austerlitz. The *Invalide* on duty asked for a halfpenny, and received for answer a blow which stretched him on his back. However, the soldiers and corporal had given chace to Rossignol, crying, "Stop him, stop him!" He had almost crossed the bridge, and had hoped to clear the gate on the other side, but the cries of the *invalide* and corporal had been heard, and the gate was closed. A crowd had collected, and it was impossible to jump over the heads of all. Rossignol retraced his steps—he was hemmed in on every side. The corporal and *invalide* had already exclaimed with a triumphant air, "We have him!" "Take care lest he slips through your fingers," replied Rossignol, and at the very moment that the corporal had stretched forth his arm to seize him, he jumped on the parapet of the bridge, and precipitated himself into the river, singing, "*deep as the rolling Zuyder-zee!*" The soldiers remained stupified; the crowd hurried down to the banks, in search of boats, but the river was running strong, and the current swept off the fine model to the nets of St. Cloud. Pierre was horror-struck at the sight; I hastily led him away, saying, "Behold, my friend, the frequent end of men destitute of honour, character and urobity."

Such is the end of the handsome model—one of the most finished and original characters of modern fiction. The substitution of English scraps of song for his own snatches of French *chansons,* injure his identity; but notwithstanding this drawback, he stands out from the translated pages of Paul De Kock, in the work before us, with a reality which is at once delightful and startling.

The other characters in the novel are most admirably treated—each of them might be brought out in such a paper as this with quite as much effect as Rossignol. Wit or humour sparkles in every page, and it would be a mere act of charity to pity that individual who is so wretched—so forlorn—so woe-begone, as not to laugh heartily over this book.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

THE affairs of the continent are still marked with the character of uncertainty and complication. A provisional convention has at length been signed between Great Britain, France, and Holland. This treaty is, without contradiction, one of the most extraordinary mystifications which diplomacy ever made use of to hoodwink nations. Three years of protocols, two campaigns of the French armies, a months cruise of the combined squadrons—have produced what? A peace, if it may so be called, based, not on the execution of the famous convention of London, but upon the "status ante bellum." Not a single interest is conciliated, not a difficulty levelled; William Van Nassau has sported with our boasted diplomacy, has laughed at our threats, and has at length signed a conventional treaty, in which *the independence of Belgium* is not *acknowledged* by the very power whose recognition it was her interest, above all others, to have obtained. It is true we have obtained the provisional navigation of the Scheldt, but the right of Holland to close it at her pleasure has been, at the same time, clearly established.

In France, in spite of the fierce contention of party spirit, constitutional liberty is making rapid progress. The last act of the Carlist drama is closed by the departure of the Duchess de Berri. The marriage of this princess is involved in as much mystery as the history of the celebrated masque de fer. The attention of the French Chambers has been principally occupied with the question of the fortification of Paris. Three opinions exist upon this subject. One party sees no necessity at all for the measure—these are the republicans; the two others agree as to its necessity, based upon the political axiom, that the independence of nations is in inverse ratio to the vulnerability of their capitals; but they differ as to the mode, one advocating an enciente "continuei," and the other a chain of detached forts, that would act equally against an enemy in the field, or the revolted population of the capital. The earnestness with which the subject has been debated shews that even on the military soil of France, a feeling of jealousy towards standing armies is fast disseminating itself among the mass of the French people. La Vendée, that hotbed of Carlism is to be pierced in every direction with strategic roads.

In Spain great preparations were making for the meeting of the cortes on the 20th; and as the moment approached, the contending parties were marshalling their forces. Zea Bermudez is playing a deep game, and evidently wishes to insure the throne to Don Carlos. His accession to power nipped liberty in the bud. General Sarsfield has already refused to take the command of one of the divisions of troops destined to entertain the people with the exibition of a sham fight on the day of the fete. The high clergy are preparing to protest against the recognition of Ferdinand's daughter, in favour of the rights of her uncle, Don Carlos. In the mean time, with their consummate skill and their usual success, they are exciting the population of the provinces. In Gallicia violent symptoms of fermentation and discontent have already manifested themselves. In short every thing indicates that Spain is again on the eve of a civil war.

The ex-emperor, Don Pedro remains shut up in Oporto, famine and disease sweeping off his old soldiers as fast as he receives recruits. Of the non-existence of a strong party in the country in favour of the young queen, Donna Maria de Gloria, the experience of the last twelve months must have convinced every unprejudiced mind. The question is therefore purely a

military one. Solignac, with a strategic eye, sees all the difficulties of an advance upon Lisbon with the slender means at his disposal, and will not risk a well-earned military reputation by a campaign "à la Ghengis Khan" The original error of Don Pedro's plan of campaign,—the making Oporto the point of disembarkation, is now glaringly evident. But even should the good cause ultimately triumph, Don Pedro's entry into Lisbon, for the information of Portuguese bond-holders, will be, to use an expression of Prince Talleyrand's, "le commencement de la fin." Captain Napier has succeeded Sartorius in the command of the squadron, and there is some talk of a dash upon Lisbon by sea :—"nous verrons."

In Germany popular compromises and military occupations are the order of the day. The free city of Frankfort appears likely to be blessed for some time to come with the presence of an Austrian garrison. The Bosnians, too, have revolted, and the Austrian government immediately offered its assistance to Prince Milosh. Well, indeed, may it be said that God gave the regions of the air to the German. No one has more exalted ideas of the ulterior destinies of man than he; he is intimately convinced of the progressive march of the human race, that truth, liberty, and justice will sooner or later be the inheritance of all men; but to attain this noble consummation by putting his own hand to the work. is what he never thinks of. The German may be said to dream away his existence enveloped in volumes of tobacco-smoke, and imagines that it would be derogatory to his character as a citizen of the world to trouble his metaphysical head with the affairs of his own fatherland. To be free Germany must be centralised; and how that is to be accomplished, we leave the Germans themselves to discover.

Heroic Poland still bleeds through every pore. Four Polish officers of the late national army have been shot at Warsaw. Goaded to desperation, they had joined the bands of their countrymen who, issuing from their forests, still carry on a pontoon warfare against the Russians. Prince Paskievitch lately intimated to two Polish ladies of rank, that if they were discovered writing to their children in Siberia, they should be publicly whipped. What country will henceforth shelter the ill-fated Poles? They are hunted down like beasts of prey; their presence in the south of France, say the continental despots, has revolutionized the neighbouring states; they must consequently be removed. But on the other hand, they must not either remain in the north, since they produced the émeute at Frankfort, and would have revolutionized all Germany had not their march been arrested in Switzerland.

What must then be done with them? Must they be thrown into the sea, or delivered over "en masse" to the Czar Nicholas, to be sent into Siberia? The Polish refugees afforded an admirable pretext for interfering in the affairs of Switzerland. The German diet has already written a menacing letter to the Swiss diet on the subjec. Soon it will be said that they are in correspondence with the revolutionists of Neufchatel, and Prussia will instantly take fire, while the late insurrection at Chamberry will afford Austria an opportunity of gaining possession of what she has so long coveted—the Piedmontese fortresses. From the Bosphorus to the Rhine, nothing is heard of but occupations and the regime of bayonets to keep down the hydra of revolution and rapine, as the march of liberalism is designated by the military despots and their minions.

More martyrs in the cause of freedom have perished in Piedmont, the beral movement has vibrated at Naples, and the political surface of theiltalian peninsula is saturated with volcanic matter, but deceived and abandoned by the doctrinaire ministry of France, her own energies and resources are insufficient to shake off the Austrian incubus that oppresses her.

Greece under her new king has merely exchanged the regime of the Russian knout for that of the Austrian baton. The government has usurped all

the privileges of the nation—it would lead us too far to even attempt a succinct analysis of all their acts—suffice it to say that every thing is borrowed from the laws and customs of Germany, with a laudable disregard to the habits, prejudices, and institutions of the Greeks themselves. The Palikari have refused to enlist in the regular army—collision has taken place between them and the Bavarian troops, and the former have in consequence migrated into Albania and taken service with the Turks. King Otho's reign will, we venture to predict, be a short one, and his successor, Nicholas Paulovitch, by the grace of England and France.

Like the Belgian question, the struggle between the Sultan and Mahomet Ali, is *provisionally* settled. Constantinople has been the arena of diplomatic intrigue, which will in some measure explain the vacillating conduct of the Sultan, between the French and Russian party. Admiral Roussin displayed great energy, and strove to make Mahmoud preserve the analogy that existed between himself and the last king of Poland, Stanislas Poniattouski. The grand Signior, it is said, was so struck with the resemblance, that he became as anxious for the departure of his Russian allies, as he had been for their stay. Ibrahim Pacha has commenced his retreat, and as soon as the last Egyptian soldier shall have passed the Taurus, the Russians would on their side evacuate the Ottoman capital. But, like the Russians their prototypes the Romans of old, never conclude a peace without securing to themselves pretexts for proximate intervention. In this instance they have acted with their usual cunning. By the first article of the treaty between Nicholas and the Sultan, it is stipulated, that three months after the return of the Russian auxiliary force, the Grand Signior shall proceed to pay the expences of the Russian armed intervention; and, by a secret article it is further stipulated, that until the definitive conclusion of those arrangements, *no foreign vessel of war is to be allowed to enter the Dardanelles.* The exhausted finances of the Sultan will not allow him to fulfill the conditions of the treaty, and Russia will thus acquire a plausible pretext for seizing another slice of the Ottoman empire. It is rumoured in the political circles at Paris, that General Sebastiani, at a recent council of ministers, urged the immediate sending to the Bosphorus of a strong fleet, and an army of twelve thousand men, and it is asserted that Louis Philippe was not averse to the project. Sebastiani has a more searching and prophetic eye than his colleague, Mons. de Broglie.

From the more distant parts of the world we are without news of importance. In Brazil, there have been some serious provincial disturbances, arising from the rapacious and insubordinate spirit, of that regular organized banditti, the army. This force should have been disbanded long ago, they are far more terrible to their own countrymen in peace, than they would be to an enemy in war—as a military force they are contemptible.

In the United States, the president has had his nose pulled; but such an event, which in Europe would be regarded as high treason, is looked upon as a mere nothing by brother Jonathan.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

TURKEY AND ITS RESOURCES. BY DAVID URQUHART. LONDON: SAUNDERS AND OTTLEY.

WITH the exception of d' Ohsson's celebrated work on Turkey, we do not recollect having ever met with one, that has afforded us so much valuable information on that interesting portion of the globe, as the book before us. The press has teemed of late with notices, recollections, sketches, narratives, and other mushroom productions on the Ottoman Empire; but one and all are cast in the same superficial mould. and convey to the reader but the faithful description of such objects as struck the organ of vision of their authors during a short sojourn in the land of the "Cypress and Vine." But Mr. Urquhart's work is of another type, and appearing, as it does, at a moment when the gaze of all Europe is fixed with deep intensity on the tottering empire of Mahomet, it will be perused with the liveliest interest and attention.

Even when the power and greatness of the Ottoman Empire were at their meridian, those who attentively observed it, discovered that its predominating principle was one of weakness; and its dissolution was consequently foretold with mathematical confidence. Still the Turkish Empire exists, while this historical prediction, which has been handed down through so many generations, as the unerring dictum of political wisdom, is, after all, but the offspring of false estimates of the operation of institutions, dissimilar in every respect to our own.

It has been finely observed by a profound philosophical writer of the present age, that where the general constitution of a state is sound and healthy, there is a sort of "vis medicatrix," which is sufficient for the cure of political disorders. Mr. Urquhart has discovered this in Turkey, in the effects of non-interference in the local administration of the countries beneath the sway of the Sultan. He has skilfully brought to light that portion of the Turkish administration, which has hitherto been unfortunately neglected, and which consists in the popular and elementary parts, through the intervention of which, the revenue is collected; whence two principles of vast practical importance have sprung, viz.—perfect *freedom* of industry and commerce, by the placing of taxation directly on property; and a rural municipal organization, which has been the means of neutralizing the effects of Turkish tyranny, and of replacing patriotism by the means of local affection and common sympathies, which is after all a fundamental principle of Arabic legislation. Mr. Urquhart proceeds to the consideration of the finances of that empire: the simplicity of the system forms a striking contrast with the more complicated combinations of Western Europe: it is based upon a principle in force in all the great empires of antiquity—direct taxation. He has likewise triumphantly shown that elements of reorganization abundantly exist in Turkey.

"On the chances of reorganization of the Turkish empire," he says, "I have but one concluding, but very important remark to make. A man who would be considered in Europe perfectly ignorant, may be, in Turkey, if he is only honest, an able and excellent administrator; because he has no general questions to grapple with, no party opinions to follow, no letter of the law to consult; because he is never called on to decide on, and interfere in, questions of administration and finance; therefore it is that Europeans form a false estimate by an erroneous standard of the administrative capacity of the Turks, and add to the real dangers that surround Turkey, others gratuitously suggested by their European prejudices. A Turkish reformer requires no instruction in fund or bank monopolies,—none in bankruptcy cases, none in the mysteries of conveyancing, none in corporate rights, There are no laws of primogeniture or entail to be discussed or amended. In fact, there are no systematic evils;

the reformer requires but honesty and firmnss of purpoese." And this is Turkey, which from our cradle we are taught to look upon as the region of tyranny and barbarism. The turbaned Turk may well exclaim to his European brethren—" Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur."

The most important chapter is decidedly that on the commercial resources of Turkey, which offers so wide a field to British enterprise.

" Good sense, tolerance, and hospitality, have long ago done for the Ottoman empire what the other states of Europe are endeavouring to effect by more or less happy political combinations. Since the throne of the Sultans has been elevated at Constantinople, commercial prohibitions have been unknown—they opened their ports to the productions of the whole world. Liberty of commerce has reigned here without limits : it is thus, notwithstanding the robberies and violence of legal and illegal bandits, the commerce of the East, without exchanges or post offices, canals or rail-roads, insurance or credit; unprotected by courts at home, or consuls abroad; unprotected by a legislative body where all interests are duly represented, extends its gigantic operations from Mount Atlas to the Yellow Sea—from the Blue Mountains, amid the deserts of Africa, to the Bakal in the wastes of Tartary, and by the slow and noiseless step of the camel, maintains the communications, exchanges the produce, and supplies the wants of three-fourths of the globe."

In conclusion, he remarks, " Turkey is a country having 3000 miles of coast still remaining, a territory of 500,000 square miles under the happiest climate; possessed of the richest soil raising every variety of produce; having unrivalled facilities of transport; abounding in forests and mines; opening innumerable communications with countries farther in the East, with all which our traffic is carrried on in English bottoms, where labour is cheap, industry unshackled, and commerce is free; where our goods command every market; where government and consumers alike desire their introduction. But all the advantages that may accrue to us from so favourable a state of things, is contingent on her internal tranquility and political reorganization. Here is a field for diplomatic action of the noblest and most philanthropic character—where our interests are so much at stake as to call forth our most strenuous exertions, and where that interest is so reciprocal as to call forth no selfish motives, and to introduce no inviduous distinctions."

It is to be hoped that our government will not allow so wide and extended a field as is here pointed out for British enterprise to become a preserve of the Russian autocrat. The relations of Turkey with Austria, Russia, and France, and the views of these three powers are ably exposed; and, lastly, in a luminous chapter, he considers the affairs of Greece. Mr. Urquhart's observations should be treasured up by the counsellors of King Otho. They point out the shoals that surround him, and the means of conducting the vessel of state safely on her voyage of political regeneration. But from what is passing in that ill-fated land, we fear that she has yet a fiery ordeal to go through, and that owing to the egotism and inaptitude of European diplomacy.

The School and Family Manual. London: Longman and Co.

If the rising generation are not clever it will be their own fault, for at no former period have there appeared so many elementary works on every branch of science as at present. We never recollect, to have met with a work so well calculated to lay a good substratum of mathematical and arithmetical knowledge in the mind of the student, as the Conversations on Geometry and Arithmetic before us. The theorems and propositions of Euclid, are demonstrated in so clear and so lucid a manner, as to be immediately mastered by the most obtuse intellect. The Conversations on Geometry

should be put into the hands of every mathematical student as a preparatory exercise; they are admirably adapted to facilitate the passage of the 'pons asinorum,' which, in nine instances out of ten, the pupil passes without knowing how.

THE LAST GIFTS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. PAINTED BY A. COLIN. ENGRAVED BY G. H. PHILLIPS.

THE unfortunate Queen, whose beauty appears to be considerably marred by grief, is seated in the midst of her weeping friends and attendants, on the eve of her execution, and is distributing among them various tokens of her regard. This engraving possesses a richness of surface peculiar to the best examples of the mezzotint style, and the chiaroscuro is very effectively managed.

HEADS AFTER THE ANTIQUE. DRAWN ON STONE BY B. R. GREEN, NO. I. LONDON: ROWNEY AND CO.

WE are not quite satisfied with the details in these drawings. In the Jupiter the eyes are too undecided in form, and the shadows are cut up with lines. More force of effect, and a greater strength of expression, might have been given to the whole family—Juno, Apollo, and Diana. The general air and character of these heads is, however, preserved, and the half tints are clear and freely handled.

THE BYRON GALLERY. PART VI. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

THE engravings are very creditably executed. In the *Maid of Athens* from CHALON, the light is thrown over the subject with much spirit, though the character of the head is rather namby-pambyish. Mr. RICHTER, or his engraver, seems to fall short of a desirable expression in the countenances. In other respects, we commend this part as worthy of its predecessors.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL.

THIS part contains the *Fair Maid of Perth*, *Edith Plantaganet*, and *Fenella*, from designs by C. LANDSEER, HART, and H. HOWARD, R.A. The engravings are spirited and carefully finished, nor is there wanting beauty of character in the heads. The drawing of the first-mentioned portrait is executed with much taste for form, a rare quality among English artists, whose passion for colour is apt to lead them astray from correct outline. Appended to this number is a beautiful plate, by LE KEUX, of *Dryburgh Abbey*.

SONNETS. BY EDWARD MOXON. LONDON.

THE attractive-looking *livraison* before us is printed for private circulation only. A copy of it has, however, been forwarded to us in our critical capacity, and courting, as it consequently does, the exercise of our function, we shall deal with it as we should do with a work regularly published.

The author is a bookseller and publisher, of whom many kind things are said, and we have good reasons to believe deservedly. He sparkles as a planet of some consideration in the Cockney system. He has several satellites—some, brilliants of rather fine water—and some, twinklers—as any one may see who visits his *boutique*, between the hours of two and four—when, to confess the truth, it is a most pleasant literary lounge. Even in the hot-house of Cockaigne there are many flowers, the reverse of contemptible, though in an exotic state—but which had they bloomed on the bosom of

nature would have been mountain daisies. We entertain the utmost contempt for the school, while our respect is great for many of the individuals composing it. There is more than one of them, who might, perhaps (and this is high praise), had they been excisemen, have *approached* the excellence of Burns. They seem to want nothing but a knowledge of Nature, to make them manly poets. They look at the fields and the heavens, and all the glorious creations of God, through dandy bits of stained glass, mounted in metal to imitate silver, and bought in Cheapside. They have no idea of the grandeur—the breadth—the force—the sublimity of truth. They lack mental brawn—they have no sinew—their bones are marrowless. They try to paint pimples into roses. Their conceits are inconceivable. They scorn to give us facts as they find them—they describe Bardolph's nose as being depreacated by purple butterflies, who, taking it for a congenial mulberry, have singed their lady-like toes. They hear the trees talking to each other; they rarely, if ever, mention the whinchat—the whitethroat—the linnet—or the blackcap:—the nightingale, being exclusive poetical property, is almost the only bird, except the falcon, "with his felon-swoop," or the mavis, of which they have read, but never saw except in a cage—or the lark, screaming his artificial notes—imitations of the house-sparrow, combined with those of the "London cries," from some tailor's two-pair window in a blind alley—or the raven, known only to them by the recent representative of his species, at the Elephant and Castle, Newington, or at the George, in Little Chelsea. The most laughable mistake under which the Cockney poets—who transcribe from their predecessors, instead of depicting from nature—labour—is that, one and all, they describe the song of a nightingale to be forlorn and sad. Philomel, according to their accounts, and we must admit to those of many more eminent persons, who rank among our poets, is a miserable, whining creature. Mr. Moxon has fallen into the prevailing error. He calls the nightingale in his first sonnet, a "lone midnight-soothing melancholy bird," and likens it in his imagination, from its "*mournful voice*," to some angelic mind weeping over the sins of erring mortals. He goes on thus:—

> "In Eden's bowers, as mighty poets tell,
> Didst thou repeat as now *that wailing call*—
> Those *sorrowing* notes might seem, *sad* Philomel
> Prophetic to have mourned of man the fall."

It is a pity that our talented friend Moxon, prior to the perpetration of this sonnet—which has but one fault, that of being totally untrue from beginning to end—had not gone so far as Fulham, and heard a nigthingale with his own ears, instead of the asinine auriculars oft own-bred poetasters. He would then—we are satisfied from the taste and judgment he has displayed in the poems before us—have described the song of the nightingale in a widely different manner. Nothing, in fact, can be more joyous—it is the most eloquent out-pouring of a gladsome spirit that can possibly be conceived. There is but one single note in the nightingale's song which is in the slightest degree lugubrious—it is the lowest in its gamut, and after having repeated it twice or thrice, it soars up into a perfect revelry of wild enthusiastic jocund music, than which nothing, to the human ear, either natural or artificial, is one-half so exhilirating. Why should the nightingale be sad? His mate is brooding in the adjacent hedge—his song is a song of joy—like every other bird of his order, at the period of incubation, his notes are triumphant and rejoicing, they cheer his solitary mate in the hawthorn—they constitute a natural domestic concert—a merry serenade. The nightingale sings as though he were tipsy with glee.

But the Cockney gentlemen know nothing of this: if they have heard the chimes at midnight—it has been in the vicinity of St. Clements—not even in their own darling fields about the hill of Hampstead. If they have seen

the sun rise, it has been after getting merry with puerile tipple, from "the big battlements" of Waterloo-bridge. Even when nature is before them they shut their eyes to it, and paint from bad copies. That which is the most removed from truth, to them is the purest poetry. They aspire to be purely etherial—all mind—all imagination: they glory in seeing invisible similitudes—to them a dying dolphin is an expiring monarch—the fish and the king being equally imaginative. They grapple with non-entities—and complacently retire, although discomfited, with flying colours. They are ignorant, and consequently bold; they smile, with pride, in a pillory of their own fabrication, on the spectators who from motives of pity or contempt, do not think proper to pelt them according to their deserts.

And yet, some among these men, if they took for their motto a passage of Shakspeare—of whom they affect to be idolators—"thou nature, art my goddess," might become poets, of whom the nation to which they belong would be proud. But they won't. They describe nature—not as she is—fresh, blooming, and vigorous, but as a decayed literary old lady—a second Mrs. Piozzi—of whom some interesting anecdotes have been preserved. When they copy, they have skill enough to be endureable; when they venture to be original—as they sometimes do—they are insufferable. A pure Cockney bard can only be tolerated so long as he keeps within the bounds of poetical petty larceny.

History, science, and all such trifling matters are set at nought in the realms of Cockayne—every thing is glazed over with *couleur de rose*. Even the amiable, talented, and respectable bookseller before us, eulogizes Walton the angler, and that pestiferous hive of thieves who came from Normandy, in the wake of William the Conqueror—one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever the Almighty permitted to be dominant over his fellow men. Speaking of Walton, in his fourteenth sonnet, Mr. Moxon, *pensively* lauds "the meekness of his plain-contented mind." Apostrophizing the cruel old angler, he says—

> "From thee I learn
> To sympathize with Nature."

How, let us ask, did the good gentlemen sympathize with Nature? By dexterously impaling a worm, on a barbed hook, in such a manner as to protract, to the utmost possible extent, his *lively agony*, so as to attract and delude certain individuals belonging to that large class of *animatad nature* denominated by the scientific *pisces*. These, after impaling and half-drowning his miserable bait, he hooked up by the lips, the palate, or the throat; and then, wrenching his hook out of their lacerated flesh, tossed the victim triumphantly into his basket. The hoary villain! Had the oak been a caddis—had the stars been May flies, he would, were it possible, have used them for baits—they would have wriggled in mortal throes upon his infernal hook. It enrages us to see this piscatory Belial thus eulogized by a man displaying such powers as Mr. Moxon—

> "Methinks ev'n now
> I hear thee, 'neath the milk-white scented thorn,
> Communing with thy pupil, as the morn
> Her rosy cheek displays—while streams that flow,
> And all that gambol near their rippling source,
> Enchanted listen to thy sweet discourse."

What, if they could understand, would the fish think of it?—the creatures that gambolled not merely *near* but *in* the rippling source of those streams, about which Walton uttered what is called his sweet discourse. Here is a striking instance of the vice of Cockney poetry. The people who perpetrate it will not look one atom beyond books; in these they find Isaac Walton and his "calm, sublime philosophy," his "intense admiration of nature, &c.

highly eulogized by men whose experience, like their own, has never gone beyond the exploits of seeing a minnow caught by a boy in the artificial brook by the side of Sadler's Wells. Had Mr. Moxon—a man of good feelings—a good creature who would hesitate to hurt a cockroach—have thought for himself, and practically considered the enormities of angling, he would most heartily curse Cotton, and wallop Walton—that ferocious human pike—in so exemplary a manner, that their works would never have reached another edition. Fox-hunting, dog-fighting, and bull-baiting, are all bad enough—but they are humane and venial compared with angling. He who sniggles for eels, is infinitely below, the fabulous Yahoo in Gulliver's travels.

In the nineteenth sonnet, addressed to an old oak, at Cheshunt, supposed to have been planted by one of the followers of William the Conqueror, Mr. Moxon becomes eloquent and erroneous to the following extent:—

> " In him [the planter] pleased Fancy fain would trace
> A knight of high emprise and good intent;
> Within whose breast wrong'd orphans' woes found place—
> Ever in rightful cause the champion free—
> Of his proud times the ornament and grace;
> A wight well worthy to recorded be
> In fairest archives of bright chivalry."

Now, nobody out of the Cockney conclave is ignorant that William the Conqueror's followers were a set of the most ultra thieves and vagabonds that ever disgraced human nature. They were robbers by profession, and instead of "wronged orphan's woes" finding place in their bosoms, they delighted in nothing so much as being assigned the privilege of robbing the fatherless.

Notwithstanding Mr. Moxon's occasional errors, and these are attributable solely to the school, to which, unfortunately for himself he belongs, we beg to assure them, that, in our humble opinion, he possesses considerable taste, feeling, and felicity of expression; that were he to emancipate himself from the thraldom of his clique, to eschew his books, and to study nature, he might produce something, which the world would not willingly suffer to be lost.

WALTZBURG, A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, IN THREE VOLUMES. LONDON: WHITTAKER & Co,

THOSE who are fond of light novel reading, will find the above an entertaining work. The story is very interesting, and though savouring much of romance, it is free from most of the extravagancies that commonly abound in this species of writing. Many of the events will be found to terminate in a manner different from the expectation of the reader; and for this reason they give a truer picture of life than is always consistent with the views of an ordinary novelist. It is not however without its improbabilities, and not the least of them is the declaration of the hero Cyril, that a stranger arrested in his presence is *not* Martin Luther, merely because he has seen another stranger calling himself Martin, but denying himself to be Luther, captured as such.

REMARKS ON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WITH REGARD TO THE ACTUAL STATE OF EUROPE. BY HENRY DUHRING. LONDON: SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, C. G. SULPKE. AMSTERDAM, AND JACKSON, NEW YORK, 1833.

THERE are many sensible, but few original observations in this volume. The author proposes some important questions instead of discussing them in

reference to the heads of the chapters, makes a few general remarks, quotes French and German, Barbauld and Paulding, and concludes. His memory, too, is a parodox; he gives with great fidelity, in page 74, a passage of some nine or ten lines from Horace, as the production of the author of Tremaine. In his examination of an opinion that the wants of an established church in America has produced want of religion, he draws a parallel between the ministers of that country and our own, which the latter would do well to read. His comparison between the British and American females is also in favour of the latter; but he is so chary of his facts, and so prodigal of his opinions, that we could not venture to come to a conclusion upon the point, without some other statements besides those of Mr. Duhring. What he says, we do not doubt, but he says so little that we must look elsewhere for more: his work, nevertheless, is well worth reading.

TALES FOR AN ENGLISH HOME. BY G. M. STERNE. BRISTOL: GEORGE DAVEY. LONDON: LONGMAN & CO. 1833.

OF the productions of a lady it is unpleasant to speak in any other language than that of praise, and we shall therefore say but little respecting the Tales of an English Home. That they were well intended, we would fain believe, but though puerile enough, we doubt the fitness of their perusal for juvenile readers. The style is commonplace and inflated; and the moral is left, perhaps, to the imagination; the authoress says in her preface, in the words of her relation, Larwrence Sterne, that "she would go fifty miles a-foot to kiss the hand of those whose generous hearts will give up the reigns of their imagination into the author's hands; be pleased, they know not why, and care not wherefore." We are unluckily more than fifty miles from the lady, but were we not more than five, we fear that upon the above conditions, we should never obtain the happiness she so temptingly proffers.

THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

THE life of St. Paul, as the present writer observes, cannot be expected to furnish much original matter for an author; but to put together that which was before known. in an agreeable and instructive form, is a task which he may perform, and, as in the present instance, deserves praise for effecting. The celebrated deist, Anthony Collins, once said to the first Lord Harrington, during a conversation respecting revealed religion, that he would believe any thing St. Paul said, for "he was such a complete gentleman." If a compassionating knowledge of the infirmities of his fellow-creatures—a soul patient to endure—a tongue slow to wound and swift to heal, could give grace and gentleness to the manners, St. Paul certainly was the most polished man breathing. As a school, therefore, not only for that lore which leads to a glorious immortality, but also of those precepts which, if followed, will conduce to happness and estimation here, we strongly recommend the above volume to our readers, As a matter of mere history it deserves a perusal, and no one who takes any interest in the "Acts of the Apostles" should be without it.

A LETTER ON SHAKSPEARE'S AUTHORSHIP OF THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN; A DRAMA COMMONLY ASCRIBED TO JOHN FLETCHER. EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, AND LONGMAN AND CO., LONDON.

MUCH learning and some pedantry have been employed in the discussion of the subject of the above book. Out of 110 large octavo pages, it will natu-

rally be concluded that there are a few not ouite relevant to the simple question in point, which, after all, appears to us to be left pretty much in the same situation as the author found it. All that he attempts to prove is, what part belongs to the one and what to the other. We may be told that this is all he has undertaken, but if so, he should have relinquished the task altogether, than proceeded upon mere inferential probability.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. THE SLAVE KING. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

THIS story is taken from the Bug-Jargal of Victor Hugo, and a more powerful or interesting one we never read. The design, too, is good—that of making the white man turn with abhorrence from the slavery of his brother and fellow-creature the black, and the execution is worthy of the design. The principal character, Bug-Jargal, is drawn with the force and originality of a master-hand; making allowance for some sublime extravagancies, we do not hesitate to call it one of the most splendid conceptions which the history of romance affords. The translator has evidently caught the spirit of his original; for there are many portions of the novel too essentially French, and in this instance too superior to English, to be mistaken. The language, which is mostly dramatic, is in parts singularly terse and beautiful.; and in all of the dialogues where Bug-Jargal takes a part, replete with a dignity and pathos equally heroic and sublime. In fine, this is one of those few romances which we can recommend to our readers, who, we shall remark, will find a considerable portion of information, as well as entertainment, in the notes relative to the slave trade. We should not be critics if we had *no* objection to find. We cannot but condemn the long and tedious description of the ceremonies which take place at the war council held by the black chief Biassou; and the scene which follows his command to one of three prisoners to stab the other two, is equally harrowing and repulsive.

TWELVE MAXIMS ON SWIMMING. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CIGAR." LONDON: TILT.

A PIGMY *Elzevir*, gorgeously clad in gold and crimson—the art of swimming enshrined in a gilt and carved cherry-stone! The author in his preface, insists on the importance of making the rising generation a generation of dolphins. "In a country like this," he observes, "surrounded as it is by water, and intersected from almost every point of its circumference, by streams, natural or artificial, we ought to be almost amphibious—the art of Swimming should form one of the primary elements of our national education. But the very reverse of this is the case. Swimming is not encouraged—it is vehemently interdicted to our boys, and the consequence is, that no people on the face of the earth, approximate to great waters, are so impotent in the liquid element as the English. Parents, in this country, entertain a perfect horror of the water—first, because they, themselves, cannot swim, and secondly, on account of the immense numbers of accidental deaths annually recorded by drowning. But in prohibiting their boys from getting into the water, they act from feeling and prejudice—their inhibition is not based upon reason. The number of persons drowned will always be in exact ratio with that of those who in their youth have not been allowed to attain a knowledge of the art of Swimming. The parent acts without forethought, who prevents his child from acquiring this art—because the chances are full ten thousand to one in his favour, that, during his noviciate, no accident will occur to him; while there is at least the same odds, if, in after life, he happen to be plunged into deep water, against his being rescued. How many fine young fellows, the pride of their families—how many men in the vigour of life, husbands and fathers, have been drowned in comparative puddles, which a child who

had taken ten lessons from an older playmate, could have crossed, lightly as a cork! Many a gallant admiral would feel less alarmed at being exposed to a broadside, than at being precipitated into a brook—a fish-pond would have more terrors than the field of battle, for the hero of Waterloo. Surely this ought not to be the case where water solicits us on all sides—where swimming is the most simple of all the arts acquired by man. It may be learnt sufficiently for the preservation of life, in any of our inland streams, within a month, and he must be a poor mortal indeed who, after one summer's practice, could not swim a mile, or half that distance, with one of his own weight clinging to his back." "Its schools," according to the writer, "are our ponds, our brooks, our canals, or rivers, and our seas; its great professor is the Frog,—a creature which for ages past has taught the human tyro gratis."

Not only do we agree to all this—but we are inclined to go further, and maintain that in the army, much of the time that is devoted to the drill-serjeant might be more profitably employed in teaching the soldier the simple secret of crossing a river without the aid of a boat or bridge, and thus placing him on an equality with those continental troops who are regularly disciplined to pass streams, under the weight and impediment of their clothes and accoutrements, and holding their arms and ammunition in one hand above their heads.

Of the style in which our author *maximizes* the following is a fair specimen:—"*As to the time when.*—The morning for ever! Be at the river-side before the bee has done snoring—strip while the lark, preparing for his first flight, shakes the dew from his dappled back—before the trout has taken its matinal snack. Heed not the trash which old women—male and female—babble about waiting until the waters are warmed by the rays of the summer sun—attend to us, and bathe in the grey dawn."

A Practical Treatise on Stammering and Nervous Affections of Speech. By Joseph Poett, Senior M.R.C.S. Fourth Edition. London: Highley.

This work will be read with intense interest by all those who happen to be affected with impediments of speech, affording as it does, the consoling assurance that the misery under which they labour, may not only be alleviated, but, except in some extreme and very unusual cases, wholly removed. Mr. Poett seems to be a perfect master of the subject on which he treats:—on this point, the certificates appended, from known and respectable parties, of cures which he has performed, are quite conclusive. Among those who, from personal observation, attest his skill and success, are the Marchioness of Ormonde, Lady Dufferin, Mr. Crampton, the Surgeon General of Ireland, Dr. Prendergast, the Rev. S. F. Fox, Mr. Budd, the bookseller, and Mr. Greenwood, present Head Master of Christ's Hospital.

LITERARY NOTICES.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, OR RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

The Judgment of the Flood. A Poem. By John A. Heraud, Author of "The Descent into Hell."

Demetrius, a Tale of Modern Greece. In Three Cantos, with other poems. By Agnes Strickland.

In a few days will appear an Abridgement of the Rev. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," with the omission or alteration of such passages as are unadapted for the perusal of children and young persons. The contents of this edition, which is embellished with numerous engravings, have been arranged by a lady for the use of her own children.

British Colonial Jurisprudence.—The Sketch of a Complete System of

Colonial Law, being a Summary of all such parts of the Law of England as are suitable also to the condition of her Colonies in general; and of those peculiar regulations required by the relation between the parent and the offspring states. By Francis Neale, Esq., M.A., Barrister at Law.

A Treatise on Astronomy, by Sir John Herschel, forming the 43d Volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, was published on the 1st of June.

Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq. 1 large Vol. 8vo. with Maps. A secodd and improved edition preparing.

On June 1st will be published, Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman's Catalogue of Second-hand Books for 1833; comprising a fine Collection of Books of Prints, including many of the Galleries; Divinity, and Ecclesiastical History, Foreign and English; Valuable Works in various Foreign Languages, and a useful Collection of Works on Topography, History, Biography, Poetry, Voyages and Travels, &c. &c.

Elements of Musical Composition; comprehending the rules of thorough bass, and the theory of tuning. By W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. A new edition preparing, in small 4to.

Shortly will be published, a Treatise on the Construction, Preservation, and Repair of the Violin, and of all other bow instruments. By Jacob Augustus Otto, musical instrument maker to the Court of the Archduke of Weimar. Translated from the German, with various notes and additions. By Thomas Fardeley, Professor of Languages and Music, Leeds. 1 Vol. 8vo.

Prometheus Bound, translated into English, and Miscellaneous Poems.

Seager's Græcorum Casuum Analysis.

On the 1st of July will be published, in demy 8vo., the first Number of a New English Version of the great work of Cuvier—"Le Regne Animale," or "The Animal Kingdom." This illustrious naturalist, shortly before his decease, put forth a final edition of his Animal Kingdom, and in so altered and improved a form as to give it a completely new character. The work will consist of 36 numbers; each will be sold at One Shilling; it will appear uninterruptedly on the first of every succeeding month. The plates will amount to do fewer than five hundred: they will be engraved on steel, and coloured.

On the 8st of July will be published, price 1s., No. I. of The Encyclopædia of Romance; consisting of original novels, romances, and tales. Conducted by the Rev. Henry Martineau.

The 3d and concluding Number of a Collection of Doorways from Ancient Buildings in Greece and Italy, expressly measured and drawn for this work. By T. L. Donaldson. There are in all 26 plates, accompanied by letter-press, which contains the Latin text, and a new translation of a Chapter of Vitruvius upon the subject, the original of which is derived from a valuable MS. in the British Museum Library: 4to.

The Magazine of Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign. Edited by J. Rennie, M.A. Each Number will contain eight plates of rare and valuable specimens of plants, coloured from nature. Also, 16 4to pages of original matter.

Ten Minutes Advice to the Consumptive. By a Physician.

The Mother's Oracle, for the healthful and proper rearing of infancy.

Early in August will appear Travels in the United States and Canada, containing some account of their scientific institutions, and a few notices of the geology and mineralogy of those countries. By J. Finch, Esq., Cor. Mem. Nat. Hist. Soc. Montreal, &c. &c.

Nearly ready, in 2 Vols., foolscap 8vo., On Man; his Motives, their Use, Operation, Opposition, and Results. By W. Bagshaw, Clerk, M.A., formerly of Brazennose College, Oxford.

Conrad Blessington, a Tale, by a Lady, is nearly ready, in 1 Volume, foolscap 8vo.

Shortly will appear, Traditionary Stories of Old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History; with notes, historical and biographical. By Andrew Dicken, Author of "The Dominie's Legacy." 2 Volumes, post 8vo.

The Second Volume of the Naturalist's Library, edited by Sir William Jardine, Bart., will be published on the 1st of August, and contain the first Volume of the Natural History of Monkeys.

In the press, letters on the Divine Origin and Authority of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. James Carlile, junior Minister of the Scots' Church in Mary's Abbey (Capel-street) Dublin.

Rhymes and Rhapsodies. By Robert Folkestone Williams. 1 Vol.

Barbadoes, and other Poems. By M. J. Chapman, Esq. 1 Vol.

A Collection of Thirty-four Literary Portraits, from Fraser's Magazine. In 1 Vol. 4to, neatly bound, with gilt leaves.

The Young Enthusiast in Humble Life. A Simple Story.

A new work of an original character is announced from the pen of Lady Morgan. It is to be entitled "Dramatic Scenes from Real Life," and will form two volumes uniform with her "Book of the Boudoir."

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Turning to our last report, with its sanguine hopes of high-flown expectations in respect of the crops upon our soil, we become reminded and fully impressed with the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs; and of the fact, how truly and decidedly they are typified by the course of events upon a farm, ever and anon subservient to the caprices of our feeble and unsteady climate. The occupation of a farmer is surely one of great risk, a truth which ought to be had in consideration, when we descant on the frequent complaints of that useful body of men. At the same time, they who exercise the quill, had need be extremely wary on the score of prediction. The prophets have been long extinct.

The constant rains and chilling temperature of April had the effect of retarding and almost palsying all vegetation, threatening us with a late and defective harvest, when, suddenly, the genial warmth of May burst upon us, calmed our apprehensions, and inspired us with the most extravagant hopes. All the agricultural productions—corn, pulse, grass—shot upwards with the most vigorous and rapid growth, and a seeming promise to burden the earth with the richest abundance. This fortunate change continued, and with it our sanguine expectations, during the greater part of last month, when it became apparent, and that also suddenly, that the extreme of heat and drought was about to prove equally inimical to the health and well-doing of the crops as its opposite. The forward crops of corn and grass, of late so luxuriant and blooming, began to assume a fading and sickly hue from want of nourishing moisture, in which even the wheats, except upon superior lands, partook. The spell set upon vegetation was strikingly visible, with an apparent decrease in bulk, from the parching and desiccating effects of long-continued heat by day, and of blight from the chillness of the nights, throughout which the North wind has generally prevailed, attended with the S.W. and S.E. winds by day. This perpetual chopping of the wind is, in itself, sufficient to impart an influenzal effect to the atmosphere. We had

frequent white-hoar frosts in May, during the greatest daily solar heats, and in several instances, ice was found in the mornings. The change in the weather produced a general change of opinion respecting the harvest, which, it was judged, must be early instead of late, accelerated by the heat which favoured the ripening rather than the vegetative and increassing process. The straw of the corn crops, it is generally supposed, will be short and defective in bulk, and the ears short. Instead of a crop of grass and hay equal to that of last year, which we fondly made sure of, we must now, it is said, rest contented with somewhat more than half that quantity; with, however, the good fortune of favourable weather for succouring it, and most particularly the early grass of water-meadows and of rich gramineous soils. The corn on all poor and infertile soils, materially those liable to *burn* or *scald*, as the phrase is, has suffered greatly, and felt severely the effects of the atmospheric stroke; and we do not recollect ever to have seen more burnt and blacked ears than we beheld very lately, in looking over the wheats on a part of the county of Surrey. We observed, however, no appearance of *smut*, with which certainly we are far less annoyed than the farmers of former days, although they were equally well acquainted with the curative process of brining and liming, and practised it; yet the gingerbread-bakers of those times were seldom disappointed in a bargain of smutty wheat, which, contrary to our late and present experience, was often found to be of the heaviest wheat at market.

The latter sown spring corn, retarded by the drought, was scarcely visible above ground, on the commencement of the present month, and the same cause has been most inimical to all seeds sown with the corn, a portion of which upon arid and poor soils must have perished. Wheat broke into ear generally, about the commencement of the present month, and was in full bloom on the 18th. The turnip fallows on the true turnip soils, we believe, were generally in a forward and good condition; but much difficulty has been experienced with the clay lands, which, from the state of the weather, were left unstirred, and were thence in such a harsh and clodded state that their culture was found literally impracticable, and the beans planted thereon were risked on a very imperfect tilth; on the other hand, those clay lands which had fortunately received a ploughing in good time, were in a tolerably friable state, and rather benefitted than otherwise by the heat of the weather; in fact, heat and considerable drought enrich and fertilize deep and strong soils abounding in radical moisture.

In addition to the difficulties of the season, on the 11th and 12th instant, one of the most tremendous hurricanes occurred that the oldest of us has ever witnessed in the month of June. So far fortunate, its terrible effects were partial, and we trust the greater portion of the country was unvisited by the calamity. The storm seems to have spent its greatest rage in the vicinity of the metropolis and the county of Essex, the chief town of which, Colchester, has suffered considerable damage. Such was the violence of the gale (S.W.) that timber trees were blown up by the roots and even snapped in half, and the greatest havock has been made in the orchards, the fruit being blown about and destroyed, and the trees shattered and dismembered. We yet hope the fruit crop is sufficiently extensive and heavy to bear with this defalcation. The forwardest and tallest wheats, within the course of the gale, have been beaten down flat, and will be greatly damaged. The hop bines, previously shooting up with the utmost vigour and luxuriance, when much exposed, must have been nearly destroyed.

The late rains have been exceedingly beneficial, and there is great hope that the wheats either have, or will pass through the critical stage of flowering or blooming, with success. The present favourable weather continuing will ensure an immediate and happy completion of turnip sowing. The barley, so far as we have had the opportunity of inspection, upon proper

soils, appears promising, or rather recovering, and, perhaps, with the oats, may at present be deemed the best spring crops. Barley is reported as likely to advance in price, which we doubt any otherwise than from a defective and unseasonable harvest. The damage sustained by the beans and peas in many parts has probably been too heavy to admit of the hope of a great crop; we have yet, nevertheless, in this county some very flourishing and well podded pieces of beans. Previously to the hurricane, the hops gave nearly universal satisfaction, the bines running up the poles at the rate of seven or eight inches per day, with scarcely a complaint of vermin. All the early fruits and garden-stuff have come to market in great and lasting abundance; and the rearers and feeders of poultry, during the spring season, have been repaid by very considerable prices. As to cattle, though the demand for stores is chiefly satisfied, the price of good ones is not much reduced, whilst fat stock is said not to sell in proportion. Prime oxen for labour obtain readily all the money asked for them. Sheep, both store and fat, hold their price, and great numbers of the former are in request, to fill up the vacancies occasioned by the rot. Large hogs in the bacon districts are dearer.

Every proposition, taught in the schools, has two sides—now we have given the dark and unfortunate side of ours, and it remains to exhibit whatever may lie within our ken, of the *au contraire;* saying to our readers interested in the subject, "look at this picture, and on this," and judge for yourselves?" They will recollect that we have in almost every late report quoted the most favourable accounts from certain districts, while the majority were expressing the most doleful apprehensions respecting the crops, and even for the prosperity of the country. We will now give them the substance of what we have seen in letters from Northumberland and the northern border, all which seems to be confirmed by opinions held in our neighbour county, Herts, and various others. Could these ideas be substantiated and *generalized*, we should indeed have just cause for gratulation rather than complaint. "June 10th—The heat of the weather was extreme throughout May, which, aided by the refreshing showers that have since fallen, mostly attended by thunder, have forced up the most luxuriant crops of corn, grass, and, indeed, of all vegetation, that we have ever witnessed. The wheats are thick set and just getting into bloom, and the spring crops no way behind them in promise."

Letters from the south of Scotland bring the accounts of considerable alarm at what they style a new disease in the potatoe, and on which they have bestowed a new name—the *taint*. It seems that part of the seeds or eyes have failed, being decayed and filled with worms; in some cases the eyes or cuts were soft and pappy; in others, hard enough to bear a comparison with marble. Our Scotch brethren need be under no peculiar apprehension on this score. They have exactly described the potatoe as affected by an unfavourable season, as is also the wheat, though under different phenomena. We do not recollect any seasons similar to the late and present, in which a part of the potatoe crop was not affected in this way, and thence rendered unsafe for seed. For example, during the cold nights in May some of the earliest of the potatoe plants turned quite black, and we should be very wary how we used the produce of such for planting. By analogy, there would be little hope in using blighted seed-wheat.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 3*s*. 3*d*.—Mutton, 2*s*. 8*d*. to 4*s*. 2*d*.—Lamb, 3*s*. 4*d*. to 5*s*. 10*d*.—Veal, 3*s*. 0*d*. to 4*s*. 8*d*.—Pork, 3*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*. 4*d*.—Dairy, 5*s*.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40*s*. to 66*s*.—Barley, 24*s*. to 34*s*.—Oats, 15*s*. to 25*s*.—London Loaf, 4lb., 9*d*.—Hay, 50*s*. to 75*s*.—Clover ditto, 70*s*. to 100*s*.—Straw, 26*s*. to 32*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 11*s*. 3*d*. to 16*s*. per ton.—Delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s*. to 12*s*. per ton.

Middlesex, June 24.

THE

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LEGISLATIVE PEERS.

THEIR MODE OF CONSTITUTION, POWERS, PRIVILEGES, &c. IN THE VARIOUS REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENTS.

Of the governments which have hitherto appeared in the history of mankind, few or none have taken their rise from political wisdom, but have been the gradual result of time and experience—of events and emergencies. In process of time, indeed, every government acquires a systematical appearance; for although its different parts arose from circumstances which may be regarded as accidental and irregular, yet there must exist among these parts a certain degree of analogy and consistency. Wherever a government has existed for ages, and men have enjoyed tranquillity under it, it is a proof that its principles are not essentially at variance with each other. Every new institution which was introduced must have had a certain reference to the laws and usages existing before, otherwise it would not have been permanent in its operation.

But the nature and spirit of a government, as it is actually exercised at a particular period, cannot always (if ever) be collected from an examination of written laws, or of the established forms of the constitution. These may continue the same for a long course of ages, while the government may be modified in its exercise to a great extent by gradual and indescribable alterations, in the ideas, manners, and character of the people, or by a change in the relations which the different orders of the community bear to each other; for in every country, besides the established laws, the political state of the people is affected by an infinite variety of circumstances, of which no words can convey a conception, and which are to be collected only from actual observation. Thus it frequently happens that there are essential circumstances in the actual state of a government about which the constitutional laws are not only silent, but which are directly contrary to all written laws, and to the spirit of the very constitution itself as delineated by the best writers.

In every government the stability and influence of established authority must depend on the coincidence between its measures and the tide of public opinion, which, through the medium of the press, has acquired such an ascendency in human affairs as it never possessed

in those states of antiquity whence most of our political examples are drawn. The violent revolutions which at different times have convulsed modern Europe, have arisen from a bigoted attachment to antiquated forms borrowed from less enlightened ages—it is this reverence for abuses sanctified by time, accompanied by an inattention to the progress of public opinion, which has in most instances blinded the rulers of mankind till government has lost its efficiency, and till the rage of innovation has become too general and too violent to be satisfied with changes, which, if proposed at an earlier period, would have united in the support of established institutions every friend to order and to the prosperity of his country.

The question which men are now generally putting to themselves, is what will be the result of that indiscriminate zeal against reform, which has brought the elder branch of our legislature into collision with the lower House of Parliament, and which in the minds of the timid is already looked upon as the harbinger of future woe.

By the constitution of this country, the peers must concur in every Bill before it can become law: by the plain rule of common sense the peers must be allowed therefore to exercise their free and unfettered judgment, otherwise their existence as a legislative body is an absolute mockery. But it must be borne in mind, that the peers were invested with this high prerogative for the good of the community at large; or, on the other hand, if the interests of the privileged few are to be on every occasion paramount to that of the nation, the political conception of a House of Peers would be as wild an idea as ever entered the head of the hero of La Mancha. The perfection of political wisdom does not consist in an indiscriminate zeal against reformers, but in a gradual and prudent accommodation of established institutions to the varying opinions, manners, and circumstances of mankind. In the application of this principle many difficulties occur, which it requires a rare combination of talent to surmount—but so emancipated has human reason become from the tyranny of ancient prejudices, that a spirit of free discussion, unexampled in the history of former times, is roused, and that respect, bordering on fanaticism for their ancient constitution, once so marked a feature in the character of the English, is now fast giving way to the intimate conviction of the necessity of a new political organization more in unison with the enlightened spirit of the age.

In almost every political constitution that has of late years come into play, we find provisions made for altering it after the expiration of a certain time, deemed sufficient for judging of the success of its practical application. On the nature and extent of the changes to be effected in the constitution of this country, it would be arrogant in us even to speculate—we shall confine ourselves to simply stating that it is in the constitution of the senior branch of our legislature that a change is imperiously called for. Under this conviction, we offer to our readers a sketch of the constitution of the Upper Chambers in the different representative governments that exist; in them will be found the several elements requisite for effecting a new political organization skilfully adapted to our present social condition.

There are three classes of representative governments. 1st. Those

which have preserved their ancient division by orders, and the legislative body of which, denominated, in general, States, is composed of three and sometimes of four Chambers, as in Sweden. 2ndly. Those in which the ancient assembly of States has been transformed into one single representative body, as in Spain under the Cortes, and likewise in Portugal. And 3dly. Those which are composed of two chambers. It is the latter that will fix our attention, and we shall, in the first place, establish a division that will throw much light upon the question. 1st. We shall consider in their turn the governments of those countries where aristocracy still exists; and 2ndly. Those where it has entirely disappeared. In the first it will be found, that the hereditary principle is consecrated by the constitution in favour of the members of the upper chamber, while in the latter, they are appointed either for life or for a definite period, varying according to their several constitutions. France, under the restoration, was an exception to this rule, since with a nobility simply titular, the Chamber of Peers was hereditary. Poland again, where a real aristocracy is represented by a senate, the members of which are appointed for life, is another exception in the inverse sense.

In the first class of states, by the political law of which the aristocratic principle is consecrated, may be ranked England, Hungary, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, the Grand Duchy of Baden, and that of Hesse Darmstadt: in the second class, France, Norway, Sweden, Poland, Holland, Belgium, and all the states of the new continent, from the surface of which every aristocratic institution has been radically abolished.

In the ancient constitution of Hungary, the Diet is divided into two chambers; the first of which bears the title of Chamber of Magnates, and is composed of princes, counts, barons, and archbishops of the Greek and Catholic Churches. The second is also nothing more than an aristocratic corps, being composed of the deputies of the nobility of the second order, the inferior clergy, and the royal towns. The dignity of magnate is hereditary—the king may confer it upon every Hungarian noble. The feudal system is still so rigorously maintained, that the nobles are exempt from all taxation, and pay but voluntary subsidies, and enjoy the right of seigneurial jurisdiction over their vassals. We need add nothing further, than that in the Hungarian acceptation of the word, "populus" means the nobility.

Four Germanic states, the respective constitutions of which present, by their civil organization, a great affinity to each other, will next occupy our attention.

In Bavaria, by the constitution of 1818, the assembly of states of the kingdom consists of two chambers—the Chamber of Senators and that of Deputies. The former is composed of the princes of the royal family—of the officers of the crown—of the high dignitaries of the clergy—the heads of the ancient families of princes and counts of the German Empire, (this dignity being for the last-mentioned class *hereditary* as long as they shall remain in possession of their

ancient lordships,) and lastly, of persons whom the king may appoint for life or for services rendered the state.

The hereditary right can only be transmitted to such persons as are in the full enjoyment of civil and political rights, and hold a property either by feudal tenure, or in "*fidei commissum*," paying taxes at least to the amount of 300 florins. The number of senators appointed for life, must not exceed one-third of the hereditary senators. Every legislative measure may originate with the upper chamber saving those relative to matters of finance. The States are convoked at least once in three years. To this constitution is annexed a constitutive edict of the nobility, which insures to them the right of privileged jurisdiction, of establishing a family "*fidei commissum*," *and of electing the eighth part of the deputies in the second chamber.*

In Wurtemberg, by the constitution of 1819, the House of Lords is composed of the princes of the royal family, the heads of the families of princes and counts, and the representatives of nobles to whose possessions is attached a vote in the Diet of the Empire or Circle; lastly, of the members appointed by the king either hereditary or for life. As to the hereditary members, the king can select them only from the nobles of the class of barons and knights who possess a property in the kingdom, transmitted to them by the law of primogeniture, yielding an annual revenue of 6,000 florins. The members for life may be chosen from among the citizens without regard either to fortune or birth; but the number of members appointed by the king, either hereditary or for life, must not exceed one-third the members of the chamber. While in session the princes of the blood occupy the first place, after them come the barons, who occupy places determined among themselves, the others take their seats according to the dates of their patents. Every legislative measure, with the exception of those relating to taxation, may be first brought forward in the Upper House. No member can be arrested during the session, except for high crimes and misdemeanors. They are all eligible to form a part of the High Court composed of twelve judges, six of whom are chosen by the king from among the magistracy, and six are chosen by the States from their own body. To these constitutive dispositions of the Upper House, are added other articles which regulate the rights of the possessors of feudal domains, and insure to them the privilege of electing thirteen members of the Lower House, and the right of voting in each of the circles in which they possess fiefs.

In the Grand Duchy of Baden, by the constitution of 1818, the first chamber is composed of princes of the ducal family, of the heads of families, styled *par excellence*,* "of the state," of two ecclesiastical dignitaries, of two deputies from the universities, of eight deputies of the nobility, and lastly, of the members whom it may please the king to call up to it without distinction of birth or fortune. In this little state, therefore, there are three classes of nobility who enjoy

* Mediatised princes.

different political rights. 1st. The members of those families styled of the state, the descendants of the late members of the German Empire; 2dly. The possessors of seigneurial land; and 3dly. Those of lands simply noble. The heads of the noble families on whom the Grand Duke confers the dignity of the first class of nobility, take their seats in the first chamber as hereditary members, and are equal to the barons, provided they possess, by right of primogeniture, a family estate or fief of the value of 300,000 florins after deducting every charge. The eight deputies of the nobility are elected by every possessor of a lordship who has attained the age of one-and-twenty. To be eligible they must possess the right of voting, and have reached the age of five-and-twenty. Every election is for eight years—every fourth year one-half goes out. The two deputies of the universities are elected every four years. The number of members of the first chamber appointed by the Grand Duke must not exceed eight. All financial bills must first be laid before the second chamber.

In the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, the constitution of 1820 instituted an Upper Chamber composed of the princes of the ducal family, of the heads of those families the immediate descendants of former members of the German Empire, of two ecclesiastical dignitaries, *one Protestant and the other Catholic*, of the chancellor of the university, and of members appointed for life by the Grand Duke, whose number must not exceed ten. The second chamber is composed of deputies of the nobility and of the towns, elected for six years by a *triple* election.

The constitution of some other German states, too inconsiderable to fix our attention, are very similar in disposition to those we have described. It is worthy of remark that in all of them the hereditary principle is found almost exclusively consecrated in favour of those families who were sovereign princes of the German empire before the French revolution, and whom they have thus sought to indemnify for the loss of their former high prerogatives.

In Portugal the constitutional charter given by Don Pedro to the nation, in 1826, on abdicating the throne, had constituted a peerage according to the spirit of the French charter * of 1814. The members of it were both hereditary and appointed for life by the King; their number was unlimited.

The ancient Polish constitution admitted but one representative body, and one single order of the nation. The nobility was alone represented in it by its principal members. In the course of time a second fraction of the body was introduced into the Diet, and was represented by members called Nuncios. In 1774, at the period of the first partition of Poland, the constitution was reformed. There was then a senate and a chamber of nuncios, who held their sittings separately. The senate was composed of bishops, of palatins, of castellans, and of the grand dignitaries of the state. As in the former constitution, the nobles alone formed the composition of the chamber

* By the 27th article of the Charte, the nomination of Peers of France belongs to the King: he may vary their dignities, appoint them for life, or render them hereditary at will. Hereditary peerage in France is now abolished.

of nuncios. In 1807, Napoleon having re-created the duchy of Warsaw from the wrecks of ancient Poland, gave it a constitution by which the institutions of the preceding constitutions were re-established. The first chamber was to be composed of eighteen senators, viz. six bishops, and twelve palatines, or cortillans, appointed for life by the king. The senate could not negative any project of law voted by the nuncios, but in certain particular cases, such as when they appeared to be fraught with danger to the state, the constitution, &c. When the senate refused their sanction, they invested the King with the necessary authority to annul the deliberation of the nuncios; and in case of refusal the King *had the power of creating twelve senators*, and of laying the bill again before them. Lastly, the King could, notwithstanding the refusal of the senate to pass the bill, give his sanction to it, and it then became the law of the land. The chamber of nuncios was composed of sixty, appointed by the districts, or assemblies of nobles of each district, and of forty deputies of the "communes." All these articles, with the exception of some modifications, were incorporated in the charter given by the Emperor Alexander in 1815, the perpetual violation of which was the principal cause of the late heroic struggle, which will hold up the Polish name to the admiration of the latest posterity. To the members composing the senate, according to the preceding acts, we must add the princes of the imperial and royal families, who take their seats and have the privilege of voting at the age of eighteen. The number of senators must never exceed half that of the nuncios and deputies. The King appoints twelve senators for life. No one can be elected until he has attained his thirty-fifth year, and unless he pays an annual contribution of 2000 Polish florins.

Norway received in 1814 a special constitution, instituting a representative body, which subdivides itself into two chambers. The following are the principles by which are effected the once singular and democratic composition of an upper chamber. The 49th article of the constitution enacts that the people shall exercise the legislative power through the Diet, called Storthing, and which is composed of two chambers, under the names of Laything and of Odelsthing, which may be translated thus:—chamber of legists and chamber of proprietors. The members of the Storthing are elected by electors who are themselves elected in primary assemblies, to the number of one for every fifty citizens who possess the right of voting. No one can be elected who is not thirty years of age, and has resided ten years in the kingdom. Every representative receives an indemnification from the public treasury for his travelling expenses to the place where the Diet holds its sittings. The Diet is assembled every three years, except on extraordinary occasions. As soon as it is constituted, it chooses from among its own members, *one-fourth to form the upper chamber*, or the Laything; the remaining three-fourths compose the second, or the Odelsthing. Each of them has its own particular assemblies, and appoints its president and secretary. Every bill must first be brought into the second chamber, and is then sent up to the first, which approves or rejects it: in the latter case, if sent back with observations to the second chamber, the latter having again examined, remits it to the upper chamber with or without amend-

ment. When a bill has been twice thrown out by the first chamber the two assemblies unite, and deliberate together on the bill, when two-thirds of their votes decide the rejection or the adoption of the measure. Three days must elapse between each deliberation. The King's signature affixed to a resolution of the Diet, adopted either in general or partial assembly, becomes a law. On the other hand, a bill to which the King may have refused his sanction, cannot be proposed again but in the next Diet, and should he a second time refuse his sanction, only in a third Diet. *But then it acquires the force a law, notwithstanding the refusal of the royal sanction.*

The Diet cannot prolong its sessions beyond the space of three months without the royal authority. The members of the chamber compose, with those of the supreme court, the high court of appeal of the kingdom.

This constitution is decidedly the most liberal of all those by which monarchical states are governed; but it must be borne in mind that the aristocracy of Norway was never very considerable, and that now it is totally abolished, and that several acts of their charter forbid the sovereign to attach to any title hereditary functions, or to create new baronies.

The constitution given to the kingdom of the Netherlands in 1815, and which since the resolution of 1830 is the constitution of the kingdom of Holland, first introduced into those provinces the principle of division of the representative body. The first chamber is composed of at least forty members, and must not exceed sixty; these members are appointed for life by the King from among those persons most distinguished by birth and fortune; they must be forty years of age. *No legislative measure can originate with them*—they can only approve or reject such as have been previously deliberated upon in the elective chamber. They receive an annual indemnity from the government for travelling expenses, &c. of 3000 florins each.

The constitution of the new kingdom of Belgium also establishes a first chamber under the name of Senate. The members of this body are elected by the electoral colleges that elect the elective chamber. Their number must not exceed the half of that of the members of the lower chamber, and they are elected for a period of time double that of the commons. The King has the power to dissolve the senate. To become a senator the conditions are—to be forty years of age, and to pay 1000 florins in direct taxes. They do not receive any salary or allowance. The presumptive heir to the throne takes his seat in the senate at the age of eighteen, *but he is not entitled to vote until he has attained the age of twenty-five.*

The plan of the federal constitution of the United States of America was settled by a convention in 1787, and adopted on the 3rd March, 1789, by all the States. Since that period twelve additional articles have been added to it, which attribute the whole legislative power to Congress, divided into a senate and a house of representatives.

The senate is composed of persons appointed for six years by the legislature of every state. They are divided into three s ries, one of

which is renewed every two years. To be a senator the conditions are, 1st. to be thirty years of age; 2dly. to have been a citizen of the United States nine years anterior to nomination; and, lastly, to be an inhabitant of the state in which he is elected. The vice-president of the United States is the president of the chamber, but he has no vote. The senate can alone take cognizance of all cases of high treason, and a majority of two-thirds of its members are requisite to convict. The legislature of each state prescribes the mode, the place, and the period of the elections of senators as well as representatives; but the Congress has also the right of making regulations upon this point. The senators receive an indemnity from the public treasury. They cannot be arrested during the sitting of Congress except on a charge of high treason. No senator can, during the term of his functions, be appointed to any civil office under government; and no citizen in any way dependent upon the government is eligible to be elected a member of either chamber. The particular constitution of each state is, with few exceptions, based upon these principles. The states of Vermont, New Jersey, and Connecticut have only one legislative body.

The federal constitution of Mexico, of 1824, is based upon the same principles as that of the United States. It establishes a Congress, divided into two bodies—a senate and a chamber of deputies, both elective. The constitution of the republic of Guatemala is also similar in every respect. By the constitution of Haiti, of 1806, and now in force in that republic, the legislative power resides in a chamber of representatives and in a senate. The senate is composed of *only twenty-four* members, *and can never exceed* that number. The senators are appointed for a term of nine years *by the chamber of representatives*, from three lists of candidates presented by the executive. Senators must have attained the age of one-and-thirty, and must be invested with no public function otherwise than military. The senators to be elected can in no one case be taken from the chamber of representatives actually sitting—they may be re-elected after an interval of three years. The sittings of the senate are permanent: its members receive from the treasury an indemnity of 1600 dollars. The senate may reject any measure sent up to them from the lower chamber without alleging their motives.

The constitution of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, of 1819, establishes a national congress, composed of two chambers. The first, or senate, is formed by one senator for every province, of three military senators, of four ecclesiastics, of one senator for every university, and of the presidents of the state on the cessation of their functions. Each senator must have attained his thirtieth year, must possess a certain capital, or an equivalent income, or honourable profession, and must have been a citizen of the republic for nine years. They are elected for the space of 12 years, and one-third of their number go out every four years. The provincial senators are elected by the municipalities. The military senators are appointed by the director or president, and the ecclesiastical by the clergy. Every legislative measure may emanate with the senate, excepting those of finance. This constitution, born amid civil dissensions, has since been altered by several acts.

The federal constitution of the provinces of Venezuela and Caraccas, of 1811, had also instituted a senate endowed with similar attributes. In 1821, the constitution of the Colombian republic established a congress divided into two chambers. The first, styled the Senate, has the initiative in every project of law, except in measures of finance. Every department sends four senators to congress, who are elected for eight years, and half of them are renewed every fourth year. They must be thirty years of age; have been domiciled in the department at least three years; must possess a landed property of the value of 4000 dollars, or an income of 500 dollars, or *exercise some useful science.* The constitution of 1830 has greatly modified this organization. According to it, a senator must be forty years of age; must possess a landed property valued at 8000 dollars, or an annual revenue of 1000, if arising from land; or 1500 if derived from some useful profession.

The constitution of Peru is based upon the same principles.

In Chili there is a senate composed of nine members, annually elected by the electoral assemblies; but they may be re-elected the following year. They must be thirty years of age, and possess a property valued at least at 5000 dollars.

In Brazil, the constitution of 1823 institutes a senate, composed of members elected for life by the Emperor, upon triple lists formed in the provincial elections. The senate must in number be equal to one-half of the other chamber. The princes of the Imperial family take their seats at the age of twenty-five; but every other member must be forty years of age; be *learned, skilful,* and *virtuous;* have rendered services to the state, and possess an annual income of 800 milreis derived from property, manufactures, commerce, or government employment. The indemnity received by the senators for travelling expenses, &c. is double that of the deputies.

Such are the constitutions of the upper chamber in the different representative governments that at present exist—constitutions which, in their varying phases, open a wide field of study and reflection to the political philosopher and statesman. In some of these, so deeply rooted is the aristocratic principle, that popular representation is an absolute nullity—the government an aristocratic oligarchy; while in others, elected as they are by the people, we may fairly question their utility, and imagine that in deference to ancient usage alone the framers of their constitution departed from that unity and simplicity of system which would have preferred the organization of the legislative body into one single chamber, seeing that the sources of both are identically the same—the will of the people.

THE SLAVE PUGILIST.

Some years ago, a slave named Hannibal Straw was imported to this country from one of the West India islands for pugilistic purposes. His frame was Herculean, his agility astonishing for a man of such heavy muscle, and his disposition dauntless. After having acquired considerable local celebrity as a boxer, he was at length regularly matched against a brawny stout-hearted sailor, whom he put *hors de combat* with such ease, as to render him an object of speculation to a Bristol skipper, who witnessed the fight. This fellow, when in his native city—then the hot-bed of pugilism—generally associated with a set of persons who warmly patronized the ring; and it occurred to him, that a good deal of money might be made of Hannibal, if he could be got over to England—for it was evident to the skipper, that the champion himself would have no chance of success in a match with our hero. Morgan, so the skipper was called, accordingly, threw himself in Hannibal's way, and by glowing pictures of the glory he might gather in England, through the exercise of his fistic accomplishments, endeavoured to prevail upon the slave secretly to stow himself away in his, the skipper's hold. Hannibal's owner, however, a free man of colour, had always used him so well, and was, moreover, so borne down by bodily ailments and a large family, that, nipping the bud of ambition in his bosom, Hannibal declined the skipper's offer.

On returning to Bristol, Morgan gave such an account of the black's abilities, that he was commissioned by his gang to buy Hannibal, and bring him over. Accordingly, when homeward bound from the next trip, the skipper included among his cargo the thewes and sinews of Hannibal Straw. Wild with delight at obtaining his freedom, and eager to display his gratitude towards those who had conferred the precious boon upon him, Hannibal panted for a match. Those into whose hands he had fallen meditated a deep scheme. They proposed, previously to pitting him against the champion for a very heavy stake, that he should enter the ring for something trivial, with a man of minor reputation, and *be beaten*. Honest Hannibal took fire at this—he would not be conquered by any man living if he could help it—he did not see why he might not be permitted to fight fairly—and rather than not do so—with many thanks to the gentlemen—much as he loved liberty, he would rather go back to his owner again.

Finding him proof against all their arguments and entreaties they assumed a different tone, and swore he should rot in prison until he repaid his purchase-money and the expenses of transport which they had disbursed in his behalf. Poor Hannibal quailed at this so perceptibly that his owners and importers—so they termed themselves—followed up their advantage, by depicting the terrors of an English gaol in such fearful colours, that Hannibal, half frantic, made an attempt to escape. He was instantly surrounded, and nearly overpowered; but goaded to desperation by the efforts made to secure

him, he began to put out his strength, and rapidly shook his importers off, as a mad bull would so many puppy dogs. His blood being up, he laid about him with such vigour, that it was not until he had given each of the most conspicuous, especially the skipper, a frightful threshing, that he recollected the purpose for which he had got on his legs—namely, effecting an escape.

He dashed into the street, and ran on he knew not whither—he had never been suffered to go out alone—in fact, since his arrival in England, he had been held in more complete bondage than when a positive slave. A consciousness of this fact had faintly glimmered upon him more than once, and for the last few days he had been by no means comfortable.

It was night, but not so late but that the streets were still thronged, and Hannibal, when he had become tolerably calm, considered himself fortunate in having reached the outskirts of the city;—but what course could he pursue? where was he to go? what could he do? There was no *bush*, as he had heard, to which he could retreat: he was destitute of money—he had no friends—his enemies were in his rear, perhaps on his track—and this thought induced him to proceed with all possible speed in as direct a line as the nature of the country would permit. At daybreak he found himself on an extensive heath or down: patches of green fern, drooping with dew, were scattered about him; into the nearest of these he threw himself, fatigued and disconsolate. By so doing he disturbed a lark, which fluttered up in a direct line above him singing cheerily; the lambs on a distant hill awoke and began to gambol; the last star in the centre of the heavens was about to be outshone by the fiery dawn; the small birds were gladly twittering on the thorns; a general jubilee seemed about to commence; and Hannibal, huge Hannibal Straw, who had been brought over to fight the champion, began to blubber like a boy deprived of his bread and butter.

He bitterly lamented that he had ceased to be the property of his old owner, the free man of colour, and literally cried himself to sleep. When he awoke, the dew had gone, the lark was silent, a cow was standing knee-deep in a neighbouring pond, and no sound was heard save the drone of a bee, and the busy buzz of a multitude of flies. It was noon, but Hannibal shivered. He was hungry too. For an instant he thought of returning to his importers; but to speak the truth he was afraid. After having sauntered about the common for some time, without aim or object, he turned into a path, which, passing through a thick wood, suddenly emerged in a straggling sequestered village. On getting into the road Hannibal picked up a horseshoe; he was a blacksmith by trade, and the incident afforded him a slight sensation of joy, which even the melancholy tolling of a bell from the village church could not subdue. An old gander, without geese, hissed at him from a respectful distance; an idiot boy ceased to throw pebbles at the sun as he passed, and with a grin asked him for a suit of mourning: besides these, Hannibal saw no living thing. The houses, the farm yards, seemed to be desolate. At length, in a nook, on the right of the main road—oh! joyful spectacle!—he beheld a smith's shop, and reached it with a run. The anvil was cold; the fire

had evidently long been extinct—its dead clinkers were covered with a thick pall of soot. Beyond the smithy was a kitchen, the door of which stood invitingly open. Hannibal entered, twirling the horse-shoe with great rapidity round his fore-finger. An infant in a cradle was squalling vehemently—a little girl, who had apparently been left in charge of it, was perched on the upper rail of a chair, stealing sugar from a brown crock on the top shelf of a three-cornered beaufet. At the sight of Hannibal she screamed, and would have tumbled with terror had he not reached forward and caught her. In doing this he awkwardly upset the cradle, and the child rolled under the grate. The little girl struggled to get free from him; and the moment he had placed her on her legs, she ran off too breathless even to shriek. Hannibal then put the baby clothes to rights, replaced the child in its cradle, and by his quaint contortions of countenance, and exhilirating snatches of song—for Hannibal had now forgotten all his troubles in the occupation of the moment—he made the little creature crow with delight.

Meantime the melancholy toll of the bell had ceased, and while the whole of his faculties were absorbed in amusing the young gentleman in the cradle, a train of persons, all clad in black, approached. At a short distance from the smithy they stopped, fell out of column, and formed an irregular group; which, after some slight consultation, flocked tumultuously into the kitchen. They stared in silent astonishment at the scene before them—Hannibal stopped, got up, and made his most obedient bow.—"Poor fellow," said a pale, fine-formed young woman, raising her bloodshot eyes—"after all its only a black man. I've seen many such, neighbours; there's no harm in him—for look how little Peter laughs."

The woman now snatched the child from the cradle, placed its mouth to her breast, and seemed to derive exquisite consolation, from the little creature looking up into her eyes as it sucked. The other parties still regarded Hannibal with awe—for they had never seen a black human being before. At length the tailor hobbled in on crutches to partake of the funeral feast—for the village smith had just been buried—and speedily set all to rights. He had been at Trinidad, Tobago, and various other outlandish parts; he rejoiced in the sight of Hannibal, for now neighbour Simpson could no longer laugh at him for asserting that there were men abroad as black as a sea-coal. Neighbour Simpson gaped at Hannibal like a gudgeon with a fish-hook in his throat. He saw—but scarcely believed his eyes.

Under the auspices of the tailor, and the smith's handsome widow, whose favour he had won by his successful attention to her child, Hannibal soon found himself at home. He partook of the burial bread and cheese and ale; and before the guests departed irradiated their hearts with a dawning beam of delight by assuring them that he could shoe their horses, tip their bullocks, point their pitch-forks, weld their broken coulters, retooth their harrows, and new-tongue their hinges as well as their deceased neighbour, Blacksmith Batterbee, or any other individual of the craft.

That night Hannibal slept in the loft above the widow's bed-room: the next morning, the voice of the bellows, the roar of the fire, and

the clink-clank of the hammer and anvil, awoke her. Hannibal became her journeyman—he had never been so happy in his life—the villagers idolized him for his kind disposition, his skill as a smith, and his prodigious strength. At quoits he was pre-eminent—no man but the tailor's slim son could give him a backfall at wrestling. His odd antics, after his day's work was done, rendered him most beloved of boys, and more than one strapping farmer's daughter seemed to entertain no repugnance to his colour. Caps, it is said, were about to be clawed on Hannibal's account; so that, to keep peace and quietness in the parish, his mistress, before she had "gone her year," thought fit to marry him.

At the age of thirteen I became Hannibal Straw's apprentice—my father was a farmer in the neighbourhood—he had eight children, all lads, of whom I was the eldest. Never had boy better master than was Hannibal Straw, or sweeter mistress than the widow of bandy-legged Jehoiakim Batterbee. I have since seen the daughters of the great—those who have been accounted the loveliest of their generation—but they were plain, compared with Mrs. Straw. Black Hannibal's wife, I should decidedly say, was almost the finest woman in all England, and yet I have often seen her pointing nails at the vice; and it was traditionary, that before she had emerged from her teens she had often wielded the big hammer over a red-hot bar in front of knee-broken Batterbee, her bed-ridden papa's apprentice. Be this as it may, she was a capital wife to Hannibal, and a most motherly mistress to me: both of us loved her—idolized her—particularly Hannibal, although she never became a mother by him. But he doated on Batterbee's boys, as if they had been his own, and so did I.

Three years of my apprenticeshlp had glode away like a pleasant dream, when, one night, Mr. Straw returned, exceedingly late, from the neighbouring market town, where he had been on business, in a frightful plight! One of his eyes was closed, the opposite cheek was gashed—he had lost three of his beautiful front teeth—the orifice of his left ear was clotted with blood. Mrs. Straw had gone to bed—I was sitting up for him, roasting onions by the forge-fire. He walked in—heaven knows where he had left his horse—with his hands clasped against his chin, and looking as though his soul had been condemned to everlasting perdition. He sat down on the anvil, placed his heels on the block, and thus brought his knees up towards his face, which he plunged into his palms with such an air of utter misery, as made me shed a torrent of tears. I offered to call his wife, but he would not permit me. With great pains I extracted a confession from him. He had accidentally fallen in with two of his importers, who recognized him, and affecting to forget what had passed, plied him with liquor in honour of their meeting, until he became intoxicated: then shifting their ground, they bitterly upbraided him for his conduct, reproached him with cowardice, and when sure of their game, on account of his inebriety, offered to back a man two-thirds of his weight against him, for all the money which he had in his pocket. This was considerable—for he had been receiving one or two comparatively heavy payments. Irritated by their taunts, he closed with them at once. A sturdy minion of his importers' was speedily introduced: with him Hannibal

set-to, and for half an hour received such prodigious punishment as would have destroyed almost any other man. His opponent began to flag; Hannibal gradually became himself; and at length gathering all his strength, inflicted a tremendous—a mortal blow. "Blood," said he, "human blood is on my hand, and there is an end of me. I'm glad I have no children!"

He now began to rave; and I was obliged to rouse the neighbours: we got him to bed, but he soon grew more delirious, and raged with such horrible violence that it became necessary, in the course of the next day, to bind the colossal madman down to his bed by halters. These, at length, were deemed scarcely secure, and at nightfall, the doctor directed me to forge strong iron fetters for him by the ensuing morning.

A working plan was sketched out for me; and after supper I began to forge—my tears hissing on the iron almost at every stroke of the hammer. About three o'clock in the morning, while punching a rivet, something fell heavily from the beam above—I looked up from the anvil, and Mr. Straw stood before me! There was a door from the bed-room looking down into the shop; from the floor of this room rafters passed across to the opposite wall; those who were sitting up to watch Hannibal had fallen asleep—he had burst his bonds, opened the door, traversed the middle beam, and dropped right in front of me. His face was ghastly; the rope round his wrists, had, in his struggles to get free, bitten into his flesh; his sleeves were sopped, and the crimson current trickled from his finger ends. I could have sunk into the earth.

"Go on, sirrah!" said he, "let us finish! You thought you were making these irons for me—but we'll weld them to fit your own ankles. *I'll rivet them into your bones red-hot.*"

I shrieked with horror, and throwing down my hammer and pincers, leaped behind the bellows. In an instant the people who had been keeping watch descended, and a dreadful scene ensued. He called the foremost, "Morgan, the skipper," and hurled the big hammer at him, luckily without effect; the rest he stigmatized as importers, and loudly called on his owner, the free man of colour, to protect him. Horse-shoes, tools, and every thing within his reach he converted into weapons of defence—he even tore the anvil from its stand, hurled it forward a few paces, and then showered upon his friendly assailants a deluge of fire, from the forge, which he completely emptied with his naked hands. As they began to close upon him, he dashed furiously forward, knocked them aside right and left, and reached the main road. Through the wood by which he had first entered the village, across the common, and far, far, into the depths of the forest that skirted it we zealously followed him; but without effect. He distanced us and disappeared. The next day we were told that he had been seen at dawn bounding at full speed over the naked brow of a hill some miles off, and that was the last authentic intelligence we ever heard of him.

LAY OF SIR ROLAND.

The flower of Christian chivalry their swords and souls have vowed
To heaven's own consecrating cause, till Paynim might is bowed,
The dazzling power of beauty's eyes their hearts no more proclaim;
A purer passion fires them now—a higher, holier flame.

And deadly foes forget their feuds, and side by side engage;
Hot through the reeling pagan ranks their rival squadrons rage,
The holy sepulchre of Christ to wrest from heathen hold,
Or fall in glory as beseems the noble and the bold.

But one among that press of knights profaned his sacred vow,
The victor of a hundred fights—a laggard lozel now;
His heart is haunted with the gleam of Ella's love-beamed smiles,
Lured from her in the rapture of their blest fianciailles.

Vainly his Norman honour rose to rouse him with its thrill;
His passion trampled down his pride, and rivetted his will.
He basely furled his sullied flag, and cast his honours down,
And homeward sped—the suicide of all his young renown.

"Then take thy way, thou faitour knight, thy recreant reckless way,
But hope not for the happiness that wiles thy heart astray;
The ban of heaven shall blast thy path, and load thy days with dole,
Thy syren phantasies shall turn to scorpions in thy soul."

"Ay, let the bigots chafe and chide, I'll find in Ella's bower
The strife and shame of stormy years repaid in one sweet hour."
Thus whispered hope to eager love, to charm his cheated thought,
Ere gloomed on his despairing eyes the ills dark fate had wrought—

His ravaged castle's silent hall—its bruised and blackened tower;
And she for whom he bartered fame—a torn transplanted flower;
"For vengeance ho! we'll hunt that foe to death, ere day is dim—
I cannot breathe the breath of life while it is breathed by him!"

Away, away, with heart on fire, he races with the wind;
His fiery lancemen spurring keen their destriers behind—
"Away to spoil the spoiler's hold—to raze it to the dust,
And send him howling to the fiend who fired that fatal lust!"

O, wan and woe-begone the while, that lady made her moan—
"To-morrow, and this dagger's point can rescue me alone!"
"A nearer and a better bides—thine honour I will save;
I've sworn it to my father's God, upon my father's glaive.

Unmarked I've marked thy woes and wrongs—I'll aid thee in thy need;
Though Warcourt's squire, I spit upon this foul and caitiff deed;
A candidate for knightly spurs must be no ruffian's slave,
And freedom I will win for thee, or for myself a grave.

A trusty troop of men at arms have pledged to thee their faith,
And *he* lies dreaming deeply drugged, as sound and still as death;
But thou must don his crested casque, his corslet and his chain,
To pass the warder on his watch—the serf on his domain."

And she hath donned that gallant gear, and forth in war array,
Through the huge portal's guarded pass, ta'en her unchallenged way;
On for dear life and liberty, their reeking steeds they goad,
When, lo! a cloud of whirling dust comes rolling on their road.

And as it nears, the flash of spears bursts brightly from its shroud,
As bursts the vengeful lightning blaze from the electric cloud;
Their fiery pace an instant's space they check—an instant more
And down they thunder, earth and sky resounding to their roar.

"Revenge for Roland!" was the shout—he marked her basnet's crest,
And ere her stifled voice revived, his spear was in her breast;
His spear was in her lily breast, and she lay pale and prone
I' the blood dabbled dust, ere woke her wild low woman's moan.

A child, with sword of reed, might then have struck him to the ground.
He staggered from his rearing steed, and gazed bewildered round—
He raised her up, and murmured, in a hoarse and hollow tone,
"On the accursed heaven wreaks its ire, by the accursed alone."

'Neath the lone smile she turned on him, he felt his heart-strings cower—
A sad sick smile—like moonlight-fall upon some ruined tower.
He strained to his convulsive breast her darkening, dying charms,
And caught the sigh that breathed away her life within his arms.

He laid her calmly—gently down; and, turning to his squire,
He said—while kindled in his eyes a fierce and frantic fire—
"Thus, Vidault, have I won at last re-union with my bride,
And festal lights must burn to-night to grace a lover's pride!"

A wild and lurid glare that night the troubled sky o'erspread,
And thrilled through air the shrill despair of horror, death, and dread.
The morrow's sun looked down, I ween, upon another sight
On Warcourt's stern embattled tower, than left he yesternight.

For not one heart that round its lord his maddened onset braved;
And not one part from fire and sword his crushing vengeance saved.
It seemed as though he sternly strove to brand for ever there,
The black and burning impress of his own heart's despair!

* * * * *

In the crusader's camp was one, the first in every fight,
Cased cap-a-pié in sable steel—a stern and stalwart knight;
An arrow and a cloven heart upon his shield he bore,
The motto—"Heaven drew the bolt"—they knew of him no more.

But though they knew not of the past, they of the present know—
That blade more deadly than his own, no mortal ever drew;
Where danger turned his darkest front to terror and despair,
High over all his sable plume was ever waving there.

All stark and cold upon a field with crimson carnage spread,
One battle eve they found him on a mound of Paynim dead.
Oh, if the stains of early sin upon the soul e'er yield
To withering years of lone remorse—Sir Roland was aneled!

W. G. A.

THE CITY AS IT WAS AND IS.

A DIALOGUE.

OLIVER.—I am disposed to admit, Thompson, that there was once a city of London; but I as positively deny that it longer exists in character and spirit. Not but that there are men and things significative to common or Common Council capacities of "the city"—houses—churches—mayors—aldermen—marshals—pastry-cooks, and pickpockets; but heart, life, and soul are wanting. The stern probity, the prominent but honest vulgarity, the cheering, high-sounding joviality of better days, are all cashiered, displaced, and cut. The chivalric contract-supported loyalty is discouraged, defunct, abased; and confound it, Sir! even the very weather of an inauguration day is changed. Instead of a nice drizzling, compounded of smoke, water, and heaven knows what else, which cast a solemn and a sober shade over the glories of the pageant, making them loom broader and higher to the strained sights of men, and rendering them, by partial concealment and obscurity, yet more imposing—the sun shines out upon the modern gawd, shewing it a thing of mere human invention, and of ordinary mortal composition. Sir, in the olden time there was more of poetry in it. The voices of the marshalmen controuling the progress of the pageant, rose into upper air:—then came a slow, and heavy, and lumbering tread, splashing, as might well be heard, the sable riches of the pavement on either side; and sounds something like the blowing of a troop of grampuses, on a dark night in the Mediterranean, announced men of portly corporations, of liberal feeding, of inagile movement, sorely distressed in their travail. The steps of a steed succeeded. Anon the gazing multitude had a vision of the marshal, elevated in his pride of place, composed of cocked hat, and lace-covered coat (like a crimson skeleton with golden ribs), holding the reins with *only* one hand. It was Marlborough—King William—Julius Cæsar. As the vehicles rolled successively onward, the mind's eye strove to pierce through the very mist; and the heart warmed as the imagination gave to view the rubicund honours of Sir William's visage, with Mister Recorder, himself a picture—his full and swarthy face, contrasted with the purity of his judicial wig; his hanging—the word was ominous—black bushy brow; his game leg, and all his other imposing attributes. Then there was Guildhall, Sir. What magnificent associations are connected with that venerable word! What generous sympathies are awakened by its very name! What rich and glorious imagery dazzles the mental gaze, as fancy peoples the civic board "with mighty men—men of renown!" The rosy wings of poetry soar higher at the very view. The form of history swells into matchless grandeur. Like the ghost in Don Juan, Beckford's marble statue steps from its pedestal, to become the arbiter of dainties. Lord Chatham smiles, in approbation of the scene. Nelson's profile gazes with monocular delight; and Gog and Magog chuckle

their huge contentment, as they look once more on the things that were. The very banquet, Sir, was suited to stern and manly tastes; but now——

THOMPSON.—Well, Mr. Oliver, I would with all due deference opine, that the condiments of festivity still prevail; that a quantum sufficit of apertures in heads are to be found within the walls for the reception of food at the civic table; that butchers survive, and confectioners are not wholly extinct; that the state vehicle still wends its sluggish way; that sheriffs are part and parcel of humanity; and the lord mayor a mortal being of the male gender, with carnivorous, turtle-consuming, custard-sucking, oyster-devouring propensities; that——

OLIVER.—Good! good! Thomson; it may be so. It may be that the mechanical part of the *thing* remains; but let me tell you, Sir, by the memory of Sir William Staines's bricklayer's trowel, that all the rest is "leather and prunella." Where, Sir, is now the alderman who, when his sovereign threatened to remove his court to punish the obstropolous citizens of London, would reply, "I trust your Majesty will leave us the Thames?" Where a Beckford, to astound the nerves of royalty? Where a brewer like Harvey Christian Combe, who refused a baronetcy? Sir, it was exciting to see the Prince of Wales—I preserve the appellation, as redolent of grateful reminiscences—going to lunch with the worthy compounder of malt and hops. None of your *entre les deux repas*, with a soupe and a *prise de tabac*. No India tiffin, comprehending the fiery mullagatawny, to stimulate the subdued ventricles of a saffron Hindoo; but an English lunch, Sir:—steaks broiled on the fire of the brewery; potatoes roasted in its ashes; all assuaged with triple X, and crowned with a bottle of stout port. There was an English prince and an English alderman for you! Then were our families rich, and the land was smiling; then were our merchants honoured and respected, as they were wealthy; then did John Philip Kemble lead off a minuet at the Mansion-house, while Louis XIV. might have hid his head for very shame, at the grace and dignity of the accomplished histrion. None of your gallopades, mazourkas, and polonaises, borrowed from Sarmatian boors or Siberian savages. That was the age of ladies' hoops and gentlemen's bag-wigs! one pound notes! church and king!——

THOMPSON.—French invasion! press-gangs! Irish rebellions! corrupt elections! pensions! sinecures! contracts! constructive treasons! unlimited military service! Catholic subjugation! test and corporation acts! and colonial oppression! You see, Oliver, I can help a lame dog over the stile. No, no, Sir; if we have inherited the results of great political profligacy, and of unqualified and indiscriminate expenditure, let us hope, that by the operation of reform, the giant strength of the land will be displayed in all its proud proportions; and that, in spite of gallopades and the rest of it, we may yet progress respectably.

OLIVER.—"Three blue beans in a blue bladder; rattle beans, rattle bladder," as the bishop of Derry wrote it to the lord primate. I shall scarcely take the trouble to refute you, Sir. *You* may regard

measures, I look to men, Sir; that was the old principle, and to it I will adhere.

THOMPSON.—As to men, Mr. Oliver, I really think we possess men of as patriotic feeling as you can name amongst those of the olden time.

OLIVER.—Aye, there is ——— who rows forward but looks backward; favours one party with his speech and another with his vote, and labours to convince the world of the propriety of adopting that which he himself rejects. Then you have alderman ———, who liberally transfers East Retford into Yorkshire, by easy geographical mutation; talks imposingly of "the grave-digger, bellman, and other *dignitaries* of his parish;" and when he demands their votes, awfully observes to them, "recollect, the eyes of the country are upon you." *Item*, an East India director, who, generously disregardless of ordinary notions of regal descent, mentions the Company's charter as "having been derived from William III., and hopes that William IV. will imitate his great *ancestor!*"

THOMPSON.—These errors are scarcely so egregious, Oliver, as "the triple R—reading, *w*riting, and 'rithmetic;" "a speedy peace and soon," &c. &c. of the olden times.

OLIVER.—Ah! the men of my day, if a little out at elbows on minor points, always contrived to make themselves understood. They had none of that outlandish yahoo gibberish which is now in vogue. Every thing eatable has been robbed of its good name. Soup is converted, in the aspiring vocabulary of the quondam cit, into *potash;* fish has become *poison;* the crimson honours of the ancient joint have faded down to *buff;* and the goose is announced, in the manner of Cooper's Indian heroes, by the expressive "*wagh!*" Then, Sir, as to style and manners; an alderman sends the following note, doubled down at the end, to a prince of the blood:—"Sir, —— —— hopes that His Royal Highness the Duke of —— takes his dinner at the Mansion-house to-day;" and when, in despite of this easy suggestion, he *has* royalty by his side, he descants on the *four* graces supporting the epèrgne. Another arbiter of the destinies of London declares from his seat of office, "that no decision of his'n had ever been reversed." A lord mayor, we were not long since informed, entertained "an exclusive party of nobility." A common councilman, with a predilection for politics, has gravely asserted, that "it was the intention of the Roman Catholics of Ireland to place *a Stuart* on the throne of Great Britain;" and a deputy, on St. Thomas's day, after having gravely declared, that to stand before the assembled ward of Farringdon Without was a task to damp the spirits and paralyze the utterance of *any ordinary* man, spoke with the greatest fluency for two hours and a half! Then again, glance at a modern gazette; consider the number of insolvents; look at the swindlers.—Ah, Sir! times are strangely altered. The honest British merchant of my time, Sir——

THOMPSON.—By the bye, Mr. Oliver, to change the subject, oblige me with the continuation of that anecdote which you were telling me when Jobling so unexpectedly joined us yesterday. It was about an early mercantile friend of your's.

OLIVER.—Aye, I remember. It occurred in 1768. I was a young man then, but my friend was old and full of honours. His trade lay chiefly with the Baltic; and one day two persons, who said they were Danes, one of them calling himself Mr. Fredericsohn, presented him with letters of credit to an unlimited extent from the chief mercantile and banking-house of Copenhagen, and asked for the sum of five thousand pounds, which, after due examination of the vouchers, and no little surprise at the amount, my friend paid. A few days after, while passing through the stable-yard at St. James's, he recognized Mr. Fredericksohn entering the palace by a door which, as he learnt from a centinel on duty, none were permitted to enter but the attendants of the King of Denmark, then on a visit to England. He therefore reasonably enough concluded that his customer was one of the persons who supplied Christiern VII. with the means of satisfying his taste for profusion, extravagance, and dissipation; and, consulting with his better half, it was agreed that the next time Mr. Fredericsohn appeared, he should be invited to tea, the merchant hoping to become a partner in the profits of the presumed money-lender. The strangers soon renewed their visit; and Mr. Fredericksohn demanded just double the sum he had previously required, which was paid him, and the invitation given and accepted. The gentlemen were punctual to their appointment, and the merchant soon opened his battery, by inquiring "if Mr. F. were not in relation with the King of Denmark." "I am, Sir," was the reply. "May I presume to ask the nature of your employment at court?" "Principally to dress and amuse his majesty," was the answer. "Ah! I understand, Mr. F.— you minister to his majesty's pleasures." "Exactly so." "Is it true," proceeded the merchant, placing his forefinger on the seat of intellect, "that—you understand me, Sir—his head is something like a waste book?" "Between ourselves," observed the respondent, "the king is a confounded ass." "Exactly what I meant—a mere fool; but how does he contrive to spend his money, Mr Fredericksohn?" "Principally in the purchase of jewels for the ladies." "And whom does he employ in their purchase, my good Mr. Fredericksohn?" "Myself." "Ah! pretty pickings, I presume." "Little profit, I assure you." "Hum! Well, if I might just hint—insinuate something that might tend to our mutual advantage—but I fear—" "Go on, good Sir, speak freely." "Allow me to suggest, then, that if you would confide to me the charge of procuring jewels for the king, I could contrive to realize one hundred and fifty per cent. net profit, which we might share between us. What say you, Mr. Fredericksohn?" The conversation was interrupted at this critical point by the servant announcing a gentleman, who wished to see Mr. Fredericksohn. A page of George the Third immediately entered the room, and bending his knee to Mr. Fredericksohn, presented a letter, which, he said, "her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales had commanded him to consign into the hands of his majesty, and to await his majesty's reply." "We must be going, Count Holcke," calmly observed the king to his companion. "For you, mine host, we must arrange our plans of pigeoning the Danish donkey at some other moment; but I

cannot depart, Madam," added he, turning to my friend's amazed lady, " without begging your acceptance of this ring, as a feeble acknowledgment of your hospitality and politeness."

THOMPSON.—And this, Mr. Oliver, is a specimen of the honest, upright British merchant, the glory of the empire in your good old times—

OLIVER.—I beg pardon—I was not attending—I did not exactly hear; for a friend, whom I particularly wish to speak with, has this moment gone into the pposite coffee-room. Pray excuse my abruptness. Good morning.

COMMUTATION OF TAXES.

IT is a maxim that has been pretty well accredited, by past events and long established facts, that certain alterations or changes are necessary, both in the government of a people and the provincial enactments of a state, in order to befit its society for the burthen of those necessary trammels which enforce the obligation and sense of justice between man and his fellows, and which under a greater latitude of action than the existence of the laws permits, would be totally abolished, or frequently forgotten, amidst the passions and convulsions of a mixed society. According therefore to this reasoning, the laws which could restrain the turbulent spirits of the nation in the chivalric feeling of the middle ages, and the mode by which they were enforced during the reigns of that period, were necessarily of a more general and less summary character than those which were executed upon delinquents of the wandering tribes of an antecedent date; and again—the inflictions of punishment which are now awarded to criminals, together with the caution by which they are sentenced, bear, indeed, but a resemblance scarcely to be recognised as a portion of that code of ancient law, which first assumed the method of a science, under the dawning reason of our Saxon ancestors. It has been argued on all sides, and we think it has been as generally admitted, that the British constitution, taken with its many anomalies, is as efficient as any system of legislation in the world; yet has there been none perhaps on which so many alterations have been effected, or so many improvements engrafted. France, from remaining many years inactive, at length threw off her ancient regime by the effort of revolution; whilst Spain, and other continental nations of any standing, have adopted alterations in their government at certain times, such as were found expedient to suit the enlarged circle of population, which was increased by the natural events of time and prosperity. It is not therefore in England alone that change has been deemed expedient, for it will be seen that other nations more venerable, and perhaps not less celebrated than ours, have considered it wise to adopt alterations. It may not be improbable that the kingdoms, whose history can alone be traced in Holy Writ, may have framed codes without afterwards amending them; but the fact that those governments have fallen into decay is at least an argument that human institutions are not to

be preserved without alteration and amendment. But it would appear from the arguments of many politicians of the present day that all change should be avoided, and that the country has arrived at a point of perfection which neither wisdom nor foresight could improve—that the interests of various classes of men are so nicely balanced as to leave no preponderating weight on either side, so that although the scale may be apparently uneven, yet if any benefit were thrown on the lighter side it would prove an absolute burthen—intolerable alike to those who would receive it, as it would to those whose interests would be counterbalanced by the operation of a heavier power being given to their opposing weight.

These preliminary remarks are perhaps necessary to support the question that we propose to discuss, a question which in our view has approached not without introduction, but which has arisen and advanced into importance from the operation of those events which brought it into action. We have endeavoured to show that an extended circle of society requires to be governed by more general laws than those which would serve for the mutual security of a smaller tribe; and by the same rule it becomes necessary, that the burthen of supporting those laws, or in other words the expense of maintaining them must be so generalized as to bear with a due proportion of convenience, according to their means, on all parties who prosper under national order and public security.

England may be considered to have just emerged from one of those changes which, as we before stated, were necessary in the government of kingdoms—she has made a provision for extending political power amongst the various classes, which under national prosperity have increased to a surprising extent; and, having as it were settled her account of justice, and established a citizenship between the offspring of the past and present generations, it seems but a reasonable calculation to believe that her next duty would be to adjust the burthens, as she has remedied the defects in the political power, of her sons. But from whose hands are we to expect this work? and by whom will the great adjunct to the Reform Bill be prepared? Not we fear by the present governors, for it is but too apparent that they have taken up the absurd opinion that further change should be avoided, and that improvement or alteration in our financial arrangements must remain untouched and uninterrupted.

It is our desire, having first shown the necessity of coupling an extension of political power with financial relief, to point out the injustice of granting the one, and witholding the other—the impossibility of maintaining the two measures in adverse position, and of devising means by which both arrangements may be rendered convenient, safe, and complete. In the first place, if we attempt to raise the moral condition of society, it must be accomplished by means of education, and by extending the bounds of political power amongst the people, and then we shall as surely find that when the first adoption begins to operate on the public mind, the second cannot be withheld; and having placed the people in such a condition as to render them sensible of the inconvenience of the national burthens, it will soon be found necessary, by compulsion, that they should only bear

such a proportion of the weight as shall be in accordance with the extent of power or responsibility which has been placed in their hands—for it is well accredited, that in monarchial governments the steps to power are scrupulously graduated by the amount of possession. It therefore appears to us a very reasonable doctrine that the regulation of taxation should be based on the same principle, and that according to the extent of power which the possession of wealth secures, so should be the amount of taxation required according to the means and abilities of the subject to pay. We are aware that this reasoning differs from the system which has been followed in England for the last century, where the very reverse of such a mode has been adopted—where taxation has not been regulated with a view of placing the heaviest corner on the most powerful buttress, but it has been thrown off from this position, and allowed to fall most heavily in that direction which was least able to avert or lessen its oppression. The subject, however, has at length assumed a different character—popular power has been renovated and strengthened, and it will henceforth bear its due proportion, casting over the remainder by its reinforced strength, and throwing back the overplus upon that side which ought long since to have borne its fair share. This is a natural consequence that the proposers of a recent change do not appear to have contemplated or provided for; but, unless they speedily prepare the adjustment, they must relinquish their architecture of a new system to wiser heads, and more skilful hands.

We shall next proceed to state our views as to what taxes are unequally divided in their collection from the rich and poor, and endeavour to show the injurious operation of the present system as affecting the rate of prices under the influence of taxation, pointing out as a consequence its falling back in a high proportion on the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life; because, if the tradesman is called upon by the Government for a large amount of taxes, it is natural that he should provide the means of paying it out of the profits of his business; consequently he places a higher price on the article which he sells, in order to make up by profit that deficiency in his income which the claims of the tax-collector have occasioned. By this, then, it would appear that the dealer can be at no loss at whatever rate the taxes are collected, because he has the means of repayment by a quiet exaction from his customers. Such, however, is not the case—he suffers from a restricted trade which the high prices occasion—he also pays his fellow-tradesmen for articles of his own necessity in the same proportion as he charges for his own goods, and thus he may be considered as the centre of the system, whilst the classes below and above him partake of his difficulties. But if we could by any means reduce the price of articles in such a proportion as that their manufacturers should be fairly remunerated according to a per centage on *capital employed*, and carry such a reduction throughout the necessary articles of consumption—then we should find that additional labour would be in the greatest demand, that tradesmen would be enabled to live on smaller means, whilst the general briskness of trade would afford a larger than their present aggregate profit, and the gentry in the same proportion would be enabled to support their establishments,

and enjoy their pleasures with much smaller returns than those which they at present require.

The taxes which yield the largest returns are those on colonial articles, tea, sugar, and tobacco; those of our home taxation are the excise on malt, and the assessments on houses and windows. A moment's reflection will assure us, that by far the larger proportion of these are levied from the pockets of the labouring and middle classes; and in regard to the latter tax, we fear too much partiality has been shown to persons who ought to contribute the most freely towards its amount. But what are the arguments of the Whigs and Tories on this subject? They admit, that the middle classes bear a larger proportion of the public burthens—they are fully sensible, and do not venture to deny that a hosier's shop in Regent-street pays as much in house taxes as the noble possessor of a Baronial Hall is called upon to contribute for his dwelling. They are also aware that the greatest consumption of colonial produce is by the working classes, and that consequently the income arising from those taxes must be derived from that class of persons who are the greatest consumers; but then they state that the wealth of the country is not in the hands of the aristocracy, but in the numerous small properties of which the *people* are possessed. By this argument, therefore, we take them; and upon the admission of the fact on our part is the gist of the question that we argue, because the Whigs and Tories, if by taking the position that the middle classes are taxed in the most heavy proportion, because they are *bonâ fide* the most wealthy class, then we have the acknowledgment that wealth ought to be the primary object on which taxation should bear; and having so far settled this point, we shall endeavour to shew that, although the aristocracy may not be the body with whom the chief wealth of England is concentrated, yet it is in their hands that the large tracts of country are invested. It is they who enjoy the various privileges appertaining to extensive possessions; and if by their own arrangements, or those of their ancestors, the absolute production of those possessions have been bartered and conveyed to other hands, yet the public cannot recognise any arrangements which have been transacted as private bargains between man and man, and which are no more entitled to public consideration than is the question whether the profits of a particular trade are enjoyed by a single tradesman, or distributed between himself and a dozen partners, to whom he has disposed of their various shares. A house of business is an estate, and is rated at a certain value. If the proprietor of such a property were to attempt to shew, that because his partners claimed a portion of the profits which were returned from that house, that its value must be thereby depreciated because it did not produce *to him* the whole profit which was made, such an argument would make but a shallow case to go before the commissioners of taxes; yet it bears the same analogy as the landowners claiming exemption from taxation, because they or their forefathers have mortgaged, or in other words disposed for *bonâ fide* cash received a large proportion of the profits of their land. They have admitted partners, and with those partners they must adjust the claims of taxation, and not with the nation.

But there is a method by which these evils may be met, and there

is only one way by which embarrassed parties can be assisted, or by which the government can obtain an income to meet the deficiency which a large remission of taxes would occasion, and that is, by placing an income-tax on all *vested* property, whether on land or on mortgage, making such provision as shall empower the landholder to pay the tax for the mortgage, and afterwards deduct it from his interest. This would at once simplify the transaction, and would divest the tax from an inquisitorial character, because its payment for the amount of mortgages would be conducted as privately as that of interest money. The operation of this tax would also have a great effect on politics; for as soon as the Government should propose to raise a large sum of money, partly by a larger property-tax and partly by retrenchment, we should find that Members of Parliament would almost to a man become rigid economists, and the measures of Mr. Hume would be carried by sweeping majorities. The army and navy would soon be found too expensive, and the pension list would be examined with the most jealous and scrutinizing attention. This is the effect which such a measure would have on the House of Commons. Whether or not the Whigs desire such a change in the policy of their followers, is a question that we shall not attempt to determine; but, from their strenuous efforts to avoid a commutation of taxes, we should imagine that the present tone of parliament is the most acceptable to them.

What means have they taken to prevent the progress of a subject which is rapidly gaining ground in all parts of the kingdom? They have not ventured to grapple with the abstract question of a property tax, and by overthrowing its advocates by fair and reasonable arguments, to turn the opinion of the country against it; but they have blended it, certainly with some dexterity, with a general income tax, and have endeavoured to arouse the fears of the people by pointing out the various inconveniencies that existed under the collection of a heavy and general property tax during the war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has not attempted to argue the subject in a distinct form, because he is aware that it is only on the ground of inconvenience that he can expect to protract the measure. We believe that many members of parliament begin to discover the difference between a blended property tax and an income tax on what is termed *real* property; but the opponents of the latter declare, that it would be an act of sheer injustice to levy on one property without the other. To this assertion, therefore, we shall attempt a reply.

We contend that it would not be an act of injustice to place a tax on real property, and leave the personal estates free; because it is to real property that all national distinctions and privileges are attached. At the same time, we believe that the possessors of real property are in such a condition as to render it absolutely necessary for the mortgagees and vested monied interest to bear a proportion of the taxation, otherwise the greater portion of the land must at once be offered for sale. Having therefore so far concluded our opinion, as to admit the necessity, though not the justice, of a tax being placed on the monied as well as the landed interest, we must of course include the fundholder in estimating the most fitting interests for taxation; but

we can go no farther. Having admitted, on the plea of expediency, that the monied interest, in times of emergency, should be chosen for taxation as well as the landed proprietors, we should strenuously oppose, on the same policy, any burthen being placed on the trade or industry of the country; and we conceive that the subject may be well argued, on the principle that, as the landed interest enjoys the privileges, *ergo*, it should bear a large proportion of the burthens of the state; and as the monied interest requires a large share of protection, it could adduce, perhaps, no substantial reason why it should not contribute towards the means by which that security is effected. But what argument is there by which commerce or industry could be brought under the ban of taxation? Is money engaged in trade secured by any of those fixed and expensive statutes which protect the landed or money properties? Is not the law of debtor and creditor more a contract between parties than a guarantee of the state? Are the expenses of Westminster-hall and the Court of Chancery kept up for these purposes, or are they guarantees to perpetuate the security of what is termed the *real property* of the country?

Having shewn that there would be justice in taxing fixed incomes, in preference to unsettled trade or professional transactions, let us see whether it would be expedient to cast an additional weight on the commerce of the country. Any man who embarks a capital in trade, supports, by that capital, not only himself, but numerous persons in the various offices of assistants, clerks, or artificers, so that an amount of five thousand pounds thus engaged, will most probably give employment to twenty persons, thus making a trade investment of money the most beneficial to the country in the proportion of twenty to one. It is this description of capital that has given this country such a superiority in every respect of commerce over other nations. For, notwithstanding our heavy taxation, English goods maintain their sale in the foreign markets; because, by the immense capital that we have in trade, we are enabled to purchase raw materials at the lowest price, and to manufacture them with that superiority which is so apparent and desirable when placed in competition with foreign merchandize. Under such circumstances, does it admit of a doubt that the wisest policy would be to relieve this portion of our national wealth as much as possible, with a view to its extension? And if it has been shewn that the prosperity of trade will flow into all the other channels of society, why, surely, trade must be the fundamental point upon which a reduced system of demand should commence.

We do not think that the amount required to be reduced from our present taxation, in order to bring about a change to low prices, would be so large as many imagine; and if ten millions would influence the markets, as we believe it would, such an amount may be provided for without difficulty or inconvenience. It would be a fallacy, in making a provision of this sort, to call for a property tax on income above five per cent; because in that case, landlords would exact it from their tenants. But if, by an arrangement for remitting taxation, we can offer the landed interest a bonus for what is required from them, by giving back the malt duty of £4,500,000, in

return for a property tax of £4,000,000, they can surely suffer nothing from such an alteration. Besides their poor lands would be tilled for the cultivation of barley, labour would be increased, and the poor rates necessarily reduced; and as smaller demands were required for bargains of purchase, money would be separated into smaller amounts, and business would assume that general briskness which is now only partially or locally experienced. It would also soon be seen, that an additional class of dealers would come into the market, who are now precluded by their limited capitals; and if, under such a state of things, the farmer disposed of his stock with less convenience than at present, yet he would find that his returns were more ready, and his losses much lighter, than under the present system. This argument is equally applicable to trade, as well as agriculture. Every thing has been dealt out by monopoly wherever government duties are required; because their excessive demand on capital threw the original purchase into the hands of a few, which enforced or encouraged a high state of prices that were incompatible with the present monetary system of the country; and hence the difference between the prices of colonial and home articles; hence we find the branch of trade requiring colonial duties deserted—the other, which is free from them, full of competition and prosperity. If, for instance, we go from Cheapside to Charing-cross, what shops are to be found most numerous? The answer, we imagine, will be those of drapers and tailors. Their goods are sold at the most reasonable prices, much cheaper, indeed, than they could be procured in any of the continental cities; and a clear demonstration that this system creates a general briskness of trade, is the fact that so much competition is found in these branches of trade, whilst it would be reasonable to suppose that the wants of the metropolis would require an equal proportion of grocers and bakers, if their prices were within the compass of the resources of the community. If we reflect on the various trades that we find in London, we shall discover those that require small capitals are in the proportion of four to one who are free of the government, above such as are under the influence of colonial or other duties. It is therefore clear, that these imposts not only keep up the prices of articles to the amount imposed, but they also keep out competition in trade, which gives the metropolis an extra profit of twenty-five per cent; so that if we could reduce taxation on raw articles ten millions, the public would reap a benefit of nearly double the amount, or almost half of the present burthen of taxation.

Let us then, for a moment, calculate the benefit of prices falling one half. What would be the result to the country?—that every private gentleman would be enabled to reside in England as cheap as he could live on the continent. Thousands who are now compelled to live abroad would flock back to their native shores, and their substance would be spent at home; the tradesman's profit of ten per cent. would go as far as at present at seventeen and a half; and the landed proprietor, by looking into his affairs, might enjoy the same luxuries and comforts for twelve hundred per annum as he does now for two thousand. We are aware that it is doubted whether tradesmen

would come back to this state of things by reducing their profits; but competition would drive them to it in the same manner as it has in the drapery trade—a branch which, since the war, has totally been compelled to give up its monopoly.

THE FAT BRIGAND.

Catalonia, at that period of the Peninsular war when the writer served on its coast, was very differently situated to the rest of Spain: it had been left entirely to its own resources to make the best resistance it could against the invaders of its liberties. The principal fortresses were in the hands of the French: Barcelona, Gerona, Lerida, and Rosas were strongly garrisoned by them; but the Spaniards had still a considerable force, possessed some few fortified places, and continued to oppose the enemy with vigour and effect. We had then no army in Catalonia; but a military agent (General D——) always resided at the Spanish head-quarters, in order to keep up the communication between the army and our squadron, which supplied them with arms, ammunition, and clothing, and occasionally issued proclamations to fan the embers of Spanish patriotism.

At the time of our arrival off the coast, the Catalans were in high spirits from having just got possession of Figueras, an almost impregnable fortress, by accident or rather treachery. The English were as much liked in Catalonia as the French were detested. The soldiers and the people were animated with the most devoted enthusiasm, and the names of Sarsfield, Manzo, the Baron D'Eroles, and many others, prove that leaders were not wanting to head as gallant a people as ever struggled in defence of their liberties. But these chiefs were unfortunately not united among themselves; they were jealous of each other's success, and Campo-Verde, the Captain-General, had not the talent to keep them together. They were most of them sincere patriots, and anxious to destroy the enemy; but they all chose to do it their own way, with their own followers; so that there was no unanimity in their operations, or consistency in their councils.

It was a most curious mode of warfare, and probably more disastrous to the French than the movements of a regular army; for they were constantly attacked by enemies they could never find, and destroyed as it were by invisible means. The province of Catalonia is bounded by the Pyrenees on one side, and the Mediterranean on the other, so that all the convoys or divisions of the army that passed to or from France were obliged to choose one of the two roads that led through Arragon and Valencia to the interior of Spain. If they took the upper road, which wound among the mountains, they were exposed to the Guerillas; if they came the lower one, they were obliged to pass along the sea-shore so close to the beach, that they became exposed to the point-blank range of our squadron, which sometimes did sad havoc among them. The Guerillas of Catalonia were a

most extraordinary race; brave as it is possible to imagine, and capable of enduring every sort of privation and fatigue, but quite ignorant of all the rules and customs of war. They submitted to no authority but their own immediate chief, and recognized no law but his will.

Among these mountain chiefs the one most distinguished for his daring bravery and hatred of the French, was a short fat man, as big round as the capstan of a line of battle ship, who went by the name of the "Brigand Gross," from his enormous size, which, however, did not in the least impede his activity, for I have seen him run almost as fast as an antelope. He was a man of the greatest personal courage, and shewed more natural talents in his military arrangements than many from whom much more might have been expected; but he could neither read nor write, and was obliged to employ a priest as his secretary when it was necessary to have recourse to pen and ink. He fixed his head-quarters in an old castle among the Pyrenees, where he had collected a strong force of able bodied peasants of determined bravery, who were ready to lay down their lives at his command. This man had been a rich farmer, living in a quiet simple manner in a small village among the Pyrenees on the confines of France, when the invasion of Spain brought a division of the French army to his peaceful abode. They sacked his dwelling, took away or destroyed his cattle, polluted his wife and two sisters, and then set fire to his houses and barns. His wife, then far gone with child, died in his arms: his sisters did not long survive; and his people were many of them killed or wounded in defending their master's property. All was gone! all hopes of happiness were destroyed, and this outraged man took a dreadful oath over the smoking ruins of his home, never while he existed to spare a Frenchman's life; and most tremendously did the Brigand Gross keep his word! He buried his wife and the child, to which she had prematurely given birth, bade farewell to his once happy home, and accompanied by the only survivor of his family, who happened also to be the pastor of the village, he devoted his whole soul to the cause he had embraced, and thought of nothing but the fulfilment of his oath. He soon found plenty of followers to second his wishes, who had equal cause of hatred to the French; and from his lofty tower he would sometimes pour down upon their small garrisons in resistless force, plant ambuscades for the destruction of their convoys, or occupying the strong passes in the mountains, drive them down to the sea-side, where he knew they must encounter our broadsides. His information was always the best: not a Frenchman could stir without his being aware of it; he seemed endowed with ubiquity; and if the French, irritated by his petty successes, went in pursuit of him, he was never to be found. Sometimes they surrounded him, as they thought, on all sides, when he always baffled the pursuit by dispersing his followers, and appointing a rendezvous some twenty miles off, so that when they closed upon him, sure of their prey, they found nothing, and heard of his being in full force somewhere else. In all these plans he was greatly assisted by his late pastor, who supplied his literary deficiencies, and seemed to have so far changed his

character from the horrors he had witnessed, that the stream of humanity war dried up within him. The priest was a most useful partizan to the brigand: he kept up the devotion of his followers, excited their enthusiasm, consoled the dying, buried the dead, and taught them all that killing the French was the shortest and surest road to heaven.

I remember a curious interview I once had with this guerilla chief, which bears more resemblance to what we read of in romance than to the ordinary incidents of every life. He had somehow or other got intelligence that a French convoy was to pass the lower road, and as he wanted arms and ammunition he sent off a peasant to us with a piece of paper, on which was written—"the bearer," merely saying he came from the Brigand Gross. We were then cruising off Barcelona, and our captain, who had a private understanding with the brigand, immediately made sail for that place.

Arens de Mar is a pretty little village situated on the sea-shore between Matavo and Palamos, and as we had a leading wind we anchored off it before dark, when I was at once sent ashore with a supply of muskets and cartridges for the brigand. As we pulled in I saw a light to the eastward of the town in a small creek, and we made all speed to run the boat high and dry close to it. We landed our chests of arms and ammunition, and I paced up and down the beach while the boat's crew were employed in getting the boat off. I was soon joined by the brigand—a short thick-set man, extremely corpulent, with a good-humoured countenance and sharp piercing eyes; he was dressed in the common habit of the Catalan peasants, with two pistols and a dagger stuck in his belt, and a short musket concealed under the blanket that hung over one shoulder. While I was wondering how the arms and ammunition were to be removed, as I saw nobody but ourselves and the boat's-crew paddling in the water, my pinguitudinous companion put his two thumbs into his mouth, and by a shrill whistle brought a crowd of his followers round us in a moment. The effect was as instantaneous as Rhoderick D'hu's signal to his men, for the guerillas started up like them from the holes and corners where they had been concealed among the rocks. Each man helped himself to a musket and some ammunition, and then formed a sort of group around their chieftain, who, on my presenting him with a receipt for his signature, took an inkhorn from his girdle and scrawled a large cross upon the paper—"I cannot write, senhor," said he, "but I dare say my mark will do as well—tell your grande capitano that if he will be a little to the westward of Palamos tomorrow evening, and land a few men in the rear of the French convoy, I will drive them down to him, and he may pick up as much cheese and sugar as will last his squadron for a twelvemonth." So saying he took his leave, and made for the mountains with his numemerous retinue, and I returned on board with my empty chests.

The next evening we punctually followed his directions, and moored head and stern as near as we could to the shore, bringing our broadside to bear on a point we knew the French must pass, and where they would have nothing to shelter them from our fire. A line-of-battle ship's broadside, loaded with grape and canister, is a most

tremendous engine of destruction when within point blank distance of a close formed body of men. This the French found to their cost; and no sooner had they received it, than such of them as could, scampered off in all directions, abandoning their carts and convoy, in the pillage of which we were assisted by the Brigand Gross and his followers, who had been harassing the enemy's rear, and destroying any small parties that were separated from the main body. The first person I met on landing was the fat brigand who came up puffing and blowing with his short musket in his hand, calling out to me, "See how the rascals run! *Viva L'Inghilterra, muere Napoleon,*" and on he went as much delighted as a huntsman in full cry. The French hastened to form a line out of the range of our shot, between the guerillas and their mountains; but this did not seem to have any effect on our friend, who was assisting us to load our boats with the arms and provisions we had taken, while our launches, with carronades, drew close to the shore for our protection. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the appearance of our allies; wherever they could get hold of a little portable plunder they adopted it on the spot: so that one appeared in a French general officer's hat and feathers, another in his coat and epaulettes, while a third had his breeches, and a fourth his boots. What we could not carry away we destroyed, and offered to embark our friend; but the brigand would not hear of it, and making a signal to his men, they at once dispersed. The French were afraid to separate in pursuit, and were besides occupied in removing their wounded to a neighbouring convent. Among these was a general officer, whom I saw carried off on a litter; his horse which had been shot under him, lay upon the beach as I passed. Before dark we were all safely re-embarked without the loss of a man, and sailing quietly along shore to regain our station off Barcelona.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE GULPH STREAM.

THOUGH the deceptive and dangerous effects of the currents of the ocean, have in recent years been much explained by our scientific navigators, a very imperfect knowledge still exists in this country upon the origin, direction, and rapidity of that greatest phenomenon of the ocean —the Gulph stream of the coast of America. This most extraordinary ocean river has its origin in the Gulph of Mexico, and has generally been supposed, in accordance with the theory of Dr. Franklin, to be created by the pressure of the trade winds, which force the waters of the Atlantic in a perpetual accumulation through the confined channels of the West Indies, the stream then seeking an outlet through the Straits of Florida, and flowing northward by its own impetus along the shores of the United States to the Banks of Newfoundland, and thence to the Azores, its course being now found to be not completed even upon the coast of Spain; for the weed which covers and is peculiar to the Gulph Stream, has occasionally been found even in the Mediterranean, having been carried thither undoubtedly across the

whole track of ocean from the coast of Florida; and as the weed which again pervades the Saragossa or Weedy Sea, and the whole region of the trade winds, from the coast of Spain to the continent of America, is precisely the same vegetable matter with only an appearance of greater age and decay from longer immersion in the water, it is clear that the entire mass has originated in, and been brought round from, the shores of Florida. Considering the recent extension of our knowledge upon the subject of the direction and length of the current, and viewing the shape of the coast of Spain, projecting as a promontory far into the Atlantic, it is apparent that a fresh impetus is here given to the stream by the resistance of the coast, and we venture to assert with confidence, that the equinoctial current of Humbolt is connected with, and a continuation of, the Gulph Stream. Indeed this weed is altogether peculiar to the shores of Florida, and is not known to exist in any other sea, its rich load of berries being the produce of the warm temperature of the Gulph Stream, and as the experiments of Mr. Perkins prove that the temperature of the sea is icy cold at not an immoderate depth, and as it is clear that no vegetation can exist in the absence of heat, the opinion that the vegetable matter which covers the Weedy Sea grows upon the spot is manifestly not correct. Nor does similar, or indeed any other weed appear upon the surface of the sea in any other quarter of the world: all which circumstances, and the well determined existence of the equinoctial current, brings us to the conclusion that the Gulph Stream thus winds its way in one immense and perpetual circle, from Florida to the coast of Spain, and from Spain to the continent of America.

The opinion of Dr. Franklin that the Gulph Stream is created by the pressure of the trade winds, would appear however to be not very substantially supported by other appearances, particularly as its current is by a great degree the most rapid in the months of summer, when the winds are the lightest and most variable, and even the longest continuation of the calms of the West Indies produces no diminution in its speed. The singularity of the high temperature of the water of the Gulph Stream, which is always about 70 degrees of Farenheit, and so far above the temperature of the sea even in the tropical latitudes, induces to the belief that submarine volcanic agency is probably instrumental in its origin. The probability has also been gravely asserted of its issuing by a subterranean passage from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulph of Mexico, founded upon the absurd doctrine laid down by former navigators, that the level of the Pacific is fourteen feet higher than that of the Atlantic and the Gulph of Mexico; but as the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans commingle at Cape Horn, it is certain, that upon the principle that water will find an universal level, there can exist no difference whatever between the level of the oceans upon either of the coasts of America, and that the long received doctrine of this inequality, and the consequent existence and force of a subterranean current, are a mere mass of error. Some slight effect is probably produced by the entrance of the waters of the Mississippi, for this river is of prodigious depth, unfathomable for a hundred miles from its mouth, and

rolling so great a volume of water into the Gulph of Mexico, that we have seen fresh water taken up out of sight of land. Nor is the conjecture of Dr. Franklin that the Banks of Newfoundland have been formed by the deposits of the Gulph stream, very reasonably founded, for by the abruptness of the Banks and the edges not presenting regularly graduated soundings, it is proved that they are not the result of a regular and gradual deposit. It has also been very frequently asserted that no fish are to be seen in the Gulph Stream, or only when passing rapidly across it; this however is unfounded altogether, for during twenty-seven days in 1830, we daily observed in it myriads of dolphins and other fish which delight in a warm temperature of the sea. The extraordinary prevalence of storms and lightning in the Gulph Stream is another unaccountable characteristic of this most remarkable phenomenon, and the causes of the immense current are undoubtedly hidden in the depths of the sea.

It is apparent that upon a correct knowledge of the rapidity of this current must depend the security of navigation along the track of its immense course. The prime error is undoubtedly in the common practice of estimating a ship's way by an invariable rate of the current as marked upon the chart at various positions of its course, since it is found that the prevalence of the northerly winds in winter diminishes the rapidity in a remarkable degree, whilst in the calms of summer its rate is frequently doubled by the non-resistance of these winds—charts now many years old having, even previous to our more extended information upon its course, marked it as extending a hundred degrees further to the eastward of Newfoundland in summer than in winter. Another circumstance which is seldom noticed, but which exercises a great influence upon a ship's way in a current, is the weight and depth in the water of the vessel; for common observation informs us that a heavy body floats down a stream, by reason of its own accumulating impetus, at a much more rapid rate than a light body; as a log will float twice as fast as a feather. The bulk of British shipping which passes along the course of the Gulph Stream, consists of homeward-bound West Indiamen, and therefore this principle ought to be much attended to; for though the rate of the current, marked upon the most approved charts, should be four knots abreast of the Metanzas, and five knots in the narrowest part of the Straits of Florida, we are yet convinced by observation of the rate at which a light ship in ballast will drift past the shore, that no secure reckoning can be kept in our heavy West Indiamen, without allowing full six and seven knots in a calm time, or when lying to in stormy weather. Of this fact, however, the commanders of our merchant vessels have no knowledge or belief whatever; for the action of the current is universally underrated, it being found, that of the many vessels which are annually wrecked upon the Florida shore, the greater proportion sail dead upon the reef, altogether unconscious of being up with the position. Undoubtedly the most fatal consequences result from the error of underrating the rapidity of this stream; for it is an exception to all the other known currents of the ocean, and the most experienced navigators, who in other situations have seldom been accustomed to allow more than one or two knots for a current, are not prepared to

imagine the existence of a great ocean river, carrying them unconsciously along at the rate of six or seven. Some idea of the true strength of the Gulph Stream off the coast of Florida, may be formed from the account of Mr. Rowan, an excellent American navigator and surveyor, who about fifteen years since threw much light upon the subject, and who having upon one occasion become bewildered as to his position, lay to in a light schooner for twenty-four hours, and found, to his astonishment, that he had drifted one hundred and twelve miles of northing alone, by observation upon the following day. Many circumstances then are required to be considered in estimating a ship's way in the Gulph Stream, as the season of the year, the prevailing wind, and the weight and depth in the water of the vessel may all exercise a considerable influence, and safety will generally be in over-estimating, rather than underrating the rapidity of the current.

The advantages of the Gulph Stream to navigation are very considerable to vessels bound to Europe from the West Indies and all the harbours of the Gulph of Mexico. Vessels bound outward from Europe to the Mississippi, Mexico, and even the Havannah, ought never, however, to attempt the direct passage by the Bahama Islands in the summer months, for the prevalence of the southerly wind and the hazard of being carried back in calms by the current of the Gulph Stream, make it an infinitely preferable, though undoubtedly a very circuitous course, to pass by the southern side of the island of Cuba. On the contrary, the prevalence in winter of the north-west wind creates a probability of a direct run to the westward, there being no trades observable at any season in the Gulph of Mexico. In the event of being becalmed, the Americans usually make for an anchorage upon the Bahama Banks, which consist of a coral foundation, and indeed it is worthy to be remarked that the labours of the coral insect are very rapidly raising these vast banks, it being probable that in another century from this cause no passage will exist into the Gulph of Mexico, other than by the stream and the straits of Florida. The soundings upon the Great Bank are laid down with great accuracy upon the charts of Messrs. Blount, the well-known nautical booksellers of New York, those gentlemen having a few years since fitted out the sloop Orbit for the purpose of this survey. The light-houses upon the coast of Florida are also about to be multiplied by a recent act of the Congress of the United States. As our knowledge of the nature of the Gulph Stream is yet very imperfect, we trust that these remarks attempting to embody the principal views of its origin, rapidity, and utility or disadvantage to navigation, will be acceptable to scientific readers.

SOME GENTLEMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SAMPLE THE THIRD.

It is painful for me to apologise—and yet I feel that it is my duty to give some sort of an explanation for having left Mr. Gruel so long perched on the corner of a chair. The fact then is—and nobody can be more sorry for it than myself—that I am so completely the slave of circumstances, so much a martyr to passing events, as scarcely ever to be under my own command. The last sample of my checquered autobiography was broken off at an interesting point by a most astounding and sudden piece of intelligence, the consequences of which have scarcely left me my own master for a moment since, with the exception of the past fortnight or so. At that period I was lodging and boarding with a highly respectable lady, the widow of a stockbroker and bargemaster, in the most retired part of South Mims; where I had no more idea of being suddenly called upon to take an active part in the great drama of life again, than I have at this moment of being hurried from my desk by a troop of Alguazils (circumstances have posited me at Madrid, where we have had a great influx of strangers to witness the recent festivities) on a charge of Don Carlism, or any other equally absurd accusation—and yet before I shall have had time enough to dismiss Mr. Gruel (his Christian name was Erasmus) such a thing, preposterous as it appears, may actually occur; for, as I have frequently noticed, it ever has been, and I suppose ever will be my fate to be the victim of *ex parte* impressions—of statements made behind my back, by persons acquainted only with one side of the case. My name has often been mixed up with transactions at which any gentleman of nice feelings would shudder; but the extreme difficulty and personal inconvenience necessarily attendant on the business of extricating it from the *imbroglio* of warp and woof, have in most instances deterred me from the attempt, and I have said pettishly and indignantly—"World, do your worst!" In fact, I fully agree with that eminent French judge, who would never accept evidence of an attempt to evade the consequences of an accusation by flight as any proof of guilt: "for," said he, "so much do I know of human nature and human jurisprudence, that were I charged with having purloined the tallest steeple in Paris, the first thing I should do would be to get out of the way." I regret that the name of this admirable man has escaped my memory. I have some idea it was the President Harlay—but now for Gruel.

His humility was appalling—it struck me as resembling the horrid dead dull calm that precedes an earthquake. My feelings were not agreeable; and while he sipped the glass of wine, and nibbled the biscuit to which I helped him, I took a rapid mental survey of my position. The lovely Maria, my quondam *chère amie*, heaven knows how, became the husband of old Garnet the attorney: this gentleman had evidently died—*in fact*, though *not in law*, the blooming relict having taking out his annual certificate, and, keeping his connexion together, gone on practising by the instrumentality of the sleek managing clerk, Mr. Erasmus Gruel, as though nothing had happened. Doubts

having at length arisen in the breast of some Vandal as to the fact of Garnet being alive, he had induced one of the judges peremptorily to call for the alleged attorney's production. In this dilemma my divine friend had met with me, and wishing to oblige her, I had put on flannel, suffered myself to be carried before the judge, personated Garnet, and obtained a legal recognition of my identity. Now all this was incorrect conduct—it would be difficult to justify it—but what could I do? Maria's large blue eyes and fine Canova lips were all-conquering! With the eloquent fingers of her right hand twined like honeysuckles round my own, while my left clasped hers at the slender base of her back among the bows of her waist-ribbon—all her delicious digits, encircled by diamonds, the adamantine hardness of which finely contrasted on the sense of touch with the paramount pulpy softness of her palms—I ask again, what could I do? Her bosom was heaving so adjacently, on account of our position, that its anxious throbs reverberated in my own; I felt her lips breathing a halo of warm perfume about my face; our eyes were scarcely the breadth of a *billet doux* apart—she executed one emotion, slightly hysterical, and, not being possessed of the means wherewith to achieve a dinner, I acquiesced. Honesty is all comparative, and he who holds his head highest, would stoop it lowest, if his stomach vociferated "Polony," and he had not three halfpence to buy one. I became *particeps criminis*—but not a puppet—why should she and sleek Gruel enjoy twenty shillings in the pound as regarded the pious fraud, in which I, who had played first fiddle, was to be fobbed off, with a composition sufficient to enable me to emigrate?—for that, it will be remembered, was the outside of her offer—a few hundreds! Pooh! my common sense revolted at the suggestion, for I was no angel. It was quite reasonable that I should consent to no such arrangement. I was her legally acknowledged husband—and I had no desire to have a more exquisite wife—for to confess the truth of Maria, though I now hate her, she was the most highly-finished little woman that ever nature, within my experience, put out of hand—faultless and fascinating—without a blemish or a point that the most refined voluptuary would wish to have altered—Grecian and classical, yet piquante as a soubrette—buoyant and lively as a milkmaid, yet possessing that *air prononcé* which is so enthralling in fine women of quality. I had admired her as a girl—I was infatuated with her as a woman—besides her horse Beelzebub, and the cab, were capital, and the business yielded large profits. Maria, it will not be forgotten, perhaps, after having attempted to stab me, when I asserted the privileges of my position, had been taken to bed, where she still remained. She had, however, admitted Gruel to a consultation in my absence. My fortifications seemed impregnable—but somehow or other I was in fear of my sleek friend. He sate silently munching his biscuit and sipping his wine on the corner of the chair, without speaking a word. I would have given half my little finger to have seen the fellow's eyes—I determined to do so at no expense.

Assuming a gay and careless air, I exclaimed, while crushing a walnut, "You'll think it odd, perhaps, Mr. Gruel, but strange as it may seem, I never could see through any man's spectacles. Allow

me to try yours." So saying I snatched them off with irresistable familiarity—but, good God! what a fearful secret did this act of mine reveal. The timid, humble, irresolute Gruel became at once a different being. His face was destitute of expression, except in the eyes; but these were terrific! The revelation of them made him a new man. They had a panther-like glare. Not an atom of white was perceptible—the brown-glittering orb occupied the entire space. Gruel did well to wear blue spectacles—the sleek rascal's eyes, if exposed, would have been beacons instructing man to avoid him. There was I cheek-by-jowl with him, wondering what the awful scoundrel could have to say.

I returned him the blue spectacles, for I was rather anxious that he should cover up his eyes. He slily croaked, "won't you honour the glasses with a trial, sir?" I had actually forgotten to do so—never in my life had my presence of mind so completely deserted me. I put the spectacles on, and looked at him. Whether the blue pebbles, by distorting, libelled him, I know not; but certain it is, that his face seemed to be convulsed with laughter. I listened, but could not even catch the sound of a cackle. Rapidly dashing the glasses from their position, under the idea that I should detect him in the full fury of his silent sardonic demoniac chuckle, I brought my eye with the velocity of lightning to bear upon his features. They were motionless as marble.

"You doubtless have something to communicate, Mr. Gruel," said I, after a short pause.

"Nothing of importance, perhaps," said he: "still it's unpleasant."

"What is unpleasant, Mr. Gruel?"

"Why, sir, to have people insinuate that we are connected with swindlers and deserters."

"Swindlers and deserters, Mr. Gruel! what can you possibly mean?"

"First came two persons, stating that a notorious gentleman had been traced in a cab to this very door to-day."

"What did they look like?"

"The youngest of them was about forty; he stood as near as may be five feet nine—his complexion was light—his eyes blueish—his hair reddish—his expression good-humoured—his trowsers black—his coat brown—his right boot scotched in the form of a star, apparently to ease a corn."

I must do Gruel the justice of saying, that a more graphic description of Ruthven, the Bow-street officer, no human being could give.

"The other, sir," continued Gruel, "was shorter, thicker, more squabby, older, rather serious, in knee-breeches, brown worsted stockings, blue coat with metal buttons, and woollen waistcoat of a large but sober pattern: his hair stiff and grizly—his language sententious—his air dogmatically dignified—but far from offensive—a very nice sort of business-like burly old gentleman. I think he must have been a respectable Jew."

This was evidently Salmon, Ruthven's senior at the head police-office, but I said nothing, and Gruel went on. "While they were talking to me, in came a serjeant of the 55th, with a cock and a bull story about some deserter from his regiment, who squinted with his left eye—(I was weak enough to blush at this—possessing as I

did the peculiarity—one, however, of very frequent occurrence, mentioned by the serjeant of the 55th)—of course," continued Gruel, "I threw back the imputations with indignant vehemence—but the rascals wont be satisfied, and I find from the potboy over the way, that all three of them are watching our door, behind that red curtain there," and he pointed as he spoke at the parlour window of the Bunch of Grapes. "All this, of course, is very unpleasant."

"Very—how would you act?"

"With all possible deference, sir, I should slip out of the back door, bolt through the mews, and be off."

"Me! I! What do you mean?"

"It is evident, *Mr. Garnet*," and he gave out the appellation with significant emphasis, "it is quite evident that you possess a fac simile resemblance to some scoundrel. The consequences may be awful. I therefore take leave to suggest that you should retire until the storm blows over. Good heavens, sir! if you should be incarcerated even by a misapprehension as to identity—how lamentable—how destructive would be the consequences!"

"What money have you about you, Mr. Gruel?"

"About half-a-crown—but there is ten and sixpence in my desk—shall I fetch it?"

"Do."

"But in that coat—may I submit to you the propriety of an exchange?" Without saying another word we mutually stripped, and in a few moments I was attired in his old, napless, moth-eaten, rhubarb-coloured office surtout. He went below to get me the ten and sixpence; and during his absence I glode into the bed-room for the purpose of taking my leave of the lovely Maria. She was fast asleep. I had not the heart to awake her. Kissing her beautiful brow, I took her jewelled hand—that is *usually* jewelled, but it so occurred that she had taken off every ring. I found out the other where it was nestling in her bosom—blue circles, three or four deep, were worn into the surface of her lily skin on the lower joint of every finger, but not a ring was present except that which had made her Garnet's bride. I tried to draw it off, to cherish as a keepsake, but it was imbedded in the beautiful flesh. Her jewel-case was nowhere to be seen—in her reticule there was a Scotch cambric handkerchief, an old empty purse, and two peppermint lozenges. The drawers were all locked, and for the soul of me I could not find the keys. A suspicious half crown lay on the mantel-shelf—this, in despair of finding any other memento, I thrust into my pocket.

"We shall meet again, Mr. Gruel," said I, as he put the change into my hand; "Maria has acted most ungenerously to put you in possession of odd circumstances which could have come to her knowledge only in perfect confidence. You have done this very well, I confess; the manœuvre leaves me no time to think—but we shall meet again, Mr. Gruel. I am not wholly——"

"Hush! was that a knock?"

He moved towards the front door; and thinking it useless to waste more words with him, I stepped out at once—decidedly a most injured man! Maria had ill-used me, and I do think I should have exposed the whole fraud, had it been practicable. But such asper-

sions had, from time to time, been cast upon my character, that I actually could not venture to come forward, even when clothed with the best intention in the world—that of furthering the ends of justice, without exposing myself in all sorts of ways. It occurred to me, too, that Maria, having got rid of me—for that, in plain English, was without a doubt the objective point of Gruel's cold-blooded strategy—she would, on my writing to her from an outport, declaring my intention of embarking for the new world, generously forward me a few of the hundreds I had declined. This idea would have consoled and borne me up under the infliction, but for one bugbear; this was Gruel's rhubarb-coloured coat. I detested,—I loathed,—I abhorred it. Placed in juxtaposition with my vest, pantaloons, and cravat, it rendered me ridiculous—suspicious; indeed two or three fellows looked after me with a degree of insolence which I felt was venial, on account of the figure I cut. I was not quite satisfied that Gruel would not set my enemies on the track I had taken; for it was impossible to judge how far so accomplished a rascal meant to go. I therefore determined, as I was already on Holborn-bridge, to turn to the right, and shelter myself in the Fleet prison. Getting in front of three gentlemen who walked arm in arm, I shot into the gateway under their cover, and as a visitor, of course obtained immediate admittance. That part of the ground immediately adjacent to the butcher's stall was occupied by a dense crowd, into the very centre of which I naturally plunged. Round a table covered with sheets of foolscap, pots, pipes, &c. sat eight or ten pimple-faced people, glaringly the half-and-half attornies of the place. A contested election was going on for the post of racket-master, and our friends in pimples were the poll-clerks. There were three candidates—a broken major-general; a greasy, flashy, cigar-smoking, handsome young doctor of divinity; and a little Jew who kept one of the whistling shops. The affair amused me. Squibs occasionally appeared, which produced much laughter; but being ignorant of the prison politics, I could rarely appreciate their point. As the voters appeared, they were received with cheers from the party they supported, and groans, hisses, and personal abuse from the friends of the other candidates. It is worthy of remark, that nine-tenths of the constituency were in slippers, dressing-gowns, and military caps. These constitute the prison costume, and distinguish in most, though certainly not in all cases, the inmate from the visitor. As the period appointed for closing the poll approached, the exertions of the candidates were redoubled; it seemed to be a neck-and-neck struggle, and the casting vote was at length given in favour of the Jew, an instant before the clock struck, by a patriarchal old Israelite, borne in his bed-clothes to the table, when almost at his last gasp. The old fellow feebly joined in the shout for Issachar's triumph, and was carried off fainting, doubtless to perform the last act of human existence. Issachar mounted the table, and made a most grateful, pledging, and protesting speech. He specially animadverted on the errors of those who had preceded him in office; undertook to remedy all abuses—to keep a sharp eye on the coats of such gentlemen as thought proper to play in their shirt-sleeves—to be always at his post with an ample supply of balls—

and, above all things, to keep the walls and ground correctly chalked. Nine cheers were then given for little Issachar, and his constituents departed to their respective cells.

It now occurred to me that I might as well withdraw. Outside the gate stood a horse and gig, under the care of a nice, innocent, prepossessing little boy in rags. Taking half a crown from my waistcoat pocket, I told him to run across the market and get it changed, promising to mind the horse and gig for a moment, and to give him a penny for his trouble. Before he came back, I tried on a bottle green surtout, with a velvet collar, that lay in the gig. It precisely fitted me, and completely concealed the horrid rhubarb-coloured garment of my friend Gruel. At the outskirts of town, I felt reluctantly compelled to raise money upon it, for without adopting this measure, I had not wherewith to carry me to an outport. On looking over my funds, I found that I had accidentally given the little boy that suspicious-looking half crown which I took as a keepsake from Maria's mantel-piece. This, of course, gave me a pang; for notwithstanding her coalition against me with that human panther, my sleek friend, Mr. Gruel, I still had an affection for the woman, and hoped that on receiving advice from an outport, she would fully redeem her character by a liberal remittance.

I mounted the first west country mail that passed—having taken tea at Knightsbridge—and had the luck to obtaina box seat. It was far from cold, but the coachman offered me one of his spare great coats with an air of such peculiar civility, that it would have been ungracious to decline. He was rather a superior young man for the situation he occupied, and I could not help expressing my conviction that he had moved in a better sphere. He admitted that he had, and beguiled the time by telling me his story. He was the eldest son of a most worthy and opulent citizen. "I'm not what I ought to be exactly, sir," said he, "or I shouldn't be here holding hard upon three half runaways, and double thonging a blind gib—look how she hugs her partner, and presently she'll yaw out to the off hedge, or maybe squat of a sudden fit to snap the pole. My father, sir, was the best of fathers to me—never pulls an ounce except going down hill, and then she'll push up to the cold collar as if she loved it, spite of all that mortal man can do, for she's no more mouth than a milestone. He brought me up—that is he would, if I hadn't been a bad 'un—brought me up like a gentleman; but you see, sir, I was just like this here mare—no beating any thing into me, not because I couldn't, but because I wouldn't. Father had an old fool of a coachman, and 'twas he who spoiled me, by letting me ride the blind horse to water. Never could overcome my propensity to cat's meat since; and here you see I am behind three runaways and a gib—my neck not worth half an hour's purchase. Don't be alarmed, there's a child inside, and we're all in one boat, you know. For my part, I'm never afraid except when riding solus with Black Harry the guard, a man who's no protection against the judgment of providence for man or beast. Very well, you know, after I'd been off and on four or five years in the counting-house, playing old Harry most part of the time, one morning I didn't get home until past three, for I'd been at a

trotting match, and stopped boozing on the road back at Hampton. The old man, with the best intentions, was sharpish and severe, so he told the maids to lock up and go to bed. That, you know, didn't beat me; for Susan, in such cases, always left the back area window-shutters unbarred; so, popping over the rails, and lifting the sash, in I got, without making noise enough to wake a mouse. When I reached the top of the kitchen stairs, the parlor door stood ajar, and inside there was a light! A light in the parlor at that hour—past three! Never was such a thing known! At first I thought I should have dropped, but fancying, maybe, that after all it was nothing but thieves, on I went—gently—gently till I came to the door. There I heard whispering; so getting in as softly as I could, what should I see at t'other end of the room, but father!—*my* father, down on his knees, with his hands clasped on an open bible that lay on a chair before him. I stole up unobserved, and, with tears in my eyes—believe it or not, just as you like—placed myself in a devout attitude close beside him, only a little behind, so that he couldn't see me. He was praying—I heard him—praying to God for me, his undutiful son! My heart seemed to bolt bang up into my mouth. 'Father,' says I, 'don't:—don't—it's crucifying! Marble couldn't bear this; it's all up now—no more staying out till three o'clock. I can't—I won't—I shan't dare to look you in the face again, till I get rid of all these bad ways. You've been a good father to me—God bless you! Threats and sermons are all very well; but when you come to this, you know its too much—can't stand it—can't indeed.'"

"And what said the good old gentleman?"

"Don't know; for there I left him staring with amazement. I was out of the back area window, I reckon, before he came round; and from that day to this, I've never darkened his door, nor shall I yet a bit—I an't fit. Harry blow the horn, or tip us a chant, can't you?"

"Oh! yes, in course, Master Ralph; you stands a drop o' nothing so often: I an't a going to blow all the breath out of my body *ven* there's no obstruction."

"Very well, then here goes at your favourite song."

"Ah! you'd spoil it if you could, but it's a mercy that you can't; you only knows a touch o' the vorst part of the tune, and here and there a vord. You seems to think woice is every thing, but it von't do—more nor that, the thing's a getting so werry wulgar, that them 'ere cads vot vashes this here wehicle at Dewizes, varbles it vile dewouring their wittles. A'ter that, in course, I couldn't condescend not to sing it afore a gemman, as seems to be one, sich as you've got on the box, on no account agin, barring and except, mind me—"

The coachman here interrupted Black Harry with an oath, and taking the long-extinguished cigar, which he fancied he had been smoking, from his mouth, he ran up and down the extent of his gamut, and began to sing with considerable musical taste the following trash:—

"Oh! the days are gone when squinting Chard
The Bath mail drove,
And p ayed his pranks while holding hard
Down Break Neck Grove."

"Wrong in all the lines and dead beat in the tune," quoth Black Harry.

"No such thing," said the coachman: "my guard, sir, is of an envious disposition," he added, addressing me. "Squint-eyed Chard, as the song says, loved a practical joke; so one day he called a young countryman from thefoot of the hill, to hitch up the skid with which he had locked one of his hind wheels. The friction, of course, had made it as hot as if it had just come out of a smith's forge, and the goodnatured boy, before he could drop it, burnt his thumb. This made the passengers laugh, and so served Squint-eyed Chard's purpose. But how did it end?—come Harry, strike up."

"Shan't!—von't put my feet into dead men's shoes for nobody—finish your mess, if you can, as you've begun it."

"I can but fail," said Ralph, "so here goes with a good heart—

"Oh! the yokel boy was soon forgot
Who'd made such fun,
And the day arrived, when on that spot
'Cute Chard was done.
Across the grove
A bumpkin strove
The mail to intercept—

"This was in the middle of the hill, and Chard thinking that the boy had a short parcel, which might be kept out of the way-bill and put a shilling or so into his pocket, with great difficulty stopped the coach. The lad slackened in his pace, being apparently worn out with a long run. Chard impatiently urged him on by loud imprecations, and began most bitterly to regret that he had pulled up, for the weight of his coach was pressing heavily on the withers of his wheelers, and the leaders were almost unmanageably fidgetty. At length the boy, nearly exhausted, and after a long delay, reached the hedge that separated the hill-grove from the road, and says he, keeping well out o' the reach of Chard's flogger, says he,—

"'Twas once your turn
My thumb to burn,
By gosh! it made me feel—
So now I wants my knife to grind
On your hind wheel."

Into all this tom-foolery I gladly entered with the morbid zest of a man in bitter trouble. I never was less merry at heart, and yet I laughed prodigiously. An old woman's gossip would have been grateful even if it possessed no other virtue than that of relieving the intense pressure of one idea upon my mind. MARIA was written in letters of fire upon my brain. To extinguish the intensity of its glare, even for an hour—a moment—was comfort—was happiness. I never yearned so ardently to fly from myself—to abandon my identity. I was sick to my very soul! Maria—but to proceed with my journey.

A few miles further on, the coachman asked me if I would so far oblige him as to relinquish my seat in favour of a particular friend of his, a country banker, from whom he occasionally heard something about his father. "He won't turn in," said Ralph, "so I always

give him the box, if the passenger who's in possession of it happens to be accommodating." Of course I acquiesced, and on the steps of a large old-fashioned house in the next town, I perceived, by the moonlight, as we approached, a highly respectable looking middle-aged gentleman: this was Ralph's particular friend, the country banker. As Ralph drew up, he took the place which I had contrived to evacuate a few moments before, with an alacrity that shewed he knew time was, or ought to be, very precious indeed to a mail coach. His demeanour was grave—his aspect stern and somewhat repulsive—I tried to enter into conversation with him, but he met my advances with cold civility. "I think, sir, we've met before," said I. "I think so too," said he, in a certain sort of marked unpleasant tone, that induced me indignantly to draw in my horns, and plunge my chin sulkily behind the deep collar of the coat which Ralph had lent me. Indeed I went so far as to resolve that I would not open my lips to him again, good, bad, or indifferent, during the remainder of the journey.

At a little low, thatched, roadside, public house, where Ralph changed horses, we had to wait for a cross country mail which had not yet come up. It was now about an hour before dawn, and the morning air being raw and chilly, we went into the kitchen of the inn, which, although the fire had nearly expired, afforded an acceptable shelter, notwithstanding the atmosphere was filthily impregnated with the fumes of rusty bacon, sour Wiltshire swipes, onions, and tobacco. There was a woman inside the coach, with a little child; but she declined alighting: the only other passenger besides myself was Ralph's "particular friend." Black Harry, after protesting that Ralph had tooled the tits so as to be before his time, and that the cross mail would not be up for half an hour at least, threw the slender candle, which twinkled on the table, beneath the grate, and brought in one of the coach-lamps. The glare of this was insufferable: for my own part, I should have infinitely preferred the softer beam of the candle, especially as the banker, to whom I had taken a rooted dislike, appeared to be intent on reading in such of my lineaments as I condescended to reveal, the circumstances under which we had formerly met. I saw that through the medium of a savage, unsocial, and unnatural glare, fit only for the turnpike road, I was in danger of being recognized, perhaps, as somebody else. I therefore moved to the back of the lamp, and thus threw myself into deep shadow. Ralph begged the country banker's pardon for taking such a liberty, but hoped and trusted, that with such a famous light, his "particular friend" (Ralph did not call him so to his face,) would not object to reading a few pages aloud till the cross mail came up. "There's nothing in life so pleasant, sir," said Ralph, "as being read to."

"I've said the same vords scores and hundreds of times," quoth Harry, "'specially if them as reads is a *born* gemman, mind me, and the thing as is read happens to be werse."

Ralph now took a tattered fragment of a book from one of his inner coat pockets, and placing it before his "particular friend," the latter began to read, with an audible voice, but half unconsciously, his mind being evidently abstracted, and his eye turning frequently to the spot where he supposed I sat—I say supposed, for I had

moved to a more commodious seat near the door. The fat landlady, in her night-cap and bed-gown, partially enshrouded in a patchwork quilt, a red-headed ostler, and a huge grave looking mastiff, occupied the passage; these, with Ralph, the enlightened Black Harry, myself, and a phthisicky, asthmatic, wondering jack-daw, constituted the country banker's audience. The grave, absorbed man of business was, as I soon discovered, reading part of Pope's Rape of the Lock, and with about as much emphasis and discretion as he might have bestowed on an auctioneer's catalogue.

In about twenty minutes the distant horn of the cross-mail was heard, and a bustle ensued. The fat landlady waddled off to bed, the ostler rushed out, the mastiff yelled, the jack-daw chattered, Ralph rose, Harry took possession of the lamp, and the banker ceased. "You'll excuse me, sir," said the guard, "but I'll be —— if you doesn't reed like a haangel! I thought my boy Bob was summut, but this beats him out and out. Why, you doesn't stop, no—not to spell the longest word not votsomever."

"Where is our fellow passenger?" inquired the banker.

Just at that moment I rendered my back visible as I stalked out of the door-way. The banker followed, and by the time the cross-mail came up, we had all resumed our places, and were ready to start. Black Harry had no sooner stowed away the bags, than off we went at the most inspiriting pace imaginable. Ralph, though young, was a capital coachman: he understood the philosophy of driving—pardon the digression, gentle reader—although I protest against his following the old practice of holding the wheel-reins short. He spared the shewy but done-up tit that was put into his team, just to make up the number, and let him have nothing to do but keep his pace, while he made the real workers do the work. This is one of the most important points in stage-coach driving—a point that even my friend Apperley has omitted to notice, in his excellent papers on the road—and I therefore take this opportunity of bringing it forward. But I must be brief. This, then, is the fact. Coach proprietors rarely give you a team that is quite effective in its component parts, however capable it may be of doing its ground as a totality. Sometimes three—sometimes only two horses are put in to do the work, while the other, or others, as the case may be, must be considered only in the light of a figurant or figurantes. At a pinch, the odd horse may perhaps be pushed so as to feel his collar, but generally speaking, all that can reasonably be required of him is *to keep his pace.* This you will not be enabled to do, if you make him peg at the pull. He should be regarded as ornamental—not useful. If you make him do his share of the work for half a stage, you will so take it out of him, that he won't be able to do the pace at which the others can do the drag, for the remainder. You will, consequently, lose time by being obliged to hold them in to the low rate of progress which he has sufficient strength left to achieve. You can't get on without him; a team, as regards its speed, though composed of four horses, is an unit. The pace of the slowest, the most leg-weary, the most *beaten,* must inevitably be the pace of all. Therefore, look carefully to your weak horse; if he can't work at the

collar, don't let him stiffen his traces. Keep him in hand, so as to ensure his getting over the stage at the average rate of the working part of your team.

The banker frequently cast his eyes on me over his shoulder, and having been unfortunate—the victim of circumstances and coincidences—I felt infelicitous beneath his penetrating glance. But as the sun rose above the eastern hills behind us, and cast his rosy effulgence on the broad brow of Ralph's particular friend, when it was from time to time turned towards me, a new spirit animated me: in the conscious majesty of innocence, I threw off the coachman's coat, and fully revealed my features, for I could no longer submit to such evident suspicions. The banker gazed at me long and critically—I met his glance with the adamantine apathy of a Stoic. He was overwhelmed with confusion. "Sir," said he, after a pause, "I have to beg your pardon. To be quite candid, ideas within the last hour or so have entered my mind that you were identical with a certain scoundrel who some years since fleeced me and my banking brethren on the western road, to an enormous amount. I see my error, and gladly apologize. The fellow, as I this instant recollect, squinted." (Now be it known, such is my infirmity, that sometimes I squint, and sometimes I don't, just as it happens.) "As," continued the banker, "squinting is perfectly incurable, except in infancy, it is quite clear that I have mistaken you for another man; and, as he was one of the most consummate rascals in existence, of course I am in duty bound to apologize for having laboured, even during a single instant, under so gross a misapprehension."

To have discouraged his advances—not to have listened to his story of the achievements of the gentleman with whom he had innocently confounded me, however I might have felt, would have been in bad taste. "The person I alluded to, sir," said he, "came westward, just after writs had been issued for a general election. He travelled with his wife and child—the former handsome, but aristocratic, the latter beautiful and interesting—but, mark me, dumb. After having breakfasted at the head inn of the town, where Mr.—I forget his name, but we'll call him Jones—thought proper to commence operations, he asked the landlord who were the principal bankers of the place? 'There is but one firm, sir,' was the reply, 'and their office is opposite.' 'So near; perhaps, then, as my gout is so distressing (his left foot was bandaged, and he walked with a crutch), one of the partners would favour me with a short visit, if you would see him yourself, with my compliments.' 'Certainly, sir.' 'And be so good as order the horses to be put to—I shall be off in five minutes.' In a brief space one of the partners was introduced. 'Sir,' said Mr. Jones, 'I'm much obliged for your kind consideration; my business is short: I am in this part of the country on election matters, and it appears that Bank of England paper is received with great reluctance hereabouts.' 'The people, sir, have so long been accustomed to local notes, of which the circulation principally consists, that—' 'So I find; and I will, therefore, beg you to oblige me with your own paper for a couple of hundreds.' So saying, Mr. Jones threw four fifty pound Bank of England notes on

the table, adding 'By-the-bye, Sir, now I think of it, it will be as well, perhaps, if you'll permit me, to open a small account with you while I'm in the neighbourhood. Let me see'—taking out a banker's book, and carelessly shewing a counter-receipt for 500*l.* from one of the first London houses, dated only the day before, 'I'll draw in your favor for five hundred pounds, or say four hundred and fifty, for which you'll just give me your common acknowledgment.' Here a servant entered the room, and hurriedly announced that the carriage was ready, and his mistress waiting. Mr. Jones snatched his crutch and hat, and taking the banker's arm, hobbled towards the door, continuing the conversation 'You took up the four fifties?' 'I did.' 'Well, then, just draw the bill, and we'll pull across the road to your door; you'll have done it before I can get in and settled, for this foot of mine, you see—' bring out a pen with a dip of ink, and I'll sign on the back of my hat. Some cheques, too; my two hundred pounds won't carry me out of the week scarcely—this is Tuesday, isn't it? Yes!—In electioneering, money flies—one scarcely knows how or where—but if it's well spent, that's the point. Excuse me for hurrying you, but I'm already late.'

"But there was nothing fraudulent in this," I ventured to observe; "the gentleman does the banker the favour—"

"I admit the term—he does the banker the favour of giving him Bank of England notes for his own paper, and makes him payee of a bill on the London firm for 450*l.*—"

"Taking a common memorandum of the transaction for his security—"

"Granted: but hear me further."

"I can't see where the robbery lies, for my part," said the coachman.

"Hold your tongue, Ralph," quoth his particular friend: "you know nothing of business."

"But if there was any thing wrong, begging your pardon, sir," rejoined Ralph; "why didn't this man of business—this banker see into it?"

"Because," said the banker, raising his voice, "Jones was no common man: he would have deceived the devil himself!—*Why he took in me!*"

Here Black Harry, who had been leaning over the roof of the coach, startled us by trying to smother a laugh, which however completely mastered him, so that after spluttering awhile as if he were suffocating, he burst out into a huge and hearty guffaw, in which all of us, including the reluctant banker, speedily joined. Ralph was the first to stop, "Steady, gentleman," said he in a very grave tone; "steady, if you please, down this awkward hill; my horses don't exactly understand the harmless joke:—that off-leader has won two gold cups—now he's blind and a bolter—"

"When you hear the result," whispered the country banker—

"Silence, sir, if you please," interrupted Ralph.

"What! do you presume to—"

"Not one word more!"

"S'death—"

"Hush: if you were any other man—excepting father—I'd knock you quietly off the box but for the sake of the other passengers:—the nags are all upon the fret."

"I don't see it."

"No—but I feel it: there's no secrets so close as those which pass between a coachman and his team. The blind bolter's cholicky, and there's nothing so catching as fear or vice among four horses. I've known three downright good uns lie down at starting, one after another, because the fourth—a bad un—had set them the example."

"Well, but—"

"*Hush, for God's sake!* the effect of your voice—for you're in a passion—is frightful. I feel it like a flash of lightning in the reins. They're used to my tones; besides, you hear I speak as if nothing was the matter—I'll apologize presently—but pray keep your temper. There's a sharp turn—a whitewashed house—and a narrow bridge, all in this bit of a hill, with a turnpike at the foot of it: the fools always plant their gates at the top, the bottom, or the middle of a hill—Harry, don't blow your horn. If you utter another word, sir, he'll plunge as sure as you're alive."

At this critical instant, the full force of which, being a practical man, of course I felt, the woman inside rattled down the off-blind, and thrusting her head out, shrieked at the very top of her shrill voice: "Stop, stop, I tell you there's a mouse in the coach!"

"By God! they're gone! I've lost their mouths," said Ralph with admirable temper. "Blow your horn, Harry; but begin gently, or they'll get into a full gallop before old Drouzy can open the gate. Once through—they shall have their swing and welcome."

"Are we really in danger, Ralph?" anxiously inquired the banker.

"Yes, sir; but pray don't bother me."

"Murder! murder!" vociferated the woman inside; "is the child to be frightened into fits?"

"Harry, get on the roof and hold hard on her windpipe, or it's all up with us: the bolter has got the bit in his teeth."

"No! has he though?" exclaimed Harry.

"Murder! mur—"

We heard no more of the lady inside, although her head was still visible protruding from the window. Black Harry lay flat on the roof, and he held her throat in his colossal clutch. We luckily cleared the corner, shot over the bridge, through the turnpike, and got upon a long strip of flat road. There Ralph pitched into his team, and soon brought them to their senses. "If I wasn't afraid," said he, "of setting the wheels on fire, I'd give 'em a three-mile gallop: but there's nothing like stopping while you're safe.

Ralph now pulled up, and told Harry to get down and inquire how the lady felt. The following colloquy at the coach-door was the consequence. *Harry.* Now, ma'am, about this here mouse—*Lady.* Oh! you villains, I'll hang some of you—I only wish I knew which! *Harry.* I'm not agoing to say it arn't unpleasant to have

warmint for an inside passenger, 'specially as you're a lady, ma'am, and so werry frightful. *Lady.* Don't talk to me, fellow: I've been in danger of my life. *Harry.* Lord love you, ma'am, you talks of a mouse—poor little harmless warmint—as if—*Lady.* Such ruffianly treatment I never heard of in my born days! See that I'm set down, man, at the next human habitation. *Harry.* Hard words, ma'am, and all about a mouse! If people tead and suppered at the regular houses on the road, there wouldn't be no mice; but if so be as passengers will bring baskets o' wittles into the wehicle, what can they expect but warmint to nibble up the crumbs? *Lady.* Go along, fellow, it's not of the mouse, but a mysterious hand that nearly throttled me—*Harry.* Oh! I doesn't doubt it, ma'am; I heard you cut short in your paragraph. *My vife is often taken so ven she's wery wiolent.* Her breath seems stopped; she can't so much as say "ram's horns;" and ven she comes to, von't believe scarcely that somebody ha'n't been half-strangling her.

"That'll do, Harry," said Ralph. The colloquy ceased; the coach-door was slammed; Harry got up; and as soon as he had uttered, in a peculiar and significant tone, "all's right," we were again in motion.

Ralph now began to express great contrition for having been compelled to be so disrespectful; but his particular friend, having seen the circumstance in its right light, was already appeased, and at once put an end to Ralph's meditated volley of explanations and apologies. He now moved the previous question, and we resumed our debate. It did not appear what harm there could be in acting as Jones had acted.

"Well, we'll waive that point, and allow me to proceed," said our respectable *compagnon de voyage.* "At the next town Jones played the same tune, but with variations. 'I've opened a small account, said he to the banker *there,* producing the acknowledgment with Messrs. So-and-so, of So-and-so; but upon consideration they are a little too far from the scene of my electioneering avocations; I'm likely to get rather beyond the limits of their local circulation: besides, it seems to me that I shall want more cash than I expected; therefore, what I propose doing is this: imprimis, here is a hundred pound Bank of England bill, for which you'll oblige me with your own fives. Item, here are two hundred pounds' worth of Messrs. So-and-so's notes, for which you may as well also give me your own paper. Item, here is a cheque in your favour for the four hundred and fifty pounds in Messrs. So-and-so's hands, as per voucher: Item, here you have my draft on Messrs. (naming the London firm and shewing the counter receipt) for an odd five hundred pounds, which, as you see, I paid into their house yesterday, as a reserve, if I wanted it, which I find I shall. Now what you've to do is this; first you'll give me your notes for the Bank of England and country paper which I've handed you—that's three hundred: then as to the four hundred and fifty and the five hundred, making together nine hundred and fifty, I'll write on you instanter for two hundred, which you'll bring me with the other three, all in your own paper, if you please, with a memorandum for the remaining seven hundred and fifty, balance standing to my account. With five hundred I think I may get on for the

remainder of the week.' All this was done; or, rather, the Banker was done—the compliment of exchanging Bank-of-England and Messrs. So-and-So's paper for his own fives, dazzled him."

"But where was the harm, Sir?" inquired Ralph.

"That's the *point*," quoth Harry, who had crawled over the roof and taken his seat beside me; "how could things be more right, or more squarerer? The gemman seems to have been a gemman—every inch of him, as *I* should say, and knocks about his hundreds like nine-pins. If a few sich as him did but ride by thy coach—eh, Ralph?"

"You're a couple of fools!" quoth the respectable Banker. "*You*, Sir," added he, addressing his humble servant (myself) "doubtless perceive ——"

"Clearly," interrupted I: "he has now drawn a second time on the London firm: first for four hundred-and-fifty, and now for five hundred, although, apparently, he had not more than the latter amount in their hands!"

"Just so; and what do you think he did, at a place only ten miles more westward?"

"Heaven knows where his effrontery would end!"

"Why, Sir, he got a banker to come to his inn, as before, and told the old story: 'I've opened two little accounts,' said he, 'at A. and B. (naming the towns he had come through), but I am advised that neither of them will be sufficiently centrical for my purposes. I must, therefore, though with some reluctance, transfer the two accounts to your house, which is more convenient to the arena of my operations. And yet—no—upon reflection, as they've been very civil, it would not be gentlemanly, at one fell swoop, to bring matters to a balance. Let me see (exhibiting his vouchers)—on the first, instead of for four-hundred-and-fifty, I'll only write for three hundred; from the second, instead of seven-hundred-and-fifty, I'll only take five hundred; and, to secure myself against any inconvenience that might arise from the deficiency, I'll draw in your favour on my bankers in town for three or four hundreds. I paid in *five* last night (shewing the receipt), in the event of an emergency. Here are two fifties, Bank-of-England notes, for which you'll oblige me with your more negotiable paper. I'll draw on you at once for three hundred, and you'll give me your acknowledgment for the balance, which will be—how much? Three and five are eight, and five are thirteen hundred pounds.'"

"I begin to smoke," said Harry; "he's made five hundred clear booty, and increased what you calls his wouchers to nigh upon three thousand. Crikey! what a genus!"

"I suppose," quoth Ralph, "he went down along at the rate of arithmetical progression—drawing upon all, and *sacking* a large amount at every town."

"Precisely so," rejoined the Banker; "and by the time he reached the seaport, which was the preconcerted bourne of his operations, he had nearly three thousand pounds in his pocket, which, with the assistance of a Jew, and at a slight per centage, he turned into gold, and embarked for the Continent."

"Capital!" exclaimed Ralph.

"Talking of capital," said Harry, "the gemman seems to have started with a capital of five hundred pounds, vich he paid into the London bankers."

"And which," quoth the Banker, "I must tell you, he drew out again the next morning, before he started from town: this enabled him to sport the Bank-of-England paper, which was the pivot of his fraud!"

"Well, Sir, and pray what became of him, and his beautiful wife, and the interesting dumb child?"

"Never heard a syllable of them after; they did me to the amount of six hundred pounds, which still stands to the account of 'Profit and Loss,' in the ledger."

Now this I knew to be an infernal lie. The fact is, that about a year after my embarkation at Falmouth, he had received intelligence of my whereabout. I was then on the Continent. Maria and the boy had quitted me, and proceeded, with plenty of cash, for St. Petersburg, where she hoped to make a splendid market of her unrivalled charms. He had employed one of the most worthy, most excellent, but most acute attorneys in the universe to pursue me. This gentleman was a profound classical scholar, but knew nothing of any European language except his own. Notwithstanding this drawback, by sheer professional acumen he found me. I had been grossly illused. Being without papers, the police had shuffled me from one state into another (as watchmen were wont, in old times, to *pass* an intoxicated gentleman through the parishes and wards of Westminster and London), until I became almost weary of existence. The Austrians had trundled me over the border, into the dominions of the Sardinian monarch, and the foolish police of this sovereign, instead of quietly getting rid of me by setting me a foot beyond their jurisdiction, absurdly conveyed me to a state-prison, in which, with two *gens-d'-armes*, watching me night and day, I languished for more than a year. At length the attorney arrived with letters from the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the credit of which the ultra jackasses handed him over a sum of one thousand pounds, of which they had recklessly despoiled me. They wanted the attorney to take me home with him, but this he declined. They insisted, and he cursed them heartily for their impudence, in supposing that he would condescend to travel with a swindler—for this, in the heat of passion, he so far forgot himself as to designate me. I, however, have long since forgiven him, for we have come together since, and the pure excellence of his heart has been made manifest to me. I have become under obligations to him, which I most gladly acknowledge. He is a good man, and I would part with a finger to serve him. He departed by the *diligence;* but scarcely had he progressed a league, when a light cart, containing two *gens-d'-armes* and myself, overtook him. My official companions insisted on his considering me as his prisoner. He, in reply, by means of an interpreter, told them candidly he'd see them in the naughty place first—he did not like me, and would not have me. He had received enough to cover his client's debt and his own expenses, and he wanted nothing more.

They might do what they pleased with my carcase—he had no claim to it. I entreated him to take me home and transport me, so sick was I of Sardinian incarceration! but he was obdurate.

It would be uninteresting to state by what means I emancipated myself from the clutches of my Sardinian friends: suffice it to say that they were, in the upshot, as they candidly confessed in a paragraph circulated by means of their Consuls, among the leading journals of Europe and America, "pretty particularly" sorry that they had ever meddled with me—the asinine dolts!

To return to my position: I began to strike a balance, mentally, as regarded the account between myself and Ralphs' "particular friend." Thus it stood with us:—He, no matter how, or under what circumstances (I detest detail—and am always for leaping to conclusions), had advanced Jones 600*l.*, and perhaps expended nearly a hundred more in the journey to the Italian dominions of his Sardinian majesty. On the other hand, there was the round thousand, of which I had been pillaged, and which thousand had been handed over, by my foreign friends, to the attorney. The following, I think, was therefore our position in figures:—

MYSELF, *in Acc. with* RALPH'S "PARTICULAR FRIEND.

Dr.		*Per contra Cr.*	
To Cash advanced to Jones.....	600	By Cash received of the	
Expenses and Interest.....	100	Sardinian Nincompoops	1000
Balance in my favour	300		
	£1000		£1000

At this statement, I flatter myself, no mercantile man could cavil. There was a clear balance in my favour of 300*l.*, and I resolved on getting it, as in duty bound (for charity begins at home), by hook or by crook. It was, I felt, perfectly useless to make a straight-forward business-like demand. The account could evidently be closed only by some diplomatic proceeding on my part—some little *ruse de guerre*, at the success of which he would, of course, be glad, so highly respectable as he seemed; for it would relieve a heavy load from his conscience. His position was this:—Having stigmatized Jones as a swindler, and virtually acknowledged that the 1000*l.* taken from the latter might be considered as some of the fruits of that gentleman's monetary speculations, he, in pocketing the balance was, *pro tanto*, a receiver of stolen goods. He must have felt that, in his profit-and-loss books, he ought to stand thus:—"By profit on a swindling transaction, 3000*l.*" What a situation was this for a British country banker! How he must have passed his nights! A mode occurred to me by which he might be relieved, and I need scarcely say that I determind to adopt it.

While I was brooding upon the details of my scheme, Black Harry again clambered over the roof of the coach, to tell Ralph he wished "to drive a trifle—'cause he liked to keep his hand in, and had summut to say, quite private, to the gemman en the box. Arter yov'e got down this here hill, Ralph, why then, if it suits you to see to the blunderbuss and bags, vy——Ax pardon, sir," added he to me, "but I'm a sitting on your skirt, and there's summut in the pocket vot isn't wery soft."

I thought I should have fainted!—fainted under the mingled feeling of surprise, hope, anticipation, and delight! "Summut vot is'nt wery soft" in the pocket of Gruel's rhubarb colored coat—his official garment—his confidential coat! With great trepidation I withdrew the skirt from beneath Black Harry.

In so doing I contrived to satisfy myself, that in the pocket there was an oblong substance, rather dense, feeling like a book. Not to excite suspicion, I so far mastered my intense curiosity—as to remain motionless—Black Harry took the reins and Ralph went behind. The dawn had long since glimmered, but the handsome gas-lamps that flanked one side of the road leading into the town which we were about to enter—still cast a yellow flickering light against the long rows of new habitations on each side of the way. "Now, sir," said Black Harry, to the Banker," that 'ere Ralph's not a bad un—and seeing as I'm a friend of hiz'n, and he's offended you, by his wery proper *impurrence* (ax your pardon for saying so—ven the lady inside fell so werry frightened about the mouse, &c. and so forth) vy I can't do better nor make it up for him. How? you'll ax. Vy ant I agoing to tell you? Many's the rig you has seen, in your time, in course; but I'll shew you a reg'lar out and outer. Consarn my bones if ever I did afore, but twice to please a marquis—and vonce, ven I drove the North Highflyer—all for to gratify a sporting Countess, vot had rode all night on the box to see life—but as you're Ralph's partiklar —vy here goes.—Notice how I'll tickle a hole in the front pane of this here lamp vith the last knot o' the vip—vich mind me, must blow ought the light, though it shant be bigger nor a pea." So saying, Harry, by an admirable movement of his wrist (he was a capital whip and flanked a near leader better than any man I ever saw)—carried the point of his whip plump against the lamp he was passing—a beautiful star, having a well defined circular hole for its nucleus, was the consequence; the breeze, blowing in bang through the aperture, instantly extinguished the light, to the Banker's amazement—and must I confess it?—e'en posited as I was, to my deep admiration. He operated with equal skill on every lamp he passed: our prospect in advance was bright, but we left all in darkness behind us. The watchmen began to awake and raise an alarm—the regular extinction of the lamps, one after the other, appalled them. They had perhaps been dreaming of earthquakes or other phenomena, and most vehemently worked at their rattles. Windows were thrown up, and a line of heads, some with nightcaps and some without, appeared at the second floor windows. Harry went on triumphantly in his extinguishing cause in spite of the Banker's agonies. "My good fellow," exclaimed the latter, "thank you—thank you a thousand times! How very gratified I feel! Your kind intentions—but really, don't let me tresspass—that's quite enough."—"Oh! I'll go through the piece now I've begun—Yoicks! Yo—over!" "Nay, but I assure you—for God's sake desist! Remember my respectability"—"In course, or vy should I exert myself so—there she goes!"—"You're very kind—but all the people know me—let me beg of you—damn it all! There's Sir Tiffin Mongooz looking out! Sir Tiffin—with whom I've business— Good God! Ralph — Stop

him!—on the box too—Ralph! Harry, you beast! consider my station! D—n it, this is too cruel.—Sir Tiffin sees me! If I were but inside! Ralph!"

Ralph protested but without avail. Black Harry would not be checked in his friendly efforts to make up the breach which he supposed to exist between his friend, and his friend's "particular friend," by a display of his own incomparable skill in blowing out the lamps as if by magic, for it was scarcely possible to detect the lightning-like lash of his whip. Before Ralph could perforce resume the reins, notwithstanding the attraction of Black Harry's skill, I had become absorbed. Sir Tiffin Mongooz whose "local habitation," since his return with a large fortune from India, I had vainly attempted to discover—was my schoolfellow; we had been at the University together; *there was a singular document in existence between myself and him,* which, now, that I could get at him, might realize me a golden crop. Judging from the flannels, with which his head was enveloped, he could not be well. So much the better, but then the banker—and Gruel! I quietly thrust my hand into the rhubarb-coloured coat, took out a pocket book, and began to scan its contents, and the memoranda it contained, with the quiet careless air of one to whom they were familiar. I have said in a preceding specimen of my autobiography, that no men are so liable to gross errors in minor particulars as your most accomplished scoundrels, and that these errors luckily for the world, now and then hang them. Had Gruel as many lives as a cat, there was enough in the pocket book to put him out of the way by the necessary number of marginal notes of "sus: per col:" in so many judges' copies of calendars. Instead of going on to an outport, I alighted at once:—but, to confess the truth, sought a few hours repose, being completely undecided, as to whom, in justice to myself, I should operate on first—sleek Erasmus Gruel, Ralph's "particular friend," or that social crony of my youthful days, Brigadier General Sir Tiffin Mongooz.

ON A SCHOOL BOY

Pronouncing the River Eurĭpus, Eurĭpus.

Venit ad Euripum juvenis, paulumque moratus,
Ut bene transiret, corripuit fluvium.

SOCRATES IN HIS CUPS.

Some may be astonished that Socrates the sage, the philosopher, one of the most virtuous of the ancients, should be distinguished for his ability as a wine-bibber, but such was the fact; for Plato, his favorite disciple, who has recorded the acts and conversations of his master in those beautiful dialogues which still remain to delight us, has given an account, in his *Symposium*, of a party, at which Socrates sat out all the rest of the company. The occasion was this. Athagon, a famous tragic poet, having gained the prize annually bestowed on the author of the three best tragedies, gave an entertainment to his friends on the following day. Some of the most illustrious Athenians were present;—among others, Alcibiades, Socrates, and Aristophanes the comic poet. The conversation was animated and interesting; and at length, as the wine went round and round, it became loud and noisy.

When most of the guests had displayed unequivocal signs of intoxication, "a great number of revellers," saith Plato on the authority of Aristodemus, his informant, "suddenly came to the door, and finding it open (for some one had just gone out) they entered, and seated themselves on the couches. Confusion now reigned supreme, and the company no longer preserved any moderation in drinking. Aristodemus said that some went away, but that as for himself he fell asleep, and slept for a very long time, since the nights were then of great length; and that when he awoke at the dawn of day, Agathon, Aristophanes, and Socrates were the only persons still awake: they were drinking the wine out of large cups, and Socrates was discoursing. And Aristodemus said that he could not give an account of his discourse, as he was asleep at the commencement; but that the sum and substance of it was, *that Socrates compelled them to confess that tragedy and comedy are the same thing;* and that after being obliged by his arguments to acknowledge this, though not fully convinced of its truth, they fell fast asleep: and that Socrates rose from his seat, and after washing himself went to the Lyceum, (for it was now the morning) according to his usual custom, and that after spending the day in his accustomed manner, he went home in the evening and retired to rest."

THE UNITED STATES.

FROM GOETHE.

America thou hast it better
Than our ancient hemisphere;
Thou hast no falling castles,
Nor basalt, as here.
Good luck wait on thy glorious spring,
And, when in time, thy poets sing,
May some good genius guard them all
From Baron, Robber, Knight, and Ghost traditional!

VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB.

EXTRACTED FROM GENERAL MURRAY'S DIARY—UNPUBLISHED.

24th Aug. 1790.—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visiters to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacriligious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard Milton, who, it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register book bore the following entry: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumpcon, chancell." Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3rd, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcarious nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried at his request near the remains of his parent; and the same register-book contained the entry, "John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs. Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet spunge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been enclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscription being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width in the broadest part one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3rd, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labour on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th. a party of parishioners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should disinter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkes-

worth who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the church—

> "When night
> Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
> Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine."—MILTON.

The sacriligious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting place: Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slant-ways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible: it was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state: its colour a light brown; its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the presure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a paving-stone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the law lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis, the player, who had now joined the party, told the former, that being a good hair-worker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch, adding, that such a relic would be of great service by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons, Hoppy and Grant, who said that they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg-bones in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G. "This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church, "And little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"

NEXT YEAR.

Procrastination is the thief of time.—YOUNG.

I REMEMBER reading in some book—a German author, I think—"Shew me your apartment, and I'll be your fortune-teller." There is much reason in this saying, for assuredly if fortune can be foretold by the character of an individual, in no manner can you form a better estimate than by a glance at his domicile. Let any man of discernment enter the chamber of his friend, and attentively survey the signs and appearances therein, and I am much mistaken if he do not arrive at a more just conclusion respecting the character and disposition of its occupant, than ever could Lavater by his physiognomy, or another, and more amusing class of speculators, by the lines on his hand, or the development of his tympanum.

Is the tenant of the chamber extravagant? it will be indicated by the costliness of its decorations, and the little care with which they are preserved. Is he parsimonious? by the meanness of its appointments, and the evident appearance of comfort sacrificed to saving. The scholar will be known by his books, and their marks of use—the nature of his studies by their contents. Can any one, for example, desire a more complete insight into the character of Mark O'Gormand than by looking at his table? Upon it you see Mrs. Mac Murdo's cookery, well thumbed and dog-eared, with an essay on diet and indigestion uncut. There is the story of a man who, to make a more pompous display of plate, placed a pair of silver spurs on his sideboard; can any thing indicate the vanity of an individual with greater force? In short, whether a man be ostentatious or humble, intemperate or sober, musical or melancholy, may be as easily known in a visit or two, by "signs and appearances," as can the age of a horse by looking into his mouth.

My friend Will Hopeful is a remarkable truth of what I shall in future call the science of Chamberology. Will's apartment is strewed up and down with half-formed models of ships, half carved plans of mines, unfinished draughts of speeches, petitions to Government for land in the Colonies, penned on the back of proposed mortgages on his own estate, copies of letters for the loan of thousands on the reverse of dunning notes for hundreds, and amid this chaos of half-digested prospectuses and unaccomplished designs, sits my friend, revelling in all the luxury of an idealist, the delighted architect of a thousand air-built projects.

From this sketch it will be at once perceived that Hopeful is a great projector; but he is not so unsuccessful as many of his fraternity, for he never, by any chance, attempted to put one of his schemes into practice. They are all to come; Will has, therefore, never known disappointment. One morning I found him attentively

studying an account of the Carib Islands, and so engrossed was he with some important scheme to result therefrom, that he was not aware of my entrance. His grand project was, to form a settlement on one of these islands for the fishery of turtles, which he said were in such numbers, and the flesh was discovered to be so wholesome, that he proposed to freight annually a certain number of ships with them, and to bring them to England as food for the poor! This he was convinced would be a sure fortune to the speculator, and a national blessing. I inquired when this great design was to commence? he thought about *next year!*

He accompanied me one day to a chalybeate spring, in the fields to the north of London, when I accidentally remarked that the nature of the water indicated extensive strata of metallic ore in the vicinity. "Hush! my dear friend," said Will; "never let that secret escape you. I intend to make a national concern of it. I shall petition Government for the grant—get an Act of Parliament for the charter—raise a company with 500,000*l.* capital, and then erect works that will supply all England with iron—aye, perhaps all Europe." On the usual inquiry of when? "My dear fellow," said he, "always do one thing at a time, that's my maxim. I shall be ready *next year!*"

To enumerate all poor Will's absurdities would be an endless task. At one time he talked of illuminating London with inflammable air—propelling carriages by machinery—recomposing cooper's chips into staves, and all these fine things were to be done *next year!*

I have known Hopeful now more than ten years, and he is still the same both in body and mind. He has the same dark, wandering, speculative eye, the same long, spare figure. He is one of a class of persons that is said never to die, but that dries up, and is blown away. The last time I saw Hopeful, he accosted me with "Well, what do you think I am going to do?" "What you have been going to do all your life, I suppose—nothing!" "Your reproach is just," said he, "but I was about to tell you that I see my errors—that I will plan no more, but execute; think of my own affairs, instead of those of the whole human race; pay my own debts, instead of those of the nation: in short, instead of amassing imaginary fortunes by chimerical schemes, I will make a real one by the good old-fashioned mode of honest industry. What do you think of that, my friend?" I cordially shook him by the hand, and most sincerely delighted was I to congratulate him on such a resolution. "And when do you intend to commence this reform, Will?" I inquired. His reply was, "Oh! *next year!*"

PROSPECTS OF PORTUGAL.*

TWELVE months have now elapsed since the ex-Emperor, Don Pedro, landed on the shores of Portugal, at the head of a small and gallant army for the purpose of seating his youthful daughter, Donna Maria da Gloria, upon that throne, unjustly usurped by her perjured uncle, Miguel. It is an afflicting spectacle, it must be confessed, for the morality of kings—this struggle between two brothers, while the majority of the Portuguese nation looks on with an apathetic indifference which can only arise from their intimate conviction, confirmed by the bitter experience of the past, that whatever may be its result their condition will not be materially improved; but such indeed is the fact, and it is solely by assistance from without that the two competitors have been enabled to maintain their ground. It is entirely owing to the generous efforts made by the lovers of freedom in this country and in France, that Don Pedro was enabled to unfurl the constitutional banner on the benighted soil of Portugal. On the other hand, foreign assistance, though more covertly conveyed, was as unsparingly lavished upon the present ruler of that kingdom. The wily Ferdinand foresaw that the triumph of the constitutional cause in Portugal would inevitably revolutionize Spain, and exerted himself to meet the coming storm. But the absolutists of the continent, and their allies the ultra tories of England, had far more extensive views; they had resolved to make Portugal the basis of a system of operations against the liberties of Europe,—convinced that no party of any political importance existed, in that country, in favour of the constitution; and moreover, that Don Pedro only held his ground through the sheer incapacity of the Miguelite chiefs. The genius of one man has, however, by a daring exploit, unsurpassed in the annals of our navy, defeated the Machiavelian combinations of the absolutists, and averted the storm about to burst upon liberal Europe. The late splendid victory of Captain Napier, although it may not be immediately decisive in its operation on the final solution of the contest, must nevertheless be said to have sealed its fate; and the ex-Emperor, Don Pedro, reluctantly as it may be wrought from him, must now confess that it is to the skill of the British officers and men, of those men on whom he so unsparingly heaped the terms "cochons" and "canaille," that the queen will owe her crown; that without them he wouldnow be the laughing-stock and contempt of Europe. Of this we are certain, and we only hope that, with equal certainty, we may be wrong in predicting that Napier and his gallant companions in arms, will, as the only recompence for their splendid services, experience that base ingratitude, that shameful injustice, which was the lot of Lord Cochrane and others for achieving the independence of the Brazilian Empire.

The volumes before us, interspersed as they are with anecdotes,

* Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832. By G. Lloyd Hodges Esq. London: James Fraser, 215, Regent Street.

approach more to a narrative of personal adventures, than to the dignity of an historical work. They are, nevertheless, most valuable, for they enable us, in some degree, to predict the future ordeal through which Portugal has yet to pass, and convince us how few men of sound practical views are to be found in the ranks of the Portuguese liberals, and of the general unfitness of the nation at large for the institutions of freedom. In the year 1820, when the constitutional system, by a servile imitation of the political march of Spain, rather than from any chastened love of freedom of their own, was proclaimed in Portugal, it must be in the recollection of every one acquainted with the affairs of that country, that the Cortes actually spent three days in debating on what should be the colour of the national cockade. This same frivolous spirit was remarkably displayed by the advisers of Don Pedro in the very first stage of the expedition. "It is curious," says Colonel Hodges, "to here observe how much the cavilling and trifling spirit of the Portuguese shewed itself in the rebaptism of the two frigates, at a moment when it is to be presumed that more weighty matters were at least sharing their attentions; three councils were held in Paris to decide on this momentous question. It was proposed by the more liberal of the debaters that the flag-ship should be christened the *Constitution*, and that the Asia should bear her present name, the Donna Maria Segunda. In reference to the former, however, the juste milieu party were emphatic in supporting the appelation of Rainha de Portugal, which was not thought to be of so compromising a character."

Totally destitute of what the French call "*force du caractère*," after all perhaps the most indispensible quality in a prince, possessing naturally a strong understanding, but undeveloped by education, and spoiled by flattery—vain and unforgiving, wayward in disposition, inconstant and feeble in his friendships, despotic by nature, though a liberal "*par ton*—" in fact, equally open to good and evil, according to the care taken to direct him in the way of either;—such were the qualities which hurled Don Pedro from the throne of the Brazils, with the same rapidity that he had ascended it, and such were the qualities that totally unfitted him for an enterprise like that in which he is now engaged. What can be more conclusive on the point than the composition of his household as described by our author?

"Don Pedro's household at this time consisted entirely of those individuals who had accompanied him in his emigration from the Brazils, and who were Brazilians either by birth or naturalization. The most influential person left with the Empress and the youthful Queen was the Marquis of Rezende, a junior member, as before observed, of the house of Penalva. This nobleman is nearly as little connected with Portugal, by personal knowledge of its habits and wants, as Don Pedro himself. The Marquis, whom I have stated to have been the especial patron of Xavier, seems to have entertained a lively sense of the advantage which his own interest with the Emperor might derive from the services of that crafty satellite, who would serve to keep alive in the royal mind a continued favourable recollection of Brazilian followers, to the exclusion of other persons of real worth, talent, and devotion to Donna Maria's cause, but of no South American derivation or connection.

" Senhor Roche Pinto came next, in palace preference, to the Marquis of Rezende. Though a Portuguese by birth, he was a naturalised Brazilian. His description of capacity was just that which rendered him the safe confidant of the pains and pleasures of a prince of the house of Braganza. He was a man of prudence and retention ; and, although gifted with a tolerable aptitude for *languages*, yet, whenever a secret was in question, he could

' Give it an understanding, but no tongue.' "

At a moment when Paris swarmed with the old Portuguese nobility, who had incurred exile and confiscation by an adherence to the fortunes of his daughter, the ex-emperor was almost daily seen in the garden of the Tuilleries, leaning on the arm of his favourite *pandour*. But this was not all, Don Pedro, when in England, by a disregard of every moral feeling, of every consideration that governs the conduct of the man of honour and the gentleman, actually took this fellow with him to Windsor, where he had the honour of dining with royalty itself, and of associating with the best blood in the country.

Almost every page in the work before us contains some glaring proof of the worthlessness of this prince. His conduct on first joining the squadron is thus admirably described by our author :—

" The steam-boat had presently approached so close as to allow of our distinguishing those on board. Immediately in front of Captain Bertram stood the Emperor, wrapped in a warm great-coat, and with a fur cap. Various of his attendants were gathered around him ; but the most prominent person on the deck, after the imperial principal, was Senhor Mendizabel, who looked around, and seemed to contemplate with a proud, but grave triumph, the degree of progress achieved by his extraordinary and romantic efforts. He was evidently moved ; while the gayer style of the Emperor towards him appeared to indicate something of raillery on the display of feeling marked in his countenance.

" The steamer (carrying, as it then seemed, ' Cæsar and his fortunes') dropped anchor close by the flag-ship ; upon which the Admiral got into his barge, and proceeded to receive the Emperor and convey him on board. A guard of honour was formed, consisting of sixty as fine-looking and as well-armed and clothed marines as ever stepped on the deck of any frigate in his Britannic Majesty's navy ; and a numerous body of Portuguese noblemen and officers lined each side of the deck of the *Rainha da Portugal*, to pay their respects to the royal new-comer—the band playing in the meanwhile the Constitution Hymn. On his reaching the deck, all eyes bent on him

' The office and devotion of their view ;'

and it was evident that the most zealous attachment to his person was ready to enhance that already felt towards his cause by the assembled multitude. An opportunity, both easy and effectual, was here offered, not only of promoting the satisfaction of his Portuguese followers, but of fixing himself at once in the hearts of the little band of generous Englishmen who then stood in his presence. That opportunity, unfortunately, was not heeded. The object of all this warmth of homage wore himself a cold and repulsive look. He merely took off his travelling cap, bowed stiffly on each side as he hastily passed into his cabin, and roughly rejected the beija-mão (kissing of hands) with which a few old followers of his father's court would have greeted him. Excuses were made for this neglect of courtesy, by its being stated afterwards that the Emperor had suffered much from sea-sickness on his passage from Nantz, and that he was otherwise slightly indisposed at the period of his arrival. The excuses were not discredited, as indeed he kept his cabin the

following day; but it was, I regret to say, too evident in the sequel, that this prince was not possessed of that charm of demeanour which attracts at first sight."

His conduct on this occasion betrayed the grossest ignorance and impolicy. A new element, a new power in the politics of the globe, has suddenly come into play, which can at once bridle the cravings of royal ambition, baffle the astute combinations of the diplomatist, and paralize the efforts of the soldier—a power which though composed but of 300 or 400 obscure individuals, many of them so illiterate as not actually to know the geographical position on the map of the countries, the field of their financial operations—yet to this power, the Stock Exchange, which by the future historian will be regarded as the greatest phenomenon of our age, Don Pedro is indebted for every thing—for his fleets and army, for the services of those foreigners whom it appeared to be on every occasion his study to insult. For instance:—

"On the marines being dismissed from drill, he formed a *squad* out of his own suite, placing on the right of them his holy adviser, Padre Marcos, and on his left Doctor Tavares, the poet laureate, with Senhor Freire, &c. To this band of neophytes—for I suppose I must call them by a finer name than "awkward squad"—he distributed muskets, (to *each* one, and to *all* fifteen,) and, proceeding himself to act as fugleman, put them through the manual and platoon exercise. At the termination of this display, he appealed to me for my approval. I could not but perceive the intended derision of the parallel thus implied—the practical satire on the discipline of the men I had brought out to make soldiers of; but I suffered the ludicrous part of the impression to efface the serious. *Au reste*, I had got the best recruits for the service that circumstances had allowed, and that they were not a highly conditioned corps was no fault of mine; neither could I be charged with any want of anxiety for their future improvement in discipline."

The fact is, that Don Pedro has a confirmed antipathy to the English, which, as on the above instance, he has repeatedly shown at the expense of all gentlemanly feeling. This antipathy was glaringly evinced in his conduct towards our Minister, Mr. Gordon, Sir George Eyre, and Captain Hunn, while on the Brazil station, to say nothing of the indignities he heaped upon the British officers in his service.

The immediate confidants of the emperor had all along flattered him with the idea that once landed in Portugal, his advance upon the capital would be a mere "hurra." With this conviction on his mind, it is natural to suppose that his first objective point would have been that part of the coast, the most approximate to the quarter where the elements of disaffection were supposed to exist in their greatest mass, and this was decidedly Lisbon. Instead of which, by conduct that cannot be explained on any sound principle either of war or politics, he proceeded to Oporto, which he was quite as unaccountably allowed to enter without opposition by the Miguelite generals. But his entry soon dispelled the illusion under which he had laboured. "Although deserters," says Colonel Hodges, "to the number of two hundred (chiefly militia), came into us from the Miguelite camp, there was not at this time a single officer among them. No favourable inclination towards us was manifested by any

of the provinces, notwithstanding that the two in our rear were now almost wholly disencumbered from the enemy's presence." Had Don Pedro, or his advisers have possessed one grain of common sense, it would have taught them that no party really existed in the country in their favour; or if there did, it was but a mere fraction of the population, whose co-operation could not be calculated upon as an element of success. To have insured this, they should have been prepared to have treated the business *ab initio*, as purely a military question. Until now they have maintained their position at Oporto by a miracle; and the history of the pigmy war is contained in a single distich of Boileau—

> "Et la mauvaise conduite du compagnon de Paul Emile,
> Fit toute la gloire d'Hannibal."

To the blind fatuity of the Miguelite chiefs, rather than to his own power, Don Pedro may thank his stars for not having been driven with his army into the sea, three days after his landing.

The absolute indifference shewn by the people of Portugal to the success of the constitutional cause will be regarded as an evil omen to the future progress of the human race; but it would be unfair to measure this people by the standards of those nations which at present occupy the culminating point of civilization. The Portuguese are remarkable for their attachment, their reverential respect towards the customs of their ancestors: debased by ages of misrule and superstition, their very indolence even renders them hostile to innovation, and those who attempt it never fail to bring down on their heads the obloquy of the nation. But it is not to the operations of these feelings alone that we must attribute the lukewarmness of the Portuguese in the cause of liberty; they entertain an inveterate antipathy to Don Pedro himself, at whose door they lay all the evils of their country; whose ambition inflicted on its political greatness a blow from which it never can recover; whose own career has been marked by phases as black as even those of his brother Miguel. To the political profligacy of the men by whom he is surrounded, who were formerly the fanatic champions of despotism, until their own sagacity and sordid self interest taught them that there was now more to be gained by playing the liberal than the servile. To the intimate conviction of the nation that under such men the only constitution they could obtain would be a paper one, accorded to flatter the vanity of the nation, but the liberal provisions of which would be merely intended for their perusals—in short, that the only change to be effected would be one of men and not of measures—or if there were any in the latter, that it would be devoted against their most cherished prejudices;—to these causes may, in a great degree, be ascribed the cry of "viva el Rey absoluto, who has sworn to maintain the statu quo."

In order to elucidate more clearly our position, it will be necessary to devote a short space to Don Miguel himself, on whose head every term of obloquy and reproach, which this or any other language can convey, has, with justice, been heaped. Still the legitimacy of his claim to the throne of Portugal, according to the ancient statute of

the Cortes de Lamego, regulating the succession of the crown, is, by some of the most profound Portuguese jurists, held to be strictly valid. But it is not in a revolutionary age like the present that kings must erect their thrones upon legitimacy or divine right. By what right we would ask does Louis Philippe of Orleans sit on the throne of France? By what right did Leopold of Coburg leave the solitude of Claremont to encircle his brows with the regal diadem of Belgium? By what right again, is the reigning Duke of Brunswick, Augustus Louis William Maximilian Frederic, seated in the ducal chair of his elder brother? By the will of the people. Yet even by this admitted principle—proceeding, we acknowledge, from a less elevated and more impure source than in the three instances we have enumerated—is Don Miguel king of Portugal, proclaimed by the voice of at least four-fifths of the nation by whom he has for the last seven years been supported, in spite of foreign aggression from without, and conspiracy and faction within. We must impress on our readers that it would be difficult to eradicate from the minds of the Portuguese themselves the intimate conviction, that Don Pedro is aiming at the throne himself, and it is well known that, among the liberals, there does exist a party who have that object in view. Miguel may be the monster, the perjurer he has been represented, but if he violated his oath as regent, and usurped his throne, so did Don Pedro. He wrote, in his own blood, an oath, to be faithful to his father; yet ere the blood in which the impious oath was written had dried, he was Emperor of Brazil. Don Miguel overturned the constitution which he had sworn to defend. Don Pedro did the same with the first charter of Brazil, surrounding the house of assembly with troops, and threatening to blow it into the air if they did not dissolve their sitting. Between these precious scions of the house of Braganza it would be difficult to choose. When, in addition to what we have advanced, it is recollected how impolitic have been all the measures of Don Pedro since he entered Oporto—that he has returned to Portugal at the head of a body of foreign mercenaries, who are to be recompensed for their services by the confiscated property of the church,* and moreover that the honesty of his own views is more than questionable, we are no longer surprised at the apathy of the nation or his want of success.

It is needless to repeat that in the conduct of the expedition, as well as in its original conception, nothing like great or comprehensive views were displayed; but the most glaring error by far committed, was overlooking the electric effect which the presence of the young queen would have produced in Portugal. She was an element of certain success. Her youth and innocence would have been an irresistible appeal to the generous sympathies of the nation. Had Don Pedro, with his daughter in one hand, and the constitutional banner in the other, have landed in the bay of Cascoes, at the head of only a few hundred native followers, we are firmly convinced that not a trigger would have been drawn—he would have entered the ancient

* This may be unfounded, but it was the language held out by Don Pedro's agents or their subordinates in London.

capital of his fathers in triumph, and that subsequent contest which is ruining the country, and dislocating every social tie, would have been happily avoided.

Those who imagine that the dawn of the constitutional system will be the harbinger of peace and internal tranquillity, know nothing of the discordant political elements of the Portuguese nation. There are at present in that country four distinct political parties, who hate each other with the most rancorous animosity.—1st, The most numerous, come the apostolicals; beaten in the field, they will rally, and shew a most formidable front in the Cortes, and embarrass, by their cabals and intrigues, the march of government.—2d, The moderate constitutional party, headed by Palmella and his friends, who may be said to constitute the *juste milieu* of Portugal.—3d, The Brazilian ex-Emperor's party, who wish to place Don Pedro on the throne—they are the weakest of all. And lastly, the liberal or democratic party, the partisans of the constitution of 1820 and its single chamber—it is composed of men who take the mouvement party of France as their model, and who aim at nothing less than a radical re-organization of the social edifice. A single glance at these discordant elements must convince the most superficial observer, that over the future destinies of Portugal there hovers a cloud of dark uncertainty—that her advance in political regeneration will be impeded by the fierce conflicts of rival factions. The present race of Lusitanians, from the force of previous habits, are totally unprepared for the institutions of freedom, and so forcibly have all the social ties been rent asunder by the long continuance of the present contest, that years must elapse ere the wounds of Portugal can be healed, and the fiery wrath of party passion be allayed. It is only then that the tree of political regeneration will take root on a soil rankling for ages with the weeds of despotism and superstition. Then, instead of receiving constitutions from the hands of their rulers, Europe may behold the Portuguese framing one themselves, founded on their wants, and applicable to their social condition.

The highly entertaining and instructive volumes of Colonel Hodges, which have called our attention to this topic, are written throughout in a spirit of candour, liberality, and high-minded forbearance. None but those who have served with the Portuguese can feel all that the gallant Colonel had to encounter from their paltry ignoble jealousy of foreigners—

> "A nation swol'n with ignorance and pride,
> Who lick yet loath the sword
> That saves them from the wrath
> Of Gaul's unsparing lord."

THE CONSCRIPT'S FATHER.

At the village of Haut Verolet, situated about two miles from St. Hilaire du Harcourt, in the department of La Manche, lived a man named Pierre Jaubin, whose youth had been passed in the early conflicts of the Revolution. Having received a sabre wound at the battle of Austerlitz, which had carried away part of his left cheek, and obliterated his left eye, he easily obtained his discharge, and returned home to assist his aged parents in the cultivation of a small estate. This property, which consisted of only ten acres, was considered, in that country, as no mean possession, and entitled the heir to the ready recognition of his rich neighbours, and to the becks, winks, nods, and whispers of his co-equals.

In a short time after his return he married a young girl named Marie Raulin, and soon after that event his parents died, and he entered into possession of the little paternal property.

The fruit of his union was an only son, who, like all the children of that district of France, was brought up by hand—the women having a mortal aversion to follow the dictates of nature, which clearly enjoin every mother, unless she be incapacitated by some bodily defect or weakness, to suckle her own child. In consequence of this custom, Benoni, the son of Pierre, was fed on pap made of buck-wheat flower, diluted with a little milk; and this, with an occasional spoonful of soup, made with fat pork and cabbage, on "*jours gras*," formed his nourishment. Little Benoni, however, in spite of buck-wheat pap, and soup made of pork and cabbage, became a handsome youth, and at length arrived at the age of twenty, when it was necessary he should draw for the conscription. The awful day arrived, and hundreds of families were seen hastening in all directions to St. Hilaire, it being usual on these occasions for the whole of a youth's family to accompany him. Among the foremost marched Pierre, flourishing his stick, and relating for the hundredth time in what manner he had received his wound at the battle of Austerlitz; then followed Marie, exclaiming and weeping, sighing and laughing by turns, crossing herself occasionally, when the thought of the possibility of her son's being drawn rushed into her mind; and last of all came Benoni, supported right and left by half a dozen sprightly damsels.

The sous-prefect, the mayor, the gens-d'armes, and all the civil and military authorities were assembled in the town-hall, preparing for the great ceremony, just as the party from Verolet approached. At length it came to Benoni's turn to draw, and he took a doomed number. Every countenance of the family instantly fell, except that of his father, who, by a certain significant movement of the head, and the words "*ca n'ira pas*," intimated to the by-standers that he had somehow or other the means of preventing the enrolment of his son. One of the surest grounds of exemption, on which the power of the State never infringes, is being the only son of a widow; for the legislature has justly contemplated the inconvenience which the small properties that abound in France would experience in having no proper or trust-worthy person to superintend them.

When Marie and Pierre were left alone, the old man exacted from her an oath of secrecy as to what he was about to divulge. He then told her that there was but one way by which he could effect the exemption of his son: "That is," said he, "by means of my death!" "Oh! monstrous," said she; "Pierre, thou dost not surely mean to destroy thyself to save thy son!" "Why, not exactly," rejoined he, "but I mean to pretend to die. If my hat and jacket should be found to-morrow morning on the banks of the river, do not you, by word, deed, intimation, or inuendo, give reason for people to suppose I am still alive. Cherish thy son—look after thy affairs—let no one overreach thee—put thy trust in Heaven, and depend on it thou shalt one day—but that day may be far distant—again see Pierre!"

The next morning, having secretly taken an old hat and jacket, he made the best of his way to the banks of the river, where he deposited these articles near a torrent, and ere the sun rose had reached Avranches, a small town about fifteen miles distant. Thence he proceeded with all possible dispatch to Granville, a sea-port, where he engaged himself on board a vessel destined to the coast of Newfoundland. He was unfortunately shipwrecked on the coast of Labrador, and entered the service of a settler. At the end of ten years, finding that he had amassed enough money to pay for a passage home, and thinking that sufficient time had elapsed to exclude his son from the necessity of serving, he embarked for his native country, and landed at Cherbourgh, whence, travelling on foot, he arrived at Haut Verolet, just as the family of his son, who was now married, and had children, were sitting down to supper. The old woman had died without divulging the secret. He opened the door, and stood for an instant on the threshold. Benoni's countenance assumed a deadly paleness. "Do you not recollect me, Benoni?" said Pierre. "Old man," replied Benoni, "I know thee not." "Not know me, wretch!" said the other, bursting with indignation, and grasping with violence a huge cudgel which he bore in his hand; "dost thou deny thy father?" "Pooh! pooh!" said Benoni, "the old fool has long been food for the fishes!" These words struck dreadfully on the ear of Pierre. The blood rushed into his face—his arm instantly rose—the cudgel was brandished in the air, and fell with tremendous violence on the skull of Benoni. He staggered a few paces forward, and fell dead at his father's feet.

The latter was speedily seized, and conveyed to St. Lo, the capital of the department, where in due time he was brought to his trial, and condemned to die. An appeal, however, being made to Charles the Tenth, and the early incidents of his life, his romantic and devoted attachment to his son, the provocation he had received, the suddenness of the act, in which there did not appear the slightest projected malice, being all weighed, his life was spared. He returned to Verolet, and wandered for a few months among its woods, or sat listless and absorbed upon its rocks; but the hand of death was on him, and at length, realizing his paternal fraud, he precipitated himself into that torrent, on the banks of which, years before, with a view to save Benoni from the conscription, he had deposited his hat and coat.

TAKING OF TARRAGONA.

I HAVE often smiled to hear the ghastly prognostications of some of our country grumbletonians' at their county meetings. What would these good people have said, who never knew any thing of the miseries and privations of war, if their little town had been sacked by an enemy, or obliged to undergo the horrors of a siege? How would they have liked to have had their quiet slumbers disturbed every now and then by a shell or a rocket bouncing into their apartment—presuming, too, that they had nothing to eat but a small portion of their own horse, scarcely enough to keep off hunger? There cannot be a more harrassing state of existence and suffering than what is endured by the inhabitants of a city during a protracted siege; there is no respite from danger, no cessation of alarm; one becomes familiar with death in all possible shapes and forms. Neither riches, nor rank, nor power are of any avail; no distinctions are respected, except such as military discipline require, for no one can tell whom the next shot may take away; all is bustle and confusion; the beseiged and the beseigers get every day more exasperated with each other, and woe to the unfortunate inhabitants if their miseries are terminated by an assault; for excesses and crimes are committed in moments of excitement and rage, that the perpetrators would not have believed themselves capable of at any other time. Man knows not the proportion of mischief that is within him until he is tried.

Such are the reflections that always arise in my mind when I think of Tarragona, where I happened to be the whole time it was besieged by the French under Marshal Suchet; and if strength of position, united with every precaution that military prudence could suggest, ought to be considered as a sufficient guarantee, I should have thought it impossible that it could ever have fallen. Aware of its great importance, the junta of Catalonia had taken care that Tarragona should be well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and defended by a numerous garrison, under the command of experienced and well tried officers. All these precautions, however, did not deter Marshal Suchet from undertaking the siege of this place, with means apparently disproportioned to the difficulties he had to encounter. He fixed his head quarters at Reus, a large town about five miles off, and regularly invested the city on all sides; but the communication was open with the sea, and we had a strong squadron ready to co-operate with the Spanish general for its defence. The Marquis Campo Verde had an army of 30,000 men in the neighbourhood, and it was expected that he would have attacked the French, and obliged them to raise the siege. This, however, the marquis did not think himself strong enough to attempt:—it is not my intention at this distance of time to question the merits or failings of any general; I merely mention facts according to my recollection.

There could not have been a stronger proof of the superiority of the French in Spain, than in the siege of Tarragona. They came

against this place with a force of about 20,000 men, quite unprovided with heavy artillery, which was to be sent from Tortosi; their whole train of battering cannon consisted of two light field pieces when they commenced their operations, as Suchet relied on supplying himself with heavier metal at the enemy's expense, as soon as he should be prepared to use them. Accordingly he began by throwing up entrenchments on the west bank of the river Francoli in order to make his advances against the lower town, which he was obliged to get possession of before he could arrive within battering range of the city. The Puerto, as the lower town was called, was defended by very strong outworks, and batteries gradually rising above one another, besides a strong wall, and bastions which connected it with the upper town. This important outpost was under the command of General Sarsfield, whose grandfather so gallantly distinguished himself at Limerick. The French lines were open to our broadsides from the sea, but the shallowness of the water prevented our getting near enough to annoy them much, except with our launches and boats carrying carronades. Our first point of operation was to be an attack on their entrenchments; we were to get as near as we possibly could to the shore, and endeavour to cover a sortie from the garrison with a heavy fire from our broadsides, gunboats, and launches, until the Spaniards should be within pistol-shot of the French lines. This attack was very well planned, and would probably have succeeded if the Spanish troops had possessed the faculty of standing fire, which they *did not;* they were accordingly driven back with great loss. I must, however, do justice to an old Irish officer, who would have sacrificed his life in the cause, although to look at him one would have thought it was high time he was invalided. I recollect Colonel O'Ronyn as well as if I had seen him only a few days ago. He was a tall thin man, about sixty, with iron grey whiskers and mustachios, and a few white hairs on his head. Neither time nor the numerous hardships he had undergone had diminished the fire of his eyes, which sparkled with humour and intelligence. He had all the vivacity and thoughtless bravery of his countrymen. His dress was always the same—indeed I do not think his wardrobe afforded a change of habiliments. Two narrow tarnished silver stripes round the cuffs of his well-worn blue surtout coat, were all the insignia of his rank that he displayed, except an enormous greasy-looking cocked hat, the size and shape of an immensely large cheese-cutter, and an amazing pair of cavalry boots. His horse was as lean as himself, and the exact counterpart of Rosinante, to whose master the colonel bore no small resemblance himself, both in figure and opinions.

This old gentleman was to lead the sortie; for notwithstanding his extraordinary appearance, his courage and real worth were justly appreciated by all who knew him. I remember our captain asking him when we were to cease firing, that we might not run the risk of killing our friends instead of our enemies; to which he replied, "I'll tell you, captain, how you'll do. You know me and my old horse, (and it was not easy to mistake either); well, then, just keep a look out upon us, and you may shoot any body you may see a-head

of us." When the smoke cleared away, we osberved him almost alone close to the enemy's lines, for his followers had all turned tail, and it was with great difficulty he got back again to his gallant countryman, Sarsfield, who defended the entrance, which the French were very near forcing along with the fugitives. This was a bad beginning, aud something much worse soon followed; I mean the taking of Fort Olivo—a strong outwork inland of the town, which one would have thought almost impregnable. Taken, however, it was, and Suchet thus supplied himself with mortars, howitzers, and battering cannon, turning the Spaniards' own arms against themselves. There was much talk of treachery at the time; something wrong there must have been, for the French knew the countersign.

After the fall of Fort Olivo, the siege proceeded more vigorously, and the enthusiasm of the garrison proportionably abated. The French advanced their lines nearer to the Puerto, and pointed the heavy cannon they had just taken against the walls of the lower town. Shells and rockets poured into the city night and day, and there was but one part of the town out of their reach, called the "Milagro," a small space within the walls to the eastward of the citadel. Here the inhabitants used to assemble every night; and I have seen whole families of the highest rank crowded together under a sort of tent made of skins, watching the destruction of their homes, and listening with dread and apprehension to the doleful sound of the cathedral bell, which tolled every time a shell was thrown into the town, as a signal for the people to get out of the way. I have frequently walked through the desolate streets of a moonlight night, without meeting any one but the patrole, and parties of soldiers carrying their dead or wounded comrades to the hospital. Every house was deserted for the crowded "Milagro," which offered comparative safety. A great many of the inhabitants found a refuge on board our ships: still all we could do was little to alleviate the general misery, which no one can conceive who has not been in a similar situation.

The Marquis Campo Verde still kept aloof; and notwithstanding the governor-general, Contreras, bravely declared he would defend the place to the last, it was easy to foresee that Tarragona must fall. About ten days subsequently to the capture of Fort Olivo, the French stormed the lines of the Puerto. General Sarsfield defended his post with the utmost bravery, and was to be seen running from battery to battery encouraging the men, and cheering them on to the breach. But the French, although several times repulsed, were at last victorious, and the gallant Sarsfield, after doing all that man could do, was obliged to escape to our ships, from whence he was relanded on the other side of the town, and joined the governor in defending the citadel.

There was nothing now to prevent the French from erecting their breaching batteries close to the walls, and turning all the cannon of the lower town against the citadel, which was most furiously bombarded. A practicable breach being soon effected, Marshal Suchet summoned the place to surrender, which General Contreras declared he would never do, as long as one stone remained above another,

and that Tarragona should be a second Saragossa. For three days the breach was gallantly defended, but no hopes remained of maintaining the place; and notwithstanding a detachment of our own troops had arrived for its defence, our chiefs would not suffer their lives be risked in so hopeless a service. This occasioned great animosities between the Spanish and English commanders, in the midst of which Marshal Suchet ordered the assault, which was executed in open day light, and the whole line of batteries were carried at the same time. The slaughter was tremendous! The Spaniards defended every street, and almost every house; but they were gradually obliged to give way, and endeavoured to make their escape by scrambling over the walls to the eastward, where our boats were waiting to embark them. The French, however, had sent round a squadron of cavalry who charged these poor defenceless beings down to the water's edge, driving men, women, children, and priests into the sea. Every atrocity was committed within the town that could be imagined; neither age nor sex being spared. The governor was taken prisoner, after being badly wounded in defending his own house; Sarsfield escaped by cutting his way through the enemy's cavalry. I shall never forget our departure from Tarragona that evening—as we made our way under easy sail for the neighbouring town of Villa Nueva, our decks crowded with sick and wounded Spaniards, our boats out in all directions to pick up the unfortunate stragglers, and the distant cathedral, which, three hours before, I had seen filled with wounded, blazing behind us, so that the greater part of these unfortunate wretches must have perished in the flames!

"Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!
Just ponder what a pretty pastime war is!"

A POET'S PASSION.

BY KENRICK VAN WINCKLE.

Ye rocks, and groves, and hills,
With meadows at your base,
Ye winding streams, and you, ye shady rills,
How boundless is your beauty and your grace?
O stamp your mirror'd beauty on my soul,
As though it were a scroll.

O would that I could grasp
The mountains in my arms!
O would that I exultingly could clasp
All nature in the richness of her charms!
And bathe me in the sunset's burning gold
And light's pure fount behold!

O would that I could slake
My thirst at yon bright star!
O would that I triumphantly could take
My journey on yon planet's flaming car,
And give my eager and enraptured ears
The music of the spheres!

O thou mysterious deep!
So strong, so bold, so wide;
No mortal arm, nor monarch's power, can keep,
From flowing in full billows, thy proud tide!
O would that I thy caverns could explore,
And find again the shore!

O would that I could dive
Down to thy courts, O deep!
Where coral rocks with briny waters strive,
And temples let the black waves o'er them sweep;
And lift their crystal columns far and wide
In solitary pride.

O would that I could be
Where man hath never been!
O would that I could soar aloft and see
Such visions as no eye hath ever seen;
That I might reap a field of new ideas
To soothe Time's darkening years.

Ye winds! so wild—so free—
That bear the clouds along,
O would that I at dead of night could see
Your figure, as ye tune your wintry song!
O would that I could find out, with these eyes,
Wherein your prowess lies!

Ye winds! when I am dead—
For I at last must die—
And, like a yellow leaf by Autumn shed,
All lowly on earth's lap must mouldering lie—
O howl, ye winds! a requiem o'er my grave,
While earth's proud forests wave.

When I no more shall be,
O give one parting dirge;
Lift up to grandeur's height the billowy sea;
Yet injure not the bark that braves the surge;
And though the sea-fowl's breast ye may alarm,
Yet do her brood no harm.

ART OF TOAD-EATING.

From very early youth I had a pretty knack of saying polite things to my betters, and then turning round on my heel and quizzing them right heartily. This versatility I thought I might turn to my advantage, and so without knowing what toad-eating meant, I commenced the profession at school; a very pleasant profession in sooth it is—it answers all the purposes of swindling, picking pockets, and forgery, to say nothing of housebreaking, for it introduces one into many a pantry, and yet all this is done at no personal risk whatever. As I was not at all disposed to manual labour or intellectual exertion, I had no other resource than this most ingenious art, and an excellent resource I have found it. It is vituperated and despised, its professors are treated with much contempt—so much the better for them, for that prevents the profession from being overstocked. I now play toady to some eight or ten men and women of high rank, whereas if there were many of us, each individual peer might keep his own toad-eater.

I commenced my profession, as I said, at school. My master was one of those who are said to unite the gentleman and the scholar, in which union by the way, the gentleman bears about the same proportion to the scholar as Falstaff's sack did to his halfpenny worth of bread. My master also united the Christian to the other union of gentleman and scholar, that is, he was a remarkably easy-tempered man, read prayers most delightfully, for he was a clergyman; had a pretty white hand, never got drunk, and made a conscience of never playing at whist higher than shilling points. Such a man, of course, was an object of universal esteem, and I could not help telling him so; it was rather pert in me as a boy, but he took it kindly as it was meant, and attributed it to my simplicity.

He acknowledged, as I afterwards ascertained, that I was a very amiable boy. It was always a great point with me to endeavour to learn what people thought of me, and I was particularly anxious to be thought amiable. There were two things, which are sometimes met with in large schools, and which are my particular aversion, I mean birch and books. My difficulty was how to avoid them both. I could think of no other contrivance than toad-eating, so I became toad-eater to the master, to the mistress, and to the bigger boys. Being rather a pretty boy, and not addicted to hard study, which might interfere with the brightness of my eyes, and the ivory smoothness of my forehead, I frequently attracted the notice of strangers, and more especially of the parents of my schoolfellows; and thereupon it came into my mind that something might be made of all this admiration, more than sweet looks and fine words. Presently I found it so, for I received an invitation from a baronet, whose son was my schoolfellow, to spend a few days at his seat during the holidays. Now, very likely the reader is anticipating that I eagerly accepted the invitation; but the fact is, I did no such thing, for I was aiming

at higher game. We had, in our school, the son of a lord, the eldest son, and the son too of a lord too, high in office. This young gentleman had some good qualities, and I took especial care that he should see that I could see them. I really did admire him a little, and I endeavoured to make him believe that I admired him very much; but the fact is I never did admire any one very much except myself, and as for myself, I really quite wonder at myself. I so admire the elegance of my manners, the neatness of my compliments, the beautiful, delicate, unobtrusive vivacity and wit of my conversation, and I have more than once endeavoured to persuade myself that I am admitted into the society of the great, not so much for my toad-eating qualities, as for the charms of my conversation. I cut the son of the baronet, and accepted the invitation of the son of the lord.

I shall not easily forget the sensation with which I entered the magnificent mansion of Lord B———. I could almost hear my heart beat. I knew nothing of Lord and Lady B———, but thinks I to myself, if they are a couple of devils I will worship them. They were not devils, but very civil well-behaved human beings. I could not help wishing that I had been born a lord—but what is the use of wishing?—it was not likely that I should be any nearer to an unattainable object by wishing, so I endeavoured to obtain as many of the blessings of lordship as I possibly could in my situation. I therefore stuck close to the young gentleman, and having praised his virtues right lustily, I endeavoured to find out his vices—no great difficulty perhaps. These I indulged, and I flattered them into virtues. I attended him in all his sports, and became to him as a servant, taking care, however, to shew that I thought myself somebody, for my homage would have been nothing to him had it been equally at the service of any body else. When I went home to my father's house all my talk was of lords, for the atmosphere of nobility had the same effect upon me as the atmosphere of Brobdignag had upon Gulliver—it dilated and enlarged the idea of myself. I really thought that there was something noble about me. Surely, by constant collision with nobility, a man does acquire something of a noble air, and I do think that the people who met me might guess, from my style and deportment, that I was familiar with lords. I successfully acquired, by means of diligent imitation, a lounging, lolloping, shuffling gait, and a nice, pretty, drawling, dawdling, lackadaisical manner of speaking. I did not need to learn to despise every body but myself—that came naturally.

With these qualifications I went to the university. Now, very fortunately for me and my reputation, soon after I entered college I happened to hear the word tuft-hunter made use of, and, upon enquiring into the meaning of it, I found that I was in danger of becoming one myself. Against this I took especial care to guard, for reputation was a great point with me. There is nothing grand to be done in the way of toad-eating without a character. I was under no great temptation to become an indiscriminate tuft-hunter, because my friend, the son of Lord B———, was a person of much greater consequence than ten or a dozen of the ordinary kit of lordlings that swagger at the university. So, standing at his side, I took the liberty to look

down on common-place fellow commoners and lords. My ambition was to persuade myself, but as I could not do that, I persuaded the world, that my intimacy with the peer's son was all owing to my extraordinary merit, my prodigious talents. I was witty, very witty, but I took care to manage my wit in such a manner that it might not appear that I was patronized merely for the sake of my table humour. I was too proud to be a buffoon, or as I tersely expressed it, to be a lord's fool without a salary. My object was to appear always perfectly on a level with, and perfectly at ease with all; that is, with all above me with whom I had any acquaintance. I did not become a toad-eater for nothing—I would gratify my pride as well as my appetite by it.

This of course required considerable management, and none but a person of my talents could do it properly. Here lies the great difference between a confidential valet and a toad-eater. The confidential valet is perfectly at his ease with his master in private—tells him scandalous stories—laughs and jokes with him as freely as with the butler in the housekeeper's-room; but before third persons, or strangers, is all humility and courtesy, diffidence, and subserviency, as if he thought it too great an honour to breathe the same air; but the gentleman toad-eater who sits at my lord's own table, and walks arm in arm with my lord in public, and talks familiarly with my lord before strangers, to the great marvel of all common people, free as he may be in the sight of the world, is quite another thing in private—is all subserviency and humility. Your proper toad-eater, who knows his business well, flatters circuitously, not directly. I will conclude by giving a specimen:—a well-meaning simple sort of man, who had a knack at versification, dedicated a book to my lord, and my lord condescendingly noticed the dedicating poet. I also patronized the poet, but as I never thought well of any one's writing but my own, my praise, of course, was all fudge. The poet swallowed it, gulped it, grew fat upon it. So long as my lord chose to patronize him it was all well, but he waxed fat and kicked. He might have kicked me till his hoofs wore out for any thing that I cared, but he kicked my lord, and my lord cut him—and then I cut him and kicked him too, over and over again; and I found ten thousand faults where before I had found ten thousand beauties.

AMABILIS INSANIA.

Pauperi amare nefas, et idem per inutile, dictum hoc
In libro posuit Malthus amabilitur—
Olim dictus amor, jam insania amabilis audit
Vivere sat miseris, nubere divitibus.

ENGLISH VERSION.

Good Malthus hurls his veto 'gainst the poor man's marriage-bed:—
Enough if *he* be let to live—the rich alone may wed.

THE VARANGIANS.

It is an interesting and somewhat singular fact, that during the latter ages of the eastern empire of Rome, its most redoubted and trusty defenders were a small body of northern warriors, or their descendants, who bore the title of Varangians; and that at the period of our story, (late in the eleventh century), these consisted chiefly of Englishmen, who, indignant at the arbitrary sway of the Norman tyrant, found an asylum in that remote corner of Europe, and were thus destined again to contend with unavailing gallantry against a Norman foe. The celebrated Guiscard, not satiated with a long train of Italian and Sicilian conquests, panted to sweep away the vestiges of Roman power yet lingering in Greece. Circumstances furnished him with an excuse for invasion. The family of Ducas had been banished from the throne of Constantinople, and to the heir of this house had a daughter of Guiscard been betrothed. He, concerting measures with a crafty Greek, who assumed the character of Michael, the exiled emperor, declared himself the asserter of the rights of that unfortunate sovereign, and prepared to support them with an army of thirty thousand men, in part composed of his countrymen, but more generally of Italians, never less warlike than at that period. Many of those, also who bore the name of Normans, were natives of the Mediterranean shores, and the luxurious climate of the south had tended to produce in them a degeneracy from the strength, hardihood, and enterprise of their sea-ruling ancestors. But the genius and energy of Robert Guiscard were equal to every emergence. One of the most formidable champions of his age, he was also one of its most accomplished generals, and formed in himself an union of the endowments of an Achilles and an Ulysses.

Crossing to the shores of Epirus, he besieged Durazzo, the scene of one of the few checks received by Cæsar. Meantime Alexius, the new sovereign of Greece, was not idle. He collected a large force alike from Europe and Asia, but his body guards were composed of those English or Scandinavians whom we have mentioned. They were conspicuous in the streets of Constantinople alike by their sharp and heavy battle-axes, and by the tall portly forms, fair complexions, and open countenances, which announced the country that gave them birth or parentage, and formed a strong contrast to the comparatively low stature and swarthy hue of their Greek or Asiatic associates. One of the most distinguished of the Varangian chiefs was Redwald, a young Englishman, who had but lately arrived at this scene of warlike preparation. His father had been killed at Hastings, and his estates, which were considerable, were bestowed on a Norman chief. His mother did not long survive her lord, but our hero was carefully watched by some remaining relations, instructed in all the learning of the times, together with the exercises of war, Norman as well as English. In these Nature seemed to have formed him particularly to excel. His frame, tall and well proportioned,

was fitted alike for strength and activity; and so happy was his constitution, that he speedily became inured to any change of climate, so that his vigour was but little impaired by the influence of a southern sun, which, together with the luxurious manners of the Greek court and city, had begun to manifest itself in the debilitated minds as well as the bodies of many of his companions. His soul was formed of the same hardy and enduring materials as his body, combining the highest degrees of active and passive courage (a junction for which his countrymen have ever been justly celebrated) he possessed the rarer quality of moral fortitude, which, aided as it was by a pure and elevating passion, enabled him to set at nought all the allurements of a corrupt capital. His soul, naturally lofty, had been expanded by a far greater degree of literature than was common in those ages, and his correct judgment (an endowment, without a natural share of which study is, at the best, of little avail) enabled him mentally to reject many of the absurdities presented to him as truths, without presuming on his superior sagacity, and to pardon the weaknesses of his less gifted associates. It enabled him also to restrain the vehemence of a temper which was naturally, perhaps, somewhat too irascible. Ambitious of honour, and fond to enthusiasm of his profession, with all its high hopes and excitement, he was desirous of war, without being insensible to its evils; he loved it as a soldier, not as a bandit or an assassin, and his ear was never insensible to the voice of humanity. In fine, perhaps he may be said to have united the most valuable characteristics of a later period, with the hardy and primitive manliness of his own.

Of all his brethren in arms, Austin, a youth of nearly his own age, Redwald prized the most. He was of a melancholy cast of mind by nature, and detesting the Greeks, their city, and their climate, which had enfeebled his limbs, previously very athletic, he had become weary of existence. In this mood, the firmer mind and nerves of Redwald were to him as a prop and stay. But that warrior's soul was, as we have said, possessed by a warmer sentiment than friendship. Soon after his arrival, one of the most aged veterans of the band had, in his last moments, implored him to protect his orphan daughter; and her beauty, and mental as well as personal grace, soon determined Redwald to seek her as his bride. His suit was successful; but their intended union was for a while deferred, by the news of the approaching invasion, which rendered unintermitting attention to the somewhat relaxed discipline of his soldiers necessary on the part of the young chieftain. Meantime Evadne was, through the interest of her lover, placed under the care of a lady of rank—a circumstance which tended, however, eventually greatly to embarrass Redwald. The mother of Evadne had been a Greek, and her child resembled her greatly in person. She was about the middle size, formed in perfect symmetry, with the dark eyes and hair, and somewhat pale complexion, slightly tinged with brown, characteristic of their mutual country; but her natural liveliness of disposition had been in some degree restrained by early misfortune; and the calmness, modesty, and strength of mind, for which the daughters of Britannia have been distinguished,

were eminently possessed by her. These qualities were destined to be severely proved. Her patroness, though not herself a profligate woman, could number amongst her acquaintaince many of both sexes who were so, and her house was often the resort of gay and dissolute courtiers. The display of wealth and luxury which she now daily witnessed, astonished Evadne, who, though herself a native of the capital, was a stranger to the court, and had indeed, since the death of her mother, when she was still a child, been educated by her father, as much from necessity as choice, in comparative seclusion. But young and artless as she was, her good sense and feeling perceived, and revolted from, much of what she observed in the manner of her new friend's guests, and she would have absented herself from company, had she been permitted to do so; but this—Lesbia, proud of her young charge, constantly resisted. In the absence, therefore, of her lover, Evadne was not only exposed to much of flattery from those whom she despised, but more than one profligate, bolder than the rest, had ventured to hint (propose openly they dare not) that she might attain wealth and power at the expense of honour. If our heroine understood these insinuations, she for the present contented herself with avoiding those who uttered them; for Lesbia, though she would have protected her from any positive and undoubted insult, laughed at much of what she considered prejudice in her young ward; and she knew Redwald's temper too well to risk the consequences which might have ensued to him from a quarrel with those who possessed the favour of royalty.

It was now about the commencement of autumn, and Alexius, after the custom of his predecessors, was witnessing the revels of the populace, usually allowed to celebrate the beginning of a new season. Placed on a splendid throne, elevated to a considerable height above one of the principal courts of the palace, he overlooked a large basin which, adorned with a margin of silver, was filled, not with water, as on ordinary occasions, but with the choicest fruits, which were abandoned indiscriminately to the people. The magnificent dress of the emperor, attired in his red buskins and glittering tiara, the scarcely less gorgeous apparel of the numerous courtiers who surrounded him, with the gay and motley appearance of the multitude below, produced a rich combination of colours which, with the perpetual mobility of the crowd, in some degree resembled the changes produced to the eye by the kaleidescope. Nor were the entertainments confined to feasting: robes of scarlet and purple were distributed to the people; musicians, singers, dancers, and jugglers contributed to the gaiety of the scene, which resembled in many respects an Italian carnival. Meanwhile, such of the guards as were off duty mingled with the crowd, and shared in their various amusements. Most of them, however, were collected in circles at the rear of the dense mass which surrounded the basin, and indulged in those athletic sports in which they principally delighted, and for which their taste—at once a cause and effect of their great muscular strength, contributed to increase their efficiency as soldiers. Nor were they always without competitors in these exercises amongst the natives of the country. The Greeks, though never at any period equal to the

men of the North in stature and weight, nor in firmness, either of mind or body, were yet, even at this period, when luxury had greatly enervated them, far from being generally a dwarfish or even a weak people; and though none could surpass the islanders in the more straightforward and natural feats of activity, such as running and leaping, the Greeks possessed a degree of flexibility which has always been characteristic of the people of the East, and which may be said to resemble more nearly that of some of the inferior animals, than the agility of ordinary men. This sometimes served them even in wrestling, in which, moreover, they had not entirely forgotten the skill which their ancestors possessed, who were encouraged by the lawgivers to practise those manly sports to which the Varangians rushed, impelled only by natural inclination. In one of the rings, a short thickset Greek had just been thrown, after a well-contested struggle by one of his countrymen, a tall and exceedingly well made young man, rather slender, indeed, but not deficient either in strength or activity and possessing in its fullest extent that eel-like flexibility which we have just noticed. He was not long without another antagonist in the person of one of the Englishmen of about the same height, stronger, and possessing the other requisites for success in a greater or less degree with a reference to his antagonist, in about the same proportion as they were generally characteristic of their respective nations. The contest was not soon decided: the soldier, a native of Cornwall, a district famed from time immemorial for excellence in the art, was ignorant of no manœuvre which might ensure victory; but his grasp was still eluded by the Greek, who contrived to keep at a distance, and even when brought to the ground by main force, to avoid falling on his back, a consummation necessary to conclude the contest. At length, however, grown confident, heated by the sport, and imagining from the quickened breathing, and relaxed hold of his antagonist, that his strength was reduced to his own pitch, he abandoned his caution, and met the hug of the Cornishman, who threw him to the earth, amidst the cheers of his surrounding comrades. As these subsided an indistinct murmur was heard, which commencing amongst those in the vicinity of the emperor, and his attendants, spread itself through the vast multitude, and it was evident that some circumstance of unusual interest had occurred. A messenger, almost breathless with the speed with which he had prosecuted his journey, had been admitted to the presence of Alexius, and that monarch had, with his principal counsellors, withdrawn from the scene of festivity. That messenger had indeed brought tidings of alarming import; Guiscard had been re-inforced, a pestilence which had raged amongst his troops had passed away, and from his unweared energy and perseverence, it was probable that Durazzo, if not speedily relieved, must fall.

The garrison of Durazzo was principally composed of Albanians and Epirots, the most warlike of the native portion of the army of Alexius. Boldly and skilfully did they maintain their important trust, and but for the master-mind opposed to them, their efforts might have been successful, for much of the besieging force was composed of Italians and Sicilians, formidable neither for native courage,

nor for discipline. But Guiscard laboured incessantly to infuse a portion of his own energy into the drooping hearts of his followers.

It was at this period of the siege, whilst success was yet doubtful, that a group of experienced and war-worn veterans emerged from a spacious tent, leaving behind them but two persons. One of them was a female rather past the middle age, the expression of whose countenance naturally somewhat stern and haughty, was at present softened by the interest with which she appeared to watch that of her companion. This was a man somewhat advanced in years, but whose towering stature and athletic form announced that the great strength of his youth was yet not materially diminished: his complexion was fair and ruddy, and his eye had the glance of an eagle. It was Robert Guiscard himself; his companion was his wife Gaita.

"After observing him for some time in silence," she said, doubtingly, "thou wilt persevere, then, Robert, in this enterprise?"

"And wherefore not!" he replied, at length roused from his abstraction, "shall I who have triumphed over the hardy veterans of Germany in the plains of Civitella, and rendered the Norman name terrible throughout Sicily and Italy, shrink from the mimic fire of these Greeks, or from the undisciplined banditti who man their ramparts? No—ultimate success is certain, and could I but exchange these crowds of Sicilians for half their numbers of such men as followed me from Normandy, these walls would not long detain me in the West of Greece."

"But the emperor is said to have formed an immense and powerful army: nay, rumour says that it is already marching to the relief of this valued fortress."

"That army has five hundred miles to pass, before its presence can influence my operations: ere it arrive, Durazzo will have fallen; moreover, I know its composition—a mixed crowd of Greeks and barbarians, of various languages and habits, hating and distrusting each other—for their alliance is but of yesterday—and generally formidable only from their numbers. Thousands of them would fly at the charge of but a hundred of my knights."

"The Varangians—the English guards—are they, think you, not made of sterner stuff?"

"Ha! those island dogs—they are indeed the men from whom we have the most to fear. I have indeed heard that the bears of the Norwegian forests meet not their foes with rougher embraces than do these English. Yet, I would not have it otherwise; there is little glory in vanquishing a feeble foe, and they shall be vanquished; they form but a small part of the host of Alexius; and can their axes protect them from the onset of my mailed cavalry, to which their blind and obstinate pugnacity will not fail to expose them? No—the laurels gained by Duke William at Hastings shall be eclipsed by those of Guiscard at Durazzo. Then to march upon Constantinople, and soon shall the Roman sceptre be grasped by the firm hand of a Norman baron!"

About the time of the great festival, which we have already recorded, a man introduced himself to several of the Varangians as a travelling merchant: on that occasion also he attracted their notice

by his expertness at various games and pastimes; and as he was a lively companion, sang well, and was fully provided with amusing tales of various countries which he had collected in his wandering life, and possessing, in addition to a perfect acquaintance with the Latin, Greek, and Norman-French languages, some little knowledge of their own tongue, he speedily became a great favourite with the men in general, and was on terms of perfect intimacy with many, over the minds of some of whom, indeed, he soon began to exercise a considerable degree of influence. He was, he said, a Sicilian by birth; and confessed that he had visited his countrymen in the camp before Durazzo: he spoke of Guiscard, his valour, his skill, the mutual attachment that subsisted between that general and his army, and how proud and happy he would be to number in their ranks, such troops as the Varangians. On the other hand he inveighed against the vices of the Greeks, their cowardice, their effeminacy; how much fitter were the Normans for companions to warriors, many of whom sprung from the same stock, though circumstances had placed them in hostility against each other. Most of his auditors listened in silence, and never for an instant thought of acting upon such suggestions; for although they hated and despised the Greeks, they were devoted to their chiefs, and sternly faithful to the government which had fostered them, while they ardently desired to humble the pride of their all-conquering enemies. Some, however, there were upon whom his eloquence had more effect, and to these he began cautiously and gradually to offer rewards of money, or rank as the price of desertion, treachery, or the seduction of their comrades from their duty. Others less discreet he plied with wine, and endeavoured to excite to contention with their allies, and other acts of insubordination. The baneful influence which the stranger was acquiring was first perceived by Dunstan, a veteran, who, older than the generality of his associates, and adding to the form and strength of an Ajax, the wisdom, though not the eloquence of a Nestor, was not only respected by the privates, but confided in by the chiefs of the Varangians. A hint from him to the latter respecting the character of the merchant was immediately followed by a peremptory order for his expulsion from the quarters of the guards. When the stranger was made sensible of this decree (which he instantly obeyed), he was engaged with several of his military associates in discussing some wine in a tavern which was much frequented by them. His companions at first beheld his dismissal in sullen silence, but ceased not from their pleasing task until, as the liquor began to affect their brains, they became noisy and turbulent; they insulted the terrified inmates of the house—they destroyed the furniture, and with loud shouts and imprecations, sallied forth into the streets, and commenced an attack upon such of the natives as they met. In this they were joined by some of their comrades, whilst others expostulated with, and endeavoured to control them, and some ran to apprise their chiefs. The affrighted Greeks fled in every direction, or were laid prostrate by their antagonists, who were, fortunately, unarmed, save that some of them wielded fragments of benches, and others logs; but most of them employed those natural weapons only, for the use of which, the nation to which most of them belonged,

appears to have possessed a natural genius. Suddenly, however, a martial form was seen rapidly advancing through the dismayed crowd, and a voice of thunder was heard recalling the infuriated warriors to their duty. It was Redwald; and his sudden apparition, his threatening brow, and drawn sword, struck awe into the souls of his followers, maddened or stupefied as they were with their late debauch. But a huge Dane, the most intoxicated of the party, and by nature fierce and turbulent, seizing a bar of iron from the hand of a workman in the crowd, aimed a violent blow at Redwald, exclaiming "Comrades, what fear ye? Stay, but an instant, and with this—"

He spoke no more. Swifter than the lightning, the sword of Redwald descending cut sheer through the enormous neck, and the head rolled in the dust, the eyes glaring hideously, and the shaggy red beard dyed a deeper hue in the vital fluid. The rest, who had been preparing for resistance, shrank back appalled. Redwald lost not a moment, but rushing amongst them, striking some with the flat of his bloody blade, and rebuking all in a loud and authorative tone, compelled their submission, and ceased not till he had delivered them into the charge of a guard of their fellow-soldiers who now arrived at the scene of action, and had beheld them placed in confinement. For many days subsequent to this mutinous display, Redwald was entirely occupied with his military duties, and saw not Evadne, whom indeed he had seldom visited for some time previous, having been engaged, in the intervals of his own more peculiar duty, in assisting in the training of some of the raw levies which the emperor had raised in the northern provinces of his dominions, and had added to his numerous, though motley, forces. But one afternoon whilst he was conversing with a group of his friends, he was called aside by a little Greek, in whose countenance and twinkling black eyes there was a strong expression of mirth, together with knavery, who imparted to him in a low tone such tidings as made him instantly hurry to seek his horses and servants, without giving any explanation of the cause of his haste to the somewhat surprised party.

Besides the Varangians, the Emperor had now in pay a small body of adventurers from France or Germany, and amongst these had lately been admitted, at his own request, a stranger, who claimed to be of noble descent, though possessing nought but his sword. His name, he said, was Galahautin; he was handsome and elegant in person, polished and insinuating in his manners; so much so, indeed, that he was without hesitation admitted into the society of the most distinguished families in Constantinople. Amongst these was that of Lesbia, an honour which he had been particularly anxious to obtain, for he had already seen Evadne, and had already nourished in his mind the idea of obtaining her love, in the pursuit of which he was resolved to be overcome by nothing but impossibility. When introduced to her he was not, however, too precipitate in his attentions, but by an artful and measured conduct endeavoured gradually to win a place in her affections. His various accomplishments and knowledge of the world made him a most agreeable companion, and his apparent frankness and benevolence induced Evadne to listen for a

time with pleasure to his conversation, and even to view him with some degree of interest and regard. Emboldened by this, he began at length to imagine that he might venture to prefer his suit (for he was as yet ignorant of her love for Redwald), and availing himself of a temporary absence of Lesbia (with whom he was an especial favourite) from an apartment where she and her young ward had been conversing, he poured into the ear of the latter an eloquent and ardent declaration of his passion, nor would he be denied until she confessed the existence of a previous attachment.

To the mansion of which Evadne was an inmate there appertained a spacious garden, which opened upon a road, shaded on one side by a small grove, and on the other commanding a view of open heaths, which communicated with the great western way to the city, at the distance of two or three miles. It was the practice of our heroine frequently to walk in this garden, and sometimes, when accompanied by her female attendants, she would even venture to advance into the country beyond the grove, of which we have made mention. This was not unknown to Galahautin, who had been assiduously watching the movements of the family, a pursuit in which he was mainly assisted by Cario, one of the domestics, who was easily persuaded, by dint of an occasional bribe, to afford almost any information in his power, which could be acceptable to the stranger. Thinking himself sure of this man's fidelity to his own rogueries, or thrown off his guard by passion and jealousy, the Frank promised him a reward, which seemed at variance with his supposed straightened fortunes, if he would give him correct information of the next visit of Evadne to her favourite haunts. The crafty Greek accepted the terms, and fulfilled his promise, but having at the least a strong suspicion that there was mischief in the intentions of the stranger, he had no sooner secured his reward, than he hastened to apprize Redwald of the probable danger his mistress had incurred, taking care, however, to be silent as to his own share in the transaction. He it was whose arrival caused the abrupt departure of the Varangian, who did not, however, omit, together with hasty thanks, to bestow another donation on the fortunate Cario, with a promise of future favours. Not a few gifts had the latter already received from the same quarter, for his apparently zealous attachment to our heroine—a sentiment which was not, indeed, entirely feigned.

In the meantime Evadne, without fear or suspicion, strayed through the mazes of the beautiful and fruitful garden, now tinged with red by the glow of the almost setting sun. As the enamoured Frank had hoped, she passed through its extremity, and wandered forth upon the adjoining road, which was rarely used, except by the inmates of the abode she had quitted. She was a few paces in advance of her two attendant maidens, when just as they had so far skirted the grove on their right that an angle in the road placed them out of sight of any habitation, three horsemen emerged from the trees which had concealed them, two of whom seized the terrified attendants, and preventing their shrieks, hastily raised them from the ground, and placing them before them, followed him who appeared to be their leader, who, admirably mounted, was flying with Evadne,

whom he had secured in the same manner, far over the plain, with a whirlwind's speed. But as they entirely emerged from the protection of the trees, the sound of hoofs was heard in another direction, and they descried a party of five horsemen advancing on their right, whose gestures were evidently hostile—three of whom directed their chargers full upon themselves, whilst the other two, though at unequal distances, sped in pursuit of their leader. The Frank, for he it was who held Evadne, endeavoured, when he perceived his pursuers, to urge his steed to still further exertions, but in his most headlong career the animal stumbled on a stone concealed by weeds or grass. His riders fell to the earth, and though both were unharmed, the stranger had scarcely recovered his feet, when Redwald, equally rapid and more fortunate, had overtaken him, and throwing himself from his steed, had seized his Evadne, whom he scarcely hoped to find uninjured by the violence of the shock. But the ravisher, drawing his sword, rushed on the British warrior with the desperation of a tiger, provoking a contest which, though desperate, was short. In skill, activity, courage, and mutual hatred, the combatants were well matched, but, stronger and somewhat taller than his adversary, the Varangian had, on this occasion at least, the advantage of coolness, for the violence of the fall might have confused the brain and eyesight of the stranger, whose head was speedily cleft in sunder by a dreadful blow. In the meantime the other two had surrendered to Austin and three other Varangian chiefs, who had prevailed on Redwald to allow them to accompany him. They proved to be deserters from the Frank company in the service of the Emperor, and before they suffered the just reward of their crimes, their confession, together with letters and other documents found on the person of the slain, had proved the Frank captain, the rival of Redwald, and the itinerant merchant, who had laboured to corrupt the fidelity of the Varangians, to be the same individual. It further appeared that he was a Sicilian-Norman, rich, powerful, and high in favour with Guiscard, and that his name was Geoffrey Montalto.

It was on the eve of the 18th of October, 1081, that the numerous army of Alexius, commanded by their monarch in person, having performed a toilsome march of 500 miles, were assembled in the plains before Durazzo. But that army was composed of unequal and discordant materials; it consisted of the troops of various nations, widely differing in valour, arms, discipline, and manner of fighting, not unlikely to dispute amongst themselves, and the fidelity of some of whom, it might be reasonably imagined, was not calculated to resist a very severe trial. First in physical and mental hardihood of all these numerous bands stood the Varangians, but being composed exclusively of infantry, though they might be considered invincible by any thing like an equal number of that description of troops, their scanty defensive armour would be likely to render unequal a contest betwixt them and the well protected Norman cavalry. The besetting sin of these warriors was intemperance, which the example of their chiefs did not always tend to check, and which led to not unfrequent quarrels between them and the native subjects of Alexius; but the indefatigable exertions of Redwald,

himself free from this reproach, had of late nearly eradicated it from his followers; and the slight tendency to insubordination and mutiny which had been created by the arts of the Norman spy, had been entirely dissipated. Inferior in quality, but still resembling the Varangians in many points, were the few Frank companies we have before mentioned, whose fidelity had been more dangerously shaken by the treacherous Montalto; but prompt and vigorous measures had stopped the further progress of disaffection, and they might be considered a trustworthy, and for their numbers a formidable body of men. They were heavily armed, and carried shields; their offensive weapon was a long and ponderous sword. Some of the light and Parthian-like Turkish cavalry had been obtained by intercession from their powerful master, but their missile weapons were fitter for harassing the march of an enemy, than for engaging in such a contest as was now approaching; nor were they very numerous. The great bulk of the army was composed of the natives of the Empire, and of these the people of Thrace, Epirus and Albania were indisputably the most formidable portion. They were in fact by no means deficient in courage or hardihood, but a numerous force of their best men were already in garrison at Durazzo. The Greeks and Asiatics were more effeminate alike in mind and body, and were indeed but a feeble source of hope, although they were well provided with arms offensive and defensive, for close or for distant combat.

It was sun-set when Redwald and Austin stood together a little apart from the army on a small hill, which commanded a view of the Norman camp. The former was in high spirits; his eyes flashed, and his countenance glowed with animation, as he looked on the scene before him, and the "stern joy" of anticipated revenge filled his bosom, as he beheld those foes whom he hated as men, whilst he regarded them as antagonists "worthy of his steel."

"Behold! my friend," said he, "the moment we have so long ardently desired is at hand. We behold the brethren of those enemies who slew and despoiled our fathers, and now retain in slavery and disgrace our unhappy country. Oh! were that country but half so firmly united in purpose as is the small band of her sons in arms in this plain, how surely were the fetters broken from their limbs, and from their spirit, and their haughty tyrants trampled bleeding beneath their feet, or hurled from the white cliffs of Albion into the foaming tide! Yet 'tis pity that we stand not here alone; for though I am well assured the fortune of the coming day rests on the English axes, and that where force and not craft is required our womanish allies will not refuse us the work of battle, whilst in their corrupt and luxurious capital, when danger is distant, they will boast of their deeds of arms; yet will the world, will the Normans themselves learn or confess to whom the glory of victory will be due amongst these thousands? But, no matter—we at least shall possess the proud consciousness of having humbled an enemy, and saved an empire." Here glancing at his friend, he paused, in some surprise and vexation, for Austin stood with his arms folded, and his look indicating gloom and abstraction, rather than martial or patriotic enthusiasm.

"Austin," exclaimed Redwald, "of what thinkest thou? Is this a time for melancholy reflections when an enemy is in sight? Cheer up, my friend, or if thou hast indeed any secret cause of uneasiness, confide it to me; thou well knowest thou mayest depend on my advice, consolation, or assistance. If either of us should now give way to gloomy meditation, have not I far more cause than thee. Thou hast not, so far as I know, either wife or mistress? I leave a lovely maid, who would, but for this Norman pest, have been already mine, and whose fate, should I fall, I tremble but to think of. But I banish such ideas, since they can avail nought, and think only as a soldier should—of victory and of glory."

"Redwald," replied his companion, "thy reproof is just. I leave none behind me whom my fate can injure; nor, save thyself, have I a friend for whose welfare I feel any deep anxiety. Thou knowest that the loss of parents, brethren, and native land, have, with subsequent sickness, and the disgust which I feel for the unworthy people in whose cause I have engaged, long since made me seek death rather as a thing to be desired than dreaded. Still its near approach (for I feel certain that to-morrow's sun is the last I shall behold), is awful, and disposes the mind, spite of itself, to doubt and speculation. Yet could I, like thee, look forward to infallible victory over these invaders in the coming battle, joy like thine would possess my soul; but, my friend, since thou urgest me, I will confess, well knowing thy ardour will not be damped by ought that my despondding mind or distempered imagination can suggest, that I cannot subdue the impression that the fortune of the day will be against us, and that our hoped-for revenge must be deferred to a future period. But, doubt not that I shall do my duty—doubt not that whosoever may be victorious, no Varangian shall fall dishonoured."

Redwald heard this declaration with deep concern, but could not think that there existed any real ground for doubting that success would crown the English arms; and well aware of the unhappy temper of his friend, he could not but feel that his death (though it would deprive himself of the society of one whose excellent qualities he knew and loved), was perhaps not a subject for unqualified lamentation. He, however, spoke cheeringly to him, and endeavoured by argument to convince him how groundless were his fears, calmly pointing out the numerous advantages possessed, as it appeared to him, by Alexius; but as the persuasion of Austin was not founded on reason, it remained but little shaken. The ardour of Redwald, his hatred of the Normans, and his high estimation of the valour of his countrymen, outweighed the usual coolness of his judgment; for many of the most able generals of Alexius had dissuaded their monarch from a general engagement, and it was against their advice that he was about to give battle.

The army of Guiscard was indeed far inferior in numbers to that of his rival, and like it his also was principally composed of soldiers of no extraordinary merit. But as far as his force was generally outnumbered by the enemy, it was more numerous than the Varangians, whose defeat he felt convinced would infallibly be the immediate forerunner of that of the whole Greek army; and though the

military qualities of Alexius were not contemptible, he felt a just confidence in the superiority of his own. He addressed his warriors in an animating speech, though he did not disguise from them the peril of their situation; and finally, to dispel all idea of flight, from the minds of those, if such there were, who were disposed to it, he proposed to them, (and the proposal was accepted with acclamation,) to burn immediately their vessels and their baggage, and he thus awaited before his lines the attack of the enemy—having a rivulet in his rear, a range of hills on his left wing, and on the right the sea. The town was in the rear of the Normans, beyond the river. The garrison had been directed by Alexius, to aid his operations by a sally, but this had been foreseen by Guiscard, and the enterprise prevented by the destruction of the bridge which crossed the stream.

With the morning's light the Normans beheld their enemies close upon them, for they had marched in darkness, in the vain hope of surprising the wary Robert. In their van advanced the formidable Varangians, armed with those weighty axes, against which, wielded by English arms, no armour was proof; the cavalry were dispersed on both flanks, and the Greek infantry were somewhat imprudently posted in the rear of the islanders, a disposition which was calculated to render their missiles of no avail, and to entail certain disaster upon them, should the Varangians be defeated. Led by their Acolyth or chief, the latter rushed upon the Norman infantry, with the desperate energy of bull-dogs, and for a short time the contest was terrible, and the ground was speedily heaped with the carcases of the slain, whose wounds indicated the terrible nature of the weapons with which they had been inflicted, for arms, legs, and heads might be seen on every side, lopped from their disfigured trunks. Amongst the numbers of those who bit the dust, lay Michael, the pretended claimant of the Greek crown. But this lasted not long. The Italian infantry, who were opposed to the English warriors, struck with consternation at the fearful slaughter spreading through their ranks, in spite of the gallant exertions of their leaders, gave way, and at length fell into general and irretrievable confusion. But their flight was checked by the river and the sea, and some Venetian vessels which, as allies of the Greek emperor, guarded the coast, plied the unfortunate fugitives with showers of missiles. The wife of Robert, in vainly endeavouring to rally them by a masculine display of courage, was wounded by an arrow. The duke himself, rearing his stately form, which surpassed in height that of his tallest warriors, and shouting, in the most powerful tones of his sonorous voice, reminded them of the hopeless folly of their flight; but had his hopes rested on the conduct of the men he now addressed, his defeat would have been inevitable. But the impetuosity of the English proved, as he had anticipated, the cause of their own discomfiture. Advancing rapidly, as if the victory was already gained, they outstripped their less ardent allies, and their flank, unprotected by any natural defence, and now deprived of the light Turkish squadrons, by which it had been veiled rather than fortified, was charged by a reserve of steel-clad Norman knights, which Guiscard, ever provident, had held in readiness for this especial service. The enemy, suddenly emerging from the tumultous throng,

were intermingled with the English almost before they had perceived them; there was no time for council, and flight was unthought of. The onset of the Normans was like a furious tempest—the resistance of the Vangarians was like that of the oaks of their native forests. Numbers fell in the first shock, but the survivors, wielding their ponderous weapons with redoubled force, laid many a horse and many a rider on the blood-stained field. In the midst of this terrible combat, Austin, who, like the rest of the chieftains, fought on foot, saw Redwald, at a little distance, surrounded by three horsemen, and evidently in the greatest peril. By a desperate exertion of strength he broke through the press, uttering a dreadful cry, which caused two of his friend's opponents to turn, as if startled, at the sudden sound. In an instant the foremost was a corse at the feet of Austin, but before that devoted youth could recover his weapon, the lance of the second Norman had pierced his heart. Redwald, having just slain his first antagonist, beheld, with a cry of rage and grief, the fate of his friend. Too late to save him, he was not too late for revenge. The helmeted head of the knight fell on the earth before his astonished courser, and Redwald, hurling the trunk from the saddle, in an instant vaulted into it himself, brandishing the lance of the conquered foe. One glance along the line shewed him how true were the sad forebodings of his friend. His brave and faithful soldiers lay, with few exceptions, dead or wounded on the plain, the few survivors having been forced back upon their Greek allies. The bitter grief of the hero did not render him unmindful of the sovereign whom it was his duty to guard. Alexius himself, who had hitherto exposed his person in the thickest of the throng, now looked around, and perceived the Turks already in flight, and his own subjects rapidly giving way. Conscious that the day was lost, he unwillingly turned his thoughts to flight, and, aided by Redwald, a few of the surviving English, and other stragglers, he cu this way through the party of cavalry which had proved the destruction of his army, and gained the mountains.

Redwald, having assisted in the preservation of his royal master, collected the scanty remains of his countrymen which the battle had spared, repaired to Constantinople, where a few had been left to defend the precincts of the court. He was speedily united to his lovely bride, whose possession in some measure repaid him for the deep sorrow and humiliation which the defeat of Durazzo had heaped upon him. He served, however, with honour throughout the chequered course of the war. Though the late decisive battle had proved disastrous, like that at Hastings, he felt proudly conscious that, as on that occasion, the valour, at least, of his countrymen, had been proved second to none; and his subsequent life was cheered by the intelligence of victories ravished from the Normans on their own soil, and the increasing military fame of the hardy islanders. His domestic happiness was perfect; or if imperfect, inferior to none ever enjoyed by man. The Varangians, or their posterity, remained for centuries the chosen guard of the court of Constantinople; and amongst that chosen band, none were more celebrated than the descendants of Redwald and Evadne.

THE GENTLEMAN USHER.

It was on the third of February, 1821, that, seduced by the puff of an advertisment, I set out for ———, in order to propose myself as a candidate for the place of senior assistant in Mr. B.'s academy. This was no time for pride; so, forgetting the pedigree which has long hung in letters of gold over my uncle's mantle-piece; and, considering only the plebeian condition of my pocket, I slunk secretly into an omnibus; and after many stoppages, and many irruptions of wretches cold and wet into the same narrow vehicle with myself, I arrived, at the expense of half of my fortune, and all my temper, within a quarter of a mile of the place of my destination. Here the omnibus pulled up, and I had to cut my way, my liquidum iter, as Virgil has it, ancle deep through the sea of mud that lay over an open common in front of Mr. B.'s house. The rain had increased during my journey, and as I am not worth a great coat, I made as much haste as circumstances would permit. But, as my friend, the ex-member for Preston, has acutely observed, "more haste, worse speed;" and so it proved with me. In my hurry, I lost my shoe; in recovering my shoe I lost my hat, and in recovering my hat, I lost my balance. For a while, I stood with one leg in the air, waving and quivering like an Irish scarecrow in a high wind, and executing the most ludicrous attitudes. This lasted but a moment, for my only remaining stay slipping from under me, I was lowered with all the deliberation, but without the dignity, of a dowager, into the softest cushion in the world.

A loud laugh from two or three of Mr. B.'s pupils, who were *larking*, as they called it—that is, pelting each other with mud, not many paces from where I was *sitting*, filled up the measure of my chagrin. You will pay dearly for that joke, some of you, I muttered to myself, as, having recovered my hat, I slowly rose from the ground. Resolved, however, not to betray any symptoms of discomfiture, I clapped my hat on my head without looking at it, and whistling a sorry tune to shew my unconcern, marched, with all the magnificence of an usher, straight up to Mr. B.'s door. Unsubdued by misfortune, and true to the blood of the third Edward which flows in my veins, I gave one of those thundering summonses which none but the aristocracy and footmen are privileged to execute—an effort of vanity which brought its own punishment; for the servant of the establishment, who was at that time engaged in some sort of dirty work, naturally concluding that such an authoratative appeal could come from no other than the sixth cousin of Lord B., whose nephew, as I afterwards learned, Mr. B. had the honour of educating, I was compelled to wait in the rain, till the said servant, washed, cleaned, and arrayed in a yellow livery, thought himself decent enough, and sweet enough to admit so distinguished a personage. I shall never forget the expression of the fellow's face when he saw me. Indeed I must have looked not

unlike Father Thomas in the "Dunciad," or one of those plaster figures of mud which rescued the genius of our noblest artist from the plough. "Why you *have* been in the dirt, sure enough," was the pleasant remark of this luminary. "Is your master at home?" I asked without noticing his observation. "Oh yes, he's at home: he's always at home, I warrant. But had'nt I better just give you a bit of a rub down with a clout, before I show you into the dining-room?—for master's wery particular about his furniture."

I submitted to this proposed operation, notwithstanding the fellow hissed and whistled during his work as though he were really rubbing down his master's horse. John's passion for conversation was not yet satisfied. "You're come I suppose to offer for the place of he that died," he remarked in the most familiar tone imaginable; "but I don't think you'll do, for master said the next should be a strong un." Out of all patience at this, I demanded to be instantly shewn into the dining-room. With a shrug of the shoulders the man complied, saying as he left me, "You must'nt sit in the great chair, because that's master's."

Whether he had been aiding and abetting John in his dirty work I know not, but another quarter of an hour had elapsed, before with face newly washed and shining shoes, Mr. B. entered the room. For that quarter of an hour, which seemed an age, I was left to indulge my own thoughts as it is called;—and what an indulgence! Remorse for the past, despair of the future, all that I had done, and all that I had omitted to do, struck a horror on my spirits which I cannot describe, and which none but those who have fooled away their opportunities as I have done would be able to understand. I thought of the high promise with which I had entered on my university career, of the meagre performance with which it closed, of a father's disappointed hope, of a sister's tears. In short, I *indulged* in reflecting upon all those little disagreeables which coward conscience flings in a man's teeth when friends and fortune have deserted him. Then the many small, but no less irritating evils of the situation I was seeking, stuck like so many burrs upon my fancy; to become at once an underling tyrant, a Dionysius the little, an *auceps syllabarum*—to waste my whole voice, soul, and energies, on hopeless stupidity, or malicious inattention—to be eloquent on the right position of an accent, indignant at a false quantity, enthusiastic on a particle—to such a life was I destined by poverty, at least for the present; and how could I be certain that the practice of one short year would not so far pulverize the powers of my mind, so assimilate them to the minutiæ of the objects about which they were engaged, that I should never again be capable of any noble or manly exertion? I may become, I thought, a willing, a contented pedagogue for life. A moment more, and I should have been working my way through snow, sleet, and slime, back to London, and my unpaid for garret. My hand was on the lock, when Mr. G.— entered; a rude concussion, and a mutual beg pardon, perfected our introduction. Bowing was impossible—the slightest inclination on my side would have brought my head in contact with his nose, and the wall was too near *him* to allow of that back fling of the foot, so necessary to a school-

master for the completion of the performance. With much movement of legs and arms he motioned me to a chair. There was a certain baggyness at the knees of his breeches, contracted from much sitting, and a whiteness at the elbows of his coat, that marked the nature of his profession; but no single ray of intellect illuminated the waste of his countenance. Every question, reply, and rejoinder, in the dialogue which ensued, seemed to throw me farther from the situation at which I was aiming; and it became evident, before the end of our conference, that no one acquirement of which I was possessed, would be requisite in Mr. B's. intended assistant, and that all which I had not were absolutely indispensable. I did *not* believe without reservation in Dawes's miscellanea—I had never learnt the *Propria quæ maribus*, nor ever heard of the grammar school at Leeds; and what was worse than all I could not undertake to carve a leg of mutton for fifty hungry boys so as to satisfy *all*. But I had been educated at Cambridge; no matter, Mr. B. had taken an *underline* degree at Oxford. I *had* studied Porson, but Porson was of Cambridge; and Herman—" Pooh, he was a Dutchman."

" Well, then," I exclaimed, not a little indignant at the contempt manifested for my classical knowledge, " I have read Aristophanes, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristotle, Plato, ———."

" No doubt, sir, no doubt," said he, taking ungenerous advantage of my pausing to recover my breath, " I dare say you have read all these authors, and a great many more. But excuse me, *est modus in rebus*. There is a manner of doing things; besides this is *not* the *sort* of knowledge which I look for in my academy. My system, sir, is an entirely new one, a mode not pursued in any school or university but my own. It will be necessary that my *seniaur* assistant should have devoted his time and attention almost exclusively to the formation, sir, the derivation, and the radical foundation of nouns, adjectives, and verbs."

As this dictum was delivered from the head master of an academy in a high-backed elbow chair, well furnished with pads and cushions, to an expectant usher, wet and shivering, on a meagre cane-bottom, I merely ventured to reply, that I thought knowledge of that kind, was in some degree inculcated in every school in the kingdom. A smile of odious condescension, that seemed to pity the ignorance he was about to cover with confusion, was his only answer; and rising from his chair, like one who meditates mighty purposes, he rang the bell, and bid the servant summons master Williams immediately to his presence. While Master Williams was being screamed for through the premises, I thought I might turn to subjects of lighter import. I spoke of the theatres and the opera. He heard with apparent attention, and I fancied that I had interested him by my remarks, till his reply, alas! shewed too clearly, that his whole mind had been all the while occupied in the labour of producing a small pun—" These, sir," said he, " are not the subjects which engage our thoughts here. We know of no theatre here, but the theatre of the Greeks—no opera but the *Opera Virgilii*."

The laugh which followed this speech, loudly reverberated by the expectant usher, occupied the remaining time till Master Williams

burst into the room ; he was one of the young gentlemen by the way, who had witnessed my misfortunes before the door. A painter could have desired no better specimen of a school-boy. Long, straight, uncombed hair, a Saturday frill, brown corduroy trowsers, worn at the knees with marble-playing, and shrunk more than half way up the spindle shanks, blue worsteds, in folds, and rusty calf-skin shoes, were the distinguishing characteristics of the exterior of Master Williams. Of his mental accomplishments I was shortly to judge. "Come here sir," said the master, in a patronizing voice, "come here and shew this gentleman, that we do know something, even at ——. Just stand upright, look at me, and blow your nose, my boy. Now, answer my questions." Master Williams *parroted* half a dozen stupid answers to as many ridiculous demands upon his memory. "Pray, young gentleman," said I—"That's right; you may go," exclaimed Mr. B., drowning my voice, and affecting not to perceive my intention of taking up the examination myself. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than the young phenomenon snatched his hands from his breeches pocket and bolted.

"And now," said B., "now that I have practically developed my system, will you favour me with a translation or two from some ancient author?" I replied that I had no objection, and muttered something of testimonials from my tutors ."Testimonials !" exclaimed he, "yes sir, no doubt: we all know what Cambridge testimonials are ; every applicant has testimonials. I would rather take my own opinion than that of all the Cambridge classics together." Well, my trial, as he called it, began ; I proceeded, apparently to his satisfaction, until in turning an English passage into Latin, I used the expression, *studebat eloquentiæ*. "The accusative, if you please, after *studeo*," he thundered out, "at least so it has been ever since I have been head master of this academy." "Never before," I thought, and might have quoted Cicero's authority in my defence, but what had an expectant usher to do with Cicero? So I bowed to my superior in silence.

"Proceed we, now sir," said he, shutting the books, "to state the duties required to be performed by my *seniaur* assistant. He must be in the school-room every morning at six o'clock precisely,"— "Winter and summer, sir?" "Yes sir ; all the year round; I myself take the chair at half-after eight. From nine o'clock till the half hour during which time the boys hear prayers read by me, wash themselves, and take their morning meal, he will be at liberty—" "To take his breakfast, I suppose sir?" "Yes, or employ himself in any *other* way he likes. From half-past nine till two, he will be in school again, hearing lessons in classics or mathematics, as it may happen. At two, he will dine with the boys, and carve for them. He will return to the school at three"— "And the salary, sir," I cried, "is"—"At six he will be free, at least—no, not free—he will of course have to look over the exercises of the day."—"And the salary?" I repeated in agony.—"Then he will walk, on Sundays, twice a day to church, hovering on the flank of the line, and seeing that the boys keep open order—nothing annoys me more than to see them huddled together like so many charity children."—"And the salary, sir?—

" Then as regards order on the common, especially when it's dirty, as to-day, for instance,—" " And the salary"—" Why, to tell the truth, I don't think you'll suit; still I've no objection to try you on a reduced scale." " What may be your minimum, sir?" " I am not illiberal, sir: to a D. D. I believe I have given as much as a hundred a-year. But then he was an Oxford man—an Oxford Doctor, sir? To a bachelor I have gone so far as seventy-five; that is, where they have had large families to support in comfort and respectability—I think you said you were not married."

I was looking for my half-drowned hat, which I had placed beneath one of the chairs, determining to be off before he should rouze my indignation, by an insulting offer of thirty-five or forty pounds a year, when the door was opened, and in swam a fine woman, about forty—fashionably attired—affecting *un air prononcé*, but rather *gauche*, and a *leetle* vulgar.

" I was not aware that you were engaged," said she, with premeditated confusion, but evincing no intention to retire.

" It's only an usher—another candidate my dear," said B. " Oh! indeed." She had already scanned me with her eye, and notwithstanding the state of my attire, I felt that she was far from disgusted. I bowed—she curtsied—motioned me to the arm-chair from which B. had arisen on her entrance, and was about to throw herself on a settee, when a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she hastily approached the pedagogue, exclaiming, " Oh! Mr. B., you can have no conception of the filthy state of those plebeian little wretches, the grocer's wife's boys are in; they are actually dabbling in the duck-pond. Sweeping the common with my opera-glass, from my boudoir window just now, I luckily detected them. You know their horrid vulgar mamma is coming this evening. You must exert your personal authority, for not a monitor, not an usher is to be seen."

B. bolted off, with a celerity equal to that displayed by Master Williams, and the lady, with a languishing air, exclaimed, throwing herself into a seat, "This is a shocking life, Sir—but I should not discourage you—especially for one who has moved in a different sphere." —" Indeed it is, Madam!" said I, with an emphasis that made her start with emotion. " I have the honour of addressing Mrs. B. perhaps."—" I am Mrs. B., Sir; but excuse me—I think I have seen you somewhere."—" Possibly, Madam."—" Did you ever pass a season at Bath?"—" Several, Madam, I am sorry to say, or I should not be, as I am now, soliciting the place of—"—" Pardon me, I have not always been Mrs. B.—Captain Sir Peter Gatton was my first husband, and—a—a—" " Madam, I meant to have proposed myself to Mr. B. under the common name of Smith, but, as a gentleman, I cannot, in honour, do otherwise than comply with the delicate call you have made on me for my card; my name, madam, is—" " Hold! Hold! I conjure you. Not for the world would I be guilty of such a thing as destroying a gentleman's incognito. When you know me better, Sir, you will find that Honoria Gatton has the feelings of a lady, although now—Good Heavens!" She put the corner of her handkerchief to each of her eyes in rapid succession—the action was graceful, and her hand, though rather too

full, was exquisitely white and well-formed—a hand *de bonne societé*, and I began to grow interested. "There is a dim glimmering on the horizon of my memory, Madam," said I, "that I once had the honour of handing you to your carriage at the door of the opera house."—"Possibly, possibly."—"But you were so wrapped up I recollect—your voice was so agitated too—for you had lost your party—the crest on the pannel, however, if I do not forget—I had not time to look at the arms—the crest I say was—"—"A demi-bull, rampant, argent, with horns and hoofs of gold, rising out of a ducal coronet?"—"Exactly so."—"It must then have been myself or Lady G., Sir Peter's elder brother's wife, daughter to Lord Henry F. Ah! that was the golden age of my life; but Sir Peter squandered away every thing—he loved me so: not but what B. does all in his power. You must know that B. was his lordship's chaplain, and my noble brother-in-law advanced him two thousand pounds to purchase this affair on the morning of our marriage. It's not a bad thing. I retain my box, and B. keeps me a cab *comme il faut*, but he can't drive, and it's dreadful to be seen with one's *rhinoceros* by one's side instead of on the foot-board. Besides if B. could drive, how could I introduce him?"—"His style," I observed, "is not exactly—" "Far from it, and as I said before, when you know me better—" "Of that pleasure, at least under present circumstances, I can have no hopes."

I then gave a rapid sketch of my interview with the pedagogue who, at the very instant I came to a conclusion, made his appearance —begrimed, sudorific, and the very reverse of dignified. "My dear," said Mrs. B., the moment he entered, "I am sorry to find that you and this gentleman are in danger of differing on the very trifling subject of terms; but I trust he will reconsider the matter. Dr. Peters, though a man of high reputation, was not dissatisfied with two hundred a-year."—"*Two* hundred," interrupted Mr. B. "surely —but my memory—"—"True my dear; then the gentleman should be told, by way of inducement, that there is no drudgery."—"Not in the least."—"No getting up at six in the morning winter and summer."—"Oh dear no! that is, if—"—"No carving for, and dining with the boys."—"Certainly not, provided—" "You can do all that, you know, my dear, and who so capable? No walking to church with the unruly urchins—no watching in the playground." —"Decidedly not: what are the junior ushers for? that is, in case—" —"Yes, in case, as you say, the gentleman is not a mere pedant, but combines abstract learning with a practical knowledge of the world—one who, by his talents and manners, can increase the number as well as the rank of your pupils—one who can fairly represent you among distinguished parents and guardians in town, while you are doing the quiet, unobtrusive drudgery at home—a man of family—" "You did not tell me you were a man of family, Sir," said the meek B., "this is a desideratum. At present, I really cannot well afford more than—" "Two hundred a-year," interrupted Mrs. B., "but with an increase of pupils—" "Aye, my dear, with an increase of pupils—" "You might, perhaps, double it." "Oh! very true, my love, but—"

The subject had reached its climax, and I relented. Years have now rolled over my head, and I am at the head of the establishment. B. is dead—his widow ran away with a lubberly young lord, aged eighteen, who was just on the brink of being qualified for college, and I have been three years married to her beautiful and accomplished niece, whom she generously educated and brought up; but with such secrecy, not wishing to have any cause of disagreement with Sir Peter or Mr. B., that neither of them were ever aware of her existence, although she watched over her with truly parental solicitude.

A PIOUS THIEF.

FROM UNPUBLISHED RECOLLECTIONS OF LA MARQUISE DE CREQUY.*

" Madame de Marsan, with whom ' je faisais toujours de petites devotions en parties fines,' came one day to take me to drink the waters of the well of Sainte Geneviève at Nanterre, during ' la neuvaine' of her fête. There is in my opinion in the devotion of the inhabitants of Paris for Sainte Geneviève something particularly affecting. One would say that she died only yesterday;—and then she was a simple peasant, and was therefore unflattered during her lifetime, or unjustly exalted after her death. There is so much simplicity, veracity, and ingenuousness in this chronicle—we perceive that there is something so authentic and incontestible hidden beneath this legend! And then that tomb before which the long-haired kings have knelt, and those venerated bones upon which the magistrates, the princes, and people of France have fixed their eyes for fourteen centuries!—in short, all those traditions of our ancient Paris, all those acts of memorable charity, and those miraculous deeds which are registered in prophane history, have this in particular, that they have never been controverted or contested by any sectarian; and one would say that the humility of St. Geneviève would have disarmed even the enemies of our faith. ' Do not attack me on the subject of the prodigies performed by that *bonne fille*,' said Voltaire to me in one of his letters, which I preserve; ' that of Ardens, for instance, is as clearly demonstrated to me as the death of Tiberius and the brutality of Calvin. I experience a childish emotion whenever St. Geneviève is mentioned. She is my shepherdess—my good virgin. Let us say no more on the subject, madame, unless you have sworn to persecute me.'

" We found the church of Nanterre so crammed that we sent for the sacristans to inquire if they could not admit us into the ' enceinte' beside the shrine for the relics. ' Ah, mesdames! no one is any longer allowed to enter the sanctuary. M. Le Doyen has forbidden us to allow the ladies of the court to approach the relics, and you are of course aware that Mme. de Créquy stole from us last year a bit of the true cross' ' Mme. de Créquy, did you say?' ' Ah, mon Dieu, oui, mesdames. She stole it from the very altar.' I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while Mme. de Marsan asked them how they could suppose that the pious thief was Mme. de Créquy. ' It was certainly she, mesdames. She came in a carriage and six, with a red cover;† her liveries were yellow with red lace, and her taille was equal to

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* See Monthly Mag. No. XCI., p. 69.

† An imperial of crimson velvet, and external mark of the " *honneurs du Louvre.*"

both of yours.' 'You see,' said the countess in a whisper to me, and with a terrified air, 'that it is La Marechale de N—— they allude to, and this is not her first exploit of the kind.' In fact, I perfectly recollected that La Marechale had been accused of several similar transgressions, and particularly of having cribbed, as the vulgar would say, a part of the arm of La Bienheureuse Jeanne de Chantal. She had borrowed this relic from the sisters of La Visitation, who never could get her to return it. They discovered at last that the relic had been dissolved in a medicine, after having been pounded in a mortar in her own presence, and given to her son, the young Duke D'A., in the hope that it would cure him of the measles.

"As our liveries and armorial bearings were the same, the crowd assembled round the church had taken her equipage for mine. But some time after it was ascertained by whom the theft had really been committed. The archbishop consequently sent his proctor to the hotel de N., and La Marechale said, in her defence, that a stolen relic being necessary for her purpose, she had preferred taking upon herself all the responsibility than exposing any other person to the penalty of sacrilege. It was on this occasion that the Archbishop of Paris and the Bishop of Chartre took the precaution of forbidding her the communion, which was generally blamed, because they did not choose to publish their motives.

"Those who had no tlived on terms of intimacy with La Marechale would never have taken her to be cracked, or have imagined that she carried on an epistolary correspondence with the Holy Virgin and the Patriarchs. She used to deposit her letters in a pigeon-house at the hotel de N. As she regularly found answers to them, it is supposed that these were written by her chaplain, the famous Abbé Grisel. She was sometimes indignant at the familiar tone assumed towards her—'de la part,' so she expressed herself, 'd'une petite bourgeoise de Nazareth.'

"She had discovered, or thought she had discovered, for she was always in search of superstitious ideas, that she had an ancestor in the noble house of the Loups of Gascony, from which so many '*gentillatrés*' have pretended to be descended. La Marechale was in consequence convinced that the Fairy Mellusène would appear at the foot of her bed whenever a descendant of the said Mellusène and of Count Geoffroy, her husband, was to die. It is most singular that La Marechale correctly prophesied the death of forty or fifty persons, of which she said she had been warned by that means. Explain this as you will, but the fact is certain.

"One evening, at the menagerie at Versailles, she ordered the lion cage to be thrown open. The animals appeared confounded; apparently their instinct told them that there was not much to be got out of an old woman so dry, and so well defended by at least thirty ells of thick silk spread on hoops, and padded out by '*matelassures insipides*,' as the doctors would say; but the fact is certain, that the lions only stared in her face, and allowed her to quit their den as she went in. The diocesan bishop of the menagerie, who was M. de Chartres, undertook to make it a case of conscience; but she gave him a good setting down, and told him he had never read his Bible, or that he was a man of little faith, 'as it was well known that lions could never do any thing against the house of Levis'—(to two gentlemen of which name she happened to be related by marriage).

"The Abbess of the Abbaye aux Bris, who perished on the revolutionary scaffold in 1793, used to relate an amusing story of La Marechale. She arrived one day at the Altar de Notre Dame, bowing and complimenting the statue of the Virgin, in the style of the best society. The prayer of the day was to obtain for Marshal N., the husband of the petitioner, a sum of 18,000frs. which he was in want of;—afterwards, the Order of the Garter, which he was very desirous of obtaining, as it was the only great honour that had never entered his family, and finally the diploma of Prince of the

Roman Empire.—Suddenly a little shrill voice was heard to exclaim—'Madame la Marechale—you will not have the 18,000frs. which you ask for your husband; he has already 300,000 crowns a-year, and that is quite enough. He is already Duke and Peer, a Grandee of Spain, and Marshal of France. He has already the collars of the Saint Esprit and of the Golden Fleece. Your family is fairly overwhelmed with court favours, and if you are not satisfied, it is because nothing will content you. I advise you to renounce the idea of becoming a Princess of the Empire; and you may rely upon it, your husband will not have the Order of the Garter.'

"The extravagant Marechale was not in the least surprised or disconcerted; she imagined that it was the infant Jesus who had addressed her; she therefore cried out—'Hold your tongue, little boy, and let your mamma speak.' A burst of laughter was then heard, which proceeded from that pious madcap Henri Moreton de Chabullon, first page to the Queen, who had hidden himself behind the altar."

Exhibition of Ancient Female Costume.

These Dresses, which are certainly very curious and interesting, as specimens of costumes, are the property of Mrs. Luson, a remarkable character, who lived to the age of 116 years. She was born in 1700, and, after shining as a beauty at the courts of the three first Georges, retired from public life, and lived secluded for the space of fifty years in the enjoyment of a handsome fortune. The excellent state of preservation of these habiliments forms no inconsiderable part of their merit. *Inter alia*, here is a cloth of gold gown, faced with black Genoa velvet; a black velvet petticoat, with three rows of gold fringe, worn by queen Elizabeth as half-mourning for Mary of Scotland. The dresses of Lady Cromwell and her daughter, but especially those of Lady Fauconberg, Lady Russell, and Lady Fleetwood, if they were displayed with taste upon a fine figure, would appear exceedingly rich and elegant.

Burford's Panorama of the Falls of Niagara.

To all who are anxious to form some notion of the appearance and situation of the stupendous cataract which is represented in this painting, we especially recommend a visit to Mr. Burford's room in Leicester Square. It seems that Captain Basil Hall had recommended the Panoramic, as the only probable style by which any thing like justice could be done to the original scene, for not only might the colossal proportions of the cataract itself be conveyed by this means, but also its beautiful position in the landscape. We have no hesitation in acceding to Mr. Burford the praise of having gone far beyond any former delineation, that we are acquainted with, of this sublime view. Even the fastidious eye of the artist must be gratified with the general atmospheric hue, and with the admirable execution of the masses of rock and the foliage. The great body of water which occupies so large a space in the picture is exceedingly transparent and clear in the colouring. The vapour arising from the pit of the fall, and the Iris formed by the sun's rays on the mist are painted with the utmost delicacy, and contrast well with the bolder parts. Between Goat Island and the Table Rock, a space measuring three quarters of a mile, rushes the enormous mass of water down a precipice upwards of a hundred and fifty feet in height. The view has been taken from Table Rock, which is on a level with the crest of the fall, and forms the boundary of the Canadian side of the river. Supposing the spectator to be stationed on this rock and facing the cataract he will have to his right the Canadian woods, and the heights where Forsyth's Hotel is erected; behind, the flowing river wooded to the edge of the banks; in the distance, Montmorenci Falls and Goat Island, which complete the circle of the landscape. The principal feature of the painting, which of course is the great Fall, is so

happily executed that the eye is almost deceived; the effect of motion and uproar in the "abundance of waters" is ably given; and by the judicious introduction of a partial gloom in the distant sky behind the rapids a proper degreee of force is bestowed upon this mighty object. The warmly tinted clouds, which seem congregating for stormy purposes, harmonize luxuriantly with the rich autumnal foliage of the nearer trees, and form a striking contrast to the coolness of the river. We have no doubt that the public patronage will warrant the opinion that it is the most interesting and magnificent Panarama that has been exhibited for some time.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE TARTAR'S TRIUMPH. — Mr. Cutlar Ferguson has called upon ministers to remonstrate with the Emperor of Russia, on behalf of the unhappy Poles—with what success, may be supposed when he appealed to a house the most subservient of all that has preceeded it to the most craven of leaders. If England would but raise her voice, not in the pitiful sneaking way she has hitherto done, but with the bold bearing befitting her strength and station, the bearded dogs could no more continue their atrocities than dares the coward wolf attack the bold hunter that seeks him. But the fear of war is thrust upon us by our pusillanimous ministry, as an excuse for our permitting treaties to be trampled upon—and is the British nation at last brought to quake before an impudent bully, that a blow from an oaken cudgel would fell to the ground?

The power of Russia is the most splendid humbug of modern times. It is a modern huge cast-iron colossus, that would take a crow-bar only to shiver to atoms. Russia cannot go to war with England—*she dares not.* Her dealers in tallow and hemp, or, as they waggishly call themselves, nobles, exist only by their trade with England; and if their traffic were put an end to, the sea swept of their ships, and their ports blockaded, they would immediately take the short method of raising such blockade, by strangling their master. Such a process is not new to these gentry.

KNOWLEDGE THE VITAL PRINCIPLE.—A negotiation has been pending between the French and English postmasters, relative to the quicker dispatch of letters between the two countries. Some difficulty, it appears, has arisen on our part respecting newspapers, which seems rather extraordinary, inasmuch as the free postage would be in our favour, if we may judge from the bulk and weight of our journals, compared with the French. We hope the directors of our establishment may not be adopting the plan of the travelling John Bull of the present day, who, hearing so much of French extortion and finesse, by way of guarding against imposition, invariably bids about half the worth of every article he wishes to buy, and is consequently now considered the most beggarly curmudgeon under the sun. Newspapers are as necessary to our comfort as food and

clothing, and therefore every facility should be afforded in postage. It is quite lamentable that all we know of our neighbours is from the short extracts in our own journals. If the postage were taken off we might enjoy their "*atrocious murders*," "*extensive swindling*," &c., and furnish them with abundant entertainment of a like nature, upon equally reasonable terms. It is clear that the directors have not the good of the public at heart, or they would take off this tax upon knowledge. With many, a newspaper is even essential to existence —we encountered an old French acquaintance a short time since, who does not find it convenient at this time to reside in his native country, and *had* determined to fix his abode in Italy. He appeared to be almost dying with the asthma;—"Good heavens, my dear Sir, how could you leave Italy to encounter such a climate as ours? Why you will not live a month here." "Mon Dieu!" cried the Frenchman piteously, coughing for his life, and bringing his shoulders upon a level with his ears, "what can I do? would you have me live in a place where I cannot see the *Constitutionel?*"

PARTIALITY OF PHILANTHROPISTS.—Lord Ashley has behaved nobly in his endeavours to relieve the unhappy condition of the factory children. He has done his utmost to remove an evil, the effects of which have been so pernicious as to cause a powerful feeling of indignation against the abettors of such cruelty. The sufferings of Negroes have been held up to our commiseration so long, as to create a crusade against their owners, while the still more aggravated wrongs of our poor little white slaves have been unheeded. Philanthropists seem to have exhausted all their sympathies on foreign subjects, and have wholly disregarded the cries of our helpless domestic sufferers. In what respect does the mercenary feeling which prompted the rude soldiers of Cortez to sacrifice their victims in unwholesome mines, differ from the unworthy dishonest spirit of gain which stimulates the British manufacturer to the immolation of infancy? It is this accursed pervading spirit which demoralizes all classes. The wealthy are reckless of the means by which they encrease their store, and the poor, by its influence, can submit to the unnatural sacrifice of their own offspring.

It was to check this diabolical system, and restore a more wholesome feeling that Lord Ashley introduced his bill to limit the hours of labour—to take under the protection of the law all who were excluded from it. The spirit of Mammon, however, triumphed in the reformed house, and the humane projector of the measure was obliged to resign it into the hands of the ministry, to meet the views of parties. It was deemed inexpedient to disturb the British manufacturer in the management of his mill, excepting as it might please himself. That Moloch may be fed, the British slave trade must be protected. How shall we stand in the eyes of nations, when it is acknowledged by a British ministry, that the interests of trade are paramount to those of humanity—when our legislature fosters the most contemptible of all ambition, that of wealth? We sacrifice health, comfort, and honour at the shrine of gain—hypocritical adulation of those to whom we ostentatiously lend our treasure, we mistake for gratitude. How

like we are to withered Jezebel, tricked out in jewels and costly apparel, and mistaking the sneering gaze of the multitude for admiration!

Equal Distribution of Justice.—How much has been said and written on the supremacy of British law, the great guardian angel of England, the palladium of liberty, the shield of every *free-born Briton*—before whose frown the mightiest are humbled, and to whose fostering protection the poor and outcast fly for refuge! According to various authorities, if any thing can equal the wisdom and beneficence of the law, it is the purity of its administrators. Hear the following:—

Bow Street.—A poor woman applied to Sir F. Roe for a warrant against a person who had beaten and cruelly ill used her. She was asked by the officers "Had she four shillings?" She said all she had was two, and she had no means of getting more. On this Sir F. Roe said the warrant could not be granted. The poor creature left the office in great trouble.

So this is the upshot of all our vapouring about beneficence and wisdom. Unless four shillings be forthcoming, the grossest crimes are to be unredressed, and the greatest delinquents are to escape justice. This is the great guardian angel of England with a vengeance—a meretricious wanton, whose smiles are only to be obtained through her caprice or her cupidity. Let us prate no more of "even-handed justice," the great privilege of every *free-born Briton*, and such like stuff! What, in the name of all that is honest, is the country saddled with the enormous expenses arising from police offices and police officers for, if a miserable individual, who has been beaten and cruelly ill-used can obtain no redress because she possesses only two shillings instead of four?

Lawyers and Locusts.—The situation of the Thellusson property has been brought before the House of Lords, by Lord Lyndhurst, to alter the provisions of an iniquitous will, made by an infatuated and conceited old man, to exclude his immediate descendants from any benefit in his property, that his posterity might enjoy an immense accumulation of wealth; the harpies of the law have, however, contrived effectually to mar the old gentleman's intention by taking the proceeds of the estates entirely to themselves, which for thirty years they have enjoyed very comfortably. Nearly half a million of money of the unfortunate claimants has been sacrificed to this greedy and grasping profession. When are we to have a clearing out of this den of thieves? We fear it will require another miraculous interference ere the money changers and extortioners can be thrust from the *Temple*. What were the plagues of Egypt—what were her swarms of locusts compared to ours? Lawyers are more prolific and devouring than ever locusts were. Four times a year are we condemned, for our sins, to endure their diabolical increase. Each term brings its fresh swarm, spreading themselves over the land, so long as a morsel of manna remains whereon they can feed. As we have no means of extirpating them, our only hope is that in time, when there is nothing left to prey upon, they may devour each other, and like the two cats, with such

success, that nothing may be left of each but his *tail!* Most earnestly do we hope that the time may arrive when Westminster Hall may be the scene of such a conflict, and that we may live to see the floor of that venerable edifice strewed with *tails*, and neither wigs nor lawyers hanging to them.

Bishops and their Benefits.—Pious reader! prepare yourself for the worst; for that great champion of prelacy, the pamphleteering Phillpotts, has announced that spoliation having commenced, ruin and anarchy will follow;—that things will then resolve themselves into their original elements, and chaos resume its empire. We are therefore utterly undone—such is the result of the Irish church bill having been read a second time in the House of Lords.

How such serious consequences can arise from such unimportant premises, we leave such conjurors as the dignitary of Exeter to explain; but, of this we are certain, that the passing of such a beggarly mutilated measure should have the effect of scaring churchmen from their propriety, is a much more significant sign than passing a dozen bills similar to that which so excites their pious wrath. The sentiments which this discussion have elicited, shew more plainly than one could expect, the determined hostility of the clergy to their own reformation,—their clinging to mammon,—their proverbial intolerance and worldly pride. The unabated continuance of such unamiable characteristics of prelacy in the present dignitaries argue a consummation that no legislature can provide against—the moral degradation of the hierachy in the opinion of the people. What may be the effect of such a crisis requires no Phillpotts to prognosticate. It must end in a thorough regeneration of the church. The pampered prelate must be shorn of his unwieldy fleece that the humble and pious may have food.

We hope to see the day when *spoliation*—if such is to be the term—will be carried to a much greater extent than the present paltry little measure of justice to a suffering people—when palace and park, with lands, freehold and copyhold estates, houses and tenements, with all the pomp and circumstance of prelacy, will be made available to the real wants of the nation—when Bishop Phillpotts himself will find exercise for his christian charities—they will not ruin him—and time to edify the world with pamphlets through the medium of a comfortable though modest episcopal salary from government.

The collection of a vestry cess, the arbitrary imposition of a protestant tax upon a catholic people, is admitted on all sides to be iniquitous; yet, at the bare mention of the clergy subscribing it from their enormous funds, the whole clerical body scream with religious indignation: take it from the landlord, squeeze it from the tenant—they will bear a little more squeezing; but spare the pious. Yet when we consider for whom this cess is raised and for what purpose, when we see it handed over to our grasping priesthood for the object of continuing their solemn farce of maintaining a church without a congregation, we cannot for our lives see any class of men on whom it should more justly fall.

The indignation with which the proposal to reduce the number of

Irish sinecure bishops was met with on the parts of their British brethren, was truly orthodox. This awful explosion of wrath was manifested through the medium of their mouthpiece, the champion of the church. The ingenuity with which he parried the arguments of the Premier,—that the number of Irish was inconsistent with and disproportioned to the number of English bishops, and their consequent uselessness, being a reason for their reduction,—was facetious but not convincing:—"The fact is," said the divine, "that the fault is not in the superabundance of Irish, but in the extreme paucity of the English sees. It was the intention of Archbishop Cranmer to have added sixteen sees to this favoured island. It was not done—more is the pity; but I would recommend the measure, and then the proportion will be *right to a fraction.*" Generous Phillpotts! how ill we requite your generosity. However, we have but little knowledge of clerical arithmetic, and therefore cannot be supposed to understand the full measure of our obligation. But the great phial of wrath was poured out on the unhappy catholic clergy. The man of lawn positively shrieked at the presumption of such an obscure class assuming the title of archbishop and bishop, and moreover, with a climax of assurance, calling their paltry communion a church!—A church indeed! what will impudence arrive at! That they should dare to call that a church which does not possess one of its elements! Where are its palaces? where is its wealth—where its pride, its vain glory, its covetousness? It has neither lands nor tenements—it has no *tithes*—and more than all, it has *no Phillpotts!* How then can such pretenders to piety arrogate to themselves the distinction of a church, divested as they are of its commonest attributes?

Wandering Jews and Travelled Wits.—Legislative gentlemen are not satisfied with sneaking an unobtrusive vote for conscience sake; but, by placing their opinions upon record in the shape of a speech, they appear to covet the equivocal distinction of a fools-cap and bells,—forgetting that such outward and visible sign is no longer sought for by those who pretend to any thing beyond that which such emblem signifies. We should be inclined from pure pity to disabuse the unconscious noodle, did we not see him so vain-glorious from his imagined honours—frisking about with the intoxicated glee of one who has clutched a mitre—anon shaking his decorated noddle, and listening to its tinkling appendages with all the inane conceit of a bellwether.

During the third reading of the Jewish relief bill Sir C. Burrell raised the admiration of the House by the extent of his reading, and the happy conclusions he drew therefrom. That the House was not convinced by his reasoning is a fresh proof of its inability to appreciate truth. The Hon. Baronet contended that "Jews had no *right* to sit in a Christian legislature, inasmuch as they were *always* a separate people, and it was prophesied that they should be scattered over all nations. Moreover, they have been driven to parts of the earth that no Christian had ever reached, namely, to *beyond Timbuctoo!*" (*Roars of laughter.*) The Hon. Baronet then read to the house some important passages from "Keith on Prophecy," which clearly proved

the point he had laboured to establish, that *Jews had actually penetrated as far as Timbuctoo!* The consequence was obvious: after such material facts had been elicited, how could any doubt exist as to the expediency of granting privileges to men who had actually *taken* privileges which no Christian, with the fear of the tomahawk before his eyes, dare aspire to? How could relief be granted with propriety, to a class possessing such vicious propensities to travel—that had disgraced themselves by penetrating such a mysterious country as that beyond Timbuctoo! Besides, if perchance some interesting Hebrew were returned to the house, to watch over the monied interests of *the people*, what security has an hon. member, that he might not rub against that arch-prince of travellers, the "Wandering Jew," and thus acquire an itch for travelling which might disqualify him for the senate. No: the bill ought not to pass. Forbid it, shades of Clapperton and Bruce!

An enlightened member of the house, y'clept Mr. A. Johnstone, very significantly remarked; "Before the House admitted *Jews* to the privileges of Christians, they *should cease to be Jews*, and become Christians!" This was no doubt very good advice, only the hon. gent. forgot to explain by what ingenious process they could admit *Jews* to privileges, who had *ceased to be Jews!* We suspect this was some sly stroke of wit, which we cannot comprehend. The House, as usual, when any thing capital is said, which they do not understand, "*roared!*"

Rustic Reading.—A stranger perambulating London and its vicinity, would fancy that our aristocracy were by no means confined to one quarter of the town, and that they were likewise much more numerous than is acknowledged. He would be led into this error by the extraordinary number of hatchments visible in all parts. The fact is, that in England there are no bounds to the conceit of wealth. People possessed of competence fancy that the first step to gentility consists in apeing the folly of their superiors; so that if a wealthy pawnbroker is summoned to meet his Redeemer, instead of covering the three balls with black crape, his inconsolable family forthwith plaster against his box at the outskirts, sundry figures of hobgoblins, to denote the rank of the illustrious deceased. A funny specimen of ignorance in these matters occurred a few weeks ago at Stamford. Two country fellows were going home from market, when the attention of one was attracted by something unusual at the roadside. "I say, Bill," said he to his companion, "I'll be hanged if there be'nt a new public house—what's the sign?" "Summut like a Bull's Yead, I think," said the other; "and there's the name underneath; I never heard of it in these parts afore, let's go and try their tap." Up went the silly yokels to the house, through a garden in front, and finding the door shut, they very unceremoniously saluted it with a thundering knock. It was as quickly opened by a servant in black, with his head powdered as white as a cauliflower. "Why, Bill," exclaimed one of our bumpkins at this apparition, "if this 'ere beant the rummest chap of a waiter as ever I seed!" So, seating himself in a chair, and looking about him, he said to the servant, "I say,

my chap, you don't seem to be troubled with much custom at the Bull's Head; bring us a mug of beer."—"Bull's Yead—mug of beer?" muttered the servant, first looking at one customer, and then at the other in evident astonishment. "Why, what's the chap staring at? If you don't know your business, send up Mr. *Resurgam*." "Mr. *Resurgam!*" echoed the man. "Yes; that's the name under the sign, yeant it—your master?" bellowed the rustic. "Hush!" said the servant, "my master's dead." "Well then, send us Mrs. *Resurgam*—your missus." "My mistress is in London," said the footman, who hardly knew whether to call "thieves" or "murder." "Well, then, zounds, bring us up the ale," said the bumpkin in a rage.—"Ale!" repeated the bewildered domestic; "Where does the man think that I'm to get ale? Why, I am on a separate maintenance." "What be that?" "Why, board wages to be sure. What the deuce do you take me for?" "Take you for!" roared the rustic, upsetting his chair—"why, for a long-legged, woolly-headed impostor; and if *Resurgam* was'nt dead, he'd deserve a good larrupping. You and your Bull's Yead! Catch I inside a Bull's Yead again! aye, or any other yead, what's kept by one of such a family. D---n the *Resurgams*, I say, root and branch; Come along, Gekup!"

RED JACKETS MADE USEFUL.—We cannot imagine what demon can have perverted the tastes of those that have the ordering of such things, to cause such a fancy exhibition of our Life Guards, as we are occasionally favoured with. *Figurez vous*, gentle reader, in addition to the usual attendance of six feet two of a Yorkshireman, with his customary quantity of leather—a sort of Kamtskatkan elevation of bear-skin, to the height of about two feet six; and you behold as pretty an ursine specimen as ever issued from Icelandic den. Astronomers may in future be independent of hazy nights, they may occasionally gloat over the sublime beauties of Ursa Major, without the aid of a telescope.

We suspect, however, that in this age of retrenchment, the military are about to be made profitable, and are accordingly dressed up as *Bogies*, to be let out to frighten little children with. We are certain of this, that if any violent outbreak of loyalty should seize the blackguards, they will be in no want of grisly Guys for the 5th of November.

There is an universal wailing amongst the cavalry, in consequence of the late regulations, stripping them of their fancy costumes, and plaistering them all with an indiscriminate coat of "brickdust." The poor gentlemen are crying fit to break their hearts. They swear all manner of gentlemanlike oaths that they will never fight without their jackets. Poor gentlemen! we would not wish to inflame their despair; but if they would take our advice, they would cut up their bear-skins into boas, and their red jackets into rag mops, and thus earn immortal renown amongst their countrywomen, instead of frightening them into fits by acting the parts of monsters in military melodrames.

COMFORTABLE CONVERTS. This is the ANTI SPORTING MAGAZINE, and it delights us to find that our converts are on the increase. They are all too persons of some consideration. Lately that fine old Judge, Sir John Bayley, came in—a man worthy of being classed with the best of the Magna Charta Barons. Our fresh recruits consist of a few Members of Parliament—Mr. G. Lamb, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hill, and others. In a debate on the Police Bill, when the Quaker moved a clause for the suppression of dog-fights and bear-baits within five miles of Temple Bar, they stood up like men, and said that they could not agree to it, unless all *similar* sports pursued by *the rich*—all pastimes in which animals were put to pain for the amusement of man (coronetted or cuffed,) such as *angling, hare-hunting,* and *fox-hunting,* were also put down. This is gratifying. The anglers, by-the-bye, are on our hook: we purpose *playing them* presently. We shall make them smart—for we, in the dark days of our adolescence, were accomplished in angling, as well as famous in fox-hunting. Few men have *taken* larger trout, or more formidable timber—but, in the very vigour of our life, we have seen the error of our ways. A fox-hunter is a brute; an angler, if in breeches, is Belial—if in petticoats, "none but *her*self can be her parallel:" the human imagination has conceived nothing with which she can be likened.

The clause of Mr. Pease was adopted; but it is some consolation to find, from the country papers, that game is still hawked about the provincial towns, and that, from the operation of the late Act, it must soon be exterminated. This is "a consolation most devoutly to be wished." It would vastly diminish the county rates (197 poachers were imprisoned, in *one* county jail, during the past year)—benefit the farmers, and save hundreds from the gallows!

MORE GRIFFINS! We learn from one of these choice sources of select information, a *fashionable* newspaper, that the noble and interesting shop-keepers at a late fancy fair for some *bon ton* charity, "had each her family arms emblazoned over her separate *boutique*." What a misfortune that these fair dealeresses and chapwomen should not have adopted some more intelligible mode of exhibiting their identity to the astonished gaze of their customers than through the hieroglyphical medium of griffins and hobgoblins! Why not write their names as legibly as they can on the walls, or send for the *chalker* from "WARRENS' 30 STRAND" to do it for them? Surely such fair faces and delicate fingers are but unaptly represented by boars' heads and canine paws! *Apropos des bottes*—we find that his majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Somebody to the honourable office of "Rouge Dragon"—what is Rouge Dragon? what possible service can such a monster do the country? Excepting Sir Henry Hardinge, we know of no knight sufficiently stalwart to encounter him, should he take to vomiting fire and brimstone. We shrewdly suspect that the dragons of antiquity were no other than these of the present day clothed in the invulnerable scales of place and sinecure—devouring more at a quarter's meal than would be sufficient for a score

of poor families for a year. We hope to see some day a champion arise—a champion of real reform that will sweep away a crowd of such pestilent penny-trumpeters and render their existence to after times what those of antiquity are to us—a fable.

Loss of a Lady's Virtu.—A paragrap has lately appeared in the daily papers, headed "Daring Burglary," which appears to have consisted in the furtive abstraction of various articles of *virtu* from the residence of Mrs. Lane Fox. These *valuables* are described as being "several tops of scent bottles, the cover of a soup-tray, several trinkets, a blue cross and a blue heart—two amethyst hearts, joined together with gold snakes," &c. &c. We are further informed that *suspicion* is attached to one Lucas, *a notorious character*, (a neighbour of Mrs. Fox's,) as "he was seen to run from his house in Shephard's market, *at the time the fellony was committed.*"

Now, in our humble opinion, the fact of Mr. Lucas, running from Shephard's market, at the time of the robbery in Curzon Street, would seem to argue that that notorious and nimble individual ought to be one of the last on whom suspicion should alight, unless it can be shewn that "he can be in two places at once, like a bird or a fish." We would also humbly suggest that if the fact of being *a notorious character* were sufficient of itself to create suspicion, the greater portion of our aristocracy would be open to grave suspicions of having stolen Mrs. Fox's two amethyst hearts, joined together with gold snakes—unless indeed any enthusiastic missionary, absorbed in some pious expedition against the heathen, may have dropped in, and knowing from the reports of his predecessors, that even glass beads have made more converts than either tracts or teaching, despising all selfish considerations, may, in the "amabilis insania" of his zeal, have pocketed the gew-gaws, and packed them up with his other irresistible arguments, glorying in the prodigious effect likely to be produced upon an auditory of New Zealand savages, by holding out to them the fascinating inducements of Mrs. Lane Fox's blue cross and blue heart, her tops of scent-bottles, and her silver cover of a soup-tray! The benighted heathen, indeed! Bah! They need not send their mammon across the seas: there is too much miserable heathen at home—the factory child—the starving artisan—who in their utter misery in the midst of ease and plenty, are driven, by the callousness of their ruthless fellow-creatures, to doubt the beneficence of their creator—a position than which none so awful—so intensely horrible can possibly be imagined. Miracles have ceased—Elijah would find no food in the deserts now—the ravens are busy on a more important matter—they are gorging themselves, and if, while suffering under the agonies consequent on repletion, they possess a mouthful which they cannot swallow, instead of giving it to good Elijah in their native wilderness, they transmit it by some sleek young raven, in hereditary black—"a kite of their own kin and kidney," *who can't provide for his bill*, to some Bummagee, Dummagee, Fummagee, Cummagee, Hickery, Pickery, heaven knows who, a thousand leagues off—some gentleman of consequence, elegantly tattoed in the first style of fashion, with logs

like lamp-posts in the lobes of his ears—and numerous trophies of his murders, in the shape of skulls nailed to his wigwam—Hoki Poki Wankee Fum, perhaps, that unhappy prince, who when—

> Of fifty wives he was bereft,
> He hadn't more than fifty left—

or some relative of that illustrious old lady, "renowned in story," who, after having been converted and baptized, on being asked, at the point of death, by a pious missionary, if there was any thing she could think of to sooth her departing spirit, replied with an emphatic gastronomic glance at her heavenly comforter, "Oh! how my soul languishes for the broiled hand of a delicate Pawnee child!"

Our missionary-mongers, most of whom, by the bye, are women ugly *ab initio*, and hopeless of husbands, or lovely sinners who have become saints, when paint and putty failed to conceal the cracks in their shop-fronts, would infinitely more advance the glory of God, by consecrating their subscribed millions to the alleviation of that infernal toil which stunts the body, and warps the very soul of the factory child, or by employing the industrious artisans, who, with folded arms, and pale haggard faces, lurk about the streets of manufacturing towns, longing for work, with the worm of hunger gnawing their entrails—or even by decreasing the national debt, and thus alleviating the pressure of taxation on the miserable shop-keepers, than by sending their black-legged ambassadors to preach the gospel among unwilling savages. The industrious poor of this country are more in want of ghostly comfort than the cannibals. Administer to their pressing necessities by giving them rational and proper employment, at a fair price; throttle the serpent of want, that, as in the group of the Laocoon, grips in its horrid grasp the wretched father and his offspring, and more converts to Christianity may be made in this "tight little island," among the despairing starving wretches in our manufacturing cities in one year, than among the fat heathen in half a million. The pale silk-weaver of Spital-fields, with enough beef in his belly to thank God for, would sing a psalm of thankgiving with much more sincerity and benefit to his soul, than Hoki Poki Wankee Fum, after having gorged himself on the pope's eye and parts adjacent of a roasted foe.

THE NOBLE AND GALLANT MARQUESS.—It must be a matter of severe mortification to our ministry to erase from our navy list so honoured a name as that of Napier and it could not but excite the disgust of all those who are justly proud of the bravery of our fellow countrymen, to witness the pertinacity with which the Marquess of Londonderry pressed the subject on the attention of the government. There ought to be a secret affinity between gallant spirits, which should induce respect even for the achievement of an enemy. But that the Marquess, a gallant soldier himself, should be so far divested of that feeling as to press for the completion of an act which others could hardly contemplate without sorrow and shame,

can only be understood by the principle, that a slavish subservience to an illiberal faction, may chase every generous and soldierlike feeling from the heart. However just the principle of a law may be, it is seldom we can find an amateur *bourreau* to carry it into effect. By-the-bye, we beg pardon, there is Johnson—the patriotic Byers too!

Nice Little Autocrat.—One of those afflicting cases of extreme destitution and misery on the one side, and singular hard-heartedness on the other, which unfortunately are of such frequent occurrence at our police offices, was reported a few days since.

"A soldier's wife whose covering of tatters bespoke her penury, with an infant in her arms, and three others barefooted and nearly naked, were brought up by a police constable, charged with sleeping in the open air in the the laundry yard Westminster. Magistrate.—What have you to say to this? Woman.—I am travelling from Deptford, Sir, towards Bristol, and I had no money to procure a lodging, so I and the children huddled close together to keep ourselves warm. Magistrate.—Are you a soldier's wife? Woman.—Yes Sir, my husband is in the 95th foot, and is now at the Cape, I want to reach the depot of the regiment, that I may remain there till he returns. Magistrate.—Aye; that is all very well. I shall commit you for fourteen days to prison! Woman.—Oh! do not for God's sake! surely our poverty is no *crime!* do not send us to prison. Magistate.—For fourteen days, woman! The wretched creature was then removed with her infants sobbing and cling around, to the lock up cells!"

If any one can read the above account unmoved, we do not envy him his feelings. He can only be fit to superintend a knacker's yard, or be a magistrate at a police office.

Hear! Hear.—It is quite time that we should know the various meanings and modifications of meaning of which the word *Hear!* is capable. More depends upon it than at first sight seems. Thoroughly to understand the debates, while that little monosyllable retains its present uncertainty, is morally impossible. It is a very Proteus of a verb, and assumes all significations. Most sounds have a definite meaning. The wild Indian does not make love in a war-whoop, nor do turtle-dovers coo No! when they mean Yes! But Members of Parliament are not governed by common rules. Let us select two or three examples:—

"The noble Lord concluded by stating that the learned Member for Botherton, whose Hear! he heard, would bear him out in his statement."

Hence it appears that the word sometimes implies agreement, corroboration or assent.

"Colonel Strutt wished to acquaint the House, that many persons out o doors were dissatisfied with the measures now under consideration (Hear, hear!) Did the honourable member for Fussyford mean to deny his statement?

It is very evident, therefore, that the same word also expresses denial, and that it blows hot and cold.

"Mr. Bothering hardly considered it fair to impute motives to the peti-

tioners, which were not apparent on the face of their complaint. (Hear from Mr. Coffin.) He should be glad to learn from the learned member for Wiseacre, of what impropriety he was guilty in this assertion."

Mr. Coffin explained, that all he meant by his hear was, that, judging from the documents now on the table, and from others in private hands, he could only draw the inference that the petitioners would have acted better and more wisely in deferring their complaints till the next session."

A tolerable ellipsis this, and one which even Mr. Bothering himself, albeit a veteran in parliamentary exclamation was incompetent to supply!

Common sense and patriotism demand that this portentous word should be subject to some rules and limitotions. The destinies of the country are not to be trifled with. Constituents are entitled to know what their representatives mean as often as they do themselves. We should have a scale of all the modulations of which this monster of a cry is capable. The reporters then might say that an honourable member cheered in the key of D minor, or C natural, and on reference to the political gamut we might discover whether the sound was uttered in anger, pity, assent, denial, doubt, or derision. Having attained this knowledge, we might then talk about universal suffrage; but, under present circumstances, we are all equally unqualified to elect mouth-pieces, not having a correct knowledge of the sounds which they emit.

PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY.—If any thing can mark the intolerant antischristian spirit that pervades the Protestant Church in Ireland, it is the following extract from the Waterford Chronicle:—

"Our readers, the public, are aware of the anti-christian-like war which the parsons have been for years carrying on against the Roman Catholic College of St. John in this city. They are also aware that this is a college for the education of young men intended chiefly for the Roman Catholic priesthood. The public must also recollect the indecent figure which these parsons cut last year in a court of justice whilst endeavouring to justify their having seized for *tithes* a quantity of bacon, the property of the reverend superiors of this college—we have now to lay before our readers a still more disgraceful scene which took place within the last week. On last Thursday six ruffians (constables engaged by the Church) lay in wait and about midnight scaled the walls of the college pleasure-grounds. They concealed themselves in an out-office till day-break, and the moment the kitchen-door was opened the ruffians rushed in and forcibly carried away some servants' clothes and old women's cloaks for tithes alleged to be due to Archdeacon Kennedy."

With such instances as these, ought it to be a matter of surprise that the Irish should look upon the "Church as by law established" with disgust and hatred? If these "men of God" were a little less anxious after the loaves and fishes, and had their duty more at heart, the Protestant Church would not be as it is in Ireland. Instead of attending to the interests of their flock, the sole care oft hese spiritual shepherds is the fleece, and this is a specimen of the "exemplary body" in favour of which so pathetic an appeal has been made. "Men without a home!"—Egad! we cannot see how they can ever want a home at this rate. Wolves do uot prey upon each other, and parsons surely might have a little courtesy for the cloth.

ARISTOCRATIC GENIUS.—The following paragraph must be particularly gratifying to our dignified and exclusive aristocracy:—

"On Thursday last the Marquess of Worcester drove the Quicksilver coach out of Brighton, a great crowd of people were collected to witness the noble Marquiss's skill."

What a blessing it is to this country that our hereditary legislators possess talents so varied and extraordinary as the noble Marquess. He is not ashamed to qualify himself for a seat in the House of Peers by a preparatory seat on the box of the Quicksilver. However some may smile at such a course, how could a stage-coach-bill be properly discussed, unless there were practical men in the house? If noble lords limited their attainments to such questions as are connected solely with church or state—what chance would the country have of seeing a road-bill pass through its several stages with eclat? Who could horse it? It is delightful to observe a descendant of the noble house of Beaufort not disdaining such humble legislation and seeking instruction at the hands of Hell-fire Dick, Blazing Bill and Walham Wag!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

DELAWARE, OR THE RUINED FAMILY. 3 vols. EDINBURGH: CADELL. LONDON: WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.

WE have read this tale with a considerable degree of interest: the plot is well conceived and skilfully executed, and the characters and incidents are successively developed in a manner which proves the author is not only a master of his pen, but also, and it is a higher essential, of that vast and many-hued original—human nature—from which he has so ably copied. He is evidently a man of the world—of keen and rapid observation; and there is a vein of rich satire which pervades the work, operating more upon acts and feeling than upon individuals themselves, and enhancing the author's merit as an observant and powerful writer, without involving him in the charge of bitterness as a man. The first volume is really admirable, and though we have lived (and who has not?) to that period of life when we involuntarily shrink from the infliction of three volumes, still we returned to the work after having been compelled to close it for awhile, with a zest and inclination which proved to us, without dwelling on the "why and wherefore" of the case, that it possessed a more than ordinary share of interest. The second volume flags perhaps a little—it is spun out; but the web is of good material. Of the incidents, few, if any, are forced; the people, as well as facts, are natural. The ladies and gentlemen speak as ladies and gentlemen should speak, and the attorney of the tale is as dishonest as an attorney should be—all is natural and right. The character of Mr. Beauchamp (who under the assumed name of Burrel secures the affections of his cousin, and saves her family from ruin) is finely drawn: here we have a man by birth, fortune, education, manners, and (it is a *rara avis* now a-days) *mind* and *principle*—a gentleman. We honestly recommend all such as fancy themselves "*perfect gentlemen*," and yet ever and anon feel the shadow of a doubt resting on their minds as to their perfection, to read the work under review. Nor can we better display our anxiety to aid the author than in making this request, for we entertain a strong conviction that, if complied with, it would be greedily perused by nine out of ten apprentices in London, to say nothing

of the footmen of their Graces of Devonshire and Buccleugh. Captain Delaware is a frank unsophisticated sailor —ignorant of the world and its ways, and an honest good fellow. Sir Sidney (his father,) a ruined and haughty old baronet, is precisely what such a person would or should be, and the daughter, Blanche, is an amiable girl, but like most amiable girls, tame. Harding, an accomplished villain, is also an advocate for the equal distribution of property, (or as the author terms it—*a leveller*,) and from the dissemination of his liberal opinions the writer induces the perpetration of such crimes as murder and robbery. This is bad, and must leave on the mind of every reader, of whatever party he may be, an impression that the author has, so far as regards this character, deviated from the high tone of honour and impartiality which pervades his work. With this solitary exception, we have no fault to find with it: on the contrary, it has our highest commendation.

THE MAID-SERVANT'S FRIEND. BY A LADY BROUGHT UP AT THE FOUNDLING. LONDON: ONWHYN.

THIS is a most valuable little work, containing, as it does, a perfect *code morale*, for the young maid-servant, as well as regards her duties to herself as her employers, the latter cannot, setting aside philanthropy, and with a view to self-interest only, do better with the amount of its price (one shilling only) than purchase it to place on their kitchen and hall tables. The National Guardian Institution will, doubtless, patronize it. So excellent are its precepts, that we most confidently and cordially recommend it, not only to the parents, masters, and mistresses of maid-servants, but to the latter themselves.

SHARPE'S PEERAGE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. TWO VOLS. LONDON: JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY.

WE hail these volumes with sincere pleasure, and doubt not that if it be true in the literary as in the moral world, that merit ever meets with its reward, they must soon supersede all their predecessors. A vast deal of care has been bestowed upon the compilation: collateral descents are rendered admirably clear by a novel arrangement in the typography; the arms are particularly, well drawn and engraved, but very badly printed. Although the type comes clear and even, so much has been taken from the overlays above the cuts, (if indeed the blocks have ever been brought type-high), that the impression, in a vast number of cases, is grey, rotten, and imperfect: lions are coolly deprived of their legs, and tigers of their tails, without the least remorse; nay, more:—heraldic man himself is often "curtailed of nature's fair proportions," and made to wield clubs without hands, and clamber up escutcheons without feet. This cutting and maiming should not be; for no man works sharper or clearer than the artist, S. Williams, who possesses that great advantage for a wood-engraver, namely, being, or having been, himself a practical printer. With this draw-back, the work is entitled to unqualified approval, and we give it our most hearty recommendation.

THE TEETH, IN RELATION TO BEAUTY, VOICE, AND HEALTH. BY JOHN NICHOLLES, SURGEON-DENTIST.

THE object of Mr. Nicholles in this volume appears to have been two-fold —to produce a work of science, and also to form a sort of domestic treatise, which might teach those unacquainted with medicine so much at least of the dentist's art as would enable them to attend to the teeth without the constant necessity of professional assistance. In both he appears to have succeeded. The facts, elicited by the experience of others, are here arranged and simplified, and new and important doctrines, the result of his own prac-

tice, are brought forward. Our author sets out with considering the teeth in relation to beauty, and shews how the face is deteriorated or improved by their colour, health, and position. He next proceeds to point out their connexion with the voice, in a chapter replete with interest, though not so strikingly original as most other portions of the volume. Something he owes on this head to Sir Charles Bell, more to Richerand, and we even trace him to the pages of Haller and Blumenback. The last section of this chapter, which demonstrates the influence of the teeth upon the health, will, we doubt not, prove valuable. The next chapter shews the structure of the teeth, and the whole process of first and second dentition. Some portions of this chapter will be practically useful to mothers; the rest, by teaching when and what teeth ought to be extracted to obtain the most perfect conformation of the mouth, will guard them against any errors of the dentist, who, by a single blunder on this critical point, may prodnce irreparable mischief.

DEMETRIUS. A TALE OF MODERN GREECE, WITH OTHER POEMS. BY AGNES STRICKLAND. LONDON: JAMES FRAZER.

WE are disposed to think favourably of these poems upon the whole, though we could point out a few errors. The versification is harmonious, and occasionally nervous: we think, however, the wrongs of Greece too high a theme for the *present* faculties of Miss Strickland. In her smaller poems she displays much taste and feeling.

THE TEA-TRADE OF ENGLAND, AND OF THE CONTINENTS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN. LONDON: PARBURY, ALLAN, AND CO.

WE are somewhat late in our notice of this work, which is an ingenious attempt to prop up the falling beast of Leadenhall-street. A mass of tables and statistical documents have been furnished to the writer by the Company, and these are here set forth with an ingenuity and dexterity which we regret to behold employed in so bad a cause. Thus it is laboured at great length to prove, from returns and calculations that the consumption of tea is rapidly decreasing in the United States of America, and is rapidly increasing in Great Britain; from which Mr. Martin deduces the vastly superior management of the East India Company to that of private merchants, in whose hands the trade in tea is thus represented as dwindling away. It is, however, apparent, that numberless circumstances may occasion a decline in a single branch of trade in a particular country, and the decrease of the consumption of tea in America has been owing to causes which our author has most carefully concealed from view. For many years the comparative import duties upon coffee and tea have borne no just proportion in that country; for the United States, possessing no article of export suitable to the Chinese market, the enormous drain of the specie of the States required for the East India trade has induced legislative enactments for discouraging the import of teas in preference to the coffees of the West Indies and the South American States, with which countries a favourable trade is maintained by the exchange of corn, timber, provisions, and general agricultural exports. In the late session of Congress the duties upon tea have again been very considerably reduced, and the trade to China is now very rapidly reviving in the United States. We notice this as one remarkable instance of the deceptive nature of the work of Mr. Martin, whose labours are here so strenuously employed to convince us of the folly of throwing off a load of taxation of more than two millions per annum paid to the East India Company in the monopoly of the trade in tea.

INFORMATION RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS AS TO THE ADMINISTRATION AND OPERATION OF THE POOR LAWS, PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

This is the celebrated report of the Poor Law Commissioners, which, during the present session of Parliament, has furnished so many facts to the Irish Members against the establishment in Ireland of a system of compulsory relief for the poor. We fear, however, that in accordance with the views and wishes of the government, the evidence and inferences of this report are somewhat unfairly coloured upon the dark side. In recent years, the degeneracy of feeling has indeed been fearfully rapid amongst our labouring population; but to the demon of necessity, engendered by the operation of corn laws, monopolies, changes in the currency, and the weight of taxation upon the commonest articles of the consumption of a rapidly increasing population, is to be attributed the loss of all energy and self-dependence on the part of the poor of England. A rational reformation of the general system of government, we fear, is the only true remedy for the evils and deformities of the pauper system; and were the diabolical tax upon bread, and the other aristocratical oppressions of this country removed from the shoulders of the poor, very little pauperism would then remain in England. The volume before us contains an immense mass of information upon the working of the poor-law system, and as opening out most extraordinary views of human nature and human habits amongst the mass of our labouring population, we recommend it to the earnest perusal of all who are curious in the philosophy of human life, and solicitous to alleviate the miseries of mankind.

THE SHELLEY PAPERS. T. MEDWIN. LONDON: WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND CO.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the abuse that has been so lavishly bestowed upon Shelley and his poetry, in defiance of malicious bigotry and envy fighting against him under the specious banner of religion, with falsehood for their ally, the pure philanthropy of his nature has enshrined him in the hearts of the good, while the eloquence with which he has clothed the brilliant conceptions of his imagination has placed him on a level with the first poets of his age. The remembrance of his melancholy fate gives to our contemplation of aught that appertains to Shelley the character of a secret sorrow—rendering his memory more dear, and bestows an additional interest on the minutest particle of his short life. To the readers of the Athenæum the Shelley papers are already familiar; but we think their intrinsic merit fully justifies Captain Medwin in publishing them in a separate form, and we earnestly wish that all those who have known Shelley would do as much towards his biography as the author of the little work before us. In the memoir, which forms the greater part of the book, Captain Medwin has executed his task in a manner that, while it does great credit to his judgment, proves him to have been worthy of the friendship entertained for him by the deceased poet.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PRINCES OF INDIA, WITH A SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH POWER IN INDIA. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

THIS work is an elaborate account of the origin, progress, and present condition of that colossal wonder of the world, the Anglo-Indian empire, describing the progress of events from the first formation of the East India Company to the progressive conquest of the whole empire of the descendants of Tamerlane, and the final consolidation by the Pindarree war of 1817, of the greatest extent of dominion ever ruled by a people foreign to the soil. Their first division of the work, containing the sketch of the history of the

East India Company, contains many valuable remarks upon the internal government of their vast dominions; and though the writer, like all other servants of the Company, sees nothing but a spectacle of wisdom, humanity, and just legislation in the system, we fear that too many data appear in his own observations to give reason for far different conclusions. The dreadful system of unrestrained and unlimited powers of taxation would appear to banish from an immense extent of the dominions of the Company all hopes of improvement, and all chances of the accumulation of capital, of the enjoyment of the fruits of labour, and of the sweets of real liberty. Viewing the state of our Indian empire, as men living in an age when the doctrine of right of conquest, and other inhuman and ferocious arguments of the strong against the weak, have long since passed away, and when the principle of the greatest happiness has succeeded to the principle of the greatest slaughter and oppression of our fellow men, we cannot but view the system of the East India Company as one vast and overwhelming tyranny. From the land tribute of an ill cultivated country is derived the enormous revenue of 16,000,000*l.*; and from unchristian and inhuman monopolies of salt and other necessaries of life is raised a sum of 4,000,000*l.* The consequences of such a devastating tyranny is seen in the declining agriculture and famished population of whole districts of the most fertile country in the world. The impolicy of vesting the government of an immense division of the globe in a joint-stock company of merchants is thus exposed, and though a distance of twelve thousand miles will for ever prevent the enjoyment of the full blessings of British liberty in the benighted regions of the east, we yet trust that the senseless project of continuing merchants in the capacity of kings will yet be defeated by the efforts of the friends of universal liberty.

The second and most original portion of this work contains a history of the families of the native princes, who, having been defeated and deposed in the wars of the East India Company, are yet maintained in royal splendour out of the revenues of their former dominions. Thus, whilst no longer kings, and without duties to perform or powers to be exercised, these royal paupers are supported in palaces and amidst the utmost profusion of oriental luxury, and this out of mere deference to the principle of legitimacy and the divine right of kings. The same principle which carried back the imbecile Louis XVIIIth to the palace of the Tuilleries upon the bayonets of the British troops, has long forbidden the outward demolition of the insignia of royalty in the East; and a sum of 1,073,243*l.* is annually expended, according to our author, upon the families of thirteen of the native princes, whose dominions are now embodied in the possessions of the Company. We think it not an unreasonable suggestion to the proprietors of the stock of the East India Company, that in the universal fears of the insufficiency of security for the payment of the annuity of 630,000*l.* by reason of the low state of the Indian revenues, it were well that about one million of the allowance for the courts and eunuchs of the native princes should now be withdrawn. To diminish the weight of taxation to the famished and despairing people of our Indian possessions is another reason why so splendid a support should no longer be afforded to the families of barbarous and imbecile tyrants whose dominions have now passed away.

As a work of great research into the history, genealogies, and possessions of the native princes of India, and as containing a clear outline of the progress, and civil and military system of the East India Company, we recommend a perusal of this work to all whose attention is now directed to the affairs of the eastern world.

SUMMARY OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

For the last three years there has not been a single social or political question that has not been agitated—not a royal or popular establishment that has not been shaken to its very foundation. We have been apparently on the eve of the greatest events—Europe has resounded with the din of arms—in fact, every thing has announced an approaching bouleversement which men shuddered at contemplating even in perspective. But the tempest has rolled over our heads without bursting, and we breathe again. Still no part of Europe has succeeded in quietly seating itself upon its ancient foundations. The three military monarchs of the north are by this time assembled in Congress in Bohemia. It is pretended that the object of this royal conference is to take into consideration the affairs of Poland, which excite the liveliest solicitude of these monarchs. But this is a mere flimsy diplomatic pretext. The real object of this Congress of Absolutists is the affairs of Germany, of Italy, and of Portugal—to cement more firmly than ever their unholy league against the liberties of mankind. But the fame of the victory of the gallant Napier will resound even amid the mountains of Bohemia, and teach them that they will now have to seek some other fulcrum for their diabolical purposes than the soil of Portugal. Each of these three Powers will bring into the Congress, besides the general interest, interests of their own. Russia is interested in Poland; Prussia, by the affairs of Germany; Austria, by those of the Italian peninsula, as well as by the growth of liberalism in Germany. If we can credit our last advices from that country, representative government appears to be at its last gasp. Among the enlightened men of Germany there is but one opinion upon the intentions of Prussia and Austria. They all agree that the object of these two powers is to absorb all the minor states and divide the country between them. The proposition presented to the Diet for forming a confederate army, the northern section of which should be commanded by a Prussian, and the southern by an Austrian, is well known; it was withdrawn as premature, and the projectors deemed it wiser to render unpopular all the petty princes among their subjects, in order to make at a later period the accomplishment of their views more easy. It was for this that they forced the princes of the Confederation to keep up a large military force in order to overwhelm the people with taxation, and to have a reserve of disciplined soldiers in the event of a war. They perceived that those unfortunate constitutions, granted in the piping times of 1815, and the assemblées that resulted from them, were advocating reduction and economy—were going to attach the population to the different dynasties—in short, to create an independent Germany. To obviate this they resolved to destroy these constitutions, and by a masterly stroke of policy, they resolved to make the petty princes themselves the instruments of their destruction through their unpopularity. The plan has succeeded—these princes are detested as the enemies of liberty—hated as obstacles to that unity, which, by the Germans, is looked upon, next to liberty, as the summum bonum, since it would give them strength, and gratify at least the national vanity. Thus Prussia at this moment is labouring to point out the advantages of unity, and to prove to Germany how much happier the Prussian administration would render her than that of the petty sovereigns, incapable of defending either the independence or the institutions of the country. On this last point the smaller states have abundant proofs. By her excellent administration, by the extension of her custom-house system, Prussia recommends herself to the whole independent population of Germany. But her zeal is carried so far, that it has aroused the

slumbering jealousy of Austria, which will be a great obstacle to the project of partitioning Germany between them. But another subject of schism has arisen between these two great Powers on the question of public education. Metternich is the champion of the most absolute *obscuratism*—Prussia foresees that any attempt to impede the progress of education would infallibly accelerate that revolution it is her aim to avoid, she therefore skilfully strives to direct a movement she cannot repress. Such is the present state of Germany.

In Poland, Russia mistrusts even her own violence—a formidable insurrection has again broken out in Lithuania, which has caused, from its extent, some uneasiness at the Russian head-quarters. But Russian atrocities, at the same time, have recommenced in this ill-fated land, if they may be said to have ever remitted their cruel operation. The deportation of children has been resumed, and in order to give these innocent victims of Muscovite cruelty a cheerful and contented look, they are made drunk, as the waggons pass through the streets laden with the future denizens of Siberia or the inhospitable regions of the Caucasus. The soldiers of the escort order them to sing, and the joy of these barbarians is immoderate whenever some of the unfortunate children, under the influence of intoxication, or from the dread of punishment, obey their savage mandate. In the meantime all the woods along the whole line of the Polish frontiers are ordered to be cut down, to prevent their offering a shelter to the numerous partisan corps that still infest the country. Of course not the slightest indemnity will be granted to the proprietors of the destroyed woods. The expences of the internal administration of the kingdom is, by a late ukase of the czar, limited in future to eighteen millions of florins; the remainder of the revenue of Poland is to be paid into the Russian treasury.

But Poland will yet be free—that political superstructure of Europe which was effected at the Congress of Vienna, based solely on the interests of a few princes to the detriment of millions, is daily crumbling to pieces.—Poland, we repeat, will yet be free—the political interests of western Europe demand it, and, sooner or later, in spite of all the hesitations and timidity of our diplomacy, that meanly cowers beneath the rod of the autocrat's ascendancy—western Europe will by force of arms claim the fulfilment of violated treaties, and Poland will again resume her place in the rank of nations.

Even on the despotic soil of Russia the seeds of liberalism are budding—budding too in a quarter from whence, in the present intellectual state of that empire, all change must emanate. By our last advices from St. Petersburg, it is projected to give to the Russian army a new organization, and to create immense resources in case of war. The new system will reduce the expenditure at the same time that it will increase the power of the empire. But we rather think that this new project is after all more political than economical. The Russian soldier is no longer the brute barbarian he was in the days of Suwarrow. Contact with the armies of Germany and France has taught him a salutary lesson—to reason and compare. Already more than once this immense military machine has caused, and still causes, the government serious apprehensions; it is well known that the Guards went back to Russia from Poland tainted with revolutionary ideas; it was remarked in Warsaw with what avidity the Russian officers purchased all the works that had been printed during the revolution, and it was foretold that the Polish campagn would be for the Russian army the fabulous shirt of Dejanira. Hitherto the Russian army has been organized by corps d'armées; these are now to be dissolved, and the reason is obvious—the focus of revolt will be destroyed.

In Piedmont tranquillity has been, it is said, restored; but torrents of patriot blood have flowed to appease the vengeance of Charles Albert, and to quench the anxiety of Metternich. Isolated acts of despair only rivet the

more firmly those chains they vainly strive to burst asunder. The Austrian army of occupation has been reinforced, and camps of observation are forming along the Piedmontese and Swiss frontiers. The views of Austria upon Italy are well known. She reigns by herself, by her alliances, by her military preponderance, by her political influence from the Alps to the southern extremity of the peninsula. But this dominion, looked upon every where with equal detestation, is not established with equal solidity; the Austrian troops are not posted by *right* every where, but so soon as a symptom of insurrection manifests itself, they are immediately there to repress it, so much does Metternich fear the contagion of example. In fact, the Austrian police occupies the whole country, and we should not be astonished if its agents had not something to do with the late conspiracies both in Piedmont and in Naples; for so badly conceived were they, so destitute of every thing like organization, that they certainly resemble more a sudden inspiration, than projects that had been long meditated and prudently ripened.

In the East, the dark clouds that had gathered on the political horizon are dispersed. The Egyptian army has passed the Taurus. The Russian auxiliary force were soon expected at Odessa. A momentary respite has been granted to the tottering empire of Mahomet. Mehemet Ali is disarming his fleet, but in all his arsenals the greatest activity in the building department exists, and he does not conceal his intentions of increasing his naval force by all the means in his power. He is making new levies, organizing new regiments, and intends to carry the effective strength of his army to 100,000 regular troops. The objects of all these preparations are but too evident, in spite of the real mystery with which he seeks to envelope his projects. On the first favourable opportunity he will repass the Taurus, and make a dash at Constantinople before the Sultan has time to look around him. This is his plan, and sooner or later he will execute it.

Russia, on the other hand, has made an experiment that has been crowned with complete success. She has felt her way, and studied the ground—she has filled the Bosphorus with her fleets—lined its shores with her soldiers without exciting a revolt among the Osmanlis. This was all she wanted—she will now recall her expedition, well assured that in future she may send one much stronger. All those who have any idea of the policy of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg will feel, that absolute master of Constantinople—where the majority of the Divan has, since the treaty of Adrinople, been in its pay—it would see with no favourable eye an alliance with Egypt. The force of Mehemet Ali united to the wreck of the Ottoman army, would be too powerful an object to the ulterior views of Russia; we shall therefore see the Russians doing every thing to prevent the alliance, and to keep the Sultan Mahomet in a state of dependence upon them—they will never permit him to recover from the abject feebleness to which they have reduced him. Now that all the evil is done, our fleet has at last reached Malta, on its way to the scene of action, where its arrival will provoke the gravity even of the Turks.

While these things have been passing in the East, the West has been the scene of great events—the constitutional cause of Portugal has been saved when its most ardent adherents began to despair of success. Admiral Napier has captured the whole of the Miguelite squadron. The constitutional division landed in the Algarves is pushing on by forced marches for the capital. On the other hand, Bourmont has reached the head-quarters of Don Miguel, and has been appointed commander-in-chief with extraordinary powers. Preparations were making for a formidable attack on Oporto, which, if successful, will neutralize the success of the constitutional party in the south, and divide the game against them. Bourmont's military skill is of the first order, but his success with a demoralized army is problematical; but he sees the necessity "*de brusquer l'affaire.*" The long-pending Portuguese drama, we think,

has now reached its last act. Heaven send that it may not "*en definitive*" embroil all Europe. Spain is moving her armies toward the Portuguese frontiers, urged on by the powers of the north, while the French government has formally decided on recognizing Donna Maria. In the meantime the state of Portugal is dreadful. The cholera is making frightful ravages—several towns have lost one-third of their population. In Lisbon the mortality is said to be enormous.

In Spain, the ceremony of the Jura passed off quietly; the ministry is changed, and Ferdinand is represented as wishing to abdicate and retire to Rome, as he conceives that in whatever way the Portuguese question may terminate, he will be equally ruined. The Russian minister has protested against this freak.

In France, the question of the fortification of Paris has been adjourned. The French army is in future, with some great modifications of the system, to be organized "*à la Prussienne.*" But the attention of the Parisiens is solely engrossed by the approaching fêtes on the anniversary of the three days. By this time the statue of Napoleon towers above the column of the Place de Vendome.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather since our last has been quite *seasonable*, referring to the late three or four seasons, so remarkable for mutability of temperature. The wind has been perpetually, or almost daily, chopping from east to west, and from north to south, with an alternation of great solar heat with piercing chills, especially by night. Showers have been in sufficient plenty. From this cause the weather has been in some degree *influenzal*, and several cases of *Asiatic cholera* have occurred, both in the metropolis and in the country. In the opinion, however, of the present writer, that disease among us ought rather to be styled *Britannic* than Asiatic, since it has been very obviously bred and born in this country, originating in her own morbific resources.

That grand national object, the Harvest, is entitled to our earliest consideration. The late prediction of its being hastened, and that it would be early, will not be fulfilled. The moist state of the atmosphere, from the late and present St. Swithin's showers, will obviate premature ripeness in the corn. Some will no doubt be ready for the sickle towards the end of the present month, but harvest will not be general until mid August, although wheat has been already cut in the vicinity of Southampton. We shall probably be found warranted in our late opinion that oats will prove the heaviest crop of the season. Barley is probably but thinly planted, excepting on the finest soils. Both ears and straw are generally short, so that the crop, on the whole, cannot be abundant. Peas, it is supposed, will be greatly defective, and beans also, to a considerable degree. There are, however, some good crops of beans in this our strongland county, and also of clover. Beans being short in the straw, received perhaps less damage than any other crop from the late storm, with a degree of benefit from having the insects and their *ova* blown from them. Winter vetches have received much benefit from the rains, have blown afresh, and are likely to produce a satisfactory crop. Hay, on watered meadow, and on strong moist soils, will be nearly as productive as last year; in general, the crop will be far short of it, but the quality of that which has been well got, and well saved, is pronounced excellent, on the ground that it has continued such a length of time to smoke in the stack—held by our forefathers as a certain indication of richness and sub-

stance. The unavoidable late cutting of the clovers has, of course, robbed the second crop. The cow-grass hay, and that of some of the best meadows westward, was abroad a week since, as also the trefoil seed, of which there is a vast breadth in those counties, probable to make an equal return. Their crop of sainfoin is also productive, and tolerably well saved. Much of the artificial grass hay was so hurried from the land, by apprehension and fear of the weather, that more stacks were obliged to be cut and moved than ever before remembered. The late and present showery weather will secure great plenty of sheep food, on which account, during the drought, there existed considerable alarm. The breadth of turnips this year is held to be equal, or superior, in extent to any preceding. That prince of agriculturists, cultivators, and rural patriots, COKE OF HOLKHAM, has five hundred acres, all wide-row, drilled and cleaned by well employed and contented labourers, so that candle and lanthorns would be necessary to detect a weed among them. There seems to have been little or no indication of the fly during the present season, and the turnip crop, that indispensable winter support of our flocks and herds, will, we have little apprehension, prove equal to any crop we have witnessed; and (additionally fortunate) will contribute to make the damaged hay go down more pleasantly with the sheep and cattle. We have not heard so much at this season of Swedes and mangel wurzel.

Wheat, parent of the staff of life, demands a separate consideration. The wheats, generally partial to dry seasons, yet suffered their share from the drought of May, and if they were improved by the rains which followed, in some respects, chiefly in an additional growth of straw, the most important part—the ear, being fully formed, could not be subsequently encreased in length or size. In the ears which we have gathered, the most prominent and large, we have by no means found an extraordinary number of kernels. We adverted in our last to the *blasted* ears which we observed in Surrey, and have since found a considerable sprinkling of shrivelled and thoroughly *smutted* ears, the same in this county (Middlesex), and fear that smut in some degree will be almost general in the wheats of the present season, notwithstanding the preventive of brining and liming the seed; which seems to indicate that the infection of smut may as well be caught from foul air as from foul seed. Wherever the wheat was beat down by the storm of June 11th, the damage to that extent will be considerable, as the straw was much of it broken down, and the heads blown away; that also which remains whole on the ground will, as it ever does in such cases, receive considerable damage. The loss on some farms is laid by the tenants at seven or eight bushels of wheat per acre. The opinion entertained by the most sanguine is, that wheat will be a full average crop on the best soils. In our views, this is somewhat uncertain. As to the poor, middling, and ill-tilled soils, there is no question but that the crops will fully accord; on such, particularly, the ears are short, small, and irregular, the crop thin on the land, and the straw small and short. The accounts from the frugiferous lands on the continent, whence we derive our necessary supplies, tally correctly with ours. No wonder, then, at the late advance in wheat of nearly ten shillings per quarter, and of a corresponding rise in the price of bread.

Potatoes are said to have planted very poorly; and indeed we have seen in several parts, and on good soils, the plants very poor and many bare spots. On the other hand, we have walked over a few very fine and forward pieces of this, craving Don Cobbett's pardon, most useful, salubrious, and now indispensable root. No doubt but the defect, extensive or otherwise, has been occasioned by diseased or barren sets, as we hinted in our list. Of the hops, we hear none but good tidings, nor many complaints of damage from the hurricane. They are getting very forward into burr, whence an early picking is expected. The apple news has somewhat surprised us, compared with early speculations. It is now said that, *malgré* all the buffetting, bough-

breaking and blowing off by the storm there is yet such a residue generally upon the trees, as to yield above an average crop! Of other fruits, the accounts, in a few places, are splendid, in most very moderate, although in the metropolis the markets have been so amply served, that we have heard it said in town, "there seems to be no end to fruit and mackarel this season." The walnut crop is said to be almost too heavy for the trees. Bark is a declining trade, but timber is of rather a briskish sale. Wool, more especially fine fleeces, are in great request, the long or combing species most so. The import of foreign wools from the continent, from Australia, and Van Dieman's Land, is great beyond all precedent, and the prices have experienced an advance of upwards of 40 per cent during the present year. The finest crack Sax-merino wool is worth 6*s*. 6*d*. per pound. Thus, Saxony has rendered merino, or Spanish sheep, worth *something*, which Britain almost unanimously decided to be worth *nothing*. But farmers differ equally with doctors. The price of wool is yet said to be rather inclined to advance than recede, such is the present most favourable improvement of our manufactures, and of trade generally. The Tithe Commutation Bill seems to be thought well of in the country, but an *abolition* bill would have met with far higher and more general approbation, both in England and Ireland. From the unfavonrable weather of last winter for the sheep, the clip of wool this season was generally light in weight—20 to 30 per cent. below that of last year; but where well kept and sheltered, the clip has been good.

Store cattle in the north, and perhaps throughout the country, are, if at all varied in price since our last, somewhat cheaper. Sheep and mutton full as dear, meat generally rather cheaper. There is a brisk demand for large cart horses and working oxen, and also for good ordinary hackneys, at a somewhat improved price. They write from France that a disease has occurred among the cows, probably atmospheric, of which 20,000 have perished.

On the rise in wheat we have seen the following disheartening calculation, by a Devonshire farmer, in print. "The state of the growing crops has influenced the corn markets during the last month, and wheat, which, throughout the winter and spring has been sold for less than its cost price, by 14*s*, has got up 6*s*. per quarter, still leaving the grower 8*s*. per quarter minus. Whatever advance might now take place, there are only a few who would receive benefit in this county, the greatest part having no corn to sell." According to letters which we have had the opportunity of seeing, the crops in those parts of the continent whence we derive our regular supply, are in much the same predicament with our own, and in reference to culture, much worse. Their farmers, too, complain equally of distress with ours. The export of wool seems their great dependence, as it is that of our Australian colonies. The German wool market is most extensive and important, and their dealers, to use a phrase from our Stock Exchange, actually do a great stroke of business "for time," contracting for the clips years to come. The late clip has been like our own, defective in weight. In the Rhenish provinces they are about to introduce machinery generally, and greatly to extend their manufactures. The last week's arrivals of foreign wools amounted to nearly one million of pounds.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s*. to 3s. 8*d*. Mutton, 2*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*.—Lamb, 3*s*. 10*d*. to 5*s*.—Veal, 3*s*. to 4*s*. 4*d*.—Pork, 3*s*. to 4*s*. 4*d*.—4*s*. 10*d*. dairy.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40*s*. to 70*s*.—Barley, 23*s*. to 33*s*—Oats, 14*s*. to 25*s*.—Hay, 45*s*. to 80*s*.—Clover ditto, 55*s*. to 100*s*.—Straw, 27*s*. to 34*s*.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 12*s* to 15*s*. per ton.—delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s*. to 12*s*. per ton.

Middlesex, July 22.

Baylis and Leighton, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

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THE MINISTRY.—THE ARISTOCRACY.—AND THE PEOPLE.

EVERY day furnishes additional evidence that the present administration, however highly gifted, many of its individual members are, is, as a whole, unfit to cope with the difficulties with which it is surrounded, or to avert from the country those dangers with which it is now threatened. No one, indeed, thinks of denying, the commanding intellect of a Brougham, the noble consistency of a Grey, the eloquence of a Stanley, or the honesty of an Althorp; but what matters it to the nation, that these eminent men are distinguished by such qualities, if the ministry, of which they form a part, pursue so weak and vaccillating a policy, and continually departs from resolutions on which it has professed to stake its existence and reputation. Far be it from us, however, to assert, that the task imposed upon ministers is one of easy accomplishment, or that any thing but an energetic resistance, to the clamours of prejudice, and faction, and a pure and disinterested regard, to the welfare of the great body of the people, can enable them to gain the present confidence, and secure the lasting gratitude of the country. But while freely admitting, that the situation in which ministers are placed, is an arduous and embarrassing one; we are at the same time of opinion, that it was only a reasonable expectation, which led the people to believe, that these men, who had formerly sacrificed so much in defence of liberal principles, would be eager to carry them into full effect, when by doing so, they would procure unbounded popularity, and be enabled to defy all the efforts of their bitterest and most powerful enemies. Strange and lamentable, however, as the fact is, it appears undeniably certain, that ministers have yielded to the most dangerous snare which beset them; and have resolved to adopt, a temporary policy, and to act as mediators between the Conservatives, and the Reformers. That such a course, besides being scarcely reconcileable with that purity, and integrity, which ought to guide the measures of every government, is also at variance with the true interest of the ministry and the nation, cannot, we think, be doubted by any one, who is at all acquainted with the situation of the country, and with the state of parties. No man, who is conversant with the state of

public opinion, and who is not wilfully blind to the signs of the times, can fail to admit, that there exist throughout every part of the country, a strong, and daily encreasing feeling, in favour of those practical reforms, by which the burdens of the people may be lightened, and the institutions of the state, purified from those abuses which impair their efficiency, and alienate from them, the respect, and affections of the people. It is, at the same time, scarcely less evident, that there exists a strong and powerful party, which views with suspicion and dislike, the progress of democratic opinions, and which is at direct variance, with the majority of the people, in regard to those great and interesting questions, connected with our domestic policy; the discussion and settlement of which, cannot be much longer delayed, with prudence, or even with safety. The people are, however inadequately, at least to a certain extent, represented in the House of Commons; and the Conservative or Anti-reforming party, undoubtedly, possesses a great majority in the House of Lords; ministers therefore, finding themselves placed, not only between two parties, but between two branches of the Legislature, have, during the present session of parliament, endeavoured to introduce measures, which might satisfy the one, without deeply offending the other; but, as usually happens in such cases, they have utterly failed in their object, and while they have not advanced a single step, in abating the hostility, and conciliating the favour of the Conservatives, they have, in the vain attempt to do so, disgusted many of their best friends, and nearly lost that which was the firmest foundation of their power, the confidence of the middle classes of the country. In casting a rapid glance, on the chief events, which have distinguished our domestic history, during the last six or seven months, our great object will be, to illustrate the position in which ministers are placed, in relation to the people and the aristocracy; and to point out, to the best of our ability, the injurious effects which have resulted, not only to themselves, but to the country, from the conduct which they have pursued, in consequence of the position.

Every man, of ordinary understanding and foresight, clearly discerned, that the success of the Reform Bill, would prove only the commencement, instead of the termination, of ministerial difficulties; and that the assembling of the Reformed Parliament, in the then existing circumstances of the country, might well fill with apprehension, the most experienced and able statesmen. The excitement which prevaild, during the agitation of the Reform-question, had diffused throughout the country, many wild and extravagant hopes, which could never be realized; and, perhaps, even the rational and well-informed portion of the community, indulged exaggerated expectations, of the benefit to be derived from the Reform Bill. The indefatigable effort of the Press, and the progress of political knowledge, had for ever torn aside the veil which concealed from public observation, the internal working of the constitution, and the general sense of the country loudly expressed itself, in opposition to the abuses, which disgraced the administration of government. The call for an extensive, and radical Reform, was loud and almost universal; and every class of the community, labouring under many difficulties, and privations,

firmly believed, that nothing but such a Reform, could permanently improve its condition, and prospects. Although England may have been at former periods, in circumstances of still greater depression than those in which she is at present placed, it cannot be denied, that the existing state of society, presents many alarming features, and none more so, than the fact, that the outward condition of the working classes, is gradually becoming more trying, and unfavourable; while these classes are at the same time, rapidly advancing in political knowledge, and intellectual improvement. Knowledge must always be attended with many beneficial consequences, but we do not believe, that it will ever reconcile the body of the people, to great and encreasing physical privation; and we fear, that it is much more likely to aggravate, than to alleviate their sufferings: and may lead them to engage in designs, which, to the country must be productive of unspeakable misery, and ultimate ruin. But, although the situation of England, at the opening of Parliamant, was not very favourable, that of Ireland was much more critical, and alarming; and the internal discord which has always been the plague of that unhappy country, coupled with the daily perpetration, of the most disgraceful outrages, and a system of political agitation, which was driving to madness, her excitable population, inspired every true friend of his country, with mingled feelings of sorrow and apprehension. Who can deny that, under such circumstances, ministers could never hope to guide successfully the deliberations of a reformed parliament, unless by displaying, in every measure which they brought forward, the most disinterested patriotism, the most unshaken firmness, rooted determination, to disregard every party consideration, and every personal interest in the great work of promoting the real welfare of their country.

As it was universally known, that ministers possessed a large majority in the new House of Commons, the first proceedings of the house, were held to be indicative of the policy which they intended to pursue, and in this view, the election of an ultra Tory speaker, excited feelings of surprise and distrust, which all the plausible reasons advanced in support of that election, failed to remove. This however, was at best, but a point of minor importance, and the country still awaited, with impatience, and with little abatement of confidence, the announcement of the measures which ministers intended to propose, regarding those general subjects which engrossed universal attention. The coercive measures first threatened, and those formally proposed for the suppression of disturbances in Ireland, elicited from the more zealous members of the liberal party, the strongest expressions of its disapprobation, although we are inclined to think, that the country in general, was on this occasion, willing, not only to give ministers credit for good intentions, but even to admit, that they had performed a necessary, although a painful duty. But while the sincere friends of liberty, and of Ireland, differed in opinion, as to the necessity, and expediency of the Coercive Bill, all agreed that that bill would prove utterly inefficacious, unless it was followed up by remedial measures, not less vigorous, efficient, and extensive, than those which had been desired for

punishing, and restraining crimes, which, although they violated the very first laws of civil society, might be traced to that system of misgovernment, and oppression, under which Ireland had so long groaned. It would be madness to suppose, that the Coercion Bill, would ever have been supported by such large majorities in the House of Commons, or submitted to by the country, except on the understanding that the government of Ireland, was henceforth to be conducted on liberal principles; and that while existing laws were to be maintained, not a moment was to be lost in modifying, or repealing those enactments originally unjust in themselves; or by their known consequences, productive of incalculable evils. Had not those members of the liberal party, who supported the Coercion Bill, acted upon such an understanding, they would have been guilty of the most shameful inconsistency; for every one of them professed, to hold it as a first principle, that misgovernment was the great source of all the evils which afflicted Ireland.

We are firmly convinced, that at least, the liberal portion of the present administration, while determined to maintain the supremacy of law, and justice, in Ireland; was not less determined to institute a fearless, and searching inquiry, into the numerous grievances, of that unhappy country: and to provide means for their effectual and speedy removal. But whatever were the intentions of ministers, how lamentably deficient have been their performances; and, can the most zealous, and partial advocate of government, deny, that the Irish Church Bill, even in its original and unmutilated state, was but a poor and paltry equivalent, for measures whose severity extorted, even from the Tories, something like disapprobation. Even in so far as respects its peculiar object, the Irish Church Bill is very deficient, and can only prove acceptable as the commencement of a still more extensive and efficient Reform; although under existing circumstances, we think it would have been much better to have gone at once to the root of the evil, and to have placed the Irish Church, at least prospectively, upon a footing which might have satisfied its liberal friends, if not those who were altogether opposed to its existence. It is impossible that the Catholics, while they form the vast majority of the Irish population, can now rest tranquil or satisfied, while they are compelled to contribute directly, to the support of a religious establishment, which they regard with abhorrence: and, if there exist, on the part of England, any desire that the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland, should be maintained and strengthened, the direct taxes, raised in behalf of the Protestant church, must be abolished, and that very speedily. The true friends of the Protestant religion in Ireland, will act wisely, if they sanction, and advocate a church reform; which by the commutation of tithes, the abolition of the other church imposts, and a fair, and judicious distribution, of the ample revenues of the church, may place the Protestant establishment in a situation, which may command the respect, without provoking the hostility, of its numerous and formidable enemies. Let no man go away with the false impression, that such a reform, can only be the work of time; it must be commenced in good earnest, and that immediately, if it is

not even now too late, for unless this is done, it requires not the discernment of a prophet, to predict that the days of the Irish church, are already numbered.

When, however, we take into consideration the numerous difficulties which beset the question of Irish Church Reform, ministers are, in our estimation, less deserving of censure, for having neglected to bring forward a really efficient Church Reform Bill, than for having omitted to prepare other measures much more indispensable, and much more calculated to promote the permanent welfare of Ireland, and to remove evils which are not only fatal to the present peace and happiness of Ireland, but fraught with danger to the whole empire. We are well aware that Ireland can never enjoy internal and permanent peace, until some means are found to check those religious animosities by which she is distracted, and to remove the numerous abuses of the church establishment; but certain we are, that although both of these important objects were gained, she would still remain restless, disturbed, and dissatisfied, unless some effectual remedies were applied to the inherent evils which affect her social condition. In a word, does not every man, who is not blind to the plainest dictates of common sense, clearly perceive that all the miseries of Ireland arise from one source—the existence of an ignorant, overgrown, and starving population; and that until the great original cause of agitation is taken away, agitation will never be removed by any concessions however great, and however often repeated. Long indeed before the present period, their accumulated wrongs and aggravated misery must have driven the Irish peasantry into open rebellion, had not the influence of the Catholic priesthood, united with that of Mr. O'Connell, preserved them from a course which would only have forged new chains for their country, and increased tenfold their own sufferings. But it is ruin to expect that any influence can permanently restrain the excesses of a population groaning under privations, the bare thought of which sickens the heart; and we may rest assured, that unless some means are instantly employed to improve the condition of the lower orders in Ireland, that country will, at no distant period, be laid waste by a social revolution of the most terrible and remorseless character.

But we will now be met by the question—What plan do you recommend for the removal or mitigation of this great evil which affects Ireland? We answer, without hesitation, the establishment of poor laws. We are not insensible indeed, for who can be so, to the injurious effects of which the poor laws have been productive in England; but surely these effects may be traced to a particular system, without invalidating the general principle, that it is the duty of every community to make legal provision for those of its members who, by age, sickness, or any other cause, are unable to supply their own wants. If it suited either our present limits, or our present object, we would therefore be prepared to maintain this general principle as applicable to every country and every community, but in the meantime we are willing to take lower grounds, and to rest satisfied with fearing that it is absolutely necessary, as a matter of expediency, to provide subsistence for that portion of the Irish population which

is now condemned to a poverty little short of actual starvation. The case of Ireland affords a striking example of the baneful consequences which result from allowing a pauper population to depend upon the contributions of a voluntary charity; for the hordes of beggars with which every part of the country is overrun, not only encourage all kinds of superstition, but propagate the most mischievous political doctrines or delusions, the influence of which, although imperceptible, is not therefore the less powerful and dangerous. Every man who is ejected from his farm, or who is unable to procure settled labour, must, as a matter of necessity, become a common beggar, and thus there exists a vast and daily increasing mass of vigorous men, who, with feelings embittered by their own sufferings, are ready to join in any attempt, however criminal, and however desperate, which promises to afford them present relief, or at least to satisfy their ardent desires of revenge. But the destitution of the labouring class in Ireland is not only the cause of the general misery and insecurity which prevails in that country, but also exercises a most direct and pernicious influence over the condition of the working classes throughout the whole empire; so that if even the British people were insensible to the feelings of humanity, and the considerations of justice, a regard to their own interest must compel them to admit the necessity of doing something for the Irish poor. Great numbers of Irish labourers, flying from the misery which everywhere meets them in their own country, are flocking into the united kingdom, and must soon succeed in reducing wages to an amount barely sufficient to supply the indispensable wants of nature; and is there a man who is prepared to contemplate the mere probability of our own working classes being reduced to the degraded situation of Irish labourers, although we believe this catastrophe to be inevitable, unless some system of poor laws is established in Ireland.

Deeply impressed with these considerations, we did fondly hope that ministers, whatever else they neglected, would have directed their especial attention to Ireland, and would have felt it to be their first duty, not only to devise means for putting an end to the disorders which prevailed in that country, but also honestly and fearlessly to search into the causes from which these disorders sprung, and to employ every possible effect for the speedy removal of such causes. But we fear that the Church Bill, and the appointment of a committee to inquire into the propriety of establishing poor laws, are, so far as respects Ireland, destined to be the only fruits of the first session of the reformed Parliament. We deeply regret that such should be the case, for there is no question connected with our domestic policy which can less bear to be tampered with than the situation of Ireland, and ministers are grievously deceived if they imagine that the Coercion Bill has produced real and permanent tranquillity; and they may rest assured that it will never do so, unless followed up by a full redress of their grievances, the continued existence of which gives to that bill the aspect of a tyrannical attempt to put down those just remonstrances which such grievances must and ought to excite. We earnestly hope, however, that if ministers see another session of Parliament, they will repair the capital error, and even

then, perhaps, it may not be too late to save the empire from dismemberment and civil war.

The most fatal error into which our rulers are liable to be betrayed at the present moment, consists in the temptation to get rid of pressing difficulties by temporary expedients, and to rest satisfied if they can only carry on the business of government without so far exciting the people as to lead to any immediate and dangerous expression of public opinion. The history of the last six months has tended to increase the temptation; for it cannot be denied, that although the people have been deeply dissatisfied with many of the proceedings of government, they have in general exhibited no disposition to resort to any extreme or violent measures, in order to render their own opinions more influential in the management of public affairs. But it must never be forgotten that, under this deceitful calm, there lurks a growing hostility to every established institution, and a growing conviction that the abuses of the State are too deep-rooted to be eradicated by any thing but the entire destruction of the system upon which they have been engendered. Never at any former period in the annals of our history, did so much depend upon the wisdom and prudence of an existing administration, as there does at the present moment, and therefore the increasing unpopularity of the present ministry is a symptom of fearful and ominous import, on which no intelligent man can look without pain and alarm. The people are not only dissatisfied with the little progress which has been made in the great cause of practical reform, but they are even beginning to entertain an opinion that ministers are not sincerely desirous of promoting that cause, and that they shrink from the task of completing that work, of which the Reform Bill was only the commencement. We place however too much confidence in the understanding and principles of the leading members of administration, to believe that they are either ignorant of, or inattentive to the state of public opinion, and unless they are so, they must be convinced that no government can now stand which does not exhibit an honest determination to go to the root of every abuse, and to employ its whole influence in promoting the welfare of all classes of the people. But even although we may admit that ministers are actuated by good intentions, it is impossible to deny that their conduct has been little distinguished by that energy and decision which the critical state of our affairs so urgently requires, and that, during the present session of Parliament, they have done far less for the real benefit of the people than what they might have accomplished with equal ease, and far greater credit to themselves.

It is not a little remarkable, although very characteristic of the English nation, that when the election of an Ultra-Tory Speaker, the Coercion Bill, and the rejection of the Ballot, excited only a few complaints, without leading to any visible and general discontent, the country was placed upon the brink of a revolution by the refusal of the ministry and the Parliament to abolish an obnoxious tax. The most irksome, perplexing, and thankless, of all offices, is undoubtedly that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we are surprised that even the proverbial patience and good humour of Lord Althorp have

restrained him from throwing up in disgust a situation, the difficulties of which are every day increasing, and which has to him been productive of mortifications, which a man of more acute feelings would have been unable to endure. The announcement of the Budget forms always one of the most important events in the political history of the year, and of late it has been anticipated with more than usual eagerness, from the fond hope indulged by the people, that their rulers had discovered some method of relieving them from burdens, the pressure of which gives a general interest to the political movements of the country which they would not otherwise possess. It cannot be denied that the Budget, for the present year, was, so far as it went, founded upon correct principles, and calculated to be of considerable benefit to the country; but the relief from taxation, which was at best but very moderate, was still less felt and appreciated by being applied to different branches of the revenue, and thus conferring no very marked advantage upon any particular class. But, in the estimation of the people, the capital defect in the Budget was, that it did not provide means for the repeal of the assessed taxes, and ministers must have regretted that they had not confined their reductions to this odious impost, when they beheld the storm of popular indignation which was excited by the prospect of its continuance. All the evil deeds of ministers were now recalled to remembrance, and the violent men of all parties secured so favourable an opportunity of gaining popularity, and embarrassing the government. The unexpected vote of the House of Commons, reducing the Malt Tax to one half of the former amount, placed ministers in a very awkward predicament, and for a short time it was supposed that they would yield to the wishes of the people, and by a change in the system of taxation, procure means for repealing both the Malt and Assessed Taxes; but afraid of venturing upon the perilous experiment of a Property Tax, ministers adopted a different course of proceeding, and induced the House of Commons not only to sanction the continuance of the Assessed Taxes, but also to rescind its vote for the reduction of the Malt Tax.

While it must be admitted that the whole conduct of government, in regard to the Malt and Assessed Taxes, reflected little credit upon the capacity and foresight of ministers, or at least of lord Althorp, we must at the same time condemn, in the strongest terms, the rash, violent, and unconstitutional measures, which were openly threatened, and warmly applauded, at those meetings which took place in London, after the defeat of Sir John Key's motion. A refusal to pay taxes can ever be lawful, except in the very last extremity; and as soon as we acknowledge the principle, that because Parliament does not immediately repeal a long-standing, although unpopular tax, the people are entitled to decline payment of that tax, we strike at the root of all government, and prepare the way for universal anarchy and confusion. Even after the utmost possible amount of reduction, which can take place in the public expenditure, an immense revenue must still be raised by means of taxation, unless we break faith with the public creditor, and thus bring disgrace upon our national character. But it is easy to foresee, that if each particular class of tax

payers seeks to throw off its own burden, by rendering it impossible to collect the tax of which it complains, the machinery of government can no longer be carried on, and our national credit, the former basis of our national prosperity being overthrown, all classes will groan under evils, compared to which the most oppressive tax would appear light and easy. It is, indeed, the imperative duty of the government and the legislature, to endeavour to place our taxation upon the most fair and equitable system; but this must be a work of time and difficulty, and it is a work which will never be accomplished, if the people are determined to extort, at any price, the immediate repeal of every obnoxious tax. Let the country learn to exercise a little patience, and as neither the present administration, nor the present parliament, is destined to be eternal, let it remember that its matured opinion must be listened to at no distant period, and that those are its worst enemies, who, by violent and revolutionary proceedings, would oppose an effectual barrier to all rational Reform, and involve the nation in speedy anarchy and ultimate ruin.

Even the most zealous supporters of the Grey administration, are compelled to admit that its present position is a very critical and uncertain one, and little doubt can be entertained that its possession of office would be of very short duration, did there exist the materials for the formation of a new government, which might command the confidence of the country. But the most ardent, if judicious, Reformer would hesitate to do any thing which might hasten on the dissolution of the present cabinet, for although he may consider that cabinet unfit to meet the exigences of the times, and replace the future policy of the country upon a firm and stable foundation, he sees no prospect of supplying the place of the present ministry, with another better fitted to accomplish the object. One would imagine that even the Tories themselves must, under existing circumstances, admit that their acceptance of office would be an act of inconceivable madness and infatuation; but whatever they may think, a vast majority of the people would regard such an event, as the greatest calamity which could befall the country, and as little else than the signal for revolution. While we believe that radical principles are making very rapid progress amongst the middle and working classes, we are at the same time convinced, that the Radicals, as a party, possess no hold upon the country, and are generally regarded with mingled feelings of contempt and distrust, arising from their want of able and experienced leaders; and from the dissention which they too often display to adopt a revolutionary policy, in order to gain some temporary object. In a word, although the present administration may admit of partial alterations, its entire dissolution might be attended with the most dangerous consequences; and therefore however much it has disappointed the expectations of the people, there prevails a general conviction that it must be allowed the benefit of a second trial, and of an opportunity to repair its past errors in a second session of parliament. We trust that ministers are now aware of their real situation, and that taught by the bitter experience of the last four months, they will henceforth act with greater firmness and vigour, and regard it as their first duty and best interest, to secure

the support and confidence of the independent and intelligent part of the country. They must now be sensible, that no sacrifices on their part, however great, can propitiate that portion of the aristocracy which has been all along opposed to their government and their policy; and surely they will never again be guilty of the folly of casting away the affections of a noble and confiding people, in order to purchase, not the friendship—scarcely the temporary forbearance, of their old and bitter enemies.

It must never be forgotten, however, that ministers so far as respects the aristocracy, are placed in a peculiarly difficult and delicate situation, and there is no doubt that a great part of their present unpopularity has resulted from their anxiety to frame their measures in such a manner, as to secure their favourable reception in the House of Lords, without whose consent they could not pass into a law. But while ministers were undoubtedly actuated by conscientious motives, in their endeavours to preserve harmony between the House of Lords and the Representatives of the People, it cannot be denied that those endeavours have been signally unsuccessful; and have not only encreased the danger of an ultimate collision, but also rendered the people still more hostile to the unrestrained power, which the constitution vests in the hereditary branch of the legislature. The history of the present session has clearly established the fact, that the House of Lords contains, a great majority unalterably opposed to the present administration, and determined to seize the first favourable opportunity of effecting its overthrow; and it is equally evident that all the past concessions of ministers have had no effect in diminishing the numbers and resolution of this majority. The vote in regard to the affairs of Portugal, and the rejection of the Local Courts Bill, sufficiently proved the spirit which actuated the conservative opposition, and there is no doubt, that the Irish Church Bill would have been thrown out by a large majority, had not the leaders of the Tory party, alarmed at the prospect of the resignation of ministers, thought fit to allow that bill to pass. Surely no one will pretend to assert, that such a state of things can or ought to continue; and it is becoming every day more obvious, that ministers can only secure the confidence of their friends, and the respect of their enemies, by firmly pursuing a policy compatible with their own views of justice and expediency, leaving to the House of Lords the responsibility of sanctioning or condemning that policy. This would certainly call upon ministers to come to some decision, as to the course which they would adopt, in the event of the House of Lords refusing to support those measures, which they regard as necessary to the welfare of the country; and it must be admitted that either a large creation of peers, or a resignation may be attended with many and serious difficulties; if creation of peers, besides being a direct violation of the spirit of the constitution, would be liable to many other objections, and could not be justly, or safely resorted to, until the resignation of ministers had proved to the conviction of every impartial man, the inability of the Tories to carry on the government according to their own principles. The resignation of the present ministry might be attended with many formidable evils, but great as these evils may be, they are less to be

dreaded, than the growing distrust which the people exhibit in regard to all political parties, the continuance of which must sooner or later be productive of very fatal consequences. If any thing can save the country from Revolution, it must be the establishment of a firm, upright, and enlightened government; but even if such a government was established, it can only be permanent and efficient, by possessing the confidence of all the branches of the legislature, which it seems scarcely possible it can do, while the House of Lords and the House of Commons remain constituted as they are at present.

If the opinions entertained by the majority of the House of Lords, were only opposed to those of the present administration, and the present House of Commons, the evil although real, might admit of a constitutional remedy; but, unfortunately, the opinions of that majority, are still more at variance with those of the great body of the people, upon the most important subjects connected with our domestic policy. There is no subject, on which this difference exists to a greater extent, than on Church Reform, and it is scarcely possible to believe, that the House of Lords will ever consent to any plan of Church Reform, which is likely to give permanent satisfaction to the middle classes, who are becoming every day, more hostile to that external pomp and splendour which, in the estimation of the Conservatives, encrease the dignity and influence of an 'established church.' Even the very principle of religious establishments is beginning to be violently assailed, and those who are friendly to that principle can only obtain a hearing, by exposing and condemning the abuses of the church, and proving that they do not necessarily belong to an establishment; but only tend to impede its efficacy. If public opinion possessed that influence in the House of Commons, which it must ere long do, then would soon be introduced a Bill of Church Reform, essential parts of which would be, the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Lords—the more equal distribution of the Church Revenues—and the modification of patronage; but it is needless to observe that the rejection of any such but in the House of Lords, would be a matter of certainty. It is admitted that the House of Lords only consented to the Irish Church Bill, from expediency or rather necessity; and if such was the case, in regard to a measure so very moderate and inefficient, what would be the fate of any Bill which embodied the opinions of the people, in regard to Church Reform. The church, we fear, is destined to form the most fruitful subject of contention between the Aristocracy and the People; and we apprehend that any kind of half measures, to which the former might, perhaps, consent, would only increase the dissatisfaction of the latter, and lead them ultimately to demand the entire destruction of the Church Establishment.

But while it is becoming every day more evident that the House of Lords, is never likely to harmonize with a House of Commons, truly representing the feelings and opinions of the people, it is no easy matter to point out a practical remedy for an evil of such magnitude, and which affects, in so many ways, the general interests of the country. It is very evident that there already exists, in the public mind, a strong prejudice against the principle of an hereditary legislature;

and it is scarcely possible to doubt, that whenever any practical emergency arises, this will lead to a manifestation of public opinion, the result of which must be a radical change in the present constitution of the House of Lords. No intelligent and practical man, indeed, will refuse to admit that the government, if the country cannot be carried on, unless some means are devised to induce all the branches of the legislation to unite in measures, which may satisfy the people, and may retard the progress of those opinions, which if allowed to encrease, must lead to an entire Revolution in our present system of government. We will not pretend to offer any opinion as to what those means ought to be, but will only express our earnest hope, that the discussion of a question, which involves so important a change in the constitution, may be conducted with calmness and moderation; and may, at last, be settled in a permanent and satisfactory manner. In the meantime, we must again repeat our former opinion, that a regard to its own honour, and to the real welfare of the country, imperatively calls upon the present administration to pursue a vigorous, consistent, and honest course of policy; for, if it does so, it may rest assured, that in any difficulty which results from such a policy, it will be powerfully supported by the country, and will be enabled, not only to overcome every such difficulty, but to place its own power upon a firm and enduring foundation.

THE COURTIER'S RETORT.

The Second Charles was any thing
Except a sage and solemn king;
No fool was he, howe'er his sin
Lay in such ware as Nelly Gwynne,
Davies and Lucy Waters, Castlemaine—
They turned his pockets, not his brain.
His court was vicious, profligate;
Good lack! how we're improved of late!
But Charles was monarch of these olden days,
When kings loved mistresses, and wine, and plays;
And every courtier felt, or feigned a passion;
For vice, like virtue, reigns by Fashion.
Among the rest old Shaftesbury kept a dame,
Less for the pleasure than the name.
The king apprised it, his finger laid
Upon his shoulder, and he said—
"I verily believe my lord,
My English realms do not afford
Than thou a more pernicious elf!"
The courtier bowed, and said, "our king
Has said a just though cutting thing,
And quite forgot himself."

SCHEME OF A LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

If some facetious demon, seized with a desire to make a nation discontented and its legislators ridiculous, were to set his wit to organize a plan eminently calculated to produce both these results, he would probably, in the first place, ordain that the highest legislative assembly should be composed without any reference to the qualifications of its members. If he did not require the actual production of a certificate of mental imbecility and moral turpitude as the condition of a senator's election, he would at least insist that the moral and intellectual fitness of the candidate should never be inquired into, and that the business of selection should be entrusted to the care of blind indiscriminating chance. It might enter into his whimsical brain to decree that, in the first instance, a certain number of illiterate barbarians should be set apart from the herd of mankind for the purpose of forming a house of senators; and that upon the body thus obtained should devolve the labour of perpetuating the breed; senator ever being senator, from generation to generation, so long as no physical impediment occurred to interrupt the series. If he were a demon gifted with prescience, and foresaw that in after times particular senators would be gathered to their fathers without leaving issue to inherit the dignity, he would insert a clause in his constitution declaring that, in the event of such an accident, the void in the muster roll of the senate should be filled up by the insertion of some name, either obscure or conspicuous, taken—not at random from among the mob, for there might be village Hampdens—but selected with a cautious and vigilant disregard to the abilities and knowledge of the owner. To secure this point (manifestly the keystone of the system) it would be proper to specify the description of persons which the lapse of time, the progress of society, and the accidents of life would be most likely to leave, in that primeval state of mental barrenness which would most admirably qualify the senator, and ensure the success of the scheme.

It seems not improbable that a preference would be awarded to the personal favourites of the ruling monarch. Because if it should sometimes happen that an individual of this description would escape being an object of general contempt, yet it would rarely occur that he could enjoy any considerable share of public esteem; and the fiendish speculator would not fail to foresee that, taken as a class, the panders of monarchs would never be distinguished for their attainments in political philosophy, or for their display of patriotic integrity. Next to the Gavestons and Buckinghams of the sovereign, it is not unreasonable to suppose the father of the charter would recommend the servile tools—the Doddingtons and Dundasses of a corrupt minister. But whether the creation should be made from among the poor or the rich tools might, without endangering the success of the plan, be left to the caprice or judgment of the creating power. Because if the pauper tools should happen to possess talent and know-

ledge, these fatal properties would invariably be compensated by an utter want of honesty.

And if the rich tools, by a miraculous dipensation, should sometimes have it in their power to boast a few grains of sense, this disqualifying accident would always be counterbalanced by the circumstance of their being just as dishonest as the poor ones. In either case, the existence of a capacity, or of the spark of a capacity, to derive measures for the public weal, would be rendered innocuous by the neutralizing presence of knavery; and without risking the fundamental principle of the senate, and swamping that body by the introduction of a single patriot, the tool worthiest to be chosen might be ascertained by an appeal to the dice, or to any other method by which men interrogate the blind goddess and receive, or fancy they receive her incontrovertible replies. Third on the list of eligible persons, the discerning demon would place naval and military men. Not, most assuredly, because brave admirals and victorious generals are less praiseworthy or more foolish than the rest of mankind, but because their profession is wild and roving; the habits it engenders are opposed to the acquisition of that knowledge which a legislator ought to possess; and their avowed sentiments are generally averse to that unheroic policy, which prefers the tranquillity of peace to the commotion of war, and best secures the happiness of an intelligent people. Finally, it seems highly probable, nay, if we recollect the object of the supposed political architect, it is morally certain, that he would predestinate to the senatorial robe, so many of those unfortunate individuals who surreptitiously steal into existence without the decent aid of a marriage ceremony, as a credulous monarch confiding in the integrity of his mistress, should be rash enough to recognize as scions of the royal stock. The stigma that generally attaches to the victim of an irregular admission into life, would not escape the notice of the observant demon; and the odium which is more particularly heaped on the favoured bastard of royalty, would not fail to recommend him as a fit instrument to promote the well-working of the system.

But it is not to be supposed the foresight of the demon would stop here. Bearing in mind the grand results which his scheme was destined to ensure, he would positively require that each senator should, as far as possible, be rendered thoroughly independent and responsible. To secure this point, he would prescribe the possession of an ample income, derived either from private property or from the purse of the public. If the private funds should happen to be scanty, a pension of some four or five thousand a year would be ordered to flow out of the public treasury, and follow the infant title with as much certainty as a refreshing stream follows the windings of a pleasant vale. This beneficent provision would enable the senator (if so minded) to lead a private life of vigourous debauchery, of feeble frivolity, or harmless uselessness, and at the same time go far to ensure an abandonment of the irksome duties of the senatorial office, which, whether they should be unscrupulously neglected, or faithfully performed, the liberal policy of the demon would leave entirely to the honour and conscience of the pensioner.

But as a farther means of providing for the independence of the conscript fathers, no doubt, an article would be framed by virtue whereof every senator, whether wallowing in the wealth of Crœsus, or stricken with the poverty of Belisarius, would be protected from those familiar salutations of the bound bailiffs to which the crowd of undignified debtors is constantly exposed. This clause would spare the porcelian clay of nobility the ignominy of compulsory honesty; enable the senators, if not to laugh, at least to smile at their creditors; injure that importunate crew by depriving them of the readiest method of extracting a payment; and, on the whole, materially tend to bring about the result contemplated by the perverse intelligence of its mischievous framer. Next, we may suppose, malignant ingenuity would make the senators the objects of a pernicious and invidious distinction. Knowing that as descendants of Adam they must, in common with other men, be prone to mendicity, they would, notwithstanding, be exempted, in certain cases, from the solemn sanctions whereby alone truth is supposed to be elicited from mortals. Aware that they must derive their natures from the same corrupted source as the *âme damné* of the Custom-House—conscious that in all innate propensities, they must be just upon a par with that respectable personage, the demon would, nevertheless, introduce a distinction in their favour, and oblige posterity to give the same credit to their simple, "yea," and "nay," as to the solemn oaths of other men. The multitude ("swinish multitude,") thus impliedly proscribed as habitual and inveterate liars, except when upon oath, would challenge the claims of the senators to be believed on their simple word of honour, sneer at them and their preposterous pretensions, and thus to a limited yet gratifying extent realize the expectations of the diabolical machination.

We might fill up the scanty outline we have hastily sketched, till it should appear less as an extravagant design of a diabolical imagination, than as a faithful copy of an existing institution. But we forbear. The *likeness* might be discovered by the *things* depicted; the infraction of the second commandment, might be construed into a breach of privilege; and the libelous fidelity of the artist rewarded with a six month's residence in the salubrious apartments of His Majesty's common jail at Newgate.

THE LIVERPOOL BUCCANEERS.

Towards the close of day, on the 2nd of August, 1819, the passengers and crew of a small English brig, named the Helen, Liverpool, were enjoying the first breath of a cool light breeze, that had sprung up from the Spanish shore: and which approaching slowly and uninterruptedly, promised relief to the weariness and exhaustion occasioned by twelve hour's calm under a burning sun, between the coasts of Spain and Africa. There is nothing, haply, in the course of a sea life more dispiriting to a sailor, than the monotonous and heavy flapping of the sails against the mast—the alternate rolling and pitching of the vessel—and the creaking strain of masts and timbers, as she lies a sluggish weight upon the waters: and the veriest landsman may allow that, whatever there be of fearful and perilous in a storm, there is no want of grandeur of effect, or excitement of feeling, so directly the reverse of the sickening tedium of a continued calm. Each motion of the feather-vane, at the bidding of the capricious breeze, was hailed with pleasure by the Helen's crew, and their anxious observation of the dark and distant line that marked the progress of the wind from the north, was only, at times, diverted by the sublime appearance, that the white and lofty range of the Sierra Nevada presented, as the last rays of the setting sun lighted up its summits; while the near and bold promontory of Cape de Gatt, was fast sinking into obscurity, and the various sail they had observed during the day, were one by one lost to view—with the exception, however, of a vessel of the Helen's size, which, having already caught the breeze, was evidently bearing down, with well-filled sails, in the direction where she lay.

"Take the glass, Weeks, and examine her well, while light is left us," said Captain Cornish to his mate, after having some time observed the stranger, "for I am puzzled what to make of her. In shape, spars and rigging, she is the very counterpart of the American, that spoke us at day-light this morning."

"Why, captain, the brig bearing down on us, has quarter badges and a billet-head, which the yankee had not:" answered the mate, as he still intently observed her: "she shews a gun too, at the larboard bow, and yet it is neither more or less than the American. One can tell her, amongst ten thousand, by the raking of her masts, although she is somewhat disguised since she spoke us, and has a wickeder look."

"Humph!" said Cornish, as he paced the deck, keeping his eyes fixed on the now fast approaching vessel—"There is something strange in all this: and were we not, in the very highway of trade, and far within the straits, I should not feel quite at ease. As for the news of war, being declared by the United States against Great Britain, which the captain reported as having had place, before he left Boston, two and twenty days since, it can be mere yankee invention: —yet there is something ugly in it altogether: and I would give no

little that we were well quit of her, Weeks." The latter had been most zealously whistling for some time, invoking, in seamen's fashion, the speedy arrival of the promised breeze.

"If I be allowed to give my opinion, on that vessel that is closing us now," observed a young sailor, named Heath, "I would lay an even bet that she was in the docks, when we quitted port, and that she is neither more nor less than a Liverpool Trader."

"So much the better," observed Cornish, "God grant it be so, for were any accident to arrive to our vessel here, the only means of maintenance for my wife and eight young children, would be at once cut off: but silence"—he exclaimed, as a musket was fired by the stranger, in the direction of the Helen, "Let us hear what they want of us." The American being now within hailing distance, a person on board of her, ordered Cornish to put out his boat, and come on board of her with his papers—a command that announced no friendly intention, but which the Helen's captain was more disposed to avoid than dispute, in alledging the fact of his boat being lumbered, and the difficulty of getting her clear. His excuse was, however, met with a threat of sinking his vessel, if he did not instantly comply; and the sight of a lighted lanthorn on the stranger's deck, by the side of the gun, indicated that it was no empty menace he had proffered. The crew were immediately employed in freeing and lowering the boat, and Cornish, having provided himself with the ship's papers, proceeded, with four of his men, to obey the extraordinary mandate of the American. In passing under the larboard quarter of the latter, a long boat filled with men, and, so far as light enabled him to judge, all armed, rowed off towards the Helen; and Cornish was in the act of directing his men to pull after her, when a centinel at the stranger's gangway, ordered him to lie on his oars, under pain of being fired at, until he should receive the commands of the captain of the enemy. After a short delay, he was ordered to return to his own vessel, which he did; but no sooner had he gained his deck, than he and the sailors were violently seized, and hurried beneath into the forecastle, where he found his crew and passengers, together with his eldest son, who served on board as a cabin boy; and, before he could remonstrate with those who had attacked him, the hatches were nailed down upon eleven persons, confined in a space which scarcely permitted them to move their limbs. Their captors were distinctly heard to be employed the whole night, in raising the cargo from the hold, consisting of manufactured goods and colonial produce of great value, destined for Leghorn; while the sufferings of the prisoners were of the most dreadful nature, they being overcome by excessive heat—parched with thirst—and denied the slightest breath of air. The cries of these wretched men, at length worked upon the feelings of one of the invaders, somewhat more humane than the rest, who, as day broke, was induced to remove the bull's eye that afforded light; and the fresh air of morning, partially admitted through the limited aperture, somewhat tended to revive them. Relieved from the apprehension of suffocation, they now listened to the lashing of the two vessels together, bow to bow, for the purpose of transferring the Helen's cargo to the possession of her captors; and the silence was only in-

terrupted by Heath's pointing out to the notice of Capt. Cornish, some marks upon the fore-topsail and foresail of the enemy's vessel, which could be descried through the aperture, and which proved, on examination, to be the names of two sail-makers at Liverpool, a discovery, that seemed to cast yet further doubt upon her being an American, although none of those who strove to solve the mystery, were, for a moment, disposed to admit the idea of a piracy, so foul and guilty, being the act of their countrymen.

Their observations were soon interrupted by the intervention of one of the two men, who had, since daylight, been placed as sentinels at the aperture, who, presenting a pistol at the hole, threatened them with instant death, if further conversation had place; but who, after much intreaty, handed them some bread and water. Noon at length arrived, when it appeared that the pirates had completed their labour of transferring the cargo; and Cornish indulged a hope, that, satisfied with their important spoil, they might be induced to abandon his vessel, and allow them to regain their liberty; but all his better expectations were at once crushed, as he heard his inhuman invaders busy in staving the boats, and beheld them cutting the ropes, and other necessary tackle of the brig, and adopting every precaution to render her wholly useless and unservicable. Cruel as were the measures of the pirates, in regard to his property, as he looked upon his son, Cornish refused to admit the idea, that the existence of him, or his, was likely to be compromised by men of his "land's language:" and if he deplored the ruin and havoc they had effected, he but considered it as the prudence of wicked men, to prevent untimely discovery by those they had so largely injured. The work of destruction had already occupied several hours, and the noises gradually diminished, when the single centinel now placed over them, informed them that he was going aft, and threatened them with instant death, if any one of them should attempt to move; but that, on their remaining quiet, he would, in an hour's time, return and restore them to liberty. Eagerly and fondly did the unfortunate captives rely upon the faith of the ruffian's promise, and anxiously they marked the progress of time, which was to give them freedom, when a dull, low grating sound was heard, in the direction of the cabin: in agony and horror the wretched prisoners recognized the operation of scuttling the vessel. Not a word was uttered; but each held his breath, and gazed in the face of his comrade with despair. It ceased. No sound of human voice or step was further heard; and attentively they listened, in the hope of acquiring some indication of the presence of their enemies; but all was hushed, save at times the gurgling sound, as it seemed, of water entering the vessel. In their agony and desperation, they repeatedly and loudly cried for mercy, and for aid; but there was none to hear them. With a simultaneous and violent effort, they strove to force the hatches: again and again it was repeated, and in vain, until they sank exhausted by their fruitless exertions. The rolling of the water in the hold, and the noise of floating articles, now convinced them of the fatal truth, that the element was rapidly gaining upon them, and that their last home was nigh. The rushing sound had ceased, as the vessel filled; the

water gradually and silently rose towards their prison, and oozed from beneath their feet. A cry of horror burst from Cornish, as convulsively he seized his boy, and clasped him to his breast; and with one accord, the wretched men sunk upon their knees, and, in tears, recommended their souls to God, in that their hour of extremity and death!

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It was on the 25th of September, in the same year, or about six weeks subsequently to the dreadful event, but now recorded, that a small and handsome brig lay in the bay of Smyrna, evidently prepared for an early departure. It was a vessel of admirable proportions, and well adapted for sailing; while the neat and orderly state of her rigging and tackle, would have done honour to a ship of war, and attested that it was worked by no ordinary crew. It was one of those delicious eastern nights, so often witnessed on the shores of Asia Minor; the moon shone in beauty, and all was calm and still around, save when the shrill cry of the patrole on shore, disturbed the silence of the evening. A man of middle height, of dark, but handsome features, such as often distinguish the natives of southern Italy, but with a sternness of expression approaching to ferocity, slowly paced the vessel's deck, with folded arms, wrapped in thought, and evidently insensible to the loveliness of the scene around him. Carelessly leaning over the gangway, intently regarding the calm surface of the water beneath, was a man many years younger than the other, of a singularly mild and cheerful countenance; while at the forecastle, the greater part of the crew were extended sleeping on the deck. Few of them had yet reached the middle age of life; they were all able-bodied seamen, and not many vessels in the merchant service could haply boast a finer and more skilful crew.

"Hark! what noise is that? Did you not hear it, Thompson?" exclaimed the captain, as he suddenly ceased his walk; and an expression of terror sat on his features, as he listened to the prolonged cry of the city guard.

"Nonsense," replied the other, without turning his gaze from the water; "you are as nervous as a girl, Captain Delano: I suppose we must soon forbear working the capstan, not to alarm you; and grease the tiller, lest its creaking shall affright you."

"What a lovely night," exclaimed Delano, abruptly, ashamed of the fear he had displayed; and what a land! were it but in the possession of Englishmen and Christians———."

"All Englishmen, are not Christians, however, Delano," said Thompson, raising himself from the gangway; "but were you lord and master of the country, I warrant me, there would be no custom-house officers, seizures, or exchequering allowed by your highness; ha!———"

"Why revive that story, Thompson? The hard-earned gains of fifteen years gone in a moment, for a few sorry handkerchiefs. Aye—" and his countenance fell, and a heavy sigh was uttered, as, violently striking his forehead with his clenched hand, he lowly muttered, "aye; and gains, I may say, honestly come by."

"Never mind, caro Signore Capitano, as the fellows say here,

you have had your revenge of the Liverpool sharks, if not directly, at least, by proxy."

"I—I—; why do you and the others always refer to me, as if none but I were engaged in it? when, if the truth be told, I was the least active."

"The least disposed to dare, I grant ye," answered Thompson; "but whose were the long-continued persuasions, and eternal suggestions, eh?—whose the chief share of what the goods sold for in Sardinia, and at Malta?—whose the oath by which we are bound to secrecy?"

"Well, well, Thompson, do not let us quarrel about it; you have no right to complain. We shall shortly be quit of the Mediteranean, and on our course for Haiti, or ready to join any country at war with Great Britain; and we have but anticipated the rights of war: besides, there—there," he exclaimed, with a forced and savage smile, as he pointed to the water; "there is our surety.—The language of the waves, if loud, is not intelligible; and until the sea gives up her dead———."

"Hush—hush, Delano—speak not so," said Thompson, shuddering; "they were our countrymen—known to us by name and person; they were on their way in peace and honesty; they offended, resisted not. There was, too, a child among them; and the eye of God alone looked on them as they sank; innocent and———."

"Coward!" exclaimed Delano, sneeringly, while the livid hue of his features bespoke fear, if not remorse.

"Coward! Would that occasion offered," said Thompson, warmly, "to cast away my life, but as a man to lose it. Coward! Who was it that held back, grew pale, and trembled, after having, by threat, promise, prayer, and persuasion provoked us into crime? Coward! Should ever that day arrive, that we be called upon to answer for that dark deed, we shall see who will first prove traitor to his fellows. And, my mind misgives me," he added, in a calmer tone, "and I fear that the hour is not far distant."

"Pho! Let us be but true to ourselves," said Delano, with a smile of contempt, "and we have nought to fear. If that drunken rascal Atkinson, do not blab, some day in his cups. Had not Walker been in the boat, on Sunday night, when we brought him from the shore, so beastly intoxicated, Webb and I would have done it."

"Done what?" demanded Thompson, falteringly.

"Why, as he is so fond of drinking, he should have had his fill. I should have sent him coral fishing down there. But—Look! what is that at the entrance of the bay!"

"As well as I can make out," observed the mate, after regarding attentively in the direction pointed out by Delano, "it is a brigantine, entering the harbour. A merchantman evidently: but, there, she has let go her anchor." Delano and Thompson remained sometime longer in observation of the new comer, until midnight having struck, they retired.

On the succeeding morning, as the sun arose, the crew of the William were all on deck preparing for the labour of the day: while the captain and the mate were engaged, at the stern, examining,

through their glasses, the vessel which had been the object of their attention on the preceding night. "I know her well now," said the latter, as he laid down the telescope. "It is the brig Frederick of Malta, and a famous passage she must have made of it; for, when we left the island, she had not even the promise of a cargo."—"It is quick work with them, I must say," observed Delano, "for they have got a pontoon already laden, and the jolly-boat is out to pull it into the harbour."—"Aye! and clumsily enough they pull her, too," exclaimed Thompson, "such lubbers are not worth their grub."—"I shall hail them as they go by," said Delano, descending from the stern to speak the boat as it passed them, "and ask what cargo they have. Boat, a-hoy! what news from Malta?" he shouted, as the boat neared them, on its passage. "Hand a rope here, Webb, the captain is coming on board." But ere Webb could obey, the person he had hailed was on the deck, and Delano had already stretched out his hand to greet him, when the stranger sounded a shrill whistle, and at the same instant the tarpaulin that covered the lighter was cast off, and a troop of armed men leaped upon deck, while the stranger held a pistol to Delano's head, his followers secured the mate and the rest of the William's crew, and made them prisoners.

It was indeed a wonderful intervention of Providence that brought to light the diabolical crime of Charles Christopher Delano and his fellow-pirates, at a moment they felt not unreasonably assured that no earthly evidence of their guilt existed. For a lengthened period of years Delano had borne an unimpeachable character as a master in the merchant service, trading between Liverpool, Malta, and the Levant; and, by prudence and economy, had amassed a considerable sum of money; but, shortly previous to the period already referred to, having been detected in introducing some trifling articles of contraband for his private use into England, he was proceeded against in the Court of Exchequer, and only escaped the larger penalties attached to his offence by the sacrifice of his entire previous gains. His long-sustained good character excited the utmost commiseration, at his loss, in the minds of those who knew him; and one of the most respectable houses in Liverpool immediately engaged him on the voyage already described, upon the most advantages terms; and he left the shores of England with a crew, who of themselves offered an assurance in their conduct of honesty and good faith. Thompson, the mate, was of a most respectable family; and indeed all the crew (with the exception of a black steward) were men possessing better means of information than is generally to be found in their station of life. The temper of Delano had been dreadfully influenced by his loss of property; its recollection embittered every hour of his life; the hatred of those, by whom he had been prosecuted, rankled at his heart; home and country became associated with the objects of his dislike, until, in his deep detestation of all and every thing English, he solemnly swore, whenever occasion should favour him, to wreak ample vengeance on the world. The liberty of his cabin, his table, and his liquors was freely accorded to his crew, who he treated as his companions; and they indulged in his liberality too frequently to excess, until their passions became aroused,—he ever calm, cool, and

collected, and stedfast to his infernal purpose, brought all his better intellectual powers to play on the weaker, but yet guiltless, men by whom he was surrounded. All his persuasions threatened to be fruitless, until, in an unhappy hour, Thompson (who was distinguished by great levity of character) yielded to his representations, and became an apostle of villany. Example was too strong for principle with the others, and one by one they became adherents to the diabolical intent of their captain. Ere they entered the Straits of Gibraltar, they were only averted from the spoil of a Dutch vessel, they met with, by her being destined for Smyrna, and Delano's fear of being recognized by some one on board of her; but, as day broke, on the 2d of August 1819, he found himself close to the Helen, and having ascertained her character and destination, he stood off during the day to combine with his crew on the mode of making her his prey, in which it has been shewn he so well and unhappily succeeded; but, it must be told, that cowardly as villainous, the chief instigator to the deed remained on board his own vessel until his associates had, on the succeeding morning, convinced him of their having securely accomplished his design. As night closed upon the Helen, after the piracy had been effected, remorse and sorrow seized most of the William's crew, and, for a season, they were dejected and penitent; but the author of the mischief was impenetrable to pity or regret, and, steering for the Island of Sardinia, he disposed of the greater portion of the spoil to Greek and Italian vessels for several thousand dollars, allotting an insignificant portion of the sale to his seamen; and thence steering for Malta, where he was well known and welcomed, rid himself of the rest of his capture, on the pretence of its being the property of a bankrupt in England, and then departed for Smyrna.

Two days after he had sailed, His Majesty's ship Spey, arrived from the coast of Spain, having taken on board at Alicant, Heath and Humphries, two of the Helen's seamen, who, in giving information of the piracy, thus detailed them, and their companions extraordinary rescue from a miserable death. All hope had abandoned the Helen's crew, as the water arose around them; but on throwing himself into a berth to await his last, Heath struck against a hard substance, before unobserved by him and others, which, on examination proved to be a hatchet. Again the efforts of the prisoners, to force the hatches were applied, and this time with success: when they all reached the deck, creeping on their hands and knees, and there beheld the devastation and ruin of their vessel; while they observed the pirate at about a leagues distance from them. In the momentary fear of the brig's sinking, they hastened to surround the long boat with tarpaulins, and to launch her; and just as the sun was set, finding their enemy had altered her course, and was again approaching them, they tremblingly sought doubtful safety in the frail and shattered boat, which they were obliged continually to bail with their hats, while such as could be spared, from thus keeping her afloat, rowed in darkness and danger, towards the Spanish shore. About one in the morning their strength began to fail them, and again they had given themselves up for lost, when

they were suddenly hailed from a vessel, and which they doubted not was that of their ruthless foes; but, as death seemed certain where they were, after a short consultation they answered the appeal; and, on reaching her found her to be a Greek brig which had left Alicant that day; the master of which, no sooner heard their tale, than, with a degree of humanity, rarely ascribed to his nation, he changed his course, and enabled those he had protected to reach that port on the succeeding day. There Captain Cornish and his crew separated; Heath and Humphries engaging themselves on board the Spey, and proceeding to Malta.

Their report was deemed so extraordinary, as at first to be scarcely credited; and, we believe the last person upon whom suspicion could attach, would have been Delano, had not the imprudent purchases of gold chains and other jewellery of value by the mate Thompson, and some of the crew, and other acts of extravagance been now brought forward to their prejudice. Further inquiry elucidated the facts of the sale of suspicious merchandize; and an officer of the royal navy, with part of the officers and men of the Spey, were put on board a hired brig and dispatched for Smyrna; where the William being instantly recognised by Heath, they lost not a moment in adopting the necessary measures for the capture of the pirates, and they were brought in their proper vessel, guarded and chained, to Malta to undergo their trial.

As Delano had been the instigator of the piracy, so in the partition of the spoil he sought to cheat his crew of their moderate share of the plunder by a pretended order on the Bank of England, which they rejected; and he now characteristically became the voluntary accuser of those he had seduced, in aggravating by invention their already sufficient guiltiness; and asserting his having been forced by threat and violence alone to participate in their crime. Treachery and falsehood, added to cowardice and villainy, failed of effect. He and his unhappy crew, with the exception of two necessarily admitted as evidence for the crown, were, after a lengthened, solemn, and impartial trial, before the governor of Malta CONDEMNED TO EXPIATE THEIR OFFENCE by a public and ignominious death.

Between two and three on the morning of the fourth of February, 1820, unable to sleep, I had seated myself in the elevated and open balcony of the house I resided in at Malta, enjoying the freshness of the morning air. The magnificent city of Valetta was silent, as if no living being rested within its walls; when, a low and strange sound arose from the distance, which gradually but slowly increased. It was wholly unlike all that I had ever heard before. The light of torches, yet far away; the sound as of iron striking on the lava pavement of the streets, and now and then clash of arms, yet further attracted my attention; but it was long before I could form a judgment as to the nature of what I observed, for the movement of the procession (for at length such it seemed) was slow and solemn, and it was close to me ere I could well distinguish of whom or what it was composed, for not a word was spoken in that melancholy march. By the red and flashing glare of the torches, I discerned a lengthened troop of armed soldiers closely lining each side of the

street as they moved onwards at a funeral pace, and within their lines (each one attended by two officers of military police) came the pirates, the clanking of whose fetters responded to each sad step they took. They were on their way to die! On the prior evening they had all taken the sacrament, with every sign of repentance for their crime; the full extent whereof, in so far as related to himself, had been confessed by the captain. He now led the way, the first in rank and guilt; and, as the torch light gleamed upon his dark Italian features, the change that had come over the once hardened and miserable man was fearfully apparent. His keen dark brilliant eye, as it was directed upwards, as if to ascertain how far it was yet from day to death had an expression of dull despair, such as I never yet had witnessed; his face was livid, and his steps were tottering; but I subsequently learned that it was more the fate of those whom he preceded to the scaffold than his proper suffering that had now so enervated him. The others, even to the youth Curtis, bore themselves like men: patient, sorrowing, and resigned, with little display of any touch of physical dread. As the morning broke, the walls of Valetta and the four cities on the opposite side of the harbour were crowded with myriads of human beings, who, in silence as intently gazed upon a small vessel, painted black, which lay in the centre of the harbour, and where preparations were going on for the consummation of the great penalty the law had decreed. Of the eight men condemned, six took their stations on the scaffolding beneath the main-yard of the William. Marshall (a man of excellent character, until seduced by Delano) and Curtis being doomed to witness the death of their comrades as the scaffolding fell, and they were launched into eternity. A reprieve, justified by the confessions of those who were now more, was communicated to them; and the almost delirious joy of the two spared wretches was little less affecting than the dreadful scene which they were there to view. The bodies of the four most hardened and guilty pirates, Delano, Thompson, Smith, and Lewis, yet hang in chains, on gibbets erected on the north west angle of Fort Ricasoli, at the entrance of the harbour of Malta; and it is to be hoped that the mercy of the Almighty has been extended to the souls of those miserable men, who while on earth had little mercy for others.*

* To account for the vessel not having sunk it is necessary to remark, that she became what seamen term water-logged, and although filled with water yet floated, probably from the absence of the cargo, and was actually cast a wreck upon the Spanish shore some days subsequently.

NATIONAL AND DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

The present is the age of free inquiry; it were well to make it one of improved action, and that the wisdom we are extracting from the experience of the past, be, as speedily as possible, applied to the necessities of the present.

In reviewing the history of man, we find him in every age, in every latitude, maintaining much the same character. This uniformity of effect has been produced by uniformity of cause. If we would abrogate the one, we must annul the other; for while the cause is in operation the effect will follow, notwithstanding every countervailing check, or ingenious remedy with which the evil be subsequently met.

It is impossible not to smile at the pertinacity with which moralists, in all ages, have censured their cotemporaries, and applauded their predecessors; attributing a fabulous virtue to these, and an exaggerated wickedness to those; though, as their principle was the same, their practise could not be very dissimilar. The fact is, the moralist exerts his observation on the present, and employs his fancy on the past, without reflecting that all have been, more or less, transmitters of opinions, framed for their day—perhaps expedient at the time, but no more suited to a succeeding age, than the clothes of the child to the frame of the adult.

"How different," says Sallust, "are the manners of the present age, in which there is not a man to be found who vies with his ancestors in probity and virtue, but only in riches and extravagance."

Thus, from time to time, have writers gone on, finding out that the existing race, as George Colman modestly says of himself, have

"Much degenerated from their fathers."

Still, did not actual observation contradict these Jeremiahs, we might sit down in absolute despair. The truth is, we are *too* like our fathers, and so we shall continue as long as the causes that made them what they were, are in operation upon us.

Character, national and individual, has varied in degree, but little in kind. Men have always been, more or less, selfish and rapacious. The desire of happiness, almost co-equal with the desire of life, has been left undirected or been misdirected; it has therefore centered, as it began, in self, and nations, instead of advancing, have prescribed circles, till the opinion has obtained, that there is an ultimate point, as in a clock, beyond which further advancement is impossible. But the deduction is as false as the analogy is untrue. Humanity, unlike any mechanism of its hands, never pauses; individuals fall off, but the stream of life flows on—flows on enriching the collective stores of knowledge by successive tributes; because it is the privilege of man to transfer and transmit the fruit of his experience; and it is the nature of all that is really excellent to be imperishable. Therefore, the older the world grows the richer it becomes, and we

only require to learn how best to apply these immense resources to realize that which it is their purpose to furnish—happiness.

We have seen that wealth has not won, nor learning and science secured for us this advantage. All good is partially diffused and precariously held;—the rich live in dread of poverty, the powerful of overthrow, and the eminent of eclipse; no success is a warrant for security, and abundance is embittered by the neighbourhood of wants. Thus, even the most fortunate make no approaches to felicity; and what is the fate of those that fill the opposite ranks?—who are banished, like the wretched pariah, to the deserts of poverty, and the wastes of crime?

Was it not for the system that gives too much to some, there would be enough for all. Abundance, not superabundance, is necessary to happiness; the equalization that would forbid waste on one hand, and want on the other, is the only plan that can secure this universal blessing. There have not been wanting, in all ages, men who have seen and advocated these truths, and many also have been found to admire them; but few have gone farther. Even at the present day, when the ranks of rational inquirers are more numerous than ever—when the great moral truths that apply to the whole human family are more widely spread and admitted than at any former times—how do they operate upon practice? Men are as greedy, almost as exclusive as in times past. Liberality of opinion is the only moral advance we have made; this opinion, like the priest's blessing, is the only thing gratuitously bestowed, and is most partially acted on.

The only means for removing this old-established disease, selfishness—for producing practical as well as theoretical liberality, is to be sought in education, which will modify and remodel character.

All that have the care of young humanity agree in declaring it to be a mass of passions, more or less violent; that it is ever seeking its own gratification, and often by means of an instinctive cunning that is almost wonderful. All this, which is, I suppose, what is meant by "original sin," and the "deceitfulness of the human heart," I regard as the effects of ignorance—of strong principles blindly developing themselves—as a natural desire of happiness, with an utter ignorance of the means by which it is attainable. From birth to death this unextinguishable desire of happiness attends us, and for want of moral knowledge, the child, and the equally misinformed adult, seeks it in individual appropriation. On this plan, education and institutions have been formed. Whatever the object, selfishness is the pivot on which the actor moves. The individual is invited to good, and warned against evil, principally because they must re-act pleasurably or painfully on himself; thus the little isolated machine feels no common sympathy with his kind, and when disposed to try experiments for enlarging the spere of his enjoyments, is undetered by any apprehension of diminishing that of others. The tyrant of twelvemonths old, and he of half a century, differ nothing in essentials; both are equally intent on one aim, equally ignorant of the best means. Thus has grown the great capitalist, who, without compunction, grinds wealth out of the torture of humanity, till the great wheel of selfishness, enlarging in size and scope as it revolves, draws in and crushes even

infant beings, and the story of the cannibal giant, whose table was furnished by babes, ceases to be a fable, and with this additional horror, that the parents of the little victims are the servitors.

How unfair it would be deemed if money did not produce to every holder its due value; what an outcry would be raised if one might receive but one penny, where another received twelve pence for his shilling. Is it more fair that the real wealth of the world—*mind*, should want this protecting standard. We watch representative value—inform ourselves eagerly on the subjects of capital and currency; but of young humanity, every mind of which may be instinct with the power of good to existing and succeeding millions, little or no account is taken. The best wealth of a country is its youth; the true mint, a general system of education, by which every individual may receive the impress of superior character, and carry into society a moral currency of superior value.

How wonderful then it is that education has hitherto been promoted only in the most desultory manner. Accidental, not determinate, instruction is the lot of most. Moral education is almost universally the growth of example, little guarded, and quite indifferent to the important point of presenting a fit model for imitation; while mental education still remains a business of theory rather than practice, and, as if we proffered going forward by the labour of the oar, rather than the impulse of the wind, we substitute hope, fear, and emulation, as stimulants or rather *goads*, thus superseding the natural effects of the allurements of knowledge, the sympathy of studious association, and the grand principle of the universal happiness and exaltation of humanity. We corrupt the spring, and wonder its streams are infected; we injure the sapling, and complain that the tree does not flourish. Bribery and coercion have hitherto been the grand instruments of all governments; by means of these, armies have been formed, and discipline has trained men to slavery and slaughter. —Sectarians have congregated their thousands that have been devoted to prayer here, and have believed in eternal torments hereafter. It is thus made evident what determinate purpose and unity of action, even in violation, of nature can effect. Is there then a doubt as to what wisdom and perseverance, acting in accordance with nature, may produce?

The children of the present age will be the legislators, political and domestic, of the next. On the characters given to the now tenants of cradles, will depend the public and private happiness of succeeding years—nor will these children fail to re-act on the existing adults, who ere they pass from this scene must taste of happiness or misery through the rising generation.

How important a consideration then is education! how paramount of all others! of what universal interest! In all matters of great moment, it has hitherto been customary to leave women out of the question, as if they were as rarely to be met in the works of God, as of Jeremy Bentham. I mean to depart from this venerable rule, denotive, like many others, of the wisdom of our forefathers, and call to the great question of education, WOMEN, as those that ought to have the first voice in it.

In the bloodless crusade now going forward against arbitrary power and prejudiced ignorance, woman, without any violation of her feminine character, which I always wish her to preserve, may take the field. Destructiveness, that once raised man to a hero, now debases him to a demon. The wreath of glory is at present properly adjudged to those that best promote and increase human felicity, and to the honours of that wreath who shall prefer prouder or fairer claims than woman? But does she know what her supineness has done for her? The reformers and philanthropists, and they now form large bodies, think there is no hope for humanity but in a system of national education, in obedience to which the infant, when a few months old, is to be taken entirely from the mother! where her character is such as to make this a matter of necessity—I hear the proposal with the burning cheek of shame—where her character is such as *not* to render it necessary, I listen to the proposal as sacrilege!

I heard, the other day, one of our most enlightened men—one of the few advocates of Christian *morality*, observe—that if all mothers did their duty, the whole aspect of society would be changed; but that mothers treated their children either with neglect, or perverted them by indulgence; that some did both, consigning them during the day to domestics, and having the little creatures introduced, with the sweets, after dinner, to be flattered, and the means of flattery to their parents. Mothers of England is this true, or is it not? If it be true, will you not reform such a crime? if it be not true, will you not repel such a charge? Let the words NATIONAL EDUCATION, as applied to *infants*, be the tocsin—let it ring an alarum that will wake even luxurious indolence, and drown the jingling bells of mountebank fashion!

The benevolent aim of my friend, and the advocates of national education, is an improved national character. But let me ask, if this may not be accomplished without a cruel violation of the tenderest of nature's ties? without breaking up the great palladium of human happiness and virtue—HOME—tearing from it the bright forms of infancy, and leaving its echoes mute of their young voices!

The rage for equalizing has reached even unto the household hearth. Proscription against exclusiveness would attempt to fractionize the most indivisible affections. Mr. Owen's principle of common property is, as he holds it, an impossibility—it is incapable of general application, and as a general principle is a false one. Finite beings must have definite aims; people, to be practical, must have a peculiar sphere of action, and particular associates. The principle of love is, in the Creator and creature, the same in essence, but very different in its power and power of application. God may love all because he can serve all, his means are infinite and universal: our love must be in a great degree exclusive, because our means are confined. If we beat out the grain into leaf-gold, what better purpose shall it serve than to gild a theory?

Heaven preserve me, and I say this with no allusion to Mr. Owen, who is one of the most estimable of men, but Heaven, I say, preserve me from those universal views for the benefit of *all*, that interfere with the individual views that may benefit even *one:* keep me from

the vast aims that extend to *future* generations, and lead to oversight of the *present* wants of *existing* worth. A fine theory is like a fine temple, admired and worthy to be admired; but it must be supported on the pillars of practicability, and be applied to the purposes of actual usefulness. Give me the working moralist, that is exemplary in the domestic and social relations of life, who can in these love intensely and forbear generously, and I have some warrant that he can apply these principles universally; but the mere speculative moralist, though he preaches the most beautiful of theories, is only like a babbling stream that leaves its own banks and channels dry, for the glory of contributing its petty waters to the vast ocean.

Mr. Owen is himself an example of the futility of his diffusive principle. Had he realized in the persons of one hundred children his educational and co-operative theory, would he not, by giving tangible evidence of its worth, have served his system, and it be a good one, the world, infinitely more than by aiming, as he has done, at the regeneration of the whole social system at once. Like the boy with the filberts, he has grasped at too much, the consequence is, his system sticks by the way, like the boy's hand in the neck of the jar, which is vainly full of nuts, and unless he will condescend to take only a few, and crack them one by one, will he never come at the kernels.

The homes of England are the altars of English virtue; may their fires never be extinquished! May they ever be guarded by a ministering priestess and priest, in the sacred characters of wife and husband—mother and father. I would have the chain of sympathy connect these homes one with another; I would have domestic love radiate into universal love; so that whenever a human being, no matter from what clime or quarter of the globe, appeared, he should find a warm welcome at the household hearth. But away with the parallelogram marts of confusion, in which parents are not to recognize their children, or children their parents. Let national education throw open well-regulated colleges to the youth of both sexes, to which their parents, when such is their pleasure, may have access to hear lectures, &c. &c. But let infancy and childhood be left to those to whom God has given them. I can imagine the Creator looking down on no creature as he does on the intelligent benignant mother; if He has on earth a *true* delegate, it is *herself*. If it were practicable, which it is not, to make mothers resign this delegation, let them resist such an attempt; but let them fit themselves to fulfil the office they will refuse to surrender. I think with Pestalozzi that every mother, having the *will*, can educate her *young* children better than others can for her.

But however much in early education may depend on the mother, not little is the influence of a father in forming the character of his children. Therefore those who, when censure is to be distributed, assign so liberal an allotment to mothers, need to be reminded that there is a paternal as well as maternal agency in every household; and if female management sometimes need amendment, so often does male conduct require reform. Mr. Owen's principle of co-operation cannot be better brought into action than in the marriage conpact,

there ought to be nothing competitive between those so allied. The circumstances of home are to be taken into the account of education, which must be the joint work of both parents, though pre-eminently the mother's; the father must assist or he will counteract, there can be nothing negative from one so proximate. Hence an additional motive is presented to preserve the institution of domestic education; it is not only essential to filial love, an indemnity, parents, particularly mothers, dearly purchase, but it is a perpetual inducement to improvement in the parents themselves. Thus beautifully do the domestic relations act and re-act on each other, and a virtuous home becomes the *depot* of principles and feelings consistent with and conservative of the most important and universal interests.

A SPECIMEN OF THE BLACK ART!

THE lieutenant was welcomed home with great joy by his relations and friends. He had been some years in the West Indies, and the neighbours of Castleward were delighted to listen to his long stories of Trinidad, of battles with sharks and alligators, and in return he sipped their claret, shot over their estates, and amused himself as comfortably as a gentleman on a long leave of absence could desire. The lieutenant's sister had been married to a Mr. Washington, who form his name was supposed to be a blood relation to the celebrated General Washington; and as this distinguished individual had no children, all the old women and wiseacres of Ballyraggett, Ballyspallen, and Ballynakill, made up their minds that his excellency, when dying, would leave a good legacy in America to his blood relation, Mr. George Washington, of Dureen, in Ireland. The house of his brother-in-law was a comfortable home for Lieutenant Palmer, so he had taken up his residence there for many months, bag and baggage.

Nothing could exceed the delight of Mr. Washington when it was announced to him that his beloved wife was taken ill and was in excessive torture. The entire household, including some relations and friends, were just seated at a comfortable and plentiful dinner. The first slices off the round or turkey were cut and tasted, when Mrs. Gregory, the lady's doctor, entered the apartment to announce the happy arrival of as fine a boy as could be, and that Mrs. Washington was as well, or indeed even better than could be expected under the circumstances. A general cheer from the whole company followed, and bumpers of hot punch were drunk with enthusiasm to the health of the young General Washington. Mrs. Gregory turned fidgetty; and at length beckoned old Mrs. Palmer to the window with a mysterious air and whispered something in her ear, on hearing which the old lady fell flat on the floor as if dead. The old dames hobbled off to her assistance, and Mrs. Gregory affected to feel strongly herself,

ejaculating loud enough to be heard, and with that emphasis which people use when they wish to persuade us they are praying in downright earnest,

"God's will be done!"

"What about?" said the lieutenant, bristling up; "I suppose my mother has taken a drop too much; its not the first time; dont be alarmed, my friends, she'll soon come round again, never fear."

"God's will be done!" again exclaimed Mrs. Gregory. "What's the matter," grumbled the men; "what can it be," squalled the women.

"There cannot be a finer or stronger little boy in the varsal world," said Mrs. G., "but Lord bless us!" continued she, "its not so—so *white* as it should be!"

"Not white!" exclaimed every one of the company in a breath.

"God's will be done!" again ejaculated the resigned Mistress Gregory; "but as sure as you live the child is as black as his father; and sure that's none other but Beelzebub himself." A deep groan escaped from the breast of Mr. Washington.

"Blood and ouns!" said the lieutenant.

Sufficient could now be gathered to demonstrate that young Master had not one single white spot on his whole body, and that some frizzled hair was already beginning to show itself on its little pate; but that no nurse could be found to give him a drop of nourishment, even if he were famishing, all the women verily believing, that as Mrs. Washington was herself an unexceptionable woman, it must be a son of the devil by a dream, and nothing else than an imp; never was there such a buzz and hubbub in any neighbourhood as now took place here. Mrs. W. and the lieutenant were by no means at ease on the subject of this freak of nature. Palmer was of course in high blood for the honour of his sister, and Mr. Washington cock-a-whoop for the character of his wife. The father and uncle at last decided calmly and deliberately to lay the whole before a consultation of doctors, to know if it was not a regular imagination mark. All the doctors in the neighbourhood were called in to the consultation. Old Butler, the farrier, came with all haste to Dureen, and begged leave to give his opinion and offer his services, wishing to see Master Washington before the doctors arrived, as he had a scent for turning any skin however brown, as white as milk. On seeing the young gentleman, however, he declared that he was too black *intirely* for his medicine. Dr. Bathron, who had the lead, declared with great gravity, that from what he had read, he could take upon himself to assert, that the child was decidedly a *casus omissus;* the others, not exactly comprehending the nature of a *casus omissus*, thought it best to accede, all subscribed to the opinion that the child was a *casus omissus*.

Dr. Bathron, however, was determined on this case to found his fame. By diligently searching old book-stalls in Dublin, whither he went for the purpose, he found an ancient treatise, translated from the works of the High German Doctor, Cratorious, (who flourished in the fourteenth century,) on skinning certain parts of the body to change the colour, and effectually to disguise criminals who had escaped from prison. He, therefore, decided, that if this could be

done partially, why not on the entire body by a little and little, and not skinning one part till another should be healed. He, therefore, stated to the good family at Dureen, that he would take upon himself to whiten the child, as he was perfectly satisfied the black was merely the outside or scarf skin, and that the under skin was the same as any other. The mode of operating was now the subject of difficulty, and it was agreed to call in Mr. Knaggs, the surgeon of Mountmelick. The state of surgery in Ireland suggested but two ways of performing this notable operation; one purely surgical, the other surgomedical, viz., either by flaying with the knife, or by blistering. Most people inclined to the blister; but the doctors conceiving that a blister might not rise regularly, and would in that case leave the child piebald, determined as a first experiment to try both. Accordingly, a strong blister two inches by three, was placed on the child's right arm, and being properly covered, remained there for above an hour without inflicting any torture; the left arm was reserved for the scalpel and forceps, and the operator entertained no doubt whatever of complete success. The mode he pursued was very scientific. He made two parallel slashes as deep as he could, in reason, down the upper part of the arm, and a cross one to introduce the forceps and strip the loose black skin off, where he could snip it away at the bottom and leave the white to show the proper colour for a god-child of General Washington. All eyes were now rivetted to the spot.

"Hush! Hush! my dear," said the doctor to Master George, who roared like a town bull; "You dont know what is good for you, my little innocent," while he applied the forceps to strip off the skin like a surtout. The skin, however, was tight, nor was there any appearance of white beneath, though a sufficiency of the vital fluid manifested itself. The doctor was greatly surprised.

"O I see," said he, "it is somewhat deeper than we conceived." Another gash was effected on each side, but the second had no better effect than the first. Doctor Bathron seemed desperate; but conceiving in so young a child, a cut or two more or less could make no difference, though his hand trembled for his fame, he gave the scalpel its full force. The experiment was now complete; he opened the wound, and starting back apparently struck with horror, threw down his knife, and swore the child was in fact an imp of the devil, for he could see black to the bone, and the bone black also! He appeared distracted; however, the child's arm was bound up, a good poultice put over it, the blister hastily removed from the other arm, and the young gentleman (fortunately for Mr. Bathron,) recovered from the scarification, and lived with an old dry nurse for four or five years. He was there killed by a cow of his father's horning him, and died with the full reputation of being a devil incarnate.

Lieutenant Palmer shortly after returned to the West Indies, taking with him his favourite and faithful black servant, who had accompanied him from Trinidad. The poor fellow was a great favourite with his master, and indeed with most of the family.

A WORD OR TWO TOUCHING EVERY MAN'S MASTER.

No man is independent of his stomach: on its healthful action depend health and life; its regulation by diet must therefore be a matter of paramount interest. The subject of dietetics has engaged a fair share of medical attention, since the days of Hippocrates down to our own times, but seems still involved in considerable obscurity. The writings of Hippocrates, Aretæus, Celsus, Cœlius, Aurelianus, Alexander of Tralles, &c. show the importance, that the first recorders of medicine attached to them, perhaps the poverty of their Materia Medica, carried them too far; be that as it may, the instability of medicine as a science, and its ever varying doctrines, must impede its advances to the nature of an exact science. The doctrines of some modern writers, that man is omnivorous, would appear altogether to supersede the necessity of dietetical rules. It is true, all articles, animal as well as vegetable, have at times been converted into nutritious chyme for the support of man, particularly in the savage state; where Nature, ever on her guard for the preservation of the species, kindly consents to the performance of offices which, in a more civilized state, she would refuse. But dietetical rules have reference to civilized life, where not only the necessaries but many of the luxuries of life abound. If we look at the ponderous volumes which have been written on this subject, and consider the talents which have from time to time been brought to bear it out, we must admit a seeming if not a real concern for the public health. But a close examination of these volumes will show that they have few claims to what their title pages profess, "Rules for the Preservation of Health, Popular Medicine, Medical Dieteticks." The information which they contain is so overlaid with professional verbiage, and discussions on subjects unfitted for the general reader, that it is almost impossible to unravel it; and when disentangled of this useless lore, but ill repays the labour of investigation. To enter on the anatomy and physiology of the organs concerned in the digestion of food, from its first introduction into the stomach, to the formation of blood, appears to us, in works of this kind, an unnecessary demand upon the reader's patience. Convinced by the strongest argument—self-experience, that the food which he takes into his stomach, is, by a process unknown to him, converted into a fluid called blood, and which he believes supports and stimulates the several organs of his body, his great object is, not to learn the process of digestion, or the anatomical position of parts, but the best means of maintaining the permanent healthy action of his vital organs; these books profess to teach that, but with what success the world is already convinced. Medical dietetics, we should suppose, may be fairly treated in a small pamphlet, but modern authors swell their pages into thick octavos, confirming the popular adage ΜΕΓΑ Βιβλιον. Nothing so much tends to increase the scepticism of the public with regard to the powers of physic, either medicinal or dietetic, as the contradictory opinions advanced by its members—some advocating a return to the plain simple regimen of our

ancestors, and supporting their arguments by the longevity of that day, whilst others alledge a mixed diet not only necessary but indispensable, to the changes which civilization has effected in our animal nature: probably the mistake with both arises from the great attention that is paid to quality, to the neglect of quantity.

We shall not stop to consider whether man be carnivorous, graminivorous, or omnivorous, for a return to the simple regimen of primeval life is now not only impracticable but impolitic. The cultivation of society has not only altered the moral and physical nature of man, but has extended its influence to the vegetable kingdom. There is scarcely a vegetable now used as an article of diet found in a state of nature: wheat, Buffon states, is not a natural product, but the result of improved cultivation; so it is with all our culinary vegetables. The advocates of the vegetable doctrines, whose arguments are founded on their effects when in a state of nature, should first reduce vegetables to their original nature, and then, by abstaining as well from all animal diet, as well as vegetables, the result of cultivation, bring back the original nature of man: this is so absurd, and so utterly impossible, that we shall not pursue the subject further.

We now come to the men of the *mixed regime*. The doctrine of a mixed diet seems more consonant to the present condition of man, yet the limitation which the chemico-physicians assign them appears rather confined. Whether chemistry can ever be made available to the process of digestion is a question of great import. Man, formerly, when chemistry was little known, lived as long, nay, longer than they do now, with all its improvements; and the fanciful speculations of these men shall, like many other theories, pass to the tomb of the Capulets.

It is curious to look back on the various opinions which, from the earliest ages, have been held on the subject of digestion. The old philosophers supposed that the food became putrified in the stomach. Hippocrates advocated the theory of coction. Galen explained digestion by the retentive, attractive, and concoctive faculties of the stomach: this doctrine was overturned by the fermenting chemists, who said that the food was macerated and dissolved by a certain fermentation in the stomach. The theory of trituration soon succeeded this. Boerhave's theory rested on a combination of those which existed before his time. Haller considered digestion as a maceration. Spallanzani and Reamur maintained that the gastric juice was the chief agent in digestion, and the "stomach," as Hunter says, "was by some considered as a mill, by others as a fermenting vat; others again, that it is a stew-pan; but in my opinion it is neither a mill or fermenting vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach."* The various experiments which have been made regarding the effect of animal and vegetable diet, have given an air of plausibility to the speculations of some men, but the accuracy of their conclusions cannot be admitted solely on the ground of analogy; facts, not theories, are what must command our assent. The chemical physician,

* Manuscript note from Hunter's Lectures.

seated in his laboratory, surrounded with his retorts and alembicks, may very correctly ascertain the proximate and ultimate principles of animal and vegetable matter; but when he comes to apply the knowledge thus acquired to the business of life, how vain are all his speculations, and how limited his knowledge of digestion, or what is or is not really digestible or nutritious. The inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands, who live on fish, the supply of which is always precarious; the Esquimaux, who feast on blubber, and the Kamtscathdales, who feed on fish oil, mixed up with the powdered bark of trees, to render it more digestible, are all strong and robust, though living upon what the dietetists pronounce indigestible and innutritious. Whilst the Creek Indian, when entering upon a journey where the supply of provisions is doubtful, fills his stomach with an indigestible clay,† which, by the stimulus of distension alone, enables him to bear the fatigues of his journey. Every work upon dietetics, from Fordyce down to the latest and most popular one—Dr. Paris, has run through the animal and vegetable kingdom with the strictest chemical inquiry, but all to little purpose. The chemical examination of diet, abstractedly considered, is of little importance; the relative condition of the digestive organs must always be considered in fixing a scale of dietetics.

Much of our knowledge in medicine and dietetics, like that in every other art, proceeds on assumption that nature is always steady, and that what was productive of certain effects in our constitution, will be equally so in another; but this applies less to the human body than any other subject in nature to which art can be applied. The laws of inorganic matter admit of the most correct inferences, whilst the action and reaction of the various faculties of life increase the difficulty and uncertainty of experiment and observation. Constitutions are endowed with an endless variety of faculties, which must ever render the result of medicine and dietetics, in their general application, uncertain. Unless diversity of constitution be duly attended to in the consideration of medical inquiries, we must often expose ourselves to error, like those who made the contradictory report of the chamelion. There is an observation made by Dr. Henderson, on agricultural tracts, which is applicable to many of the works on medical dietetics. "The inutility of publications on agriculture has chiefly been owing to the authors not specifying clearly the nature of the soil to which the practice recommended applies." The difficulties of ascertaining the extent to which the operations of nature are limited in the restoration of health is another fruitful source of error: such is the impossibility of establishing where nature ends, and art begins.

It is wonderful to think how readily we yield up our judgment and reflection on matters which so intimately concern us, and upon which experience and observation can alone furnish any grounds for knowledge, to men, who, big with their own speculations, and full of fine-drawn theories, exclude from their list of dietetics all articles of diet which do not agree with their chemical tests; thus rendering a pre-

† Humboldt's Travels.

vious knowledge of chemistry necessary to the process of nutrition which is too absurd to need refutation.

All books written expressly for the public, and professing to convey useful information, should, as much as possible, be free from professional technicality; for no explanation, however simple, can carry conviction to minds not previously prepared for the comprehension of such subjects, by an elementary education. Convinced of this, which does not require much reflection, the reader takes up—with that good faith which is indispensable between patient and physician, and without which the most effectual remedies often fail—a work on dietetics, the result perhaps of years of close study and observation, calculating that, if it were possible to arrive at a correct conclusion, the man who has devoted the energies of his mind and body for years to it, is the most likely person to effect it. In this he is right, but when he comes to the application of this reasoning, and reads the long preliminary dissertations which the man of medicine, with all the gravity, and not a little of the cant of the profession, assures his gentle reader is necessary to comprehend dietetical regimen in all its bearings, his faith begins to fail him, and the book is thrown down in disgust. Too often the physician endures the imputation of an advertising quack; not content with giving the result of his experiments and observations, he thinks it also necessary to state the several processes of his investigation with the anatomical and physiological history of the parts concerned. Perhaps the variety of professional erudition is not a little prominent, and the "scire tuum nihil est, nisi se scire hoc sciat alter," is here applicable. To professional men, it may be satisfactory to explain the processes of physiological experiments, but to the unmedical man it possesses no interest; he reads the book with the same implicit confidence that he takes his physician's prescription, content to wait its operation without inquiring the *modus operandi*. After wading through a mass of unintelligible matter, to his great astonishment, like the man in Moliere, who, without knowing it, was speaking prose for forty years of his life, he finds, that notwithstanding the vigour of his body and firmness of his muscle, he has been living for thirty or forty years of his life upon what the dietetical physicians have condemned as innutritious and unwholesome. Now, men who profess new doctrines, and expect a fair share of public confidence, should be men, not only of great public veracity, but men capable, in every respect, of investigating the operations of nature with the eye of a philosopher, and the zeal of a philanthropist; and if we consider how few of the book-making men of the present day can be ranked in this class, we should receive, with considerable latitude, their bold and sweeping anathemas.

Every article of diet, solid or fluid, derived from the animal, vegetable, or inorganic world, has been tortured in the crucible of the chemist, who, like the philosopher eliciting sunbeams from cowslips, establishes their claim to precedence on his list of nutritious articles, in proportion as they correspond to his chemical notions. It does not require much argument to show that dietetics, based on such principles, must ever be a fruitful source of disappointment to the physician, and disease to the patient. To establish dietetics on prin-

ciples which may command general assent, man, or animals of a lower order, should be restricted to a fixed diet for a certain time, noting the several changes or effects which may from time to time occur, and supposing all the organs in a state of health, and digestion undisturbed, the effect in this case may be taken as a standard of its effects in similar cases; but the difficulty of carrying such a plan into effect, not only in private but in public establishments, where all things are under medical authority, must for ever prevent our arriving at a satisfactory conclusion on this point. From the homogenious nature of the blood, resulting from the digestion, either of animal, vegetable, or mixed diet, it may appear a matter of small moment to which we give the preference; and probably where the exhaustion of physical power is not great, it does not matter much, but experience proves that a diet composed of animal and vegetable matter supports the physical energies better than one purely vegetable. To the philosopher busied in the investigation of causes, this may afford matter of speculation—to the unmedical man, none. The digestive organs of man being composed of similar textures, tissues, and fibres, the result of their operation, where nature is not disturbed in her functions by disease or habit, may be taken as the standard of healthy organic action, always making due allowance for the differences of physical conformation. The necessity of dietetics implies a state of disease for which other remedies than mere diet are required, and without which it can rarely be removed. Their great utility consist in this, that they support the organic action of parts, whilst under the influence of more powerful medicinal agents. To those who have paid every attention to the subject of dietetics, experience is sufficient to prove the utter impossibility of establishing, on abstract principles, the nutritive qualities of any matter, either vegetable or animal; and if we consider the mystery in which digestion is still involved, notwithstanding the great advances that have been made in the study of animal and vegetable chemistry, we shall be disposed to pay more attention to nature, and less to books.

Were we to estimate the digestive powers of the healthy stomach, by its power in some birds which are able to digest iron, we should suppose that there was no animal or vegetable substance which it could not digest. But the human stomach is rarely found in such a state of health; the simplicity of nature is so much altered, and the tendency to acquired and congenital disease so much increased, that the plainest diet can rarely be digested without the aid of condiments of some kind. These condiments are all stimulants, and if disease exist, as it generally does, they ultimately aggravate the disease, though productive of temporary relief. There is one disease for which dietetics have been generally prescribed, a disease to be met with in every walk, whether we turn to the cottage of the peasant or the palace of the peer—dyspepsia, but arising from different causes. The gay votary of fashion, whose life is but one scene of uninterrupted dissipation, finding the animal passions of the man, and the physical energies of his frame sinking *pari passu*, with his indulgence, endeavours to recruit his strength by increasing appeals to the digestive powers of his stomach, and the most nutritious articles

are condensed into the smallest possible space; but to what effect? we need but look at their adust and haggard countenances for an answer. The stomach thus overloaded, leaves much of its contents undigested, which cannot fail to act as a foreign body, unless we consider man capable, like the graminivorous animals, of directing the digestive powers of his stomach on his undigested cud. A diet of animal matter thus condensed, contains too great a quantity of stimulus in too small a compass, and, as a permanent stimulant, must wear out the springs of life much sooner than a diet containing less nourishment in a larger bulk. Much of what we take into the stomach affords no nourishment, and is only useful by the stimulus of distension which its bulk produces. The stasis of undigested food in the stomach becomes sensible by a sense of weight at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, and eructations, &c. &c.; the energies of the stomach are now solicited by the *gentle means of tonic remedies*, which generally consist of a pure alcohol, and a vegetable bitter; these tonics, from a constant repetition, are in themselves a fruitful source of disease. To dwell further on this class, is as unnecessary as it is useless to attempt a cure without a return to a regular life and plain living. In the statesman, the merchant, the mechanic, the artizan, we find it, in every stage and form, its proximate cause the same, though its remote cause very different. The ambition of the statesman, the anxiety, nay, the avarice, of the merchant, the disappointment of the mechanic, and the poverty of the artizan, so engross the attention of the waking and sleeping man, as to leave no moment of relaxation for the digestive powers to make up for the wear and tear incident to the different callings and pursuits. In the statesman and merchant, the brain perpetually on the rack, has all the energies of life directed on it to support the mind, to the total suspension of digestion, whilst with the mechanic and artizan, the physical exhaustion of their several callings suspends digestion, and converts the best diet into a poison,—thus arriving at the same goal, though by different routes. To the late Mr. Abernethy, the profession and the public are much indebted, for the bold, clear, and energetic manner in which he pointed out the stomach, as the *point de depart* of the majority of those ills to which flesh is heir.

It may now be asked, what system we propose to substitute for those which have come under our displeasure? We candidly confess we have none—if the word System mean, as it generally does in books on dietetics, a vast deal of professional learning. Years of experience and close observation have proved to us the futility of every attempt to establish dietetical rules which shall apply to all cases. The appetites, the desires, and the passions of men, are as different as their physiognomies, and each is endowed with different aptitudes, either for mental or physical exertions. Customs and habits which have been growing for years, cannot with impunity be changed in a moment. "Sua cuique constat tempories, et mutatio periculosa est."* A sudden transition from a diet to which, from infancy, we have been accustomed, to one of a different kind, will

* Abinus de ortu et progressu medicinæ.

paralyse the power of the most healthy stomach, as effectually, if we indulge to the same extent, as the change from joy to grief; and few of us are so supremely happy as not to have experienced this in our own persons. So capricious is nature, that we have seen the young, the old, the weakly, and the robust, feast one day upon that which the next they would loathe; and cheese, the horror of dietetists, we have seen relished at a time when the lightest animal or vegetable matter could not be endured. We have before us the case of an old man, seventy years of age, who, for the last three or four years of his life, could take no other supper than cheese, and of which he never eat less than a quarter of a pound, and heard him repeatedly declare that it was the only meal which he found light and easy of digestion. He always slept well, and woke with an appetite. This is a fact deserving consideration.

To propose dietetical regimen for people already in the enjoyment of high health, would be absurd; it would be to render art superior to nature. In those occasional abberrations from a regular mode of life, to which all men are more or less at times exposed, art may, and doubtless does, effect important changes. But to suppose her operations paramount, would be a doctrine too absurd even for Paracelsus to maintain.

If people would but reflect a little on the laws which regulate the organic world—that every body has its period of growth, maturity, and decay; and in proportion as we approach the last stage, the energies of life diminish beyond the power of human ingenuity to renovate—they would act with more prudence by regulating their diet, not on dietetic principles, which have reference to positive disease, but on principles which have reference to one or other of those climacterick periods. The climax of maturity being passed, nature, as if conscious of having performed her work, now waits as a passive, but not an indifferent spectator, the ruin of that noble edifice which she has constructed; and as if unwilling that it should crumble into premature decay, by fits and starts resumes her restorative power, as is often manifest in the temporary convalescences; until at length exhausted, or indifferent to further efforts, she waits, like the Roman senators in the capitol, the approach of that awful moment which opens to her the mysteries of another world.

Nothing shews the vanity, or rather the folly of man so clearly as his wish to ascribe to other than the real causes, those deep and lasting impressions which the heavy hand of time impresses on us; deluding ourselves into the belief that every change of health arises from some aberration in diet, forgetting the influence of increasing years, and subscribe to the doctrines of the modern dietetists, who, promising to their followers eternal life, exhibit, like Paracelsus, in their own persons the sad exception to their visionary schemes. To people in health, dietetics are unnecessary; the mode of living which established health is the most likely to maintain it. To all with whom positive disease does not exist, or where the taste and appetite are uot vitiated, we would say consult your feelings. The ease with which a favourite meal is digested is familiar to all. Where disease does not exist, but were there is some deviation from ordinary health,

a cure is effected by reducing the quantity of food, and regulating the bowels. But it may be asked are there no other remedies besides this negative class? We might enumerate a long list, but shall content ourselves by saying with Le Sage, "Je sais qu'il y a des bons remedis, mais je ne sais si'l y a des bons medecins."

THE FREE CHASSEURS OF POLAND.

At the first signal given by the brave spirit of Poland for their gallant struggle, Julius Malachowski's proud heart beat high with joy, and instantly responded to the cry. Living at the time in the town of Konskia, the residence of this truly illustrious family, he immediately organised the national guard. Then recurring to his favourite tastes, he conceived the idea of forming two battalions, which he named the corps of *Free Chasseurs*. They were composed of the best shots in the country, and were organised and equipped at his own expense. These two battalions soon became the terror of the Muscovites. Woe to the corps who passed within the range of these riflemen, whose aim was as prompt as deadly. At each nightly bivouac, more than one Russian officer was unable to answer to the roll call, for these men were never known to miss those whom they had singled out. This adventurous kind of war was what Malachowski preferred; his romantic heart panted for nocturnal surprisals, sudden attacks, combats in which valour supplied the place of numbers. As proud as intrepid, he could ill brook the regular warfare in which discipline neutralizes individual daring. He loved and courted danger as an enthusiast. Thus, the few exploits that distinguished his short career, are strongly marked by his extraordinary character.

The first took place at Pulawy. It was at the moment that the Russian General Kreutz had just crossed the Vistula, and made an eruption into the Palatinates on the left bank, in the environs of Kozienic. In order to arrest the progress of the enemy, General Dwermicki, who was marching from Worki upon Pulawy, ordered Colonel Lagowski, of the second cavalry, to prepare an expedition against Pulawy, where there was a regiment of Russian dragoons. Well informed as to the enemies position, Lagowski selected one hundred horsemen, under the command of Major Weilhorki, and one hundred of the free chasseurs, led by Julius Malachowski, and on the 26th of February, at ten in the morning, he divided this force from the village of Lagora upon Pulawy. By eleven o'clock they were already on the banks of the Vistula, opposite to Wlossoloice, near the residence of the "*Garde forestier.*" In order to surprise the enemy here, the Polish detachments separated from Malachowski, who was ordered to advance, under cover of the brushwood, as far as the Dutch farm of Pulawy, and to delay his attack upon the château until the Polish horsemen should have opened their fire. The principal effort was directed against the stables, in which the enemies' dragoons were collected in great force. Scarcely had the fusilade commenced,

when Malachowski and his chasseurs were before them. Blockaded in their stables, the Russian dragoons sustained the assault, and kept up a galling fire upon the assailants from the roof and windows. Resolving to terminate the affair by a dash, Malachowski rushed upon the principal gate, that was strongly barricaded, forces it, and bursts into the stables. The sight of one of his bravest officers cut down at his side does not stop him; he charged the Russians home, who struck with such daring intrepidity, threw down their arms, and surrendered at discretion. One hundred and twenty-two horses fell into the hands of the Poles, who made two hundred and sixty prisoners, among whom were the Russian captain, Sakinin, and four of his officers. The enemy lost nine and thirty killed, the Poles only five. This brilliant expedition gained Malachowski the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the cross of the Polish order of *Merit*. But the young hero was not long fated to enjoy his well merited honours. After the battle of Grochow, Field Marshal Diebitch having made a movement to cross the Vistula, Sicrawski's corps was detached to dispute the passage, or at least to annoy him in the construction of the bridges and boats necessary for the operation. During the whole of this month, in which the belligerent forces confined themselves to a *guerre de partisan* and countermarches, Julius Malachowski gave not the enemy a moment's rest. At night, when others gave themselves up to repose, throwing himself into a boat with some of his followers, he continually annoyed the Russian bivouacs, surprised the detached corps, and spread terror throughout their cantonments. Then succeeded the victory of Dobré, where the star of Skrznecki, so brilliant at its rising, in one day changed the face of affairs. The Poles, in their turn, became the assailants, and pursued the Russian army under the very walls of Liedlee. Diebitch was in his turn reduced to act upon the defensive, and renounced the passage of the Vistula. Sierawski's corps found itself in consequence enabled to advance. The general had orders to pass the Vistula and to second the operations of Devernicki, who was advancing upon Volhynia. Sierawski obeyed, but on his arrival in the vicinity of the enemy, he found himself opposite to a force of four times more numerous than his own. Unawed by this immense disproportion, he nevertheless attacked, but in spite of the valour and the ardour of his young troops, he was soon obliged to sound a retreat. Driven from a forest that had for some time sheltered him, the Poles were on the point of being surrounded and made prisoners, when Major Wielkaski with some subdivisions of cavalry, and Julius Malachowski with his chasseurs, arrived to their assistance. A panic had seized the troops of Sierawski, and Malachowski with his military *coup d'œil*, convinced that victory was out of the question, sought at least to lessen the disasters of a defeat, and devoted himself to destruction to save the army.

Alone with his free chasseurs, covering the retreat of his brothers in arms, they showed an imposing front to the enemy, and kept him off by a well sustained and murderous fire. Sustaining thus for several hours the retrograde movements, he enabled Sierawski's corps to reach Kasimierz. Although this position was totally unprovided with facilities for retreat, Malachowski proposed, nevertheless, to de-

fend it, so much did his daring mind delight in exploits that appeared impossible. However, the enemy having on the following day again shown himself, the young hero once more resumed his desperate service of covering the retreat. Occupying the defiles with his chasseurs and scythe bearers, he maintained his ground from nine in the morning until five in the evening, and strewed the field of battle with the Russian slain. This heroic resistance gave Sierawski time to effect the passage of the Vistula in safety, and to carry off his artillery and baggage. Throughout this memorable day, Malachowski was constantly seen in the front ranks, firing himself with his double barrelled rifle, and never missing a shot; but when the cartridges of his brave riflemen were exhausted, and the Russians, always gaining ground, were within a few paces of him, then blazed up the soul of the hero. With a convulsive emotion, he seized the scythe of a soldier just fallen by his side, and rushing upon the barbarous foe, "Comrades," he exclaimed, "follow me; it was with this arm that Koscuiszko fought and conquered!" Faithful to the voice of their commander, they, to a man, rushed forward, and closing, fought hand to hand with the enemy. The Russians astonished at such daring intrepedity, began to give ground. Malachowski erect in the thickest of their ranks wielding his murderous scythe, now red with gore, looked like the angel of death mowing down all around him! Success had already manifested itself, for this deperate onslaught of the *Free Chasseurs,* when two balls struck their noble leader at the same moment; one in the mouth and the other in the breast. He found the end that he had covetted upon the field of battle against the enslavers of his country!

At the age of nine and twenty, thus perished the hero. With one of those countenances beautiful as the creations of Grecian art, dark lustrous eyes, sparkling with the love of glory, with a tall and graceful figure, Malachowski was one of those types of men that do honour to the creation. His character, like his form, was cast in an antique mould; a hero of modern times he would have been equally so, in the most splendid periods of Greece and Rome—Noble Malachowski! when he perished in the defiles of Kasimiers. Poland was yet free. Ere he resigned himself to his glorious rest, he was at least enabled to cherish some sweet, but alas! vain illusions.

Malachowski's death was the subject of a general mourning; the public papers at Warsaw long dwelt upon it. The barbarians themselves, unable to refuse homage to his undaunted nature, rendered funeral honours to the Polish martyr.

IBRAHIM PACHA'S SYRIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE eyes of all Europe have been lately directed with feverish anxiety towards the East. With the early history of the present ruler of Egypt, and with his projects of military reform, our readers are doubtless well acquainted. We shall, therefore, only rapidly glance at the present condition of Syria, as on the causes that led to the astonishing success of a campaign that at one time threatened to reconstruct, upon a new basis, the political geography of the East.

In contemplating the state of degradation and impotency into which have fallen Syria, and that vast Peninsula which extends westward of the Euphrates, after having occupied so proud a place in the page of history, from the earliest traditionary periods down to the time when the Turkish Sultans abandoned Broussa for Adrianople, we naturally inquire what has become of the intellectual inheritance which the ancient inhabitants of these countries left behind them. Where are the successors of the skilful workmen of Damascus, of Mossul, and of Angora; the navigators of Phœnicia, the artists of Ionia, and the wise men of Chaldea. Several distinct characters of civilization have successively flourished in this part of Asia. To the primitive ages, to the reign of the Pelasgi, correspond to subterraneous excavations of Macri, and the Phrygian monuments of Seïdï Gazi; to the Babylonian power, the ruins of Bagdad, and the artificial mountains of Van, to the Helenic period, the baths, the amphitheatres, and the ruins of which strew the coast of the Archipelago; to the Roman empire the military roads which traverse in every direction the whole Peninsula; to the Greeks of the middle ages, the church of Iznik. And now that Mussulman civilization, which at its brightest periods produced the beautiful mosque of the Sultan Bayazid, at Amasia, is at its last gasp; for we can with safety affirm, that not a single grand thought, either social, religious, or political, any longer connects together the four millions of inhabitants which the Porte numbers in this part of her dominions. All unity has disappeared, and the Osmoulis who compose the predominating race, no longer obey but some old habits and recollections. The downfall of the Janizarry system destroyed their last connecting link. Forgetting that their destiny was conquest—that they were only encamped in the land—that they had received a military organization for a permanent state of warfare—that their head-quarters was Constantinople, they have become attached to the soil, and shut themselves up in their harems, have established a feudal system—are divided among themselves by hereditary enmities, and their contempt for foreigners is no longer founded on their courage and power. Near the coasts of the Archipelago the European intercourse has in some degree civilized the manners of the Turks, but as the traveller advances into the interior, civilization sensibly decreases. On approaching the central plateau of Asia Minor, he perceives that cultivation seldom extends beyond the distance of half a league round a village; the inhabitants are

secreted in the mountains, and carefully avoid the vicinity of the great roads; it is a well-known statistical phenomenon, that the most inaccessible districts are the most populous and the richest. This will be easily understood, when it is told, that the passage of troops through a district is a pest more dreaded that the fatal plague itself. The once flourishing and magnificent plains of Eske-Scher have been deserts since the Sultan Amurath traversed them, at the head of 300,000 men, to lay siege to Bagdad. His passage was marked by all the devastating effects of the hurricane. When a body of those horsemen called Delhis, who are attached to the suite of every Pacha, enters a village, the consternation is general, and followed by a system of exaction that to the unfortunate villager is equivalent to ruin. To complain to the Pacha would be to court instant destruction. From this we can conceive the horror of the peasantry of Australia at the passage of large bodies of troops through their country, and consequently the obstacles a European army would encounter which should ever be masters of the Black and Mediterranean Seas. The Turcomans, a Nornase tribe, who sometimes pitch their tents on the shores of the Archipelago, and who pay but a moderate tribute to the Porte, are also another cause of devastation. But the Musseleins, the farmers of the Pacha it is, who are the oppressors *par excellence;* they are always present to despoil the unfortunate fellah, to leave him, to use a common expression in the mouths of this oppressed race, "but eyes wherewith to weep." The welfare of the people, respect for the orders of the Porte, are things to them of the utmost indifference; to govern, is to raise men and taxes; to obey, is to fear. Thus the law of force reigns almost exclusively at forty or fifty leagues from the capital. But on approaching the Euphrates the dissolution of every social tie becomes more striking, we find ourselves amid the independent tribes—the cruel Cendes; among the Tezdis—a people who adore the spirit of Erib. Towards the North we fall in with the Lazzi, and all those fierce natives who are entrenched, like vultures, amid the fastnesses of the Caucasus. Again, in the South, we discover the wandering Arabs, the pirates of the desert, and the mountaineers of Lebanon, who live in a state of perpetual discord. Over this immense line of countries centuries have passed, and left no trace behind; all that the ancients and the crusaders have related to us of them, is typical of their condition at this day. The bows and arrows, the armour, exhibited as objects of curiosity in our museums, are still in use among them. It is only by chance, or by profiting by their intestine divisions, that the authority of the Porte is recognised. The Pachas are mostly hereditary, and live in a state of perpetual insurrection. Thus from the shores of the Archipelago to the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, civilization and vegetation appear to obey the same law of decrease.

It is incontestable, that Syria and the Pachalicks, on the confines of Upper Asia, are of no real importance to the Sultan; and that the pride of this monarch would be the only sufferer by their loss. Desolation has reached such a point in the Ottoman Empire, that it is almost impossible to regenerate her, unless the branches of the tree, lopped of all those parts so eccentric by their position are detached

from it, and organised into independent states. Towards the North, Russia has pushed on her battalions as far as Erzeroum; but it will be found more difficult to govern Armenia from St. Petersburg than from Constantinople. In politics, the calculation of distances is an important element. In the South of Asia, Egypt lays claim to Syria, and that part of Caramania situated between Mount Taurus and the sea—a territory in which she will find those resources she at present stands so much in need of, such as timber for ship-building, &c., a Christian population, among whom the seeds of European civilization will be more easily emplanted. She will thus form an empire that will one day become powerful, if not prematurely exhausted by that system of monopoly so rigorously put in force by her present ruler.

The history of the quarrels of the Pacha of Acre with Mehemet Ali, justifies, in some degree, the pretensions of the latter. Abdallah Pacha had rendered himself famous by his extortions, and in 1822 took it into his head to seize Damascus. The neighbouring Pacha formed a league against him, and laid siege to his capital, when Mehemet Ali negotiated his pardon, for a sum of 60,000 purses, which of course the people paid. Interest soon prevailed over gratitude; the Pacha of Acre felt there was more to be gained from Constantinople than from Cairo—that the authority of the Sultan in the Pachalic would never be more than nominal, and that the Porte, satisfied by some presents, would not be in a condition to prevent his exactions; he therefore sought, on every occasion, to get rid of the influence of Mehemet Ali, and to excite the jealousy of the Porte against him. An opportunity soon offered itself. Some Egyptian fellahs had taken refuge under the guns of Abdallah Pacha; Mehemet Ali demanded these men, but the Governor of Acre refused to give them up, on the plea that they were subjects of the Grand Signior, and referred the matter to the Porte, who, on this occasion, was seized with a fit of humanity, and *bewailed* the oppression of the peasantry of the Valley of the Vale—"*Inde Bellum.*" This was at the close of 1831.

The moment was favourable for the viceroy's great designs. Europe was sufficiently agitated to leave him no apprehensions of an intervention on the part of Russia. The Albanians and the Borneans were in open revolt, and insurrections had broken out also in several pachalics on the side of Upper Asia. The sultan was considered the slave of the Russians, and his conduct excited the contempt and hatred of the whole empire. In the meantime, since the revolution, the exactions of the government had extended to every object of production and industry, while the conscription decimated the most industrious portion of the population; and if to this organized system of spoliation we farther add the ravages of the plague and cholera, we may form some idea of the wretched state of those provinces, and shall be no longer surprised that the Egyptians were every where hailed as deliverers.

Ibraham Pacha, the step-son of Mehemet Ali, was placed at the head of the Egyptian army. Of a short, thick-set figure, he possesses that gigantic strength which Homer so loved in his heroes, and which inspires such respect among barbarous nations. To strike off the

head of a bull with a blow of his scimitar—to execute, like Peter the Great, with his own hand his victims—to fall, dead drunk, amid the broken wrecks of champagne bottles, are three acts of his life. But latterly his manners, from his intercourse with Europeans, have been somewhat polished; and, in deference to them, he has displayed both clemency and dignity—in fact, Ibrahim is excessively anxious to acquire the good opinion of Europe. He possesses all that strong common sense that so distinguishes the Turks, rather than an elevated intelligence of mind. Soliman Bey, a renegade Frenchman, formerly an officer on the staff of Marshall Grouchy, was associated with him; and it is to him that the success of the Egyptian army may be chiefly attributed.

Syria, with her various productions, was the first country which offered itself to the conquest of the Egyptians. Closed entirely on the side of Asia by Mount Amanus, which belongs to the chain of Taurus, and extends from the gulf of Scanderoun to the Euphrates, she is bounded on one side by the Mediterranean, and on the other by the desert. Her length, from Aintab to Gaza, is 150 leagues, and the mean breadth about 30. By a single glance at the map we perceive the most important military points for the defence of Syria, are the fortress of Saint Jean d'Acre—Tyre, which ought to be fortified—Balbeck, as the key to several vallies—Antakea—the passage of the Beilan—Alesandretta, situated upon a tongue of land between the marshes and the sea, and, lastly, Aentab and Zeuyma, which command the two passages on the right side of Mount Amanus. We have entered into these details in order to show how destitute the whole plan of campaign in Syria was of all stratagitical combinations. Malte Brun estimates the population of the district of Sham at two millions, but we are inclined to question the accuracy of this calculation, since no two travellers are agreed as to the numbers of the Druses, some estimating them at 120,000, others at a million. The Turks form two-fifths of the population—they inhabit the large towns with the Greeks; the remainder of the population is composed of Arab fellahs, of Curdes, and of Turcomans, who wander in the valley of the Orontes; of Bedouin Arabs, who pitch their tents on the banks of the Jordan and along the edge of the desert of Ansarich, worshippers of the sun, the descendants of the servants of the Old Man of the Mountain, of Maronetes who profess the catholic ritual, of Druses whose creed is doubtful, all the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon, of Melualis, Musulmen of the sect of Ali, of Naplonsins and other tribes who have preserved a state of independence. We shall not be astonished, that amidst this prodigious diversity of races, that Syria is more easy to conquer than to keep possession of. With the exception of the Ansarich, who inhabit the north of Syria, all of them obeyed, at the moment when the war broke out, the Emir Bechir, a Druses prince of the family of the celebrated Fakr el Din, who revolted against Amurath the Fourth. The Emir Bechir, when Abdallah raised the standard of revolt in 1822, sought the protection of Mehemet Ali, who re-established him in his government.

Let us now follow Ibrahim in his march. At the head of 32,000 regular troops, and 4 or 5000 Bedouin Arabs and Hassouras, he took

the same route as Bonaparte, and rapidly advanced against St. Jean d'Acre. Without firing a shot, he made himself master of Jaffa, Caipha, Jerusalem, Naplonsia. Tabaneh and all the country between Gaza and Acre submitted at his approach. Master of the sea, by which he expected reinforcements both in men and materiel, he made haste to occupy the whole line of coast as far as Ladikich, and set down, on the 27th of November, before St Jean d'Acre, with a corps of 15,000 regular infantry, two regiments of lancers, 1000 Bedouins, two companies of sappers, one of cannoniers, one of bombardiers, and a train of field and siege artillery. The place is situated on a promontory surrounded on three sides by the sea, and defended on the fourth by a fort crowned by a tower, which serves as a citadel. This last front, the bastions of which, from their retiring flanks being too short, is the only one accessible on the land side, but it was enfiladed from a neighbouring height. Bonaparte, at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, was destitute of siege artillery, and was not master of the sea, he had, therefore, many more obstacles to encounter than Ibrahim. During the first ten days the fire of the besiegers was not very vigorous, but on the 9th of December, five frigates having cast anchor before the place, with some gun-boats under sail, a general attack was made, and from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon, the fleet and the batteries on shore kept up a well-directed fire. The besieged on their side were not inactive, the Egyptians experienced a heavy loss, and several of their ships were much cut up. From the 9th to the 18th the bombardment lasted night and day. On the 10th some heavy guns were placed in battery, the operations of the siege were now pushed forward with great ardour, but yet nothing denoted the immediate reduction of the place. The defence of Abdallah Pacha was marked by the most determined energy. He had sworn, it was reported, that he would blow up the town. It was, however, of the utmost importance to push forward the operations with the greatest activity. The first disposition of the population which had been favourable, might undergo a change should not Ibrahim succeed in striking a great blow. The mountaineers of Lebanon and of Naplonsia had sent their chiefs to the Egyptian camp, and were ready to furnish a contingent of their warriors.

The news of the invasion of Syria, by the army of Mehemet Ali, spread terror at Constantinople. The Porte, with her usual craft dissimulated, and feigning to see in this event, but a quarrel between two Pachas, she summoned them to lay before her their respective griefs; but finding her orders were disregarded, she made preparations for war. On the 16th of December, 1821, Mehemet Pacha, already governor of Racca, was appointed governor of Aleppo, and Seraskier of Syria and Arabia. Orders were sent to the director of the Imperial Mines, Osman Pacha, to the Muselims of Marash, of Sevas, of Adana and of Payas, to levy troops. Strict injunctions were also given to the governors of Caramania, and of Cæsarea, to hold themselves in readiness; but this movement of Tartars, was insufficient to produce a numerous army; the lukewarm devotion of the subjects of the Porte, found ample means of evasion; and every day, the efforts of the Turkish government in

Syria, to re-establish its authority, encountered new obstacles. The son of the Emir Bechir, assembled troops in the mountains, and held out for Mehemet Ali. Damascus armed itself through fear, but retained as an hostage the Pacha, appointed to conduct the caravan to Mecca. Memiran Osman Pacha, had been selected by the Porte, for the government of Tripoli, but it was necessary to take possession of it by force of arms. This port was already occupied, in the name of Mehemet Ali, by Mustapha Agar Barbar, a man of considerable note in the country. The Seraskier Mehemet Pacha, consented to furnish Osman with some thousand irregular horsemen, fourteen small field-pieces, the latter arrived before his capital early in April; believing the Egyptian Comander-in-chief still occupied with the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. All his dispositions of attack, consisted in scattering his troops over the surrounding hills, and in ordering his artillery to play upon the town, which did not displace a single stone; the guns of the castle were also, so badly pointed, that the Turkish horsemen galloped up to the very houses, and were only driven off by a brisk fire of musketry; which galling them severely, they fled across the heights. Night put an end to the affair: a few days after, Ibraham having left to one of his Lieutenants, the direction of the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, and wishing to reconnoitre the country, appeared at the head of 800 men, with six field-pieces, before Osman's camp, who, seized with a panic, immediately abandoned it to the enemy, and hastened to form a junction with the Pacha of Aleppo, who was posted near Hameh. The Egyptian general instantly pursued him, and took up a position at Hom; but threatened upon this point, by three brigades of the Seraskier Mehemet Pacha, he retired, after some skirmishes, to Balbeck; where he established his camp, and was joined by Abaz Pacha, his nephew, at the head of 800 men. But his presence was required in other quarters, divisions had broken out on several points, and the slowness with which the operations of the siege of St. Jean d'Acre was carried on, had damped the ardour of his partisans. At Tripoli a conspiracy was discovered, in which were implicated, the Cadi, the Muphti, and the principal Turks.

After receiving a considerable reinforcement of troops from Candia, and making some defensive dispositions to the south of Bolbeck, Ibraham returned before St. Jean d'Acre, to bring the siege to a conclusion, by a decisive attack. On the 19th of May, the fire was recommenced with great vigour; the Egyptians made the most extraordinary efforts to get into the city, and experienced a heavy loss; but scarcely was a breach effected, than it was again closed up. Nothing was left standing in the town, the palace was destroyed, and Adullah Pacha obliged to retire to the caves dug by Djezzar; the garrison was reduced to less than 2000 men. At last, on the 27th of May, a general assault was made. Three breaches were practicable, one on the tower of Kapou Bourdjou, the other two at Nebieh Zaleh, and at Zavieh. Six battalions had the horrors of the attack, which commenced at day break, and lasted twelve hours. At Kapou Bourdjou, the Arabs were on the point of giving ground, but Ibraham having, with his own hand, struck off the head

of a captain, and having turned a battery against them, they returned to the assault. Unfortunately for Adullah, his gunners ran from their pieces, and he was obliged to capitulate. The Egyptians confessed a loss but of 1429 wounded, and 512 killed. Thus fell St. Jean d'Acre, after a memorable defence of six months. The capture of this place insured to Ibrahim the possession of Lower Syria, and enabled him to advance in perfect security.

While the son of Mehemet Ali was thus vigorously pushing forward the war, the Porte was still occupied with her preparations. In the month of March, Hussein Pacha, celebrated by the destruction of the Janissaries, and by the extraordinary bravery he displayed on the Russian Campaign, but in other respects, a soldier "a la Turc," was appointed chief of the expedition to Arabia. To this soldier was confided the safety of the empire, with the title of field-marshal of Anatolia. He was solemnly invested with the Harvani, (a short cloak) with an embroidered collar, he received a sabre set in brilliants, and two Arabian horses, superbly caparisoned; and on the 17th of April, he received orders to join the army which Hosrew Pacha had organized, the head quarters of which was at Konisk. By the formation of new regular regiments the army had been raised to 60,000 men, including artillery and engineers. The mass of their forcess was composed of Beckir Pacha's brigade of infantry, with the 2nd regiment of cavalry; and a strong brigade of irregulars, under the orders of the governor of Silistria; of Skender Pacha's brigade of infantry, and the 6th cavalry; of that of Nedgeb Pacha, with the 9th cavalry; and Delaver Pacha's brigade, with the cavalry of the guard. Each of these corps was accompanied by its batteries, &c. &c. An European organization had been given to the different services, such as the pay-master-general's department, commissareat, &c. The sultan had written out many of the regulations with his own hand.

The young general of division, Mehemet Pacha, a manumitted slave of Hussein's, was specially charged with the direction of the regular troops, under the orders of Hussein Pacha; he was tolerably well acquainted with all our manœuvres; and possessed some military talent. The European instructors were attached to his suit; they were the captain of artillery, Thernin, whose councils would have saved the Turkish army, had they been listened to; the engineer-officer, Reully, a brave and experienced soldier; and the captain of cavalry, Colosso. The two former (Frenchmen) saw almost the whole of the war; taken prisoners by the Egyptians, they refused to enter their service, and were sent back. As for Colosso, he sojourned but a short time in the camp; for on endeavouring to put a stop to the frightful abuses that pervaded every branch of the service, the generals, and colonels, formed a league against him, and he retired in disgust.

On the 14th of May, the field-marshal arrived at Koniah, where he displayed the most culpable negligence and carelessness; it was in vain that the European inspectors, requested him to put in force "the regulation for troops in the field," of the French general Prevan, which had been translated into Turkish; they were no

more listened to than their complaints on the bad state of the camp, and on the indolence and negligence of the chiefs.

The generalissimo even never deemed it once requisite to review his army. The most frightful disorders prevailed in the Turkish military administrations, and which subsequently led to all their reverses; in fact it was evident to every experienced eye that an army so constituted, once overtaken by defeat, would soon be totally disorganized, and that the Porte ought to place no reliance upon its army. But there was an arm which, in the flourishing times of Islamism, was worth 100,000 janizaries. This was excommunication. The Sultan at last resolved to unsheath this weapon. The fatal fetva was launched against the traitor Mehemet Ali, and his son, the *indolent* Ibrahim. Those who have studied the Turkish history must have thought that the Viceroy of Egypt would find at last his master—the executioner; but since the late victories of the Russians, all national faith is extinguished among the Osmanlis. Excommunication is an arm as worn out at Constantinople as at Rome.

Whilst the Porte was fulminating her bull of communication, she directed to the corps diplomatique at Constantinople, a note, in which she explained her quarrel with her subjects, and in which she demands the strictest neutrality on the part of the great powers, and declares Egypt in a state of blockade. The Emperor Nicholas re-recalled his consul from Alexandria, and even made an offer of a fleet, and an auxiliary corps d'armée. Austria, an enemy to all revolutions, went so far as to threaten the viceroy. England appeared to preserve the strictest neutrality, while France strenuously employed all her influence to bring about an accommodation; but in vain. The Divan having refused to listen to the demands of Mehemet Ali, the solution of the question was referred to Field Marshal Hussein, who proceeded with that calculated exertion which the Ottomans take for dignity, and thus three weeks were lost before the army advanced upon Mount Taurus. It was only on the 1st June that Mehemet Pacha arrived with the van guard and Beker's brigade at Adana. A reconnaissance, pushed forward as far as Tarsons, brought back the news of the fall of St. Jean d'Acre. It became, therefore, an imperative necessity to occupy the passes of Syria, and to march upon Antioch, in order to cover Beylau. A Tartar was despatched to Hussien, who posted off in great haste to Adana, but only to halt there for a fortnight. At last the movement was effected, and the army reached Antioch, where the cholera broke out in its ranks, and where eight days were lost, instead of profiting by Ibrahim's delay, to take up a more advanced position. The latter descended into the valley of the Orontes, and entered Damascus on the 15th June, after a short engagement with the Turkish irregulars. But all his operations were marked by a want of rapidity. After securing Antioch, the Turkish army should have marched upon Horns, which offered an excellent position, and where they might have established a communication with the Druses, upon whom some hopes were founded, and from whence they would have commanded the road to Damascus, But it was not till the 6th of July that Hussein would execute this movement. Mehemet Pacha commenced his march; but in their

haste they forgot to issue rations to the troops, who reached Horns at ten in the morning, almost dead with hunger and fatigue. The Seraskier of Aleppo was encamped, with his irregular troops, at the gates of the city; but without deigning to even think of the enemy, whom they thought at some distance, or to issue rations to the starving troops, they wasted their time in vain ceremonies. The young Mehemet Pacha was carried, under a salute of artillery, into a magnificent tent pitched upon the bank of the river. There the two viziers made a long interchange of compliments, and smoked the hargueleh: 'midst of all this mummery, intelligence was brought in that the Egyptian army was within two hours march of them. The disorder that ensued was dreadful. The hungry soldiers dragged themselves in masses to meet the Arabs. The latter waited for them, with their front masked by light troops, presenting twenty-seven battalions deployed in line, the left of which rested on the Orontes, and the right upon a hamlet at the foot of a hill. The Egyptians, who were ignorant of the presence of the Turkish regular infantry, had adopted this vicious disposition against their irregular cavalry. But no one really commanded among the Turks, and thus the opportunity of striking a decisive blow was lost. Every colonel had an opinion of his own. One pacha wished to retreat, while the European instructors insisted on an immediate attack. In short, the artillery even refused to advance to the front. However, Ibrahim Pacha did not remain inactive; he pressed the Turks closely, and doubled his line from right to left, and pushed forwards some battalions on the side of the Orontes, but they were checked by part of Beker's brigade and two pieces of cannon. Then the whole Egyptian line halted and opened their fire. In the course of twenty minutes the left of the Turks suffered considerably. Mehemet Pacha resolved to charge the enemy with the bayonet; but instead of remaining with the second line in order to direct the movement, he put himself at the head of his soldiers to attack the Arabs, who immediately formed in column. Before he reached them, he was abandoned by his artillery, while his cavalry, which should have turned the enemy, fell back in disorder from before a battery which they might have carried. The second line of infantry did not support the movement with vigour; and on the Egyptian columns deploying into line, preparatory for a decisive charge, the whole Turkish army went to the right about in the most disgraceful manner, pursued by the enemy's cavalry. It was a general "*sauve qui peut.*" The approach of night alone saved the Turkish army from total destruction. The loss of the Sultan's forces in this affair amounted to 2,000 killed and 2,500 prisoners.

The wrecks of the Turkish corps retired "pell mell" upon Antioch. Instead of rallying them, Nedgeb Pacha's brigade, which was encamped at two hours' march from the field of battle, fled with them. The field marshal, on learning this disaster, took post at the *tete du pont* on Djezer, on the Orontes. He received the fugitives at the point of the bayonet, and cut off the heads of the first mutineers who endeavoured to cross. It was in such moments that Hussein shewed himself to be above the ordinary stamp of mankind. His

energy was admirable calculated for quelling a revolt; but on the other hand, though he was able to master the confusion of a retreat, he knew not how to avoid it. Such was his military incapacity, that he was incapable of foreseeing any thing. In a short time he expended all the money in the military chest, impoverishing all the districts through which he passed, paying no where, and holding up the name of his master to universal execration. At the action of Horns, the mass of his forces were not engaged, so that there yet remained 40,000 regular troops; but the field marshal allowed an army to perish to which Hosrew Pacha had given a tolerable organization. Instead of taking any measures of defence, he set out for Antioch, with the view of effecting a junction with some troops in the neighbourhood of Aleppo; but finding no provisions in those districts, he returned by forced marches to Alexandretta, after fatiguing his troops by a march of 80 leagues.

However, Ibrahim was advancing, having recalled all his garrisons, and made new levies in the mountains. As he advanced, the whole country declared in his favour, and the castle of Aleppo was delivered up to him. His conduct was marked by great skill and generosity. Under his protection the numerous Christians began to raise their heads. There now only remained, to complete the entire occupation of Syria, but to seize Antioch and Alexandretta; but his operations were pushed forward with extreme slowness, because he always expected from Constantinople a decision favourable to the pretensions of his father-in-law. The Turkish field marshal had thus plenty of time to stop his passage into Caramania. Antioch offered an excellent position for an entrenched camp; but this he disregarded, and made his advanced posts fall back upon the defile of Beylan. This defile, formed by a deep valley, is so narrow in some places, that a camel can scarcely pass. Nevertheless, this is the grand route of the Mecca caravan. Nothing was more easy than to defend it; yet on 5th August the Egyptians made themselves masters of it, after an action of two hours. The passage of the Beylan delivered to the conqueror Alexandretta, its immense magazines, and 100 pieces of cannon. The Turks, instead of rallying in the rear, in the favourable positions which the ground offered, fled in the direction of Adana. Ibrahim pursued them with his cavalry, which passed the Djihun at a ford; Hussein Pacha having blown up the superb bridge of nine arches that crossed that river at Messis.

The Ottoman troops continued their retreat across the plain of Adana, but they had scarcely reached that city, before they were dislodged by the enemy, who were on the point of capturing the Field Marshal. The whole district of Adana declared for Ibrahim, who had at length reached the new line of frontiers which Mehemet Ali wished to make the boundaries of his empire. There was now nothing to prevent the march of the Egyptians upon Constantinople itself; for the demoralized soldiers of Hussein Pacha deserved not the name of an army. The Curdes and the Anotalian peasantry murdered the Turkish regulars wherever they could find them, which was was not difficult, for they deserted by platoons. The provinces of Upper Asia were in such a state of insurrection, a single officer of

Ibrahim's would have been sufficient to make the most considerable town capitulate. It has been said that the Viceroy, at one moment, had the idea of himself attacking the Turkish capital by sea, while Ibrahim should threaten it from Scutari. But his prudence doubtless prevented the execution of the enterprize, for however popular the cause of Mehemet Ali, may have been, he would have appeared in Constantinople but as a subject, and certainly could not have prevented the intervention of Russia. And lastly, had he succeeded in these projects of unbounded ambition, what would have been the result? Instead of a compact state, bounded by Mount Taurus, he would have found himself embarrassed with a great empire, tottering to its base, and which no human power can regenerate. Mehemet Ali listened therefore to the councils of France, and endeavoured to obtain the recognition of his independence. But the Porte, listening to the perfidious suggestions, and governed by the blind obstinacy that led to the battle of Navarino and the victories of the Russians, would make no terms, and reduced Ibrahim, after an armistice of five months, to conquer her again. Hussein Pacha was succeeded by the Grand Vizier, Redschid Pacha, the same who had distinguished himself in Greece, and quelled the revolt of Scodro Pacha. Brave, and accustomed to the camp, a sound politician, Redschid was superior to his predecessor, but still, even he was only a Turkish general. He had been selected principally on account of his great influence in Turkey in Europe. He therefore received orders to repair to Constantinople, with considerable levies of Bosnians and Albanians, of which they knew he could dispose, and with the six regiments of infantry and cavalry that belonged to them.

In the mean time the indefatigable Hussein Pacha had succeeded in reorganizing an army with about 40,000 regulars of the reserve, it was echelloned between the capital and Koniah, reinforced by the troops brought by the Grand Vizier; it was sufficiently numerous to have prevented Ibrahim's further advance; but there was neither skill in the general, or ardour among the troops; the councils of the European instructors were as usual disregarded, while the Epyptian army, on the contrary, was almost exclusively under the direction of European officers. A single piece of artillery would have sufficed to have defended the passage of the Taurus, and yet when Ibrahim appeared on its northern declivity, he had to encounter but a few irregulars, of whom he soon gave a good account. He then fixed his camp on the plain of Erekli, at one hundred and sixty days' march of a camel from Constantinople, and then advanced upon Koniah.

Reuff Pacha, who had provisionally assumed the command of the Turkish army, until the arrival of Redschid Pacha, prudently fell back upon Acken at the approach of the Egyptians. But forgetting the disastrous day of Koulaktché, the Grand Vizier merely assumed the offensive. Instead of taking up a position in the mountains, and allowing the unusual rigour of the season to thin the ranks of the enemy, he precipitately advanced. The cold was so excessive, the weather so dreadful, and the roads rendered so impassable by the snow, that only a small portion of the artillery and ammunition could follow the movement, so that they found themselves as at Horns,

without provisions in the presence of the enemy, At some distance from Koniah, Redschid Pacha sent forward his selector at the head of a body of irregulars, with orders to advance across the mountains upon the village of Lilé, which was occupied by a strong detachment of Arabs, while the Grand Vizier advanced on his side with the grand army, by the route of the plain. The attack was to have been simultaneous, but unfortunately the selector arrived too soon on the scene of action, and was totally defeated. Undaunted by this check, the Grand Vizier continued his advance, and did not halt till he was in presence of the enemy, whom he found strongly entrenched, and prepared to give him a warm reception. It was the 29th of the Redgeb, (21st Decr.) and from the advanced hour of the day, there was no alternative but to attack, otherwise he must have passed a night upon the field, without bread, exposed to the action of an intense cold that would have paralyzed the ardour of the troops. Redschid Pacha made therefore no dispositions for the attack, but his order of battle was best; he drew up his army in four lines, thus rendering useless a great part of his troops, and when he at length resolved to alter his dispositions for a more extended order of battle, he did not reconnoitre the ground to ascertain if it would permit such an extension of front. His left wing, therefore, was unable to deploy, and remained formed in columns of attack, while the enemy's artillery committed dreadful havoc on their profound masses. He committed also another fault, that of placing his artillery between the interval of the lines, so that it did not reach the Egyptians, while theirs on the the contrary, posted in their front, did great execution. Mehemet Redschid's plan of battle was to attack with the mass of his forces, composed chiefly of Albanians, the centre of the enemy's army, whilst the cavalry should make a demonstration upon the wings. But Ibrahim, who had foreseen this manœuvre, leaving only on the point attacked a sufficient force to make head for a short time, turned his adversary to the gorges of the mountains. On gaining the flanks of the Ottoman party, he impetuously attacked and routed their cavalry, and afterwards advanced against the principal Turkish corps, which thus found itself attacked on both sides. The Albanians, in spite of all the efforts of the Grand Vizier, broke and fled. Redschid Pacha then put himself at the head of his guard for a last effort, but he was again, after performing prodigies of valour, repulsed, and fell severely wounded into the hands of the Egyptians. The loss of the Turks was immense; one regiment alone, the first infantry of the line, left 3,000 men upon the field of battle.

The battle was decisive, the second army of the Grand Seignior was annihilated, and the road to Constantinople again open to Ibrahim, and the tottering empire of Mahmoud was saved but by the intervention of the Russian Autocrat, who felt that it was rather his own property that was at stake, than that of the unfortunate Sultan. Mehemet Ali is now an independent sovereign, and it is to the military genius of Europe that he owes this glory. While the once formidable empire of Mahomet is rapidly sinking under an accumulation of evils, the operation of which European diplomacy will in vain attempt to arrest.

CONFESSIONS OF A TOAD EATER.

I REALLY don't believe that I ever actually ate a toad; though I don't know what the kindness of my nature might induce me to do, if a great man were to request me; I would certainly strain a point to oblige a great man. In my paper last month, I endeavoured to throw some light upon this interesting art, not intending to go further than the few hints there laid down. But that amiable feeling which has induced me through life to make sacrifices, for the benefit of others, prompts me to a continuance—I am imbued with the pure spirit of philanthrophy; every action of my life bespeaks it; else why my concern for the world,—why betray any feeling for that miserable, degraded class of my fellow-creatures, the idle and worthless, who they prefer a career of crime to what is called "honest industry." Honesty has many friends; but who shall avow himself the friend of the criminal. Yet it is to this class, that I principally address myself—I ask them why they risk the brand, the whip, the gallows? why court for mere subsistence all imaginable horrors, at the bare thought of which my sensitive nature recoils, when the noble art of toad eating is before them. By adopting such interesting means, they will earn their bread in a much more satisfactory manner, and at much less risk—could my principles be brought into practice, Newgate would be cleared of its tenants. It is much easier to catch flies with honey, than vinegar, as I once heard a hackney coachman say while cheating his fare—the maxim was not lost on me.

Mr. Bentley had a manuscript of mine for publication, called "Every Man his own Toad Eater;" but respect for the profession induced me to withdraw it. I conceive my benevolent intentions might be frustrated by sweet wholesole instruction, the great mystery must be held sacred. My purpose will be best answered by affording a few hints, by which the tyro may save himself from some of the disadvantages to which every profession is more or less liable: experience will teach the rest. Thank heaven! upon the whole, I have found it a very comfortable calling; I have amassed a very pleasing competency—I have never condescended to the drudgery of existence; no acknowledged profession, trade or employment ever soured the native benevolence of my mind. I was a Toad Eater from my cradle, and by the aid of Providence I shall be a Toad Eater to the day of my death.

From the events of my earlier history which I am about to relate, much good may be gathered; I was dreadfully inexperienced, and was practised upon most shamefully; but I forgive them from my heart, and what is more, I will forgive them, if they do so again.

I accidentally met with an old school-fellow, we had been particular cronies together in the olden time; and an invitation to dine at his house on the following Sunday was accepted. We met—a happy and a cheerful day was spent by both, all the frolics of our boyhood, the love passages of our youth, the fates, and fortunes of various

schoolfellows, made a long spring day appear very short. My friend had been fortunate; he had acquired a handsome independence by making himself pleasing to an old uncle; and had wisely retired to enjoy it without risk. From this time a friendship of the firmest nature subsisted between us, I was consulted on all occasions, I became absolutely indispensable to my dear friend, was expected to give up all other engagements, execute numerous commissions in town, and in case of an omission on my Sunday visits, I was sure to find that he had suffered great inconvenience, had been three or four days without biscuits, had heard it was a good time to buy coals, and intended that I should have ordered them. In this way we continued some years, during which time I often found my situation very irksome. But regard for my dear friend, and the knowledge of how useful I was to him, reconciled me. Besides, he had no relations, his health was going, and I was the only friend on whom he could rely to see him decently laid in the grave. What a desolate situation for my poor dear friend; no—I could not leave him. At length he was taken ill, and on this occasion scarcely ever suffered me to quit his bed-side, and on his recovery, which he imputed in a great degree, to my attention, I became more bound to him than ever. Every fresh cold, or rheumatic twinge cost me a journey, and taxed my poor pocket pretty severely for little delicacies, for which he expressed the utmost gratefulness. He often told me, that when he was dead and gone, I should find he had not forgotten my kind attention. Poor dear man—such hints were too much for my delicate susceptibility. However I gradually began to reconcile myself to the belief, that whenever it should please the Almighty to gather my dear friend to his fathers, the bulk of his very pretty property, would be forced into my possesion—once I detected myself—heaven forgive! contemplating certain alterations and improvements in the doors and windows of the house: I had almost made up my mind to re-model a serpentine walk, and the summer house in the garden. I one day too, asked Mr. Smith, a gentleman who owned a small paddock adjoining it, at what price he would part with it. I never shall forget the peculiar look he eyed me with as I asked the question: I cannot understand even now what he meant by the look. But Smith was a remarkably ill-bred man.

My friend though strictly punctual and honest in his general transactions, was certainly fond of hoarding. He would frequently desire me to bring him fish, and other little things, many of which he would quite forget to pay me for, and I was poor, very poor. Although sometimes, I could not be otherwise, than nettled at his meanness; still, the reflection that my dear friend had, perhaps, my ultimate interest at heart, checked all irritable feeling. I must say that at times I speculated respecting the nature of his will, but I always checked such interested feelings as quite unworthy the sincere friendship I bore him. In short about two years from this period, during which my visits became still more constant, I, in fact, neglected every other connexion, and lived entirely with my respected friend—he alas! coming to town on a raw foggy morning, to receive his dividend, took cold; which, settling in his chest, threat-

ened the most serious consequences. I was indefatigable in my attentions to him, day and night. I procured him the most able medical advice, ransacked the markets for the choicest dainties, and endeavoured by every action to show that I was utterly regardless of expence, or inconvenience, to add to his comforts. He expressed his gratitude for my anxiety, and his fears that the sacrifices I made on his account would be injurious to me, and thanked heaven for sending him so faithful and considerate a friend to comfort him in his last hours. At length he died in my arms, he breathed his last—blessing me with his latest sigh.

For some time I was inconsolable—overwhelmed with sorrow and regret, and tears of grief fell from my eyes. Indeed, no other sentiment could, for some time, find its way into my bosom. I only remembered his virtues, his selfishness I forgot.

However, the affairs of life claimed my attention—I was now in an enviable state of affluence—I could at length indulge in the benevolence of my nature—visions of what might be my future course of life began to intrude. I candidly confess that the next day the feeling of regret for my dead friend was somewhat alleviated by the pleasure attendant on the brilliant alterations in my circumstances. I accordingly waited on Mr. Fingerpenny, my poor deceased friend's solicitor, with whom his will was deposited, and made him acquainted with my lamentable bereavement. After condoling with me, and saying how highly the deceased had always spoken of me, he suggested the expediency of putting my seal, with his own, on the papers and effects, until after the funeral, it having been my friend's particular desire that I should do so, and that the arrangements should be left entirely to my management, which he had no doubt the executors would find perfectly satisfactory. I found that the Rev. Mr. Closeturn, and Cornelius Touchfee, Esq., M.D., of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, gentlemen of the highest honour and respectability, were appointed executors. I could not but feel this trait of delicacy on the the part of my poor friend. Had he named me executor, envious people might have found something to say, knowing my situation with regard to him in his last moments.

The next day, the gentlemen, with Mr. M. and myself met. After regretting with me the loss, and passing a high eulogium on their deceased friend, they begged me to undertake the necessary arrangements for the funeral, provide the servants with mourning, and see every thing done that was necessary. I was determined to do every thing in the best manner, and told my friend Betty, the housekeeper, as she had been so many years with her poor dear master, to get for her mourning dress the very best bombazine she could find, and Betty having remarked that a bombazine gown would not match well with worsted stockings, I even went so far as to treat her with a handsome pair of silk out of my own pocket. I remember, poor thing, in the midst of sobbing, she asked me whether I intended keeping on the house, and if so, whether I was suited with a housekeeper?

At length the day fixed on for the funeral arrived, when some old acquaintances, the two executors, the man of the law, and the medical attendants, who, according to etiquette, generally squeeze them-

selves in, with myself, attended. The employment incidental to those preparations had hitherto kept my mind employed; but when, for the last time, I went to gaze on the departed, the recollections of the many hours we had passed together, and the thought that in a few days, or at utmost a few years, I should be like him, cold—desolate—dead, and perhaps without even *one* being to weep over, or regret me, overpowered my feelings, and I sat silent beside his coffin until told the procession was arranged.

On our return the all important task of opening the will took place. Of course I could not be indifferent to its contents, but I endeavoured to assume as disinterested an air as possible. I was fearful lest any portion of my conduct might betray an improper feeling of exultation or triumph. I bore the covert congratulations of my friends with an easy indifference, and talked on indifferent subjects to the moment of opening the document. At length Mr. Fingerpenny having opened the document, commenced reading. I could scarcely breathe, for though I knew my poor friend was rich, I did not know the amount of his property. After all the appointments, ordering the sale of all his property, payment of all just debts, funeral expenses, &c., he went on:—"I give and bequeath to the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, 30,000*l.*!!!" My heart swelled; Fingerpenny proceeded; "to the British and Foreign Bible Society, 10,000*l.*!!" I thought I should have burst. Fool! fool! I muttered—my blood boiled—my teeth chattered—a faintness and deafness came over me: at length I caught my own name, and I rallied. He may be richer than I thought, passed over my mind; I may have judged too hastily. How I trembled and gasped when he read,—"To my old and much valued friend, in memorial of an intimacy that has subsisted so many years, and with so much happiness to both, A HANDSOME MOURNING RING, with the BANK NOTE FOR 50*l.*, No. 5422, now in my desk.

A giddiness overcame me. I heard at intervals the words, "All—remainder—residue—property—wheresoever—whatsoever—trust—purpose—herein-mentioned," said Executors, Build Hospital, Bible Society. My brain whirled; I felt a parching thirst, and tottering to the sideboard, I attempted to drink a glass of wine, for my tongue clove to my mouth. I tried to speak, but could not. I could stay no longer. I left the apartment. I hurried through the passage, and in a few moments was in the open air. Had I remained another minute, I should have choked.

My mind was chaos. I knew not whither I walked or ran, or which way I went. I was far on my way to London; and a chilling darkness had come over me before I recollected the strangeness and abruptness of my departure. I paused, and thought to myself I will not show *them* what I suffer, and I turned for that purpose; but no—I could not face the sneers of my friends. I again turned my face to town, and hurried to lodgings.

The remainder of that week I scarcely ate, drank, or slept. Passion, disappointment, and lethargy, alternately succeeded each other, until the ensuing Sunday. This was the first Sunday, for many years, I had passed in town. I dressed myself, but had no where

to go. I attempted a book, but I could not read; I saw nothing in its pages, but—hospital—bible society—trust—purpose, &c. &c. I quite recoiled at the air of gloom and desertion around me. Hurrying towards the more crowded parts of town, I called to memory my friend Catchflat, in the Borough, and determined to give him a call. After expressing some surprise at seeing me,

"Well," said he, "your old friend has gone at last, and made a strange sort of a will, I hear; hang it—I thought you were all right there;—did you overcharge him in some grocery, or did you neglect his fleecy hosiery by the 9th of November?" and the savage laughed. I begged him not to treat the subject with so much levity, as I was really much hurt. "Hurt! ah,—so you may be, after dancing after him so many years, to get nothing."

"Don't talk so; it was friendship induced me to the sacrifices I made; and he has left me 50*l.*"

"What! *has* he left you fifty! Come, come, you're better off than I expected." From others I received similar inquiries, condolence, and sneers, until I was almost tired of my life.

In a short time, Mr. M. called on me, to know what necessary disbursements I had made on account of my deceased friend. In a week I received that amount, without comment or legacy; I made up my mind to wait the twelve months without any application, and then, if an occasion offered, to shew my feelings to them pretty plainly. I accordingly waited with calmness until that time had expired, when, having heard that Mr. M. had paid the legacies, I called upon him. He seemed greatly surprised that I had not received mine, and told me that the executors had taken the papers out of his hands some time ago. Upon this I wrote to them, stating that I requested immediate payment.

In a short time I received a letter, informing me that the papers and affairs were in the hands of Mr. Graball, Gray's Inn Buildnings, and, on application to him, any *legal* claim I might have would be promptly attended to. I went to Mr. G.'s chambers with the feelings of a dog, who snaps the bone and worries the giver. He received me with much politeness, requested me to be seated, and informed me he had received a letter from the executors upon my business,—and then went on to tell me that he had been on terms of intimacy with them for a number of years, and that more high-minded and honourable men did not exist, and that it was inconceivable the immense number of trusts they were concerned for, and the very great satisfaction they had always given to every party with whom they had transactions. Untying, unfolding, and mumbling over the will, he said, with a smile,

"Your deceased friend speaks of you, in very high terms, very high terms indeed, sir. I hear you was somewhat disappointed at the contents of this will; and that you expected the bulk of the property would have been bequeathed to yourself. Singular!" he continued, without noticing the rage which devoured me. "Strange, indeed! Your friend merely devises you the fifty pound note, No. 5422. Ah! Ah!—now the executors say, that no such note ever came into their possession."

"Well," I answered, "what then; they had plenty of other fifty pound notes."

"True, my dear sir," he replied, "that might be, but as your esteemed friend leaves you, d'ye see, *not* a *legacy* of fifty pounds, but this one individual particular note, No. five, four, two, two—now you must prove that the executors had possession of it, before you can recover it."

"Surely," I exclaimed, "you do not mean to deprive me of this paltry right, by a quibble?"

"Quibble, sir," he answered haughtily, and rising from his chair, "both myself and the executors, are men of too high a character, sir, to descend to quibbling; if any thing is wrong, it is in the will, sir, and not with us. I wish you a very good day."

Burning with rage and vexation, I hurried to my solicitor, who recommended me to trace the note, at the Bank of England, where on application, I found it was paid in by Mr. L. Do-the-world, the stock-broker, with other monies, in part purchase of 300*l.* Navy Five per cent. on account of my deceased friend, a few months after the making of his will, and with his other property, had been taken possession of by his executors.

Here, to me, was a clear case of fraudulently withholding on the part of the executors, and I desired my man of law to proceed against them forthwith. He, however, suggested the expediency of taking counsel's opinion; nothing appeared to me more unnecessary, I however told him, to take what steps he thought proper, but not, on any account to lose time, or submit to compromise, as I was determined to expose this dishonourable quibble to the world, and spoil the business of my reverend friend, and his companion, the Doctor. This retaliation was sweet to me. He promised dispatch, and, for a time, my brain was filled with points of law, consultations, settling of briefs, &c. &c. Never were my spirits so buoyant; the case was clear—if they had not the money, they had the money's worth. The equity was indisputable, and the devil himself could not suppose there was such a difference between law and equity, as to place me in the wrong box. Alas! The learned counsel, after many learned quotations, was of opinion that

"The action could not be sustained, inasmuch as the deceased had left to his dear and much valued friend, one specified article, in form, number, and value, as aforesaid; and *afterwards*, by himself, or those acting under his own immediate controul or direction, had applied to other than the purposes so specified, the said article, in form, number, and value, as aforesaid, the said trust, devise, or bequest doth become null and void, no proviso being made for or against such let, lapse, or exigency," &c. &c.

This was accompanied by a long bill and note from my solicitor, saying, "that after an opinion given by so very eminent a counsel, and the trouble he had taken to ascertain the grounds, he was afraid it was useless to proceed; and that when I had examined the items, I should oblige him by letting him have the amount of his bill, by return of post, as the costs were principally out of pocket. The bill was very long and very thick, but the figures were very plain. The

attendances and consultations, very numerous; and although I never received or sent a single letter, but that enclosing the bill, the postage was very large. My account, in this transaction, stood thus: I gained disappointment and a mourning ring. I lost time which will not return; many sums of money laid out, as I thought, at interest, on my dear friend, during my intimacy with him; and 44*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for a lawyer's bill, to discharge which very nearly ruined me. I was cured of legacies and law; and my example may, I hope, prove a warning to all young and aspiring toad-eaters, to beware how they place their trust in one of their own profession; for, my dear friend, I believe I mentioned, gained his fortune by toad-eating to his uncle. Adopt as your maxim, never to trust one of your class.

Your well wisher,

TOADY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL.

No. I.

THE INDIANS.

EVERY country and every age has beheld some science the object of preference; while others languished in a state of contempt.—Mathematics and dialetics, under the successors of Alexander—eloquence and politics, under the Roman republic—History and poetry, in the age of Augustus—grammar and jurisprudence, under the lower empire—the philosophy of the schools, in the 13th century—belles-lettres, to the middle of the 17th century—have, in turn, commanded the admiration of mankind. Physics and mathematics are now on the throne; and what distinguishes the present age from every other, is the facility of locomotion. As little is now thought of circumnavigating the globe, as, fifty years ago, of making the tour of our own island. Your very cockney aspires now-a-days to the character of a Marco Polo, and may be seen Byronising by moonlight, amid the ruins of the Coliseum, or exciting the scorn of the Hungarian, by an exhibition of his horsemanship, on the Prater at Vienna. But no one, in this locomotive era, ought to be admitted to the rank of a traveller, who has not pic-nic'd at the foot of the Great Pyramid—shot kangaroos on the plains of Australia—taken a cup of bear's milk with the Emperor of China—or, should he rather choose the western hemisphere for the theatre of his operations, he must have played the champolion, amid the ruins of Cuzco—have eaten, after a hard day's ostrich hunting, *carne con cuero*, with the Guacha on the Pampas, or have partaken of a fricasseé of parrots, or the leg of a devil'd monkey, with an Indian chief, on the banks of the mighty Amazon—then, indeed, he may be considered as a travelled man. Such were the reflections that shot through my mind, as I strolled down Bond Street, towards the close of the season, in the year 1826. All the world were migrating; I caught the infec-

tion, and only six months afterwards, was wandering amid the virgin forests of Brazil: in that short space of time I had travelled back from the culminating points to the first line in the scale of civilization. With this point few of my readers are probably acquainted; a short description, therefore, of the magnificence of a tropical forest, and an account of its wild inhabitants, may not be uninteresting.

Those primeval forests, which stand in all their original wildness, still unprofaned by the hands of man, are called in Brazil, virgin forests. In them, European coolness refreshes the wanderer, and at the same time presents him with the spectacle of the most luxuriant profusion; the never-ceasing power of vegetation makes the trees shoot up to a majestic height, while on every stem a new creation of the brightest garlands of the most beautiful parasite climbing plants are seen gracefully festooned. Instead of the uniform poverty of species in the forests of Europe, there is here an infinite diversity in the forms of stems, leaves, and blossoms. Every one of these sovereigns of the forests is contradistinguished from its neighbour. First, the jacaranda tree attracts the eye by the brightness of its feathered leaves; the large gold coloured flowers of this tree, and the ipé, dazzle by their splendour, and form a splendid contrast with the dark green foliage. Next comes the silk cotton tree, which spreads out its long arms at a great height from the ground. The anda, on the other hand, shoots out its branches, profusely covered with leaves, but which unite to form a verdant arcade. The lofty trumpet tree, the smooth grey stem of which rises, slightly bending, to a considerable height, and spreads out at the top like the mouth of that warlike instrument; the flowering cesalpina, the airy laurel, the lofty geoffrea, the soap trees, with their shining leaves, the graceful cedar, the beautiful palm, the garlic pear tree, and a thousand others not yet described, are mingled confusedly together, forming groups contrasted by the diversity of their forms and tints. Here and there the dark crown of the fir among the lighter green, appears like a stranger amid the natives of the tropics, while the beautiful cocoa-nut tree towers above them all, and high in the clear blue sky, forms an incomparable ornament to the forest, unrivalled for its majesty and beauty.

If the eye of the traveller turns from the proud forms of those ancient denizens of the forest, to the more humble and lower, which clothe the ground with a rich verdure, it is delighted with the splendour and gay variety of the flowers, and his mind is filled with delight and astonishment at the majestic sight. The repose and silence of these woods, interrupted only by the buzz of the gay beja flor, and the singular notes of unknown birds and insects, produces an effect impossible to describe.

But the animal kingdom which people these ancient forests, are no less distinguished than the vegetable world. Except at noon, when all living creatures in the torrid zone seek shade and repose, and when a solemn silence is diffused over the scene, illumined by the dazzling rays of the sun, every hour of the day calls into action a different race of animals. The morning is ushered in by the chattering of monkeys, the shrill cry of the *pi-py-o*, the deep notes

of the tree frogs, the monotonous chirp of the grasshoppers and locusts. When the rising sun has dispelled the mists which preceded it, all creatures rejoice in the return of day: the wasps leave their long nests, that hang down from the branches; the ants issue from their curious dwellings; the gay butterflies, rivalling in splendour the gorgeous rainbow, are seen fluttering from flower to flower; myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air, and sparkle like jewels on the fresh green leaves. Meantime agile lizards, remarkable for their form, size, and brilliant colours, dark-coloured serpents, which excel in splendour the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the hollows of trees, and creeping up the stems, bask in the morning sun, and lie in wait for insects and birds. From this moment all is life and activity; squirrels, troops of monkeys, leap, whistling and chattering, from tree to tree; the green, blue, and red parrots fill the air with their screams; birds of the most gorgeous plumage, flutter singly, or in companies, through the fragrant bushes, and the beautiful toneau rattles with his hollow bill, and in loud plaintive notes, calls for rain.

But the sun has now attained its meredian height, and all the denizens of the woods seek the balmy repose of the siesta; an appalling silence succeeds to the previous charivari—undisturbed by the sight or voice of living thing—save one, which adds to the solemn impression.—Among the highest trees, and in the deepest recesses of the forests, a sound is heard that strikes you as something supernatural—the sound is metallic, sometimes resembling the distant tolling of a convent bell. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arapunga (solitary bird), a small white bird, about the size of a pigeon; but which, though constantly heard, is seldom seen. About two hours past noon, the busy orioles creep out of their long nests, to visit the orange trees; the fly-catchers, sitting aloof, watching for insects, dart from the tree with rapid flight on their prey. Above all these strange sounds, the joyous notes of the nightingale breaks with sweet effect on the ear, while the woodpecker makes the distant forests resound, while he pecks the bark from the tree. Thus every living creature, by its action and voice, greets the splendour of the day; the delicate humming birds, rivalling in beauty and lustre the diadems of monarchs, hover round the brightest flowers. But now sinks the sun—

> "Not as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
> But in one blaze of living light.
> With dirk-like bottle, target red,
> He rushes to his ocean bed,
> Ploughs the broad wave with sudden light,
> Then sinks at once, and all is night!"

No curfew, in the woods, tolls the hour of parting day; but the period is announced by a very simple and beautiful circumstance:—amid the solemn stillness, the soft repose that marks the decline of day, the ave-maria beetle, with its silver wings, issues forth, and proclaims the hour of vespers, by winding his silver horn. The Brazilian hunter looks upon this insect as the herald of the Virgin, sent to

announce the time of her prayer; and on the death-like stillness of the forest, the evening hymn now breaks with beautiful effect—

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Ave Maria! Day is declining;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night.
From the fall of the shade, till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime."

AVE MARIA ORA PRO NOS.

And now the vampire-bats, eager for their nightly meal, are seen flitting about, their horrid forms thrown out in strong relievo, by the scintillations of myriads of fire-flies, that fly about like *ignis fatui*, while the moon rises in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, radiantly tipping with silver the graceful tops of the cocoa-nut trees, and bathing in a flood of light the wood-crowned heights of the lake, or river, in the lustrous bosom of which, are reflected the magnificent constellations of the southern hemisphere. Insensible, indeed, must he be, who can gaze unmoved on such a scene as this.

It is in these forests that we behold our fellow man in his primitive state, even as he was at the birth of creation. The names of the Brazil tribes are scarcely known in Europe but to the Portuguese, who divided all the savage tribes of Brazil into two classes, viz.:—Those who inhabit the sea-coast, who are somewhat civilized, and who are called Caboclos, or Indias Mansos, domesticated Indians; and those of the interior, still in a state of the rudest barbarism, styled Topayos, or "Indias bravos." The former, when the Europeans discovered the country, inhabited the sea-coast, and were divided into numerous tribes, who did not materially differ in manners and language; they all fattened up their prisoners, killed them on some great festival with a club, beautifully ornamented with feathers, and then devoured them. As their language was spoken along the whole extent of coast, from Para to St. Paulo, it was called the lingua geroel, and in fact it is the language that has given names to all the animals, plants, rivers, &c. in Brazil.*

The first class, according to this division, having changed their mode of life, have necessarily lost their original character. But this observation does not apply to the Topauyas, who still live in a state of nature, and are divided into several tribes, who are distributed over the vast Empire of Brazil, in the following order:—In Minas Geraes, Ceroados, Coropos, Puris, Botocudos, Macuanis. In Bahia and Porto Leguro, Machacolis, Capoxos, Catauyos, Carires, Sabujos, Cacamacaens, Masacaros, Province of Peauli, Grecos. Of Para and Rio Negro, Apoyencecros, Purecameraens, Muras, Mundrucas, Mancixos, Canna Merim, Passes, Quri, Tocana, Tapuga, Marania Juri, Tapoca, Cutenos, Catuquinos, Uarucu, Tupenambros. Like the

* The Jesuit Vasconsellos, in his Noticias Curiosas do Brazils, mentions that such was the passion of the Indians to partake of the flesh of their enemies, that when there was not sufficient to give a small portion to each of the tribe, broth was made of the flesh to make it go farther.

natives of some parts of Africa, the Indians of Brazil have neither a systematic form of religion or priests. Whether they have any notion of a Soul it is difficult to ascertain, but that they believe in existence after death is evident by the custom that prevails among some of the tribes the Puris, Coroados, and Botocudos, of laying beside a corpse game and other food, for its subsistence on the journey it is about to make. The Paes, who in every horde rank next to the chiefs, are considered to possess superhuman knowledge and power, but they are only conjurors and doctors, who traffic in charms, without practising any thing which, in the slightest degree, approaches the ceremonies of religious worship. In fact, the Indians appear to acknowledge no God, but only an evil principle which sometimes, they say, crosses their path in the form of a lizard, of a crocodile, an ounce, or some monstrous creation of their own imagination. But the skill of these Paes in interpreting dreams, and well as their pretended supernatural powers, gives them a high political importance. No public resolution is ever taken without their consent; they are equally consulted in all private affairs, and are consequently acquainted with the secrets of the whole community. Trained, from earliest infancy, to the exercise of these distinguished functions, and tried by a long noviciate of solitude, abstinence, and penance, they are at length admitted, with certain solemn formalities, as duly qualified members of the order. They boast of carrying on an intercourse with a superior agency, of having witches acting under their direction, and sometimes give out that they are guided by a supreme chief, whose sanctity and spiritual perfection enables him to remain in the most inaccessible fortresses of the mountains, far from the abodes of men, where he carries on an uninterrupted intercourse with the great spirit of evil. But whoever is suspected of practising superhuman acts in order to harm his neighbours, becomes an object of hatred to the whole tribe. The Paes very frequently turn this horror of sorcery to their own advantage, by imputing its effects to their rivals, as for instance when disease obstinately resists the conjurations of one of these doctors, he gives his patient to understand that he is bewitched by the charms of some rival juggler, and the supposed culprit is almost certain to be assassinated either by the friends of the sick person, or by an immediate order from the chief.

With the exception of the *Mouras*, a wandering tribe, and who may be considered as the aboriginal gipsies of Brazil, there is not a single horde who can be said to be entirely ignorant of the art of agriculture. Each tribe has its own hunting territory well de[illegible] by conventional limits, known to all. Wherever a tribe or fa[illegible] takes up their abode for a time, they have their fields which are c[illegible]tivated by the women, for the benefit of the community. Their huts are built upon the bare ground, supported by four posts, twelve or fifteen feet high, and from thirty to forty long; the walls are formed of thin laths, covered with leaves, or sometimes plastered with clay, opening on both sides with moveable doors, made of polen leaves, with which material the roof is also covered. The huts and their utensils are considered as private property, but certain ideas of a common possession prevails even for these objects, as a single hut is

often occupied by more than one family—thus in every one of them there are, in different parts of the floor, hearths for the several families residing in it. Hammocks, made of grass or of cotton threads, which at once supply the place of beds and tables, suspended from posts round the huts, about a foot from the ground, are the chief articles of furniture. Some earthen pots, some baskets of polen leaves, filled with micho or farenha de mandirea—drinking vessels, pots containing the genepopa dye, and a hollow trunk of a tree, for pounding milho in, constitute their household furniture. The walls are generally covered with the different weapons for war or the chase; the latter, with his pipe and hammock, are in fact the only objects which can strictly be reputed as the real property of an individual. Theft is almost unknown among them. The death of a relation leaves to his family the use of all he possessed, but the idea of accumulating property, or in fact of any thing whatever beyond a provision for their most immediate and pressing wants, never enters into the head of an Indian. Objects of a particular utility, or ornaments of extraordinary beauty, have alone the power of tempting the Brazilian to steal. Should he be taken in the fact, he is obliged to restore the objects purloined, and is punished with stripes. On these occasions, the chief often takes a prominent part in the infliction of the punishment. Ornaments, principally trophies of skill or bravery, are the most prized, and the most seductive offers would not induce a Muranei to part with a necklace of Jaquaar's teeth, the monument of his skill and bravery in the chase. However, these precious objects are sometimes deposited as pledges for the fulfilment of a promise, and a chaplet of human teeth, the cranium of an enemy slain in battle, or the stone, or round piece of wood inserted, by way of ornament, in the ears or lower lip, are sometimes left as guarantees by a Brazilian chief whenever he wishes to convince his ally of his firm resolution of fulfilling an engagement.

These Indians are acquainted with no other mode of traffic than that of barter, but those who have most intercourse with the Europeans, are beginning to form stores of the articles most in request. The Manhé manufactures bows of red wood—(pas d'arco)—and prepares the quarari paste, of which their utensils are made; the Mandracu fabricates various ornaments, with feathers of different colours; the Murania women make, from the fibres of the palm-tree, hammocks which are sent for sale down to Surinam, and Essequibo; in fact, the major part of the Indian tribes on the Amazon and its tributaries, carry on a trade in the Farinha de Mandioca. Several kind of beans serve as a circulating medium. Loans and deposits are the only sort of engagements of which they have any notion. Provisions are sometimes though rarely borrowed, and security given for the payment. When they are disposed to traffic with one another, they lay aside their arms, and on striking a bargain, each contracting party proceeds, with measured steps, to regain his arms, putting on a fierce look, in order to shew that they are ready to have recourse to arms to enforce, if necessary, the conditions of the treaty; this is not the only symbolical act observed by them, for when they wish to corroborate an oath they thrust one hand into their hair, or hold it up above their heads.

They never take the hand as a mark of friendship, but rub their noses together; they also clap their hands together as a mark of satisfaction whenever they conclude an affair. The master of a hut receives a stranger lolling in his hammock, and makes a sign to him to partake of the common repast; and when the head of a family removes the pipe from his mouth, and presents it his guest, the latter may rest assured that it is a sacred pledge of hospitality that is never violated. A lance fixed in the earth, on the frontiers of a territory, with a notch made in the feathers, are emblems of war.

The animal kingdom furnishes the Indians in the immense forests of Brazil with an abundant supply of game; but what they bring in is regarded as the common property of the whole family; and therefore it is buried, in order that the women may go into the wood and bring it home when wanted. When several Indians go out together the game belongs to the hunter who brings it down. No one can make use of the arms of another, especially of the Sarbocanna, (shooting trunk) which is supposed to be polluted by coming in contact with the lips of a stranger. Hunting parties are frequent, in order to destroy wild animals and monkeys; the latter is looked upon by the Indians as the most delicate food, and in fact there are some species that in tenderness and flavour are superior to a hare. They roast them on a spit before a fire, and as the structure and skeleton of these animals so closely resemble that of a human being, the idea may have arisen that human flesh is their habitual food. Not that these savages are free from the reproach of cannibalism, but it is certain that it does not proceed from any partiality to that horrid excess, but solely to satisfy their thirst for vengeance.

Marriage is unaccompanied by any religious ceremony, the woman whom a man selects as his companion is formally purchased from her parents, without her inclination being even consulted, and becomes from that moment the slave of her husband. Monogamy is the most ordinary state, although polygamy is not forbidden. The first wife has generally a kind of supremacy over all the rest in the domestic affairs. The husband rarely treats his wives with kindness, and keeps them in the most abject state of subjection. These savages often ally themselves to weaker tribes, with the view of engaging their wives' relations to come and settle among them, and by that means to augment the number of their warriors. Among the Guancurus the women speak a language different to that of the men: this may perhaps arise from their being settled in a conquered country, the male inhabitants of which have been all exterminated. To obtain a wife by forcibly carrying her off is a very general practice among them. A stoical indifference to both pleasure and pain is the principal type of masculine virtue among all the tribes of Brazil, as with those of North America; for this reason, in some of them the husband abstains from cohabiting with his wife for a certain period, and very frequently, the Paes, like the feudal barons of the middle ages enjoy "le droit du Seigneur"—on the new married woman.

The degrees of hinderance to marriage vary considerably, but to

marry a sister or a niece is looked upon as infamous; the Tupis, and their ancestors the Zupenambus did not openly permit it, and the Yamoes, who inhabit the banks of the Amazon, do not permit marriages amongst members of the same community, whom they consider as relative of blood, although no real affinity can be proved.

As among all savage tribes, the woman is entirely at the disposition of the man who marries her. He offers her person to strangers, and sometimes he lends her to another, and may, if it pleases, repudiate her. Adultery is held to be only criminal on the part of the woman, and is frequently punished by death. Infanticide is common, the Guaccarurus never rear a child until they have attained their thirtieth year. Some of the tribes are said to even bury alive their female children. As soon as the woman has been delivered, the husband, in some of the tribes, takes to his hammock, and receives the visits of his friends, as if he were really sick; the woman, on the other hand, when the moment of the birth approaches, goes into the wood and carefully conceals herself from the light of the moon. The navel strings are torn or bitten asunder, and immediately after she goes into the stream and attends to her household concerns as if nothing had happened. Infants are sometimes kept at the breast till they are five years old. The father rarely manifests any thing that approaches to paternal affection: until the age of puberty the child is entirely at his disposition; but on attaining the age of fourteen or fifteen he is declared to have reached the age of manhood, receives a new name, and becomes master of his own actions. The ceremonies on these occasions are extremely singular; they are symbolical of courage and intrepidity, and of their insensibility to pain and horror of their enemies. Among the Passes the chief announces to the tribe that his son is capable of bearing arms, by making a deep incision in his breast with a parrot's bill. The daughters remain with their parents until they are married. Education is unknown among them, the father allowing the children to do just as they please. Sometimes widows disinter the bones of their husbands, clean and preserve them. Orphans are sometimes allowed to perish with hunger. In several tribes they kill the old and infirm, to rid them of an existence become a burden to them. Formerly, among the Tupis, when the Paie gave over a patient, he advised the friends to put an end to his sufferings, and the body was eaten.

The *Lex Taliones* is firmly established among all the aboriginal tribes of Brazil. Prisoners of war are generally put to death, after suffering the most refined torture, in which the women are the principal actors.

When blood has by accident or premeditately been spilt by a member of the same tribe, the chief may insist upon the family of the deceased receiving a compensation.

Abandoned by tradition and all historical records, the inquirer has nothing left him but to observe the external form of these people, their customs, and their language, in order from those particulars to determine their rank among other races of mankind, and their general degree of civilization.

The colour of the Brazilian Indians varies from a dark red, brown,

to yellowish white. Some of them, the '*Botoculos*,' are nearly white, and among this tribe blue eyes are by no means uncommon. They are all of middling stature, with broad shoulders, strongly built, but without any appearance of muscle; in fact, a general conformation of features and person more or less characterises them all—such as a small forehead, a round flat Tartar face, thick lips, flat nose, small black eyes, with thick lank black hair, that has not the slightest tendency to curl. At the first aspect, the Aboriginal Brazilian, appears to be mild and innocent, but on a more attentive view one discovers in his countenance something wild, distrustful, and sudden. All the Brazil tribes go quite naked, and paint their bodies with the die of the Jenepapos and the Racron tree; the latter is of a bright red colour, and imparts a ferocious expression to the countenance. The body is painted sometimes entirely black, and at others, all white and half-black; but the custom that exists among some of them of mutilating the countenance is extraordinary, and gives them an expression of which no description can adequately convey an idea. Thus the Botocodas make a incision in the lower lip, and in the lobe of the ears, into which they insert round pieces of wood, by which means the lower lip is brought up to the tip of the nose, and the ears are distended to the very shoulders. Nothing can be more hideous than the appearance of the Botocuda when he removes this singular ornament, for it then hangs down and discovers the lower teeth. The Mouras insert on each side of the upper lip two large Onza teeth, which have the appearance of natural tusks, while another is fixed in the chin, and hangs down like the imperial of a modern dandy. The Maxurunas, a tribe who live on the banks of the Javari, in the Capatania of Grand Para, near the borders of Peru, tattoo the face, on each side of the nose, and in the lobe of the ears round pieces of wood are fixed; the lips are also tattoed with the thorns of the palm tree, and at each angle of the mouth a large Arara feather is stuck. The Juris again dye the face blue from the mouth upwards to the eyes. The Juris Topocas wear beautiful ornaments made of feathers, arranged in the most picturesque manner; and round their necks a profusion of necklaces made with the teeth of wild animals.

Although there is a striking resemblance among all the Brazilian tribes in respect to their genius, character, manners, and particular customs, as similar as though they formed but one nation; the greatest diversity of language, on the other hand, exists among them. This is extremely remarkable, as they are not dialects of certain original languages, for so widely do they differ, that the Indians of different tribes do not understand each other; they are all extremely imperfect in their structure, extending only to the denomination of such objects as strike their organs of vision, but incapable of expressing any abstract idea. It is to this cause that we have remained so singularly in the dark respecting the Aborigines of Brazil, for such is the imperfection of their language that it is impossible to elicit any satisfactory information from them.

The temperament of the Indian is almost wholly undeveloped, and appears as phlegm: all the powers of the soul, and the more refined pleasures of the senses are in a state of lethargy. Insensible to

the pleasure of the palate, fond of animal food, he is in general abstemious, obeying only the calls of nature, without regard to time; but, on the other hand, he is addicted to ardent liquors, and drinks to excess. The quantity of strong rum or brandy that we have seen an Indian drink is surprising. Naturally taciturn, when not engaged in the pursuits of the chace, he sleeps, or will sit for hours with his eyes fixed on the ground. His chief attention is directed to the moon, to whose influence he attributes all the phenomena of nature, by the varying phases of which he calculates time, and from which he deduces good or evil: the former passes without notice, it is the latter that can only make any impression upon his almost insensible nature. All his faculties appear concentrated on one object, self preservation; almost incapable of distinguishing the past from the future, he has no foresight for the morrow. A stranger to gratitude, to ambition, to all the nobler passions of the mind; obtuse, reserved, sunk in indifference to every thing but war and the chase; cold and indolent in his domestic relations, he follows mere animal instinct, and his love for his wife shews itself only by his jealousy, which with revenge are the only passions that can arouse his stunted soul from its natural state of morbid indifference. Accustomed to continual wandering in the forests, having his perceptions sharpened by keen necessity, and living in every respect according to nature, his external senses have a degree of acuteness, which at first sight appears incredible. Of all the arms of savage tribes on the face of the globe, the colossal bow of the Brazilian is the most formidable. They are from seven to eight feet long, made of a red wood (*pao de arco*); their arrows are of three kinds, either for the chase or war, and are made of a reed (*taquarassu*). The skill with which they use this formidable weapon is astonishing, nothing escapes them, not even the most diminutive object. The nations who live on the banks of the Amazon and Kis-Negro, in addition to the bow, use clubs, and the jarbacanna (shooting trunk), through which they propel a small poisoned arrow, to a distance of forty of fifty yards. The poison in which the arrow is dipped is so subtle that death instantaneously ensues, though, notwithstanding its deadly nature, game killed by it may be eaten without the slightest danger. The preparation of this poison is a secret known only to the Indians of that part of Brazil. In the eastern and southern parts of the empire poisoned arms are unknown. The Indians who have formed the subject of this paper are chiefly those who live on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries. The only Topuyos tribes in the southern parts are the Coroodos, Puris, and Botocudos, and these, as civilization advances westward, are gradually retreating farther back into the interior.

The rude barbarism of the Brazilian Indians, when compared with the advanced state of civilization in which the Spaniards found the Peruvians, has given rise to many ingenious theories. It has been remarked that the savage nations of an insular territory are more rapidly civilized than those of a continent, because, circumscribed by territory, they are sooner obliged to abandon the chase and turn their attention to agriculture. It was to physical causes, different in their nature but similar in their operation, that we may attribute the high

degree of civilization attained by the Peruvians, compared with that of the rest of the inhabitants of that continent; they were enchained in their vallies by the mountain barrier of the Andes, and thus instead of hunters became agriculturists. But the Brazilian Indian was not so confined, and he continues to this day to wander through the boundless forests, over the vast pampas of his country, and to defy the inroads of civilization. Such is his love for this life of savage independence that many of those who have been taken, and instructed by the Portuguese in all the arts of civilized life, have after a time escaped, and resumed their former state of savage independence. On the past history of these Indians there hangs a mystery that appears to be for ever closed against human investigation. Like every other people on the globe they are said to have some tradition of an universal deluge. But not the slightest land marks exists to guide us in our researches, for the only monuments of these children of nature are their simple huts, so slight and perishable in materials that at the expiration of five or six months not a trace is left that the spot he once occupied was the habitation of man *.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE GUILLOTINE.

"ANOTHER victim!" I uttered involuntarily, as looking through a window which commanded a view of the principal entrance to the prison, I observed a crowd who, with the shouts of "*pain ou sang*," were dragging some unfortunate man to confinement, preparatory to his final *debut* on the scaffold.

I saw a man cross the street, of whose purpose my heart misgave me. This was an individual named Canve, for whom my brother and me had interested ourselves. He had received numberless favours from us; we had, therefore, every reason to dread his enmity.

It was as I conjectured; a few minutes after I remarked his approach in our direction, we were startled by a loud battering at the door.

"Open your door!" thundered the ruffian; "*Je te donnerai les raisons ensuite.*" I, of course, refused.

"Ah! ah!" he shouted, with a demoniac laugh, "you shall see me return shortly, and then—" He did not wait to conclude the sentence, but hurried away, evidently with the intention of seeking assistance. When he had departed I turned towards my sister, who, pale with surprise and fear, stood by me, and requested her to see to the immediate collection of our plate, jewels, and money. This done, we took the boxes in which we had packed them, and carrying them

* Some years ago the Captain-general of Maranham sent a young Indian of the Geico tribe to Lisbon, where he was educated at the Collegia des Nobres; but on his return to Brazil he shortly after disappeared, and fled once more back to the scenes of his childhood.

into the wood-cellar, we dropped them into a hole which was fortunately found there, and covering the spot with wood, we returned to wait the threatened return of Canve, and his band of ruffians.

We were fortunate in completing our task, for scarcely had we composed ourselves after our hasty labour, when the door with one blow was shattered to pieces, and in rushed Canve, accompanied by four men, all armed.

"We have come," answered Canve, who appeared to act as the leader, "to search your house for a man called Le Cour." (The husband of my youngest sister, who was at this moment lying ill at our country seat.) Saying this, and without further remark, they rushed past us.

Expecting that in the course of their search they would visit my chamber, I repaired to it to hide a few little articles which were on my dressing-table. As I anticipated, they came to examine my apartment, but as if fatigued with their undertaking, they contented themselves with examining the closets, and thrusting their swords through the bed, saying at the same time, "If he is here, this will spare the guillotine one job."

Having completed their survey, they repaired to the drawing-room, seated themselves without any ceremony, and ordered my sister to supply them with some of the best wine. By this time the poor girl had recovered herself, and indignation took the place of fear. She treated this demand with contemptuous silence, and Canve started up, I believe, with the intention of striking her. I laid my hand on the pistol which I always carried, but perhaps awed by her firm bearing, he departed, without making any remark, in the direction of the wine-cellars. He returned shortly, loaded with several bottles, having to appearance previously satisfied himself of its quality. Having regaled themselves until they became in a state of beastly intoxication, they left us, having first, out of mere wantonness, destroyed a large quantity of china and glass, which unfortunately lay in their way.

For three days we continued unannoyed by any of the revolutionary spirits; at the end of that time we learnt with horror that poor Le Cour had fallen into their hands, and would on the following day undergo his trial as a Royalist.

The next day came, and the hour was fast approaching appointed for the commencement of the trial.

I had ever remarked that my sister possessed a certain noble-mindedness and contempt of self which had insured her my esteem and affection; but I was yet to learn that she was a heroine. In the present instance she was the only one whose presence of mind remained unshaken. Well knowing the disregard paid to any defence proceeding from the unfortunate individuals whose deplorable fate had brought them before this bloody tribunal, as also the unwillingness evinced by legal characters to undertake it, she determined to perform the part herself. I was astounded at the extraordinary resolution she had formed. A young and beautiful girl, who had hitherto appeared to me timid as a fawn, to array herself in a court of justice—and such a court—in defence of one whom it was a crime

to succour. In vain I remonstrated—she was inflexible. She delayed her departure to the last moment, to render her appearance as striking as possible. Probably she thought the power of beauty might effect that which justice might plead for in vain. If so, never was beauty applied to nobler purpose. I could not witness the exhibition, and therefore remained at home, in an agony of apprehension for the result.

Whether the beauty and eloquence of this fair creature softened the hearts of the miscreants who presided at that dreadful tribunal I know not, but she was successful. The sentence of death which Canoc (who formed one of the members of this tribunal) endeavoured to have decreed against our relative, was commuted to banishment for life, with three months imprisonment as a kind of preparation.

Morning after morning passed, and regularly as the hour of ten came round did it find my sister at the prison gate an applicant for admission, bearing such luxuries as his prison fare did not afford; and it is with a shudder of horror that I recall to my mind when accompanying her, the sight of blood, warm perhaps from the heart of some victims to private revenge, streaming down the gutter which conveyed it to the Saone.

It was during the performance of one of these morning duties that we remarked a lady, whom we had known a few months before as the leading star of fashions in Lyons, now walking alone to convey to her husband such consolation as the sight of her would afford. She, as is ever the case, early became surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all envying the look which accidentally she might cast upon any one in particular. Of all these none had so distinguished himself in her eyes (as he thought) as N——, and he industriously circulated rumours that he would shortly receive the hand in marrage, which was the object of general rivalry; and even the day was named when all doubts would be set at rest. Fortune, however, decreed otherwise, and threw in the way a young man whose accomplishments appeared in her eyes to outweigh the pretensions of all others. His noble countenance interested her—his elegant figure captivated her—and a few weeks saw the charming—the universally admired Annette become the bride of Romeo de Pouilli. Truly might he say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici.* "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The deaths this event occasioned must be acknowledged were but few, but the disappointment, I may say, general; and as N—— had at one time possessed the happiness through the prospect of winning the prize, saw now that all hopes were perished, his share of disappointments were the largest; and although time seemed to have washed from his mind the memory of his blighted prospects, still to the veteran physiognomist traces were discernable in his features of deep and bitter enmity to his successful rival.

Time had passed with this happy pair in a continual round of pleasure until the event took place, which consigned so many of the *élite* of France to the scaffold. De Pouilli and N—— were both of the royalist creed; but N—— adopted the revolutionary principles to wreak his vengeance on the man, who, as he said, had robbed him

of his happiness—they both having been suitors to the reigning beauty of Lyons, the consequence was that De Pouilli immediately became the inmate of a dungeon, there to wait until the moment had arrived when the revenge of N—— could consign him to the guillotine. On the occasion of her first visit to her husband in prison she had been summoned to attend the wretch who was the source of all her misery in an apartment, the window of which looked out upon the guillotine, where three unfortunate individuals were about to be executed, and addressing her, he said, without any introduction—

"There, feast your eyes upon the scene before you, and consider that ere three days pass, the axe, which you see now about to fall on those miscreants, will sever the beautiful neck of your *adored*."

"Unable to endure the sight, for at the moment he finished the axe fell upon one of the unfortunate wretches," related Mad. De Pouilli, "I sank to the ground, and on my recovery found him watching over me with a look of anxious tenderness—with my faculties returned my sense of De Pouilli's situation, and I eagerly seized on this moment to endeavour to procure his liberty. As his wife did I sue for him, but in vain—in vain I conjured by every motion calculated to move the breast of man with compassion—all in vain! At last I touched upon the love he so often had professed for me, and named this as an opportunity to prove his sincerity. Hitherto he had gazed upon me with a voidness of countenance, but like oil thrown on fire it revived the slumbering flame of hatred which I had hoped to have subdued."

"Can you," said he, "remind me of those moments, and use them as arguments in *his* favour! Do you suppose that my memory only retains the recollection of my former love, and not the means by which my happiness was blasted? Can I forget that I had a rival—that *that* rival was the high-born, haughty and favoured de Pouilli, and that he now lies in prison waiting only my command to die? No, no; do not deceive yourself, but hear the only terms on which he lives. The time is arrived when priestcraft and all its rules are set at nought—freedom for heart and hand is amongst the blessings of the age. Consent to be mine—discard him from your love—and and he is free!"

"He uttered this last sentence in a slow impressive manner, that I might fully understand his meaning; and when he had concluded, I still continued to gaze upon him, as if bereft of my senses. Whether he thought favourably of my silence, I know not, but relaxing the severity of his countenance, he approached me, and inquired whether I was prepared to purchase my husband's life on such terms. The inquiry aroused me from the state of torpor into which his declaration had thrown me,—every nerve seemed strung anew,—my voice was changed from that of supplication to that of desperation, as I bitterly reviled him, and rushed from the room, leaving him motionless with surprise." As she finished her relation, she burst into tears, unable any longer to control her feelings, and wringing her hands implored the intercessions of heaven in behalf of her husband.

A few mornings after, her husband informed her that N—— had directed him to prepare for his execution on the following day. With

this terrible information she returned to us, and the scene which took place was truly heart-rending; she tore her hair—beat her breast—called herself her husband's destroyer—and vented curses on the beauty which had murdered him;—lastly, throwing herself on her knees before my sister, she implored her to save her husband's life. I never shall forget the astonishment with which I gazed on my sister, as she said calmy—

"I cannot save his life—it is for you to accomplish that." "I!" she cried wistfully, "Oh! if I knew how;—tell me—what can I do to save him?"

"Return to N——," replied she collectedly, "and say you consent to his proposal!"

We were positively aghast, and before a word could be said, she continued—"If you will be guided by me, you shall suffer no dishonour. Go to N——, I repeat—say that when your husband has his passport in his hands, and you see him, from his windows if he pleases, parting from death and danger, you will resign yourself into his hands!—trust to me for the rest, and now begone." Such an influence had Maria over her weaker friend, that without another word to any one, she departed. Half an hour had passed ere she returned; pale and ghastly she entered the apartment, and sought, by a flood of tears, to ease her over-burdened heart.

The morning came, and after a long interview with my sister, during which I was not present, she departed with a kind of cheerfulness, that raised suspicions in my mind of her sanity. I watched her from the window which overlooked the prison, until she entered the gate, and when it closed upon her, I thought it would be for ever!

Three months after, we were the inhabitants of another soil, refugees from our country, sharing the same roof with those whose sufferings had endeared them to us,—these were M. and Madame de Pouilli,—the story of their escape is short.

On the morning of her departure to the prison, after her interview with my sister, who gave her advice as to the only course left her, she visited the monster N——, who was highly pleased at her unexpected compliance, and every thing was done as she dictated. Night saw her husband with his passport, in a post carriage on the road to England, and in a few hours his wife joined him—he having, by a preconcerted understanding waited for her on the road.

The next morning spread the news of N——, having been found stabbed in his apartment by some unknown hand; my sister's advice —secret advice—was now no longer a mystery!

PLIK AND PLOK.

Eugene Luc is a writer, whose works must, in the eyes of the French people, in the form, if not in the execution, bear the first marks of genius and originality: that is to say, he has adventured upon a path never before tried by any of his countrymen; and made the good continental folks, who had never seen the sea or a ship, stare aghast at the wonders of that mighty element; and he has frozen them with horror at his wild tales of bloody and relentless pirates rioting in slaughter and debauchery, whose deeds and characters are almost superhuman. Taking Cooper for his model, he has attempted to do for the French what the latter has done for the American marine; and has tried to interest the French public in habits and characters with which it professes little sympathy. The French have never shown a great aptitude for the sea, and we may expect a proportionate degree of clumsiness of execution in the works of an author who devotes his talents to the illustration of a sea-faring life. However, it may not be altogether unamusing to observe "how they manage those matters in France," and so we shall take a glance at one of Luc's earliest productions in this line. It bears the very singular title of "Plik and Plok," names of individuals who are only mentioned incidently in the tales. But M. Luc is well aware of the magic of a title. He can appreciate the wonderful effects of a clap-trap, of a singular and picturesque combination of letters, in rousing the attention of the readers of an advertisement, and irritating the curiosity of the gentle lovers of romance, who gloat over relations of blood and murder, and feel their nerves deliciously stimulated by the circumstantial details of a shipwreck, or an execution. Every bookmaker must know that a judiciously arranged title-page is half the battle, and wraps up within its short compass the chances of the success of a production. But to the matter in hand—El Gitano, the hero of the tale before us, is a wonderful buccanneer, of the genus Cleveland and Red Rover, but of a more vulgar and less lofty description of character. Gitano is the name by which the descendants of the Moors are still distinguished in Spain. Resembling our gipsies, they are a race distinct and peculiar, and partake of all the remarkable characteristics of their African progenitors. By the superstitious Spaniards they are held in abhorrence, and though the custom of burning a few of them on festival days for the amusement and edification of good Christians has now become obsolete, they are considered by all pious Catholics as the chosen instruments of Satan upon earth, labouring assiduously in his ministry until it shall please the king of terrors to reward their services by taking them to himself. This circumstance has furnished our author with a fine opportunity, which he has not neglected, of bringing into strong relief the superstitious folly of the Spanish people, and the malicious pranks resorted to by the Gitano to heighten their belief in his connexion with the demon, and to play

upon their credulity for his own advantage. The Gitano is a pirate, like all others of the same species, with the form of an angel and the heart of a demon. His heart of course has been warped from virtue by sundry assassinations, which the fatal bent of circumstances have necessitated him to commit, to revenge the murder of a father and the dishonour of a sister; and after this preparatory process he is qualified to take his stand on the deck of a vessel as the ironhearted captain of a lawless band. Most of our readers must be aware that a great part of the coast of Spain is inhabited by bold adventurers, who exercise the trade of smuggling as their forefathers have done before them from generation to generation. Nothing can be finer or more picturesque than the appearance of these contraband heroes mounted on their fine Andalusian horses with their cavalier equipments and costume; their bold and undaunted demeanour, and the swarthy beauty of their forms and countenances. We have often thought they would furnish fine materials for the novelist, and we are surprised that Luc has not managed to make a little more of them, and to exhibit them in more attractive colours. But though he sometimes sketches with ability and accuracy, he does not seem gifted with an inventive genius, or with the power of weaving his web of circumstances so as to produce a sustained interest throughout his tale.

The inhabitants of the little town of Santa Maria are thrown into a state of the greatest consternation by the appearance of the dark vessel of the Gitano coming to an anchor off the coast. The barber's shop is crowded with the eager news-gatherers, and all is bustle and curiosity. The dark deeds of the Gitano are the subject of sundry recitals, and various are the conjectures upon the object of his ominous visit to the shore of Santa Maria. Of course the Gitano is a listener to the senseless prattle, and electrifies the assembled gossips by discovering himself, and then disappearing as if by magic.

But the curiosity and surprise vanish in the all-absorbing interest of the bull-fight that is fixed for the morning. Here, again, the Gitano prepares a fresh surprise for the thoughtless inhabitants of Santa Maria. The games had begun: the bull was a most noble animal, and the light-limbed matadors were performing feats of skill that drew upon them the applause of the crowd, and the smiles and acclamations of their mistresses. The circus was situated on the seashore, and was only accessible by two gates. On a sudden the gate which fronted the government-box was violently flung open, and a cavalier presented himself in the circus.

"He was not a Chulilo, for he did not wave in the air the thin veil of red silk, nor did he brandish the long lance of the picador, nor the double-edged sword of the matador; neither was his cap festooned with ribands, nor his dress embroidered with gold. He was habited in black, after the fashion of the Croatians. He wore leather boots, falling in numberless folds upon his legs, and a mariner's hat, surmounted by a white plume, was on his head. He was mounted on a spirited black horse, caparisoned in the Moorish style, a pair of richly-mounted pistols hung at his saddle-bow, and he carried in his hand one of those short, narrow sabres usually worn by marines. As soon as he appeared the bull retired to the other extremity of the arena, pre-

paratory to rushing upon his new adversary: hence the black cavalier had time to put his steed through some showy movements, and to post himself beneath the box of the *monsa* (a nun,) and there he fixed his eyes upon the betrothed of the Lord. The countenance of the damsel became purple, and she hid her head in the bosom of the abbess, indignant at the temerity of the stranger. 'Holy Virgin, what audacity!' cried the female portion of the spectators. 'What devil's whelp is this?' said the men, equally surprised at such coolness. On a sudden a general cry burst from the auditory, for the bull started forth to rush upon the cavalier of the white plume, who turned about, saluted the monsa, and said: 'For you, senora, and in honour of your bright eyes, beautiful as the azure of the skies.' He had scarcely uttered the words when the bull came headlong upon him. With singular address, aided by the wonderful agility of his horse, he eluded his pursuer, and distanced him so far as to have time again to halt before the monsa, and say to her, 'Once more for you, senora; but this time it is for the sake of that vermillion mouth, rich as the coral of Peru.' The bull came on furiously. The cavalier of the white plume awaited his approach with cool deliberation, drew a pistol from his holster, levelled it, and hit his mark with such exquisite precision, that the animal rolled at his horse's feet. On observing the imminent peril to which this singular being was exposed, the monsa uttered a piercing shriek, and threw herself forward on the balustrade of her box. He seized her hand, carried it to his lips, and then continued to gaze at her fixedly.

"There was so much to astonish the Spaniards in this strange scene that they remained petrified. The fantastic costume, the bull killed by a pistol-shot contrary to all received customs, the fact of kissing the hand of a betrothed of the Lord, all this was in such open violation of the established practices, that the alcalde and the governor remained lost in astonishment, while the author of all this mischief still kept his eyes fixed upon the monsa, exclaiming, 'How very beautiful she is!' At length the yelping accents of the alcalde were heard—the nun quitted the box, and two serjeants sprang forward and seized the bridle of the cavalier, who offered no resistance. 'Who are you?' inquired the alcalde. 'By what right have you killed a bull destined for the amusement of the public? How dare you address a young damsel, who to-morrow is to pronounce the holy and irrevocable vows?"

'Who am I?' said the strange cavalier, haughtily raising his head, and discovering features of faultless symmetry. His eyes were quick and piercing; black mustachio shaded his vermillion lips, and his thick whiskers terminated at a finely moulded chin. 'Who am I!' repeated he with a full and sonorous voice—'you shall know presently, worthy alcalde.' He grasped his bridle, and spurred his horse, which gave such a prodigious bound, that the two serjeants rolled in the circus.

"Who am I? I am the Gitano, the accursed—if you like it better, the damned Gitano, worthy alcalde;' and he wheeled about, flew through the gate, gained the beach, and dashed into the sea."

This feat of stemming the tide on horsback is, we are quite sure, quite new to our readers. Sailors may laugh at the idea of a horse marine, but if they consult M. Luc's pages on the subject, they will find that it is no laughing matter, and that such a being is not quite so imaginary as a mermaid. The Gitano is seldom introduced without his black steed, which must certainly be of the breed of those that drew Neptune's car; for since Homer's time we have never seen anything more sublimely imagined in the horse-marine way than M. Luc's exquisite picture. Just observe the alertness with which

the noble animal extricates himself from a position in which all other quadrupeds of his species are most helpless.

"A sort of inclined floating bridge, fastened to the ship's side by long iron bars, was lowered into the water. The horse placed his forefeet upon the extremity of this plank, and with a vigorous bound reached the deck, which was almost level with the water."

The assembled multitude, who have just heard the declaration of the Gitano, rush almost simultaneously in pursuit of him. But besides that their eagerness and numbers obstructs their attempt, they find on reaching the shore that the boats have all been turned adrift. However, they are consoled by the appearance of two revenue-cutters that are bearing down upon the pirate. From this new danger the Gitano is delivered by his coolness and courage, and his superior knowledge of the coast, though we must confess we do not exactly comprehend how he manages it; but we believe it is by the substitution of an empty consort, resembling his ship in every particular. After this we find him superintending the landing of his cargo, during the performance of which exciting task he does little else than blaspheme, and jeer at a poor monk who is specially hired to bless the goods, and to efface the traces of Satan left on them by his hands. We shall quote a morsel of this as it presents us with another feat on horseback.

"While this discussion was proceeding, a man was seen hurrying down the cliff. It was the fisherman, Pablo. 'In the name of the Virgin, fly,' said he, 'fly—the leather-coats are out—we are betrayed by Punto.'—'Death to Punto!' and the knives flashed in the moonlight. 'This is not all,' added he, 'the crimes and profanations of the Gitano recoil upon you; and the bishop has directed them to shoot you like dogs, for having leagued with an excommunicated heathen.' 'The holy father changes his sheep into wolves—what a miracle!' exclaimed the philosopher. 'Death to Punto, the traitor! exclaimed the group of smugglers. 'He's done for,' said the Gitano,' kicking the dead body; 'and so load your goods in haste for the tide is rising, and the sky is growing cloudy; and if once the carbine of the leather-coats shall glitter on the steep, your choice must lie between fire and water, my lads.' He then gave a low whistle, and his crew of blacks instantly repaired on board the cutter. The Gitano remained upon the shore, mounted upon his trusty steed. His countenance assumed a rather equivocal expression, when a brisk fire of musketry announced the presence of the revenue officers on the ridge of the cliff. All hope of retreat on that side was cut off. 'Holy Virgin, save us, noble captain,' said the monk; 'show us the secret passage.' 'What passage?' saith the Gitano, 'you are dreaming.'"

"A sharp fire was kept up upon the group, and three of the smugglers had already expired upon the beach. The terror of the monk was at its height: he dragged himself into the water, and there in accents of the deepest despair, he besought the Gitano to save them. 'Invoke Satan, and I will save you,' said the Gitano. 'Behind these rocks is a secret passage, masked by a moveable stone: it will shelter you against your pursuers.' 'Well then, Satan, since Satan you must be, save us,' cried the Spaniards, with a cry of anguish. The Gitano shrugged his shoulders, turned his horse's head in the direction of the vessel, and swam towards it amid a shower of bullets, singing aloud an old moorish romance of Hafiz. The Smugglers remained thunder-stricken. They had only to choose between fire and water, as the pirate had predicted. The Gitano, alone, made his escape. 'By heaven,' exclaimed the

officer, 'his ship is on the point of being smashed on the rocks. God is just. He is standing out to sea, but perish he must.'"

But the Gitano does not perish, but pursues his triumphant career, and, a little farther on, we find him frightening the crews of two revenue cutters out of their wits, by the sudden display of his supernatural powers, for supernatural they must be, if we are to take the text at the letter. Those who take delight in the spirit-stirring sketches of such writers as Scott, Cooper, and Basil Hall, have only to peruse the following passage, to be convinced how immeasurably M. Luc transcends these vaunted writers in truth of colouring, and vigour of imagination.

"The whole crew of the cutter, remained staring in stupid astonishment on the deck. The sea was calm, and the night was pitchy dark. All was black around. Just then, an immense furnace of red and glaring light suddenly burst forth. The sea reflecting this flaming brilliancy, rolled its waves of fire: the atmosphere became illuminated, and the summits of the rocks of de la Torre were tinged with a purple light, as if a mighty conflagration were raging along the shore. This stream of light was furrowed, at intervals, by long flashes of flame, which shot forth in a thousand columns, and fell again in showers of gold, of azure, and of light. They formed so many myriads of burning meteors that flashed, and sparkled, and scattered around them streams of dazzling light. And, lo! in the midst of this lake of fire, appeared the Gitano's vessel; There was the Gitano himself, arrayed in black, with his black cap and white plume. He was mounted on his little horse, whose housings were of rich purple, and whose mane platted with golden threads, and weighted with precious stones, fell upon his neck. Close by the condemned, and leaning upon his horse's neck, stood Tasillo, also arrayed in black, and holding in his hand a long carbine, while Bentick and his negroes, ranged in two lines, stood in silence at the guns. A more imposing spectacle could not well be devised: it had all the appearance of satanic apparition—for the silent, stirless crew—the dark vessel with all her sails closely furled, seemed to rise from the bottom of the abyss, amid waves of light and flashes of flame. The calm figure of the Gitano, whose look wore a superhuman expression, all was well qualified to terrify Mazareo and his band, who regarded this pyrotechnic contrivance, as nothing else than the triumph of Satan. The voice of the Gitano thundered, and the whole crew of the cutter, who were on their knees, and as it were, fascinated by this strange sight, fell flat, with their faces against the deck."

The Gitano then proceeds to scold away in Ercle's vein, as if he was addressing a refractory negro, on his own deck, and after sending them a broadside, he retires, highly satified with himself. But his career is fast drawing to its close. His passion for the beautiful monsa of the bull-fight, had taken possession of his soul; while the noble bearing and flattering attentions of the Gitano, had produced a corresponding effect on the heart of the fair Ronta. With all a lovers ardour, he climbs the walls of her convent, but his entrance is observed, and he is surrounded and taken prisoner by the soldiers. Trial and condemnation quickly follow, and after being exposed for three days, in the burning chapel in the square of St. Juan, he is formally executed, to the great satisfaction and edification of the assembled thousands of spectators. M. Luc has exhausted the resources of his art, in giving a picturesque effect to

the execution; it is detailed with exquisite minuteness. The haggling bargaining of the executioner, about the price of his labour, the mutilation, and subsequent death-blow, all are sketched with fidelity and accuracy. The manner in which his friend Tassillo avenges his death, is not a little singular. He pledges himself to the dying Gitano, that the whole population of Spain shall rue his death, and he fulfills his threat to a letter. He sails to the coast of Tangeir, in the pirate-boat, to the command of which he has succeeded, by the death of the Gitano; takes in a cargo of goods infected by the plague, sails again for Spain, and casts them on the shore. Of course they are carried away by the inhabitants, and the consequence is, that the plague burst out amongst them, and carries them off by thousands. Such was the revenge of Tassillo, for the death of his commander and his friend. There is another tale in this volume, in which the fate of the pirate Kernock, is meant to serve as a contrast to that of the Gitano. After running the same career of blood and rapine, Kernok withdraws from the scene of warfare, enjoys his "otium cum dignitate," and his ill-got treasure, and goes down the vale of years, a grey haired sire, whose only frailty is an undue affection for the brandy-bottle, which ungenerously requites his predilection by causing his death.

Such are M. Luc's powers, as demonstrated in the work before us. He makes no unfair estimate of them himself, when he only aspires to the honour of leading the way into an hitherto unexplored field of composition, and pointing out to more elevated genius, and more practised pens, what may be effected by them in this new line. The real merits of his productions are neutralized by exaggeration, and a continued straining after effect. He seems to fancy, that to be very horrible, is to be very sublime, and that a disgusting account of massacres, and orgies, cannot fail, and must be peculiarly agreeable to the reader. In this, however, he does not differ from his compeers, as they are all infested by the same perverted taste.

SONNET.

BY KENRICK VAN WINCKLE.

Our ship is drifting fast upon the shore.
O, for a being of a master-mind,
To take the helm; who, looking not behind,
Would steer right onward—one not rich nor poor,
Nor of the vulgar, nor the too refined;—
Who has at once the will and power combined,
Boldly this sea of rocks to guide us o'er—
Not from self-love, but love of human kind.
Clouds frown, winds howl, rocks threaten, billows roar,
And thunders burst. Quick! or our doom is signed.
Clear the deck of its lumber! Lame and blind,
Make way! and we may hoist our sails once more—
Once more our prow may beat the foaming seas,
Once more our flag may flutter in the breeze.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A FREE TRADER.

"It's very odd these kind of men, won't let a body be."—*Hood's Whims.*

It is too often the fate of meritorious, active public servants, to be neglected by those, from whom they had every reason to expect encouragement; and therefore are they constrained to throw themselves on the public for that support which should have been drawn from private channels. Such, unhappily has been my lot; my exertions in the cause of science have been unrewarded; and those labours, which have been undertaken for the benefit of my fellow-creatures, have involved me in trouble and punishment—instead of having produced those effective and valuable remunerations, to which they were entitled? I am therefore compelled, in self-defence, to bring certain facts before the public tribunal, and thus to address myself to the more considerate and benevolent portion of mankind, who will view my case, as one richly deserving sympathy, and me, as an individual, unjustly sacrificed to the petty, narrow-minded prejudices of an ignorant and overbearing faction.

My father was a great naturalist and horse-dealer—he was for many years the first knacker in Kent-street, and from him I received the rudiments of my professional education; but I will not detain the reader reciting any of the exploits of my boyhood while in my father's service, but enter at once into that portion of my busier career which bears upon the *subject* I propose—confound the word, I cannot leave it off for the body of me.

My father's pursuits were odious to me, for I abhor cruelty to animals—I would not hurt a fly. I resolved to turn my talents to some account, and to start in the resurrectioning line. Abjuring the Sadducean doctrine, which denies the resurrection of the body, and determined to prove the falsehood of, at least this one portion of their creed, I united myself to a most extensive firm of bady-snatchers, and soon became an active and efficient employé.

My first professional engagements led me to attend all the funerals in a certain number of churchyards near the metropolis, where I was posted till the notice of any particulars connected with the interments; and the proceedings for the night were generally regulated by my daily reports. But, before entering into the details of my experience, I may be allowed to premise, that I disclaim, with indignation, any connexion with the Burking party, and that one object I have in view in bringing forward these my confessions, is, to prove that, neither directly nor indirectly, did we adopt their style of practice.

Having been employed as scout without witnessing any incidents of peculiar interest, seldom any thing worse than a slight ducking in a horsepond, I was now promoted, and became the principal agent with the undertakers. The scientific and better-disposed class of them made but little difficulty in adopting our views, and so, being a

muscular lad, I frequently attended their funerals, and was deputed to remove the subject *from* the coffin into the long black bag, which they always have at hand for the purpose. The tenantless habitation having been conveyed to the attendant hearse with great apparent labour, my better filled bag was carelessly deposited by its side, and on the return of the equipage we had but little difficulty in removing our spoil to head quarters. Walking funerals were sometimes a little more troublesome, but these were managed by my remaining a few minutes behind, and then following the procession with my bag, at a respectful distance. This manœuvre most effectnally screened me from all interference, as it was of course presumed that I belonged to the melancholy party.

It happened, during my early experience, that we were much opposed by a large neighbouring firm, who had recently entered into an unprofitable contract with one of the borough hospitals, and it became almost impossihle for us to do any real good. They kept a sharp look out in every quarter, and for very many weeks completely superseded all our exertions. It was therefore agreed, on *my* suggestion, that *mock funerals* should be arranged—and so it was—our own members were sufficient to furnish bearers, and pages, and mourners; and, by some little expense, we contrived, for several weeks, to get up these imposing processions, the coffins of which were iron; and by contriving that they should always take place in burial-grounds contiguous to the general scene of our opponents' operations, we continued, for a length of time, to throw them upon false scents; while *we*, by keeping a close look-out in the remoter districts, generally succeeded in our more important arrangements, and began to get a good name for ingenuity and success.

The leading member of our fraternity being a man well to do in life, and passing as a respectable tradesman, at this time engaged (for the ostensible purposes of a warehouse) a small range of premises, the *back* of which looked upon a burial-ground, in the northern London district: he also succeeded, in a short period, in getting for me the appointment of night-watchman to this ground, which, he urged, was an indispensable precaution against the numerous gangs of insurrectionists who were then in operation. This mode of securing to himself the whole spoil, was credible to his ingenuity; for while I practised an unrelaxing vigilance, and effectually prevented the intrusion of a foreign footstep, I essentially served the interests of my own firm. Our principal partner never lost an opportunity of saying a word in my behalf, in quarters most influential, so, my wages were speedily raised, every question of security was set completely at rest, and the rumour of resurrectionists infringing on the burial-ground of B——, was never so much as breathed.

Matters having gone on prosperously, it was agreed that I should obtain the chapel key, and have a cast taken: as the vaults beneath would open to us a considerable spoil, wherein our proceedings would be conducted with less labour and greater security, and as out of door's work, in wintry nights, was not agreeable. Being on most intimate terms with the sexton, our purpose was speedily effected; but on the first experiment, an incident occurred, which

put an end to all practice in this neighbourhood, for a considerable time. We had descended into the vault, and disinterred four subjects, which had been recently deposited there, and which, in consequence of my excellent watchmanship, were considered secure: these were removed into the vestry, and nothing now remained but their immediate conveyance to the adjoining warehouse, and the closing of the vault. As ill luck would have it, one of our party, "*Lushing Miles,*" as we called him, discovered a key, in the door of the vestry closet: curiosity (it could be nothing worse) induced him to take a peep at the contents, and there his eyes were rivetted on a tolerable store of spirits and wine. With our friend, the sight of these goodly things was an irresistible temptation; and before any of the party were conscious of his proceedings, he had ascertained the quality of nearly a pint of brandy. We all then, in turn, helped ourselves, and the night proving bitterly cold, the cordials were acceptable; but one bottle begot a second, a second a third, and so on, until, after the directions of Shakspeare, who says wisely, "mingle, mingle, mingle; ye who mingle may,"—we mingled the wine and spirits, to our own utter confusion. As our senses began to give way, riotous mirth became predominant. After several foolish freaks, we arrayed ourselves in the sacerdotal attire, which hung in the vestry. Thus metamorphosed, did they continue their potations, until they all sank down, with little remaining symptoms of life. They had, however, while some glimmerings of sense yet remained, directed me to close the vault, and to remove every thing which might, on the following morning, which happened to be Sunday, give any intimation of our visit. Had I done as directed, a few minutes earlier, I might have avoided the appalling consequences which ensued; but it was too late.—I had no longer the power to close the vault—but the vault, in a few minutes, enclosed me! As, bending forwards, to see all clear below, I rolled down headforemost; and the stupefying effects of the spirit, together with a violent blow on the head, which I received in the fall, rendered me as perfectly insensible, as the most ancient tenant of that gloomy tomb. Of the scenes next ensuing, I was not an eye-witness: I heard, however, that my companions remained sound asleep, until after the chapel had been opened for divine service, and that the beadle, looking into the vestry, and observing all the officiating officers there, in full canonicals, did not venture to interrupt them, until the bell gave notice, that the hour for the commencement of divine service had nearly arrived. Awakened, for the first time, by an admonitory tap on the door, by the beadle, my companions became suddenly startled into a full sense of the painfully ridiculous and dangerous dilemma in which they were placed. There was no time for reflection—no opportunity of searching for me—no means of rescuing me from my subterranean abode, even had they known it. In an instant, the various disguises were thrown off, and placed on the exhumed bodies; the vestry-door was locked inside, to give the chance of time for escape; and assuming the air and, appearance of quiet and orderly workmen, my companions escaped through a back door in the vestry (which opened on the burial-

ground), and passed out of the gate, at the very moment when the clergyman and clerk were entering in haste.

In a few minutes all was uproar. After some little remonstrance from without, with the supposed tenants, whose silence excited surprise, the vestry door was wrenched open. The state of confusion which it displayed—glasses and bottles, and the smoky fumes of the night's debauch, petrified with horror, the sober-minded clergyman and his attendants; but their alarm at removing the surplices and clerical gowns from the bodies which they concealed, was past all description. The truth was now clear—pursuers were dispatched in every direction, and immediate notice given at the police offices, but to no avail. Our leading actor having reached home, so completely altered his appearance, that he became, in a few miuntes, one of the most sober-looking of the whole congregation, and as violent, as any, in indignation. Being a man of some influence, his advice was taken: in the course of but a short time, the bodies were replaced in their final resting place, and quietly redeposited in the vault. The services of the day were entered upon, and conducted with as much order and regularity as the circumstances would allow; and, immediately after, the stone was securely replaced at the mouth of the tomb, by attenddant workmen; and *I* was consigned, for a while, to that living death, the horrible remembrance of which haunts me to this day, and is, even in my dreams, continually before me, in all the vivid freshness of reality.

But how shall I attempt to picture the scenery of that dreadful night—the terrors of the place—the horrible conceits and loathsome smells, which tormented me. I must have remained, for some time, asleep and insensible of my situation; and when, for the first time, I awoke to feeling, and half unclosed my hesitating eye, alike careless and unconscious of my position. I well remember the faint cold thrill which passed through my veins, as if it would freeze up the fountains of my existence. Raising myself up gently and timidly, I endeavoured to look aronnd to recognise some features, by which to ascertain where I was, but all was dark. Faintly recalling the events of the preceding night, I imagined that I had been taken in my intoxication, and conveyed to the black hole of the watch-house, and in this apprehension, I consoled myself for a time. Finding my resting place hard and damp, and comfortless, I arose, and in so doing, struck my head against the lower part of the arched roof. Compelled from the violence of the blow to sit down, I found myself resting on a coffin, broken and mouldering, which gave way beneath my weight —then it was, that the knowledge of my real situation, first broke upon me. I, who in my ordinary avocations in the path of my duties, could deal with death in all its forms, without the slightest reluctance, was now suddenly paralysed with horror, at finding myself alone in that foul vault, to which no wholesome air breathed in. My seat having broken from under me, I suddenly felt almost stifled —the dust of earthly decay arose around me, and increased the parchedness of my fevered lips—the pollution seemed to cling to me, as glad to be once again united to any thing living. Shuddering with horror, I endeavoured to shake it from me, but in vain. Rush-

ing from my seat, I hurried to the further end of the vault, and sat myself down for awhile, endeavouring to collect my wandering thoughts. The more I reflected, the more bewildered I became; and my mind recalled, with a frightful accuracy, all the supernatural tales of death, wherewith, in infancy, my ear had been assailed. In this bed of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep, surrounded with yellow chapless sculls and dead men's rattling bones, did I remain, until my mind gradually gave way, beneath the excitement, and reason no longer retained her controul. Imagination peopled the vault, with a ghastly and numerous tenantry, with whom I held discourse, believing myself one of them, and as essentially departed from the living world as they were; but ever and anon, the low desponding echoes of my own sepulchral voice startled me into momentary sensibility: it was, however, but momentary, for I soon again sunk back into my former state of wild delirium. Then, starting into motion, and believing that I had been unfairly deprived of my resting place, I scooped out, with my bony hands, the contents of the coffin, on which I had, at first, seated myself, and deposited my exhausted frame therein; and there I lay, for a while, at rest, being surrounded with all the mute appalling emblems of decay.

Shut up in that charnel house and almost stiffled, I laboured for breath, well do I remember to have grasped the remains of more than one human being, bending over the senseless clay, and wondering why I could not partake of their stillness and insensibility. At length, exhausted reason completely relinquished her hold—her farewell beam past away, and I sunk down in convulsive agony between two newly deposited coffins, nor did one single gleam of sense revisit me during this living death, to which I could not have been exposed for less than six-and-thirty or forty hours. The next circumstance of which I have any recollection, was being awakened by gentle whispers, and opening my eyes, I discovered anxiously bending over me, the face of one of my companions, who with my father appeared to exhibit some anxiety for my condition—no words of recognition passed between us; but believing myself still in the vaults, I spoke incoherently and wildly. It was many weeks before health of body and of mind returned, or before I learnt the particulars of my own story. It had been supposed for some time, that I had escaped, during the general uproar on the Sunday; but not making my appearance, my companions became alarmed, and on Tuesday morning early they effected their entry to the chapel, again unsealed the mouth of the tomb, wherein I lay stiffened and senseless, and by great labour and contrivance had me conveyed to a secure resting place, where after a lengthed interval, and by constant attention and kindness, I became at last convalescent. For awhile, the impressions left on my mind by this incident, absolutely prevented me from taking any prominent part in the business. I became fearful and heartless, ashamed of myself, and the derision of my companions, who expressed their regret at having rescued me from the grave, wherein they urged, I had better have remained, as I was then worse than useless to them, burdensome rather than serviceable.

Under these depressing circumstances it became absolutely necessary for me either to resume my duties, or to bid farewell to the craft at once, and for ever. To minds of a feebler and less resolute turn than mine, thank God happens to be, this occurrence might have proved injurious. I however soon recovered the inconvenience, and although the affair does even yet haunt me unseasonably, I soon prepared to resume my necessary avocations, for which I entertained a natural relish. Young snatchers, may from my experience learn, that the profession is not always as agreeable as they in the hurricane of their poetical imagination may fancy it; those who have not a decided turn for the pursuit, had better not adopt it. A genuine snatcher, as the classics say, is, "nascitur non fit." The business of claiming the unknown bodies of suicides and of those who died friendless and unowned in workhouses, was in many instances left to my management, and so successfully was it for a time prosecuted—while the great cause of anatomical science was thereby assisted, our pockets gave most sensible and satisfactory evidence of the good resulting from this branch of practice; but I got involved in a dilemma, which had like to have ended seriously.

The body of a young woman had been found floating down the river by a waterman, who brought it on shore; it was deposited in the bone-house of St. Saviour's, and advertised. Of course I identified the body, declaring it to be that of a very dear sister, who had lately left the country, to take the situation of lady's-maid in a family at the west end of the town, with whose name I was unacquainted. To assign any reason for the rash act, was out of my power; I merely stated that she had been deserted by a young man, who was endeared to her by an acquaintance of years, and that his having married another person, might have so far preyed on her health and spirits, as to have driven her to this rash act. After having manifested an abundance of sorrow, tears flowing plentifully, and bitterly lamented that my own circumstances were so narrow, as to prevent my giving her the funeral attentions I might have wished: the jury before whom I had appeared, expressed much sympathy, and a disposition to afford me some pecuniary assistance. This was almost too good. As they were about to consult on their verdict, and determine the matter, as they doubtless would have done, to my satisfaction, a most unacceptable intruder made his appearance, who completely altered the face of the affair, and put my character in a remarkably unpleasant state of jeopardy. A rough, uncouth-looking man, of about forty years of age, attired as a mechanic, entered the room, and, in an unceremonious manner, stated that she had been living for some years as a milliner, occupying apartments in his own house, for which she had paid regularly, until within the last few months. This man continued to state, that during the last few months she had become acquainted with a man, who represented himself to be chief clerk in a merchant's counting-house, who had succeeded in gaining the affections of this poor girl, and on the promise of a speedy marriage had, in addition, borrowed of her the last penny she possessed, and induced her to put her name to various

bills, two of which had already been dishonoured by her, and the threats to which she had been exposed by the holders, together with the disappearance of her heartless acquaintance, had driven her into a state of phrenzy. This man, added he, raising his stentorian voice, till the walls rung again with his violence, is now before you, and there he stands at this moment!—demure looking hypocrite! I know him well—too well, unhappily; and if any proof of his identity is required, he wears a cork leg, which no hypocrisy, no disguise, *can* conceal! The fellow having fixed his eyes fiercely on me during his harangue, and swearing most positively to my identity, I was instantly brought forward and examined. Alas! *I had a cork leg!*

This unfortunate coincidence, told sadly against me, indeed, he made the matter appear so plausible, that my guilt seemed apparent to all. I began myself, almost to believe there might be some truth in his statement; my head was completely bewildered, and the whole circumstances were so against me, that I was unable to do more than hammer out a denial, without offering any explanation. The coroner, now stated, that he should feel it necessary to delay the conclusion of the inquest until a future day; during the interim, every effort should be made to obtain fresh evidence, and this self-styled relation, whose character and conduct appears to have been almost miraculously brought to light, should be accomodated with as secure a resting place, as the most captious individuals could require. I was, accordingly, handed off to durance; followed by the execrations of hundreds, and introduced to the solitary enjoyment of my own unassisted reflections. 'Twas not however, even in this the depth of my depression, so melancholly as might have been supposed; the consciousness of my own innocence, gave me comfort, as did the knowledge that all I had done, was in the fair way of trade; and I formed a determination to convict, and punish heavily, this perjured false-witness. I confidently, relied on the honourable acquital which must await me, on the congratulatory and sympathysing testimonials of the court and jury, and on the ultimate possession of the claimed and well-deserved body. After the interval named, the court re-assembled, by great labour on the part of my friends, the wretch, who actually had thus served the poor girl, was discovered, and brought forward, and, although the personal resemblance between him and myself, appeared to astonish the court, I cannot say, for my own part, that I should ever have mistaken the one for the other; for he was, to say the best of him, any thing but a good-looking gentleman-like sort of man. Of course, the burden being now removed from my shoulders, and fixed on those where it should have rested, I was set at liberty; but not until I had undergone a strict examination, as to my purpose for claiming the body; at first, I stuck to my point, vowed it was my sister, and claimed peremptorily; the coroner, however, did not view the matter precisely as I might have wished, he was more inquisitive than agreeable, and did certainly propose some puzzling questions. While the investigation was going on, I observed at the further end of the room, certain police-officers, whose significant looks and occasional smiles, discomposed me, and I therefore inti-

mated, that as one, and so great a mistake had already been made, it was more than possible, that I also might be in error; I therefore begged, to be allowed to view the body a second time, and on my return did not find myself by any means so certain as I had been, on the former occasion; my grief was therefore, in some measure, moderated, and I left the room, expressing my determination, instantly to go in pursuit of my sister.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

Sleep on! 'tis better far for thee,
Within thy narrow cell,
In peace to rest, than still with me,
In shame and grief to dwell.

From dust we spring. and must again
To rest in dust return;
And thou art gone 'ere grief and pain
Could triumph o'er thine urn.

Thine infant heart hath never bled,
And now can never bleed,
Like mine o'er peace and pleasure fled,
A barren hopeless weed.

The primrose pale, above thy tomb,
Springs gently into life;
Sweet emblem of the child with whom
The sepulchre is rife.

The morning dew—the noon-day sun—
The peaceful calm of eve—
Are nought to thee; thy goal is won,
Thou hast no life to leave.

But every day, and every hour,
Are messengers to me,
And every year a higher tower,
From which I look towards thee.

And yet how vain to deem this eye
Will see thee smile again;
And o'er thy grave at eve to sigh—
How madly, fondly, vain.

Farewell my child! My fallen leaf,
My flower of purest love;
I bear with joy the weight of grief,
So thou art blest above.

Sleep on! sleep on! the grave is deep;
No pang can reach thy breast;
A parent's prayers their vigil keep;
A mother guards thy rest.

M.

THE REJECTED ONE!

A TALE OF THE PIG AND WATCH-BOX.

"Cruel, cruel fate!" said the young Augustus Blenkinsop, dropping a tear into the empty porter mug, "wherefore dost thou torment me thus? I have a prepossessing leg, an inimitable tie, and a mind far above buttons—yet I was born to disappointment! Evil, thrice evil, is the fate that dogs the representative of the Blenkinsops;—thou art rejected of men."

The eyes of Stoker gleamed with the intelligence of those of a deceased mackerel.

"Help yourself," said Stoker, with emphasis, replenishing the pot with Henry Meux's best XX.

"Kindest of men," cried Blenkinsop, "love may perish, but friendship never dies!" The pot not being born beneath the same horoscope with the speaker, was not rejected.

"Come, Blenkinsop, my boy," said Faucitt, filling his pipe, "no long faces here. Let's have a song,—or 'spose you tip us a bit of autobiography. Waiter,—another quart of stout;—remember what the great Dr. Watts' says—

> "Woe is the child of thought, and kin to fear,
> One yields to pipes, but both must yield to beer!"

"My sorrows," answered Blenkinsop, can yield to neither. O, Leged, emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou said—

"O, curse Leged," said Faucitt, "let's have none of him."

"Certainly not," said Stoker.

"Well then, friends, listen and be dumb; but first, I'll trouble you, Stoker, for the other mug!" A deep silence followed, broken only by the protracted breathing of Augustus at his draught, until, having rivetted his eyes for a moment on the bottom of the pewter, he set it down with a sigh, and proceeded.

"Need I tell you that I am the only son and heir of Reginald Nicodemus Blenkinsop, of Dot-and-go-one Hall, county Somerset,—that his father was—

"We knows all that already," interrupted Stoker.

"Rash young man!" said Blenkinsop, with solemnity; "the blood of a hundred sires burns within me! but I forgive you. You know I was born with considerable expectations—that godlike fortune seemed to welcome me from the hour of my birth, and that the heavens, for a time, appeared to smile benignantly on the scion of an ancient stem. In the words of the poet—

"O d—m the poet!" shouted Faucitt.

"Certainly," said Stoker.

Blenkinsop looked sternly.

"Alas!" said he, "those were the last hours of unadulterated happiness that I ever enjoyed. I went to the university—I studied hard—I bonght an alarum clock—eschewed wine parties—proctors reverenced me—my tutor smiled upon me—my acquaintance cut

me—I read for my degree—I stood the examinations—heavens and earth, I was *rejected!*"

The two friends exchanged looks of astonishment, though in a peculiar fashion.

"Next morning I was far from Oxford. Rouse thee, O Augustus!" exclaimed I to myself, "and let not this misfortune overwhelm thee. The Spartan mother shed no tears over her departed son, and why shouldst thou mourn for a paltry degree? No! rather, like my sires of old, will I take my father's sword from the wall, and go forth against the enemies of my country to conquer or to die! So saying, I lighted a cigar. The Blenkinsops have always voted with ministers—I had interest at head-quarters—I was promissed a commission, and I at once purchased my regimentals, and let my moustachios increase. 'Never,' cried the enraptured, though alas! suffering tailor, as he gazed upon the martial figure that issued from his hands all scarlet and gold, 'never seed I a gemman vot looked better!' And he spake aright. I felt then within my bosom the ardour which lighted up as with a spell the soul of Anthony, and drove Themistocles to the combat; and I called to mind the glorious saying of Miltiades, 'Cowards die many times, but a brave man never dies!'"

A prolonged whistle issued from the lips of the petrified Faucitt.

Stoker squinted with a horrible obliquity of vision.

Blenkinsop sighed.

"My evil destiny again interposed. That very evening I received a letter from the War Office. Fire and steel! what did I behold! Cruel Hobhouse! Relentless Hill! Implacable Wellington! My application was *rejected!*"

I fixed my useless sabre in the wall, and retiring to the other end of my apartment, prepared to die like Cato; but the carpet caught my spurs, and I fell prostrate on the ground. I rose an altered man, and sitting calmly down, I drank deeply of thought, and brandy and water cold without. After all, said I, war is a savage pastime; the soldier is but a hireling. So saying, I drew another cork. Life, I resumed, is but short; thou knowest this well, O immortal Flaccus!

"Oh, confound Flaccus!" said Faucitt.

"Certainly," said Stoken.

"Yet despair not, Blenkinsop! Thou wert formed to shine in the court, and not in the camp: surely there is many a beautiful maiden, saturate with silver, who would be proud to be called Mrs. Augustus Blenkinsop!"

"Miss Emily Pelican was both rich and beautiful; she had the figure of a Cleopatra, and the mind of a Sappho! She had published a volume of poetry, called "The Undispairing One of Kamtskatka," and she had two thousand a-year! Her hair was of the hue of sunset, a rich and glorious crimson, and her eyes were of a pale, etherial green. The first moment I saw her, I loved her; and hope whispered me that she was my affianced bride. I gave a *post obit* to a wealthy Shylock, Manasseh Ben Melchiseeek, who at cent. per cent., furnished the supplies. Stulty again suffered, and I sported a cab. The sweet Emily received me favourably, add I won the good will of her maiden aunt, by escorting her twice to church."

Fawcett thrust his tongue into his cheek ; and Stoker significantly elongated his outstretched hands, resting his left thumb upon his nise. The very bars of the grate grinned. " I sat with my beloved in the same box at the Opera. I was her partner at balls, her attendant every where, and I thought at last I could discover the symptoms of a reciprocal attachment. The crisis was approaching—bills came fast pouring in, therefore my love must be confessed.

One day she was reclining on an ottoman, caressing a corpulant poodle, while I lay stretched before her on the carpet, in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator. Tenderly, yet impressively I seized her hand, and modulating my voice to its lowest and most musical tone, I ventured to say, " Emily, sweet Emily ! do you love ?"

A roseate blush overspread her countenance. " Spare me, Augustus !" she murmured." ' Ah ! dost thou confess the soft enslaver," said I, starting to my feet. " O thou terrestrial seraph ! speak—tell me—will thou wed ?" A blush still deeper than before dyed her burning cheek. Gates of paradise !—and when ?" In half audible accents she whispered—" Wednesday !"

I seized her hand again ; O Cupid ! fairest denizen of Olympus ! What do I not owe thee for this—Wednesday ! Sweet, sweet Emily ! adored Miss Pelican ! On that propitious day shall I lead you to the altar ! On that day shall I place the sacred ring upon——

She started with a look of astonishment—" *You* lead me to the altar ! on Wednesday I am to be married to Captain Ferdinand Fitzspurs !"—

My brain spun round—a red gleam of fire flashed before my eyes—a bolt of ice quivered in my heart—I staggered, and reached the street, I know not how. O the agony of that moment ! I feel it even now—my heart—my brain—my soul ! O Stoker—O Faucitt —how hard it was again to be *rejected !*

" Werry," said Faucitt.

" Werry," reverberated Stoker. And he grinned like a bag of nails.

" I rushed home like a demon. Fury was in my heart, and I kicked over a stall of oranges—I reached my lodgings, and entered my room—amongst an infinity of bills lay a packet, carefully sealed —was it a remittance from my relenting father—I seized—I opened it—madness ! my two last Articles for the Monthly Magazine, *rejected !* O friends, do you not pity me ?—

" I do, pon my credit," said Faucitt. The interesting youth had just emerged from the Insolvent Court.

" I do, pon my honour," said Stoker. He had been horsewhipped at Epsom, for cheating at a thimble-rig.

CULINARY REFLECTIONS ON REFORM.

"Quot Galli totidem Coqui," has been, from old time, the meritorious characteristic of Frenchmen; while, with us, the office of a cook is degraded in public estimation in exact proportion to its intrinsic importance. In the days of Charlemagne the director of the kitchen was ever one of the prime ministers of state; conferences were held over the gridirons; cutlets were inserted in protocols; national boundaries were indicated by the cleaver; and dispatches were given and received, while the under secretary of state for foreign affairs basted the loin which the head of his department had just before spitted. In those days Kitchiner and Mrs. Rundell would have acquired immortality; while Ude, uniting the philosophy of cookery to the art of dressing meat, might, not unhappily for the nation, have been elevated to the premiership: and, if reform had been peremptorily suggested, he would, with consummate skill and prudence, have concocted a system seasoned to the national taste—having due and professional regard to the rights of *corporate bodies*, and the preservation of the *constitution*. He happily would not have set before us a dish of calf's head without brains, but with an overwhelming garnish of tongue; but rather have afforded us that well-esteemed, plain, and wholesome joint, so congenial to the British palate, from which we may rise satiated, but not palled; nor left us to the penitence engendered by mock turtle, which, if it tickle the palate, is of most difficult digestion. Had reform looked backward to a better age, and derived instruction from experience, instead of speculating on undefined futurity, it might have been well with us; and, as it has been decided by medicine and philosophy, that the mind takes its tinge from the stomach, and that the moral character is influenced, if not wholly directed, by the aliments supplied to the physical man, and the manner of their preparation; if by study and inquiry we can ascertain any important departure, in our own age, from the culinary rules of our forefathers, surely it will be far more reasonable to ascribe the actual outcry for reform and change to novel modes of refection, than to render confusion worse confounded, by reference to Magna Charta and King John,—Lord Chatham and the American war—the fair humanities of the first French revolution,—or the late glories of Lafayette and the barricades, which, happily, have as much to do with the question as Mr. Manners Sutton or Mr. Alderman Anybody without manners at all. The cause of public excitement and agitation once ascertained, the remedy would be easy. A Secretary of State's warrant, for the search and seizure of Cayenne, wherever it may be found, as mediately provocative to treason—a proclamation for the apprehension of Mulligatawney, as tending to the disturbance of the public peace—a general outlawry of curry, whiskey, gin, and spices, as inimical to church and king, and wholly subversive of the constitution, should at once appease the popular fever, and restore us to tranquillity—while "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the

Bill," might then be worthily employed (schedule A and all), in cooking a salutary, and simple food; and be devoted to that pot to which it had designed us in the mass. How much would not the world have lost, had not the full enjoyment of his enormous repast bestowed on the sage and moralist (Dr. Johnson), that happier flow of temper, which enabled Boswell to delight, instruct, and improve society, by the wisdom and eloquence of the great Lexicographer's hours of relaxation; and, if he stand unrivalled in this degenerate age, let it be also be remembered, that his chief mangiatory pleasures were confined to a veal pie and raisins—and an unsalted leg of pork boiled to rags, without the pernicious condiments of our days. How mild, serene, and beautiful, was the harsh-tempered Parr, in his after-dinner colloquy, when nature was satisfied, and his passions all appeased. Even old Thurlow's thunder was quelled to the music of a rippling stream, as, with the withdrawal of the cloth, he sent the great seal where we should scarcely like to be; and, if we required living examples of honour, truth, and virtue; of well-acquired fame and dignity; of length of years; and (however men may differ with them upon principle) of the purest patriotism, we have but to regard Lords Eldon and Stowell—Ciceronian Commentaries "De Senectute," who, in preserving a homely and genuine taste for the unsophisticated pleasures of the table, stand octogenarian reprovers of the depravity of modern taste, and our dereliction from better principle, by the unfortunate perversity of our appetites. States and empires, with kitchens, have their periods of declension: and when, so early as the days of Homer (whose heroes had the undoubted merit of being all cooks) we find the utmost disregard of culinary science, and behold Patroclus joining Achilles in the quartering of oxen and spitting loins, without mention of the lighter graces of sauce or gravy, it is easy to predict the uncertain tenure of Grecian power. Even all the wisdom of Pythagoras went no farther than the rejection of beans as food: a degree of refinement which, in better days, would but have extracted a sickly smile of contempt from the immortal Brummell. If Roman history refer, with pride, to the crude turnips of Cincinnatus, we can better appreciate the astonishment evinced by the Samnite ambassadors, especially if they had ever heard of cholera morbus. Horace's recommendation of oblong eggs, is but a sorry proof of Epicurean talent. The satire of Juvenal on the frying of a fish, is really worse than juvenile. The six thousand weight of lampreys provided by Cesar for his imperial supper, would excite the disdain of an alderman, and the jeer of a waiter at the cider-cellar; while Heliogabalus himself was more distinguished for his attention to quantity than quality: and, although "in the palmy state of Rome," Paulus Emilius strove to save his country by establishing the important axiom, "That no less skill is required to set forth a feast than to lead an army; since, if the one was to annoy an enemy, the other was to please a friend;" Rome necessarily fell in unwisely preferring her generals and senators to her Rundells and her Udes. A shoulder of mutton put Mahomet's divinity to the test, and cost him his life: and as to his descendants, while the Arabian tales associate the merits of well-peppered cream tarts with the glories of the caliphate, by a declension

of taste in the sultans, we have beheld the Russians at the gates of Constantinople. The Danes, happy under a despotic government, unacquainted with reform or revolution, afford a pleasing picture of lengthened content and tranquillity; but it is, at the same time, to be recollected, that the dish of grout served up at the coronation dinner of England's kings, has been still preserved amongst its inventors; and history will have to record, that the first denial of that venerated dish to a British monarch, had place under the administration of Earl Grey. What it will further have to record as the consequence, it might be neither prudent nor agreeable to declare.

The first important difference relative to our repasts, is the gradual deferment of the hour of dinner, which threatens to justify the remark of the Hibernian, "that, very soon, we shall dine to-morrow instead of to-day:" and, it can scarcely be doubted, that previous stomachic exhaustion can not be otherwise than unfavourable to digestion, and ill calculated to permit the moral powers their free and full developement in that post-pranzatory hour devoted to politics and the consideration of the affairs of state. Hence springs that unfortunate mental delusion so frequently displayed by a certain influential and talented assembly, which produces majorities on questions which would have been in the minority with their fathers: and, as the late hours of nine and ten at night were first brought into fashion by my Lord Grenville, when he assumed office in 1816, without charging them with a culpable intent, it is clear that the whigs considered the posponement of refection until appetite was wearied, as in no slight degree favourable to their measures: but the firmness of George the Third in resisting innovation and midnight banquets, drove them from place, and, for a time at least, averted the dangers of indigestion and reform.

Should Sir R. Peel return to power, it is to be hoped that he will improve upon this hint, for the public safety; and, in his amendment of the criminal law, a trifling paragraph, rendering it a statuteable offence to dine later than four, or felony, without benefit of clergy, to sit down to table by candle-light in summer, might be productive of essential national benefit. Indeed, the Roman catholic countries of southern Europe offer us an example worthy of imitation. There new constitutions and reform have blazed, like a Roman candle for a moment, and then disappeared; and there, as the angelus of noon is sounded, each one recites the heavenly salutation, winds up his watch, and sits him down to his light and frugal meal. The use of knives and forks has been too long and generally adopted to be yet dispensed with; but whenever a reform of customs be contemplated, it may be fit for consideration, that in the most ancient nation in the world, and that which has best endured, untroubled by change, they are regarded with contempt; and that two sticks of ivory and ebony with the Chinese, serve all the purposes of our bidental and tridental instruments, which had better, haply, have been left to Pluto and Neptune, and the Saturnian age. In the olden and more tranquil times of France even knives were unused, while in democratic Switzerland they were at the same period of general adoption, as we are informed by old Montaigne, who, travelling in the latter country in 1580, ob-

serves, "Et jamais Suisse n'est sans cousteau; auquel ils prennent toutes choses et ne mettent guere la main au plat." If digetal application to a dish somewhat shock our refined ideas, it is yet the custom with the most noble of the Turkish empire, where an orthodox rule of government has so long prevailed. An amusing instance of this habit occurred to the late Sir T— M——, when he visited Bucintro, on the Grecian continent, some years before his death, to treat with Ali Pacha, of Janina, for the cession of Parga to the latter, who eminently desirous of consulting the taste of the distinguished Christian, in soliciting his presence at a repast to be given in his honour, considerately suggested that the cook of the British general should attend him, as the Turkish dishes might haply be unpalatable to him. The feast was served, and Ali's acute observation was directed to the many acts of politeness demonstrated by the officers of the general's staff to the Countess of L——, his relation, who had solicited permission to be present on such an interesting occasion, and who had been placed at the right hand of the Pacha. The latter, more accustomed to dictate to than to sue the gentler sex, was for some time at a loss how to evince his attention to the noble lady, until a boiled fowl and oyster sauce, prepared by the general's cook, attracted in no slight degree his examination and surprise, until, not knowing what else to make of it, he decided that it should become the channel of a compliment. Inserting his comprehensive hand into the dish, and grasping a liberal quantity of the shell fish, while its unctuous concomitant streamed through his sovereign fingers, to the horror of Lady ——, he held it forth for her acceptance; "What is to be done?" exclaimed the horror-struck female to the general, as the greasy substance was shoved into her hand, and, the very picture of despair, her imploring looks solicited some charitable suggestion how to get gracefully rid of the disgusting present. "Eat it, to be sure," was the laconic and unconsolatory reply to her appeal; and, anxious to avoid offence to her Turkish host, in bending her head, in token of regaling on the luscious bivalves, she let them gently slip her hold to the ground, to the somewhat equivocal improvement of her gros de Naples robe. Of the meats adapted to our use, the unconstitutional nature of soups is equally evident from the materials whereof they are composed, and their foreign derivation. The black broth of Sparta was essentially democratic; and the barley compound of our northern neighbours, undoubtedly promoted their separation from the episcopal church, for the more desecrating tenets of John Knox; while soup maigre is the type and image of popery. The very name of Terrine (although taken from the French) was, but a century since, in no wise connected with the purpose to which it is now applied, being used for a most substantial composition of dainty meats, compared, by a writer of that day, to a Spanish oglio; from the abandonment whereof may probably be dated a change of national policy, and a taste for the customs of France.

In the preparation of fish, we have, to our honour, but slightly derogated from the rules of our ancestors; although it is well to suggest that the arrangement of mackerel with gooseberries, as formerly practised, may hereafter merit legislative attention; and that the

lengthened legal appropriation of sturgeon to royalty should be continued at all hazards: the great estimation it was once held in by the merchants of London, existed during a sounder state of commerce than at present prevails; if revived and joined to the effective restoration of the provisions of the Navigation Act, it might tend greatly to further the interests of Great Britain. Fish as an article of food may, however, merit cautious examination with the real friends of the constitution, from the suspicious predilection evinced by one of the ministry to *plaice*—the disposition to *carp* exhibited between my Lord Palmerston and Mr. Hume—and the no slight propensity to *flounder* of many of the would-be supporters of the bill.

Beef, the main stay of the country, has preserved the simple dignity of its character, amidst all the changes of public opinion; and so long as the glorious sirloin preserves its pre-eminence on the board, we have more than a hope of safety against the best efforts of the worst faction in the land. Yet our predecessors so far differed in taste with ourselves, that, a century ago, the Westminster boys, on days of public rejoicing, had an ample allowance of vinegar to eat with the roast. Rumps of beef were served up, well covered with virgin honey; while at Bedlam there was a famous shop, to which citizens resorted to eat stuffed beef in perfection. Mutton was then scarcely considered palatable without carrier's sauce, a composition of salt, onion, and cold water; while veal was ever presented garnished with buttered currants. Pickled turkies were also regarded as a high relish at that day; but an exquisite, although anomalous, dainty was turkey poults fried in batter, while the more philosophic gourmands decreed hen turkies to be "a most melancholy food." Stubble geese at Michaelmas, and green geese in May, were then, as now, infinitely correct; but it would have been truly vulgar to denominate the carving of this bird otherwise than by the "breaking up the goose;" and, in the Corinthian order of gastronomic society, it was ever usual to demand of the person destined to anatomize a fowl, "frust that chicken," "spoil that hen," "sauce the capon," or "mince a plover." Pepper, oil, and lemon, were the constant associates of a partridge; and a peacock, plumed at the head and tail, was regarded as of prime elegance at public repasts. Sauces for meat or poultry were ever sweet; and it was not until after the accession of George the Second that rocombole, eschalot, and garlick, with other stimulants, were introduced from France, as part and parcel of their confection. The unlimited use of pork by our ancestors, even at their suppers, might have justified the interdiction of the Roman law in its regard, and the censure bestowed upon it by Cato. Larded hog's feet and bacon tart were strange favourites, even with the softer sex; the brawner's head was particularly reserved for Christmas night, when it graced the centre of the board, irrigated with mustard, and adorned with sweet rosemary and bays, while an orange graced his fearful tusks. The ancient Romans had the taste of eating honey with their pork; their descendants at this day look upon ham and ripe figs as the greatest delicacy; while the good people of Boston and Philadelphia do not hesitate to accompany their pork with molasses. Luxuries which, whatever may be their intrinsic merits, can scarcely be recommended

for British adoption, on reference to the political tenets of the nations which sanction such peculiar dainties.

The connection of Pork and Politics may be somewhat elucidated by the case of General M———, not long since the representative of a Schedule of Scottish boroughs, who, at his election dinner, took the earliest opportunity of urbanely soliciting of Mr. Provost ————, "the honour of taking a glass of wine with him." "I prefer taking a slice of that Pork by you, sir, if you please," was the somewhat unsophisticated recognition of the candidate's politeness. But in no dish was the fertile invention of our venerated ancestors, and the skill of their cooks more displayed than in the preparation of pies and pasties, which were generally substantial of composition, as magnificent in extent, as much to be compared to the diminutive constructions of our day, as Windsor Castle to Bute Cottage, Lord Chatham to Mr. Hume, or Sheridan to Lord Poltimore. In honour of the first James, a superb pasty was exhibited, from which came forth the celebrated dwarf, Jeffery Hudson, armed with sword and buckler; and it was haply well for a brilliant but diminutive author, of our own day, that a succeeding sovereign, in menacing him with insertion in the wine-cooler, had it not present to his mind, as, although superior to a puff, the witty poet might have been deemed worthy of the paste. Flights of birds from pies were also formerly deemed an elegant and curious pleasantry; but we have it on record that a Lord Mayor improved in his civic imaginings on the practical wit of others, in having a live hare enclosed in crust, the agility of which, on recovering its liberty, so provoked the Nimrod passions of the multitudinous guests, that quitting the table, with one consent, noble and cockney joined in the pursuit, until puss, escaping into Cheapside, was followed by her napkin-decked suit, armed with knife, fork, ladle, and spoon, to the equal enjoyment of the hunters, and astonishment of the people. But no one ever acquired greater or juster celebrity than the famous Kitcat, who was so renowned for his relishing pies, that his house became the resort of men of rank, and taste, and wit; who at length formed a club, the chairmen of which had their portraits taken, by the first artists, of uniform size, to adorn the walls of the room, whence the denomination of Kitcat sketches; but which body was yet more honourably distinguished by its attachment to the constitution, and an ardent support of its principles. Hence, in leaving puffs for the exclusive use of certain legislators of this day, a return to the venerable pasty of the olden time, may be safely recommended as of no unimportant consequence to the consideration of our best institutions. To vegetable diet, little of praise may be afforded; but as cabbage formed the first dish of an ancient Egyptian meal, it should not be wholly contemned; while asparagus, from having been introduced amongst us, subsequently to the accession of the Stuarts, may be regarded as a modern plant; and Johnson and Parr were even of different sentiments as to its orthography. Cucumbers were, in old time, appropriated to tailors, and even the Beggar's Opera treats them with scorn, although they were occasionally produced on the table of our ancestors, boiled with oil, vinegar, and honey, and a salad was served up, accompanied by

mushrooms, mangoes, and bamboons. Pudding has, however, been constantly esteemed as the product of our native ingenuity, and with whatever adoration a plum-pudding be regarded, and however painful it may be to our feelings to detract, in the slightest degree, from the high merits of a dish, on which national affection has been so long placed, the fearful consequences of adopting an erroneous article of food, tending by its rich and enticing qualities to propagate political wrong, and to abet the wicked purposes of the foes to our inestimable constitution, renders it a stern and peremptory duty to declare, that the modern and foreign derivation of its principal and stimulant ingredients, proves that it was beyond the use of our forefathers, and that although Smyrna and Zante might, in former times, have contributed raisins and currants, to its confection, yet spices were little known of old amongst us, and the necessary insertion of rum proves, that its best concomitant could have been attained but subsequently to the discovery of the West Indies, and the still later planting of the sugar-cane in its Islands. Some portion of returning sense in the people, has induced the recent neglect of sandwiches, which had their rise from the Lord whose name they bear, and who, when First Lord of the Admiralty, being engaged for twenty-four hours in play, without rising from his seat, ordered some broiled meat to be placed between two pieces of toast, which served to support nature without diverting his attention from the cards. The stakes for which he played being enormous, great attention was attracted to the performance, and his lordship's ingenious mode of refection soon became popular. The name of lunch is probably a corruption of the slight repast made by the monks in awaiting their dinner, and which was termed "*des onges*" by the French, and "*das ongé*" by the Spaniards; and if so, its very origin stamps it as unworthy. Having endeavoured, however feebly, to establish the connection between the state of the constitution and the constitution of the state, an easy and useful deduction may be made from the premises, and without intending an offensive comparison, the repast provided for the nation, but now, by our ministerial cooks, is scarcely dissimilar in character and result; to a banquet given a few years since in one of the Ionian Islands. Dr. C—, of the British Medical Staff, having been appointed, *pro tempore*, inspector of the quarantine department, soon experienced the delightful difference between comfortable and fixed quarters, a most respectable salary, official rank and influence, and the other pleasing appurtenances to a colonial appointment, as compared with frequent removals from place to place; frequent change of abode, and the hard duties of his ordinary military situation. To secure such advantages, policy and prudence dictated the propriety of a dinner to the bigwigs by whom he hoped to be patronized, but the close and unexpensive character of the Doctor induced many a deep and bitter sigh, ere he could finally resolve upon the extraordinary pecuniary sacrifice a banquet demanded, which would comprehend all his gains in the office he had as yet filled. The promise of wealth and ease for life, prevailed. Tickets to knight and baronet, general and colonel, treasurer and secretary, were issued. Wines, new, strange, and anomalous to the medical palate, provided by Angelo, (the costly hotel-

keeper) of the town, directed to prepare the viands—the day arrived—the hour was near, and the Doctor, in expecting his guests, made acute calculations of a solid and lengthened consumption of what might remain of fragments from the feast. The clock struck—the guests had arrived, and the solemn impatience for refection was generally exhibited, when John entered to announce dinner, and at the same time the arrival of a vessel from Smyrna, in quarantine, having Colonel F———d on board—(a gentleman equally and closely connected with royalty, as with all that is graceful and gallant in his profession)—What was to be done? With the Colonel, the Doctor had unfortunately quarrelled previous to the former having left the Island; official civility might repair the breach, and it was of some importance that reconciliation should occur. Placing his guests at table, and promising to return in an instant, the Doctor took his way to the *Parlatorio*, where the Colonel awaited him, and having exhausted his politeness in greeting his arrival, ventured to suggest that all former coolness might be discarded. "My dear sir, give me your hand," exclaimed the officer, and the delighted physician, eagerly offered the desired pledge of renewed friendship, unsuspicious of any wicked design against his comfort or his banquet. The Doctor had now subjected himself to quarantine. The other sworn officers of the establishment dared not relax. An official and supplicatory report was hastily made to the authorities enjoying themselves at his own board, under his proper roof; but the law was clear and must be obeyed. The necessary and distasteful orders were given; and while his guests poured "huge draughts of Rhenish down" in drinking to the sanitary state of their host, he ruefully took his place by the malicious Colonel, dinnerless and placeless, for his imprudence could not be well overlooked, and he retired from his unpalatable prison to cold quarters, and to the roughing it of a soldier's life, with the dinner-bells for his amusement in his hours of leisure.

ON BABBAGE'S CALCULATING MACHINE.

Inventa est hodie cum miro machina sensu,
Expers est cerebri, computat illa tamen;
Omnibus ab numerisque soluta, en dividit, addit,
Multiplicat, repetit, quadrat, opusque probat
Nusquam aluid caput ex ligno solertius exstat;
Et verum in manibus, jam λογ αCιθμον habes.

THE RIOTS IN 1780,

By an Eye-witness.

As some of our grey-headed readers may have forgotton those remarkable scenes, and others may never have seen a fair account of them, they may not be unwilling to receive such an account from one who was present in the scenes he describes.

Lord George Gordon called on the members of the association of which he was become the head, to meet him in St. George's Fields, thence to proceed, in a body, to present a petition to parliament, praying they would not grant any relief to the Roman Catholics, or in any way diminish the evils they suffered from the existing state of the laws. The place of meeting exists no longer in the state it then was in—a line drawn from the Asylum to the Magdalen, there to the King's Bench, along Newington Causeway to Fishmongers' Almshouses, to the Dog and Duck, then existing where Bedlam now stands, on to the Staggs, on the road to Kennington and Vauxhall, and passing behind the ground belonging to the asylum, inclosed a field in which, at that time, there did not exist a single house. The obelisk has been recently erected where it now stands. All the roads which now meet around it were laid out, and the foot-ways on each side of every road carefully separated by wooden rails from the turf, appropriated to the feeding of cattle. The association was divided into sections, named according to the quarter of the town in which they lived, and the dictator directed that all the members of each division should assemble in one division of the field, that every man might be under the observation of his neighbour; his lordship took his own station near the obelisk, that he might be at hand to address each division in its turn; and I, having no object but that of a curious observer, placed myself as near to him as I could get, with a design to hear what he said.

Having given his directions to all, he proceeded on his way along the Borough-road to Southwark; his followers fell into rows, of six or more each, with tolerable order, proceeding through the City towards Westminster. The men seemed all to belong to the lower orders of tradesmen and working men, dressed in their Sunday clothes, with clean linen, and well washed faces. As the gratification of curiosity was my only motive for being there, having seen the body set off, I passed over the West end, where I lived, thinking that I should see more than I should by following the crowd. I walked on till I met the cortege in Fleet Street, turned about, returning to my own house, remaining there till the whole had passed in to Westminster.

The procession proceeded to Westminster, gradually filling Palace Yard, Abingdon Street, some streets beyond, and every thing thence up past Charing Cross—several hours were occupied in doing this. The time for the Houses of Parliament to meet was approaching—the members had to pass through this dense crowd; in doing so, all were insulted, and some injured in person; and some had their

carriages broken. Guards, both horse and foot, were stationed for their protection, but the mob becoming uprorious, it was found necessary to read the riot act. Justice Hyde was sent for to do this, and as there was something ludicrous as well as serious in this proceeding, I shall describe what I saw of it.

Hyde, a mean tradesman, in his usual dress, with the Act of Parliament, held open with both hands, was seated on one of the light horseman's horses, the bridle held by one of the soldiers on each side, to make him keep pace with themselves, and a strong detachment of the corps, with drawn swords, were pressing, in double quick time to force their way through the immense crowd, to arrive at the scene of action; the crowd yielding with difficulty to the pressure, and closing upon their haunches when they were passed. They arrived in Palace Yard, the Riot Act was read, and the soldiers disturbed the crowd by driving them from one place to another, though most unwilling to disperse; a large mob continually closing up towards the entrance of the House of Commons, expressing insolent reflections upon those members who were hostile to their cause. Lord George frequently left the house, and from a window or balcony, repeated to the mob without, what he *said* was said in the house by the hostile members; he repeated this so often that at last Colonel Gordon, a member of the same family, seized him by the collar, drew his own sword, and vehemently threatened to run him through the body if he did not return into the house, and remain there quiet till it adjourned;—this put an end to the disgraceful scene in that quarter. As the evening closed in, the number of the mob diminished, and with difficulty I, accompanied by a friend, made our way to the entrance of the house, where several groups were encouraging each other, by gross reflections on the Catholics and those who favoured their cause. We heard one group repeating to each other, now *we will go to Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, and moved away in that direction. My companion and I followed, intending to see whatever was done there. At the entrance to the Chapel in Duke Street, about an hundred persons were assembled, not the decently dressed persons who had followed Gordon in the procession, but butchers' boys, bricklayers' labourers, and other persons of a similar description, who are known to be inmates of St. Giles's and others, the worst part of the town. These had collected a quantity of stones, bricklayers' rubbish, and similar materials, with which they attempted to break the great window of the Chapel, but the strong wire screen which covered it, opposed so much resistance that they seemed to have little chance of success. They seemed resolved to persevere, and my friend and self being equally resolved to see the event, we placed ourselves against the rails enclosing the centre of the square, whence we could see all that passed without mixing in the crowd.

The useless battering of the window continued; the mob, and the uproar increased. *Wallace*, at that time, attorney, or solicitor-general, living in Newcastle House, adjoining to Queen Street, came and stood by my companion and me, quietly contemplating the scene. At last, one of the mob obtained an iron crow, with which the door was soon broke open: the mob rushed into the

chapel; its contents were brought out, and burned, as well as the chapel itself, amidst shouts of "No Popery," from the surrounding crowd, which continually increased. When the conflagration was nearly complete, a strong body of soldiers appeared, keeping the mob at a distance; but they continued their vociferations till the fire was extinct. Why Wallace, a member of the government, remained a quiet spectator of this scene for two hours, instead of taking any measures to prevent it, I cannot even conjecture; but I am certain of the fact. On the same night, a catholic chapel near Moorfields, was burned, and others were reported to be so; but it was not known authentically, whether those reports were correct.

On the following morning the town was in confusion. Business was interrupted, and the streets crowded with persons vociferating, "No Popery," and similar exclamations. These became more numerous as the day advanced, till, afternoon, they attacked two large distilleries in Holborn, the property of Langdale, an eminent Roman Catholic. They staved all the vats containing the fluids, in every stage of manufacture, as well as the puncheons of finished spirits; these were suffered to run down the streets, filling the kennels, and overflowing the whole. Some of the mob went on their hands and knees, to drink from the gutters; then rolled over on their sides, plunging in the fluids, and careless who rolled over them; thus accumulating a scene of brutal intemperance, which those who did not see, can never understand. The streets, from Middle Row to Newgate, were so crowded, that it was difficult for one man to pass another. Towards evening a report spread, that Newgate was to be burned that night. Intending to be present, I made my way through the crowd, to the south-east corner of St. Sepulchre's Church-yard, beyond which I could not proceed; and from that elevated spot, had a full view of all that passed before the prison.

The people were crowded together as closely as possible, except a small space in the centre, left for the operatives to attempt to work in. They threw stones at the windows of the governor's house, in hopes of breaking them, but in vain: they battered the door with sledge hammers, but it did not yield. At last, some men placed their hands against the wall, others jumped on their shoulders, broke the windows, and that way gained admittance, opened all the doors, and thus admitted the mob, who set all the inmates at liberty; carried all that was in the house into the street, burned it, and likewise burned the building itself most completely. This conflagration employed a great part of the night, without other interruption, but from the City Association, which was no serious interruption whatever.

All business was now at an end. On the following morning, deputations from the mob went to the Fleet and King's Bench prisons, giving regular notice to the inmates, to remove their private property in the course of the day; and what must seem extraordinary, is, these notices were acted upon, as if they had been strictly legal: all the prisoners did remove their own property, and themselves, without interruption from the legal authorities. Late in the day, the mob came, burned down both the buildings: the conflagration, in both places, was tremendous, and occupied the whole of the night.

On the same night, a terrible scene of another kind, took place not far distant. Upon Blackfriars Bridge were toll-houses, as there are upon other bridges at present, for the toll-gatherers to reside in: in the morning the mob had destroyed these, and, for reasons best known to themselves, threatened to return in the evening, and do further mischief. The government had now assumed activity, and caused a strong body of troops, both horse and foot, to be stationed in Chatham Square, on one side of the bridge, and by the Albion Mills, on the other. These orders were given simultaneously, and executed when they were not expected by the people, who not only filled the bridge, but the streets leading to it, to a distance on both sides. As the horse-soldiers, on both sides, mounted and rode at a quick pace, to take possession, the crowd retreated before them, on each side the bridge, till they could not be crowded closer together, which, to them, had the most serious consequences.

I had heard the King's Bench was to be destroyed that day, and, being quite at leisure, determined to be a spectator. With this view, and my way being over the bridge, I attempted to go that way; but the soldiers stationed there, would not allow me to set a foot within the Square, and I was forced to proceed over London Bridge. Vexation now prompted me to see what was doing on Blackfriars Bridge: I made my way there, but found I could not be admitted there, more than I was on the London side, and submitted to the disappointment, fortunate to me, since to it I owe the power I have, of writing this account of a transaction at which I was present, though I write it from the description of one who was an actor in the scene.

The Horse-guards in those days, were very different from what the corps so called, is at present; like the mousquetaires under the old government in France, the officers were of rank superior to many other officers of other corps in the army; the privates were very superior to common soldiers; they were men of property, mostly in business, and all of them purchasing their employment for the regulated price of 400*l.*, and selling it for the same sum whenever they chose to quit the service. Their duty was to be guards to his Majesty and household, and so regulated that each man was on duty four days, and their turn did not come again till after twenty-eight days had elapsed. These circumstances made the horse-guards of that time, very different from what they are at present. I was well acquainted with one of these men, who was on duty that day upon Blackfriar's-bridge, and described to me the scene in which he was engaged.

The bridge, and the street leading to it on each side, were crowded with the insurgents, the soldiers taking possession of it, moved at the same time on each side, driving the mob before them, till the bridge was as much crowded as it could be, and none were suffered to pass the guards, or go on to, or off from the bridge; being confined in this manner, they became riotous, and insulted the soldiers with foul language, and throwing stones or dirt when they were to be got; the men bore this with patience and good humour. The mob broke into the house nearest the water, on the west side of Chatham-square, broke the windows, tumbled the moveable furniture into the street or

the river, and from the exalted station they had thus gained, they insulted the military with additional virulence; this was continued the whole day, but still increasing, till some time after dark, a shot, from either pistol or blunderbuss, was fired from an upper window of the house, and wounded one of the horse-guards; this put an end to all forbearance on their part, and was a signal to begin the tremendous scene that followed.

The men were ordered to dismount, secure their horses, unite, and attack the house, break open the door, and while one party remained in the street to prevent any one from escaping, the rest entered sword in hand, attacked and cut down all they met None of the mob who entered that house ever left it alive: when all were prostrate, whether dead, wounded, or dying, the soldiers threw them out of the windows into the river. The house was closed, and the soldiers now remounted their horses.

It was now determined to attack the mob on the bridge itself; the attack was made on each end at the same time. The horse charged sword in hand, the infantry with bayonets fixed, and firing, at the same time driving the mob from each end towards the centre—all were cut down, or otherwise killed, except those who were active enough to climb over the ballustrade and crouch down upon the cornice over the arches, in hopes of escaping notice by that artifice, which rendered them but llttle service.

When the military were masters of the bridge, they proceeded to throw all the bodies found upon it, without discrimination, into the river; in doing this, they saw those who fancied they were secure by getting outside the ballustrade, and with fixed bayonets or other means that were at hand, drove them from this, their last refuge, into the water, where they all perished. The amount of human life sacrificed in this affair, was never known, though it must have been very great; for a friend of my own, who lived by the river side, at the bottom of Arundel-street, informed me that he passed many hours of that night at his windows, listening to the firing on the bridge, the cries of the wounded, and the falling of bodies into the water as they were thrown over. Wherever bodies thus disposed of, grounded on the banks of the river, they were buried without notice; most of them might have been of the mob, but others among them of a different description: young men imprudently mixing in crowds to see what was going on, might have been caught on the bridge and killed, as well as the more guilty, in this indiscriminate slaughter.

On the same day, the Duke of Bedford's house, in Bloomsbury-square, was attempted, but on throwing open the gates, a strong body of military was seen stationed in the fore-court; there the mob showed no inclination to attack, and made no attempt. The Earl of Mansfield's house, on the north east side of the same square, was burned, and his most valuable library, containing the result of all the professional labours of his long life, were totally destroyed.

On the following morning the mob seemed to have acquired the greatest degree of assurance. They paraded the principal streets in numerous gangs, going from door to door asking for money to support the POOR MOB, and marked the houses of those who refused to

give, with chalk, threatening to return in the evening and burn them for refusing. Whatever induced the ruling powers to neglect this matter so long, they now began to stir. Soldiers were drawn from different parts of the country towards London. One camp was formed in St. James's Park, another in the gardens of the British Museum, and others in different situations where they might be useful. This was now become highly necessary; for the mob, finding their orders had been obeyed at the Fleet and King's Bench, sent a similar notice to the Bank of England, intimating their determination to visit that establishment. They now began to mount the sky-blue cockade, which had long been the favourite symbol of Wilkes and liberty; they wore it themselves, and likewise insulted those who did not. This was now interrupted by the appearance of light-horsemen in the street, sometimes singly, at others in pairs, riding as patroles with sabres drawn. Where they saw several of the mob together, they were ordered to disperse; where blue cockades were seen, the possessors were ordered to give them up to the soldiers. This was, by these children of liberty, thought a hardship, and resisted by grumbling, which was generally overcome by a few smart strokes from the *flat side* of a sabre, but I saw none who indicated a desire to be subjected to the operation of losing blood. As every thing indicated an important change in the order of things, I changed my resolution from being present at seeing what was going on, to that of seeing what had been done after it was over.

The sight of individual houses burning, or, after having recently been burned, had entirely lost the charm of novelty for me, and left scarcely any other, they were so very common. Walking home one night, I counted twelve extensive streams of light in different parts of the firmament, reflected from different fires in various parts of the town, and heard different vollies of musquetry, which indicated that mischief was doing its work in various parts of the town. This induced me, the following day, to survey, in the safety of broad day-light, the scenes in which the firing that I heard the preceding evening passed.

In going towards the city, where the principal actions of the preceding evening seemed to have passed, great alterations in the streets were perceived. Holborn was deserted, and the pavement so dry, that not a single drop of gin was to be perceived, nor any individual capable of drinking it had it been there. Newgate was a deserted ruin, as much so as King John's Palace at Eltham, or Kirkstall Abbey in Yorkshire. The first symptoms of animation—that is, active mischief—shewed itself at the top of Cheapside: this induced me to press forward to the fountain head whence all this mischief sprung. I learnt that the mob had kept its promise, sending to inform the governors of the Bank they would go in the evening to receive their dividends in person, not doubting that they would be duly honoured. The silence, if not the civility, they were received with, misled them to believe the rest would be a matter of course. Upon knocking at the gates a pause first ensued, then the gates opened *slowly*. Those assailants who were nearest being pushed forwards by those immediately behind, and they by others in succession

—for a dense crowd extended far beyond the Mansion House in one direction, and Broad-street in the other, the advanced corps could not recede, but being pressed forwards by the crowd behind were received with a volley of musketry from regulars who had been clandestinely admitted by the back ways. The assailants could not immediately turn about and run for it at once, being prevented by those who, ignorant of the danger, kept pressing forwards. At last they did face about, and fled with all possible speed towards the top of Cheapside, being pursued by a hot fire from their pursuers, who followed them closely, firing low and frequently; for the shops being still shut, I saw very numerous bullet-holes in the shutters the whole length of Cheapside: they were fired with good intent, for the holes made in the shutters were so low, that if the body of a man had been placed before them, that man must have been destroyed; and from these circumstances that the destruction of human life, in this rencontre, must have been very great.

All was now quiet, but the real commanders of the insurrection, whoever they might be, though disappointed by the check they had so unexpectedly received, now determined to make a more serious attack on the following evening, and preparations were made to receive them with equal energy. A large body of troops were admitted by the back ways, and stationed within the Bank. Strong patroles paraded the outside, to prevent people from assembling in the streets outside, and indeed to prevent people from collecting in groups in any direction. The different corps of the City Association assembled at their different stations, to prepare for the conflict which, it was believed universally, would take place on the following night. All who were disposed to be in safety retired to their homes, and left the streets free for the combatants. As all who were present during the conflict, I who was not can only say, that upon that night a more violent attack was made on the Bank than that of the preceding night, and the defeat was more complete. The severest contest is said to have been between the Bank and New Broad-street, where the greater part of the City Association was stationed. Their services on this occasion were very great, and their victory complete. The insurgents did not make head after that night. When order was restored, Wheatley, an eminent artist of that time, was employed by authority to paint a large picture representing the most remarkable scene, as it took place in Broad-street. This was engraved by Heath, and sold very extensively; and wherever it is still to be seen, it may justly be taken as a correct representation of the fact.

Mischief had now done its worst; and retribution, in its turn, now began to work. Lord George Gordon was arrested for high treason, and committed to the Tower. The police was set to work to seek for the working rioters, who were found without difficulty. A special commission was issued to try them as soon as possible; of this, Lord Loughborough was placed at the head. On this occasion he obtained much praise, from one party for the energy he displayed in conducting these trials, while by those who were favourable to the insurgents or their cause, unceremoniously compared him, though

with reason, to Judge Jefferies. In every case, execution speedily followed condemnation, and generally took place before the ruins of those buildings the offenders had destroyed. Of this I saw one instance—which tends to prove, that if proper resistance had been made, much of the evil that did take place would have been prevented.

In the beginning of these troubles, a party of his lower neighbours attacked the house of Mahon, a Roman Catholic apothecary, who lived at the eastern corner of Great Russell-street and Bow-street, Covent-garden; it is now a book or printsellers. A large crowd assembled round his house. He caused his shop to be shut as securely as possible, barricaded his doors, and placed himself outside the windows of his first floor, standing upon the top of his shop window at the corner, whence he could have a full view of every thing that passed. A large crowd assembled round the house, yelling "No popery! Down with him!" and many similar ejaculations. He stood a quiet spectator. Those behind pushed those who were before them forwards, exciting them to begin. The operatives on one side prepared to batter the doors and shutters. Seeing this, Mahon called to the most active individuals, describing them by their dresses or other peculiarities, telling them of the illegality of their proceedings, and advising them, in well-measured terms, of what might be the consequences. This caused the operatives to pause; while their companions at some distance, perhaps not hearing what he said, vociferated, "D——n his eyes, ——— don't mind his jaw; knock him down!" and other equally delicate expressions.

When Mahon had brought his opponents to a stand still on one side of his house, their companions became more troublesome on the other; he fled to that and received them in the same manner, thus moving himself continually to address that part of the mob who seemed most disposed to do mischief, he kept the whole at bay for more than two hours, till a strong body of foot-guard came to the spot, surrounded the house, which suffered no injury.

This intrepid man, it seems, employed his time in carefully marking his assailants, for, after the riots were ended, he discovered several of the guilty—prosecuted them to conviction—and two were executed before his house. I was present during the riot, and saw these persons were among the most active of those who were engaged in it. One was a boy, not more than fourteen years old, and the other certainly not twenty. The crowd assembled to see them suffer, was as numerous as those who had witnessed their guilt. Mahon did what, perhaps, it had been prudent to avoid. He stood, during their execution, motionless, upon the same part of his house, on which he stood while he exerted himself, successfully, to prevent them from doing the injury they meditated.

One most remarkable circumstance of these scenes was, that all the persons, who attended Lord George Gordon, in his procession, were decent looking men, clean and well-dressed, according to their apparent rank in society, but these seem to have disappeared with the day-light, on the first day; for most of those I found surrounding the

House of Commons, were evidently mere blackguards, prepared for mischief; so were those I found in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and, indeed, the same may be said of all those who were most active in the various scenes of mischief, I had opportunities of seeing. Whether they were really different classes of people, or the same differently dressed, according to the different scenes in which they were engaged, cannot now be known.

COMPLIMENT TO THE CLERGY.

Old Sheridan, of witty notoriety,
Gave once a dinner to a high-bred party;
Of wines and viands there was great variety—
Happy the guests were, and their welcome hearty.
His tradesmen having heard the prodigal
At last had pension got and place,
Sent in his orders freely one and all;
Who should be foremost there was quite a race.
For all this cost and preparation made,
I marvel if the bills were ever paid?
Dinner announced—the guests expecting stood,
And viewed with eager eyes the dainty food.
The host, with solemn face,
Was just beginning to say grace,
But stopping, quoth he—"pray
Is there a clergyman here to-day?"
"No, sir," replied a youngster, "one and all,
From end to end, are laical."
"Then," and the roguish wit, with hands upraised,
And meekly bowing, said, "*The Lord be praised.*"

THE THREE FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

FROM THE UNTRANSLATED WORK OF CICERO ON THE REPUBLIC.

A mixed form of government is now so universally admitted to be the best that human wisdom can devise, that it would be superfluous to produce arguments in order to establish the proposition which Cicero lays down and history confirms. The Roman government was of that description; and the most renowned nations of antiquity were of the same form of state polity. Lycurgus* established it at Sparta, where it lasted for many centuries; and it was the means of saving that state from the thraldom of a tyrant and the licentiousness of a democracy, to which the other monarchies and republics of Greece were continually exposed. According to Aristotle† and Plutarch,‡ Solon, the legislator of Athens, placed the city of Minerva under a mixed form of government; though, as we all know, it eventually merged into a pure democracy. The constitution of Carthage,§ so well entitled to rank as one of the most eminent nations of antiquity, the mother of Hannibal, the mistress of the ocean, and the rival of Rome, was founded on the same principle.

The advocates for the simple forms of government are now either the paid advocates of an absolute monarchy, or the visionary enthusiasts of an equal democracy. And though there are some few exceptions to this general remark, the men who thought the most deeply on politics in ancient and modern times, Aristotle and Cicero, Bacon and Montesquieu, have agreed in considering a mixed form of government the best adapted for securing the liberty and stability of a state.

Liberty never has any domicile but in the state in which the sovereign power resides in the people, and certes nothing can be sweeter, though if it be not equality, it ceases to be liberty. But how can equality exist, I will not say in a monarchy where the slavery is neither doubtful nor disguised, but how can it exist where the people have merely the name of being free? They give them votes, they delegate their commands, they are solicited and canvassed by candidates for the government, but these things must be given even if they were not desirous so to do, and if they themselves did not possess what they are solicited to bestow. For they are deprived of all civil and military command, and of the rank of judges, advantages which are obtained by the antiquity of and the influence of wealth.

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"According to these philosophers, when there have existed in a state one or more individuals of surpassing opulence, privileges have arisen through their pretensions and pride, and also in consequence of the inactivity and weakness of the other citizens, and their succumbing to the arrogance of the rich. But let the people preserve

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* See Polylius, Book VI.
† See Aristot. Polit. II. 72.
‡ Plutarch in Solon. xvii.
§ See Servius to Virg. Ænead. iv. 682.
‖ See Book I. c. 31, 32, 33.

their own rights, and they say that nothing can be freer, happier, or more excellent; since shey are the masters of the laws, of the courts of justice, of war and of peace, of treaties, and of the life and fortune of every citizen; and this alone, in their opinion, is properly entitled to the name of a commonwealth, that is, the weal of the community. It is for this reason that a state often breaks from the domination of kings and of senates, and asserts its right to liberty, and that free people do not put themselves under the government of kings, or under the power and influence of an aristocracy. They further say, that this scheme of popular liberty ought not to be rejected on account of the crimes of a wild, ungovernable people; that nothing is more immutable, nothing more durable, than a people unanimous in their sentiments, and performing every act with reference to their security and and liberty; that concord is most easily obtained in a state where every thing is of the same advantage to all; that discord is produced by a variety of conflicting interests, when the same thing does not equally interest every citizen. Thus, when an aristocracy has obtained the supreme power, the commonwealth has never retained its splendour; and far less in monarchies, in which, as Ennius says,

Nor faith nor holy concord e'er exist.

Therefore, since law is the bond of civil society, and equality is the equity of law, by what equity can the union of citizens be retained, when their condition is not equal?

"But * supposing a free people should have the choice of those to whom they might entrust their interests, and should choose the most excellent citizens, as they certainly would, if they wished to enjoy security, it must be admitted that the safety of states depends on the counsels of these men; and especially since nature has implanted this principle, that those who are distinguished for their virtue and intellect, should not only rule the weaker, but that the latter also should be desirous of submitting to the former. They further tell us that this most excellent form of government has been destroyed by the erroneous opinions of mankind, who, through their ignorance of virtue, which few actually possess, and which few can appreciate, suppose that the best men are those who abound in the greatest opulence and wealth, and are descended from an illustrious family. When, in consequence of this mistake of the multitude, the power, and not the virtues, of a few, have kept possession of the republic, these chiefs obstinately retain the title of the aristocracy, while in reality they have no right to that appellation; for riches, glory, and influence, without any fixed method by which your own life may be regulated, and other men may be governed, are replete with infamy and supercilious insolence; nor is there any form of government more detestable than that in which the most opulent are reckoned the most excellent. And what can be more illustrious than a state under the government of virtue? When the man who commands others is himself a slave to no inordinate passion; when all the things which

* Book 1. ch. 34.

he has appointed for the observance of the citizens, himself has embraced; and who never imposes laws on the people which he himself does not obey, but, on the contrary, exhibits his life like a law for the inspection of his fellow-citizens. If this single individual were able to perform every thing, there could be no occasion for any more; and if the multitude always perceived what is best to be done, and unanimously agreed on it, no one would desire an aristocracy. The difficulty of a wise determination on political subjects, has transferred the administration from a king to a larger number of persons; the errors and indiscretion of the people have also transferred it from the multitude to a select body of individuals. Thus the aristocracy have obtained a middle station equally removed from the weakness of a single person, and the headstrong impetuosity of a multitude, than which nothing can be better regulated; and when the commonwealth is under their protection, the greatest happiness must necessarily be enjoyed by the people, unoppressed with any thing demanding care and thought; their repose secured to them by others who must preserve it, and who must never commit any action which may lead the people to think that the aristocracy neglect their interests."

Lalius then presses Scipio to give them his own opinion on the three forms of government, and likewise to tell them which of the three he considers most calculated to secure the prosperity and stability of a state. He states, in reply, that a mixed form of government is, in his opinion, far better than mere monarchy, mere aristocracy, or mere democracy; but yet, if he were compelled to give his preference to one, it would certainly be to monarchy. In this, Cicero only imitated the Grecian poets and philosophers, most of whom, though born in Athens, the most democratical of all the cities of Greece, still strenuously advocated the government of a single person. Daily witnesses as they were to the bloody scenes of a factious oligarchy, and the wild fury of a headstrong democracy, what wonder that, disgusted with such horrors, they should fly to the opposite extreme, and stand forth the champions of monarchy? It is however a remarkable fact, that their influence was never diminished by such opinions, and that, on the contrary, they were admired by their cotemporaries and succeeding generations, as ornaments of their country, and instructors of mankind. What poet of Greece was so enthusiastically loved as Homer? The children learnt to lisp his verses; the youth cherished them as the grand depository of all that was glorious and sublime; the aged reverted to them as the joy of their juventitude, the delight of their manhood, and the consolation of their old age; they were chaunted by rhapsodists at private feasts and public festivals; in them was depicted the beautiful mythology of the Greeks, the basis of the popular religion,—from them the poets derived subjects for their odes, their tragedies, and their epics,—and yet Homer was the bold uncompromising advocate of monarchy, and the severest censurer of democracy; for he declares, in the strongest terms, "no good comes from the government of the many—let one be ruler and one be king."*

* Iliad, Book ii. l. 204.

After arguing at some length on the advantages of a monarchy, Cicero enumerated the revolutions to which the simple forms of government are continually exposed; and proceeds in order to examine those to which a monarchy is subject. And the first is, when a king ceases to be just, oppresses his subjects, and becomes a tyrant, for them he is sure, sooner or later, to be deprived of his sceptre, and hurled from his throne. This is one of the few teuths, which no one has the boldness, or rather the ignorance to dispute; it is confirmed by history both ancient and modern, sacred and profane; for whether we consider a Rehoboam, or a Tarquin, a Charles, or a Louis, we invariably find that oppression by the king, produces rebellion in the subject.

"But* this is the first, and most certain revolution in royalty. When a king begins to be unjust, monarchy immediately perishes; and such a person is a tyrant, the worse form of government though bordering on the best. If the aristocracy has crushed him, the state is then subject to the second of the three kinds of government, and it forms a species of royal, or rather paternal authority, by the union of the principal citizens consulting for the good of the people. If the people unaided, and by themselves, have killed or banished a tyrant, they act with moderation, as long as they preserve the faculties of thought and of reflection, are delighted with the glorious termination of their exploits, and are desirous of preserving that government procured by their own exertions. But if the people have inflicted violence on a just being, or have robbed him of his kingdom; at even, a more frequent occurrence, have tasted the blood of the nobles, and have made the whole state completely subservient to their headsteong passions, be assured that no sea—no conflagration—is so terrible, but that it is far easier to master them, than to appease the unbridled licentiousness of a multitude."

And we cannot be surprised, that a people long oppressed by slavery, and udacquainted with the sweets of liberty, should after obtaining their freedom, be unable to use it with moderation. Their crimes rest upon the head of the tyrant, who kept them in such abject vassaluge, that the transition from servitude to liberty, produces the most terrible and awful effects. Here Cicero translates a passage from Plato's Republic; in which is described a pure democracy unrestrained by any authority either human or divine. It is written with that brilliancy of imagination, which is conspicuous in all his works, and which has entitled him to the somewhat anomalous designation of the "poetical philosopher." Liberty can scarcely degenerate into such licentiousness as Plato describes; but after reflecting upon the French revolution, the assertions of the Grecian philosopher will not appear totally devoid of truth.

Thus we again come to the original proposition, that a mixed form of government is the most excellent of all. Cicero, in the next book, gives a masterly delineation of the early history of Rome; but our limits forbid us to follow him into this part of his subject.

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* Book I. c. 42.

We hope, however, that the extracts we have given are sufficient to shew the beauty and the energy with which the work is written, and that the political maxims of Cicero will obtain some weight in the present times, so rife with mutations in the government of states. It ought not, however, to be forgotten that there are some, who attack the character of Cicero, impugn his political creed, designate him as an enemy to liberty, nnd brand him with the foul names of a recreant and an apostate. Such vile calumnies it is not our intention at present to refute, though it would not be difficult to shew that Cicero ever thought, spoke, and acted with a view to promote the welfare of Rome, and was ever ready to sacrifice his time, his property, and his feelings in the cause of his country, dying at last a martyr to the expiring liberties of the world. But this work on the republic is of itself a sufficient refutation; the patriotic thoughts of a great man breathe in every sentence and in every line. His dislike of tyranny, his hatred of a despotic aristocracy, and his utter detestation of a headstrong democracy, have evidently appeared in the preceding pages. But disregarding such calumnious imputations, it is highly encouraging to all aspirants in the walk of philosophy and of literature, to observe how the opinions of a man, perpetuated by works of sublime genius and profound erudition, are still treated with respect and veneration; and that as centuries after centuries roll on, they only seem to acquire greater influence, and to rivet their dominion more firmly over the minds of mankind. Thus the name of Cicero is never mentioned but with reverence by the learned in any quarter of the civilized world; and while the conquests of Alexander and of Cæsar only serve for a passing theme to the moralist, or a subject for the inspiration of the poet, the Roman orator still lives in all his majesty and grandeur; his letters still delight, his eloquence still commands the feelings of men, his works of deep philosophy are still unceasingly admired, and his treatise on politics, this work on the republic, is still venerated by the statesman, still instructs the politician by the truth of its maxims, and has ever been appealed to in the British senate as an authority of indisputable weight.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Close of the Session.—The curtain has fallen on the first act of the Reform Drama, without letting us know much of the plot of the piece. An opinion of its progress or termination may be hazarded, but only with safety by those who have had long experience on such a stage. For ourselves, we do not pretend to divination, but, from present appearances, it would seem that the authors have determined upon playing a safe game, and have either no talent for, or will not risk brilliancy or effect. They are satisfied to escape damnation, and are not ambitious of unqualified success. In plain words, the session having closed, the humblest may form his opinion of its efficacy.

The speech from the throne, which has dismissed the faithful guardians of our rights and breeches pockets to their midsummer holidays, is about as satisfactory as a complimentary circular from the "honest tradesman" to the customer who pays his bill. He is thankful for the past, and solicits future favours. Happy monarch! delighted people! Never was good easy country gentlemen more satisfied with the stewards who bring him his rents, than is our gracious king with his loyal and dutiful servants, who have drawn upon his lieges so liberally, and at as little cost as possible. Every subject of legislation is touched upon, and the monarch is enchanted with all. He speaks so rapturously of the wisdom by which their measures have been dictated, and anticipates such prosperous and glorious results, that we are induced to bow with, if possible, an increased veneration for the perception of royalty, seeing that three parts of the people can argue no such happy deductions from such premises. To be sure, few people are happy enough to view things through the medium of a civil list, which makes every thing appear *coleur de rose*.

Few have looked with greater respect upon the intentions of ministers than ourselves. They have had much to cope with, and if they have yielded in many instances, to the great disappointment of the more enlightened classes of the community, it must be remembered the formidable and grasping interests they have had to struggle with. But there are points for which there can be no excuse, not even palliation, by which no rich man can calculate profit or loss, no aristocratical pelf endangered. We allude more particularly to flogging in our military service. We happen to be practically conversant with military details, and if we possess more correct knowledge of the efficacy of such punishment than many of the decorated tyrants who would fasten an odious responsibility upon others, from which they would shrink with horror themselves; we are not presuming upon more than a very moderate share.

We are firmly convinced that no healthful moral tone can be introduced into the service until so degrading a punishment be done away with. Until then, the ranks of our army will be a refuge for felons—for such as have no shame, and can fear no degradation. Such refuse may fight in the field, but higher qualities are expected from them at home. The refusal of ministers, even to make a trial of another system of punishment, is as disgraceful as unwise. It is lending themselves to the prejudices of a few military martinets, against the united supplications of an entire community. It is betraying the very worst spirit of the old Tory times. It is traitorous to their own recorded sentiments—unjust to an oppressed and degraded class—and ungenerous to the people to whom they owe a power they so ungratefully repay.

"Britons Never Will be Slaves."—There is no slave more debased on the earth than your free-born Briton. He will go stamping and roaring about, and screaming till he is hoarse, touching the blessings of his liberty; and if any astonished stranger should innocently remind the deluded savage of the clank of his chain, he will forthwith knock him on the head with half a dozen of its links.

What is impressment in the navy but a species of the most ignominious slavery that ever was inflicted upon a people. It will be seen that Mr. Buckingham's very humane motion for the abolition of this disgusting law was lost; but the smallness of the majority gives us hope that the close of the next session will not see this disgrace upon our statute-book. Members spoke of expediency, as if expediency were the slightest excuse for the violation of every social tie. It seems to us a national disgrace that any man possessing the feeling and spirit of a gentleman can be found hardy enough to bless his God that he owes his safety to such ignominous means. If the service held out proper inducement, men would never be wanting on any emergency, and if we can afford to pay millions for the partial manumission of slaves, we can afford, at least to pay men the wages they are worth to others. The Americans can afford a fair remuneration to the seamen, the merchant service can afford it, and why are we to force men to risk life, and limb, and brutal treatment, for half the wages they can get anywhere else. It was amusing to witness the effects of office in the person of Sir James Graham, Lord of the Admiralty. What apostates is not this same *office* capable of producing. When he was candidate for Hull, if we remember right, he was enthusiastically eloquent on the wrongs of the seaman. In how different a strain were his paltry pointless sarcasms, in his attempted reply to Mr. Buckingham, yet some witless boobies condescended to cheer him. Hear the Honourable Gentleman; "he did not look upon impressment as a hardship upon seamen; *they entered the sea service voluntarily;* by being subject to impressment *they only changed masters.*" Did any one ever hear more flippant, and at the same time more heartless observations. If they entered the service *voluntarily* why need impressment? As to their only changing masters by impressment it may be very true; but the law of England, in every other case, allows a man to change his own master, and if one may judge, few would choose a service regulated by such a specimen as Sir James Graham.

A Great Cry and Little Wool.—A great fuss has lately been made by certain interested parties in the City, touching the late transactions of Sir John Key; now although we do not pretend to act the Don Quixotte, by running a-muck at these windmills, or in other words, becoming Sir John's champion, yet wherever we see an act of oppression, and know the base nature which prompted it, our journal shall never be the last to place the affair in its true light, be the view we take of it, popular or not.

Now the fact is, that the trade to which Sir John has the ill-luck to belong is about the most envious and covetous of all those numerous guilds that batten within the liberties of this most renowned City of London, a small circumference; but, we do not hesitate to say, enclosing the greatest number of rogues in the known world. Now the worshipful company of Stationers are rogues *par excellence*, one half of them would stick at nothing short of the gallows, and it is this class that have never forgiven Sir John Key, elevating himself by his own conduct so much beyond them, as to deserve the thanks of his fellow citizens. and the reward of his sovereign. It must not be for-

gotten that Sir John Key was for two successive years a most efficient and upright chief magistrate, and did more than any man of the time to promote the wishes of the people, by placing the present ministry in power. He was neither niggard of time nor fortune in such endeavour, and the only thing he has ever asked was this paltry situation for his son, who was well qualified to undertake it. It does not take a man's life to know a good sheet of paper from a bad one. That Sir John Key has been guilty of subterfuge in this business, is as much the fault of a corrupted system of government, as of the man. Ever since our blessed and glorious boroughmongering constitution has flourished, patronage has always been a matter of peculation. Did no one ever hear of noblemen's daughters holding commissions, and drawing pay as captains of cavalry! was such a thing unheard of as boys at school receiving commissions in the army, and having leave of absence till they could join as senior officers! or of ladies maids having fifty pounds per annum, as state trumpeters! What lying and swearing must have preceeded all these and hundreds more; yet they are "all hanourable men." Whoever has witnessed the installation, or whatever they te m it, of a Bishop, has heard the right reverend oath commencing "*Nolo*, &c." and yet these noble ecclesiastics sit on their bench in the House of Lords as meek as sucking doves,—as though they never told a lie in their lives.

We do say, that setting aside Sir John Key's previous services in the cause of reform, or the sacrifices he made as magistrate, it is unjustifiable to single him out of a host of noble and right honourable delinquents, to gratify an envious and greedy crew, each man of whom would sell the rags from the back of his own father, if he could get fourpence a pound by them.

THE CORMORANT CLERGY.—The clergy have resumed business with greater energy than ever. Imprisonment and distress is rife from one end of the kingdom to the other. The hounds of the law are let loose, and the parsons are halloing on the pack. They evince a spirit worthy of the blessed times of Smithfield and faggots, and if the present state of feeling will not permit them to indulge in the pleasant pastimes of their ancestors, they will go as near as they can, for conscience sake. One of the principal victims to clerical mammon, has been Mr. William Tait, the proprietor of the Edinburgh Magazine bearing his name, and a more liberal and just man does not exist. He resisted the flagrant imposition of the annuity tax, and was forthwith consigned to jail. If the clergy who were the means of such an outrage being committed on the person of so respectable a citizen had any other feeling than of rapacity and love of violence, they would have respected the scruples of such a man as Mr. Tait, and have tried the question with him in a less offensive form; but no; the jail is the best argument to quiet the cries of such contumacious subjects; it is the least troublesome course, consequently, the better to be adopted by the professors of Christian charity. In England, the rapacity exhibited by our pastors, one would think emanated from the suggestions of the arch-enemy himself. The shearing by those shepherds has been so close, that nothing less than the skin

will satisfy them. The accounts we have heard of the sufferings of many of the poorer classes in different parts of the country, is appalling. Will it be believed, that a clergyman, *the Reverend* Mr. Blanshard, has had the heart to imprison a labouring man for three months, because his cottage does not afford sufficient to cover the amount of two years tithe upon his miserable wages! The earnings of such poverty-stricken objects as the half-naked girls who scrape cockles on the sea coast, are valued at a penny a head!

Go your lengths, good friends! we are delighted to see you so employed; we heartily wish you such success as may stimulate you to encreased exertions; assuredly, then, shall we be the sooner quit of you. With your own hands are you digging the pit into which you must fall; we are sorry for the many just and good men who may suffer, without whom the system would have long ago fallen to pieces; but the time is fast approaching when justice shall be dealt out to all classes, and we guess what sort of share will be set apart for these wolfish spoilers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Wheat Harvest, which commenced on some few of the most forward soils in the last week of July, may be reported as having been finished on such by the middle of the present month; and at the date hereof, it is scarcely to be supposed that there is any wheat abroad throughout this country. A finer and less expensive wheat harvest no living man has witnessed. As a peculiarity of the season, the wheat being finished, a pause ensued in various parts, neither the barley being ready for the scythe, nor. in fact, any other crop. Business has however proceeded with the most forward crops, but it will take a considerable portion of next month ere a complete finish can be given to this most nationally important occupation.

We speak from old experience—let no man set up as an agricultural prophet, or risk predictions of events dependent upon the most vacillating, variable, and uncertain of all nature's phenomena—the action and course of the atmosphere. A retrospect of the farming events, and the variety of sage opinions held and broached during the present year, will prove an admirable lesson in the case. For our own share, we do not wish to stand excused. There are certainly some favourable reports of the wheat crops, especially as to quality and weight; but they proceed chiefly from the best and most favoured soils, either as to local position, weather, or tillage. Perhaps on such, the crop may prove a full average in point of quantity, the weight and quality of the sample being of the highest order. Some samples of this description have reached market. A parcel of red wheat, of the species denominated the "golden drop," from the famous and leading wheat county—Essex, was lately sold at Mark Lane, which weighed 66lbs the 8-gallon bushel, clear of the sack. These, however, are indeed *rara aves in terris*, the average weight being from 58 to 60lbs. The general accounts represent the wheat crop of the present season as much inferior to the last, both in quantity and quality, grain and straw: in fine, considerably below an average. It has received great and serious injuries from the long and unseasonable prevalence of cold northerly and easterly winds, these checking by night the vegetation and growth fostered and promoted by the solar heat during the day. This cause has induced its legitimate and well-known effects, more or less, throughout England. It is said there is more *smut* in

the present crop of wheat than has been known for some years, with its usual concomitants, burnt ears, the whole of which may be blown away like tinder, ear-cockle (burnt and shrivelled kernels), red gum, &c., all the natural effects of *blight;* the straw, however, is said to have been more fortunate, and to have escaped better than the ear, which agrees with our own observation. It is really amusing to read certain friends' letters on the ancient and weather-beaten subject of smut in wheat. They lament, with so much gravity, the neglect of many farmers, in that they did not brine, and lime, and dress their seed-wheat last autumn, in order to prevent smut. A neglect certainly, yet the said process will never prevent the disease in a smutty season like the late, abounding in constant interchanges of heat and cold, moisture and drought. Smut has indeed, in the present as well as preceding seasons, according to our information, acted with much impartiality, affecting, in equal measure, the briners and non-briners.

We have spoken of the superior samples of this golden crop, and even among those, many have been found of a bad hand and damp, a state in which the bulk of this year's wheat has unfortunately, and somewhat strangely, been found. Yet surely it is a singular occurrence that, in so dry or rather droughty a season, there should be no mean of getting wheat up dry. No doubt the reasons for these hasty measures are sufficiently obvious—want of money, and apprehension of a decline in the markets. But there are numerous growers that such motives cannot and ought not to influence; and, after all, this hurrying the corn to market may contribute more towards bringing down the prices than any other cause in speculation. With the above exceptions, then, in regard to quality and quantity, which we hope will amount to one-fourth part of the crop, there will remain three-fourths much below an average in quantity, and in quality middling, inferior, shrivelled and light, diseased. The stock of old wheat in the country is perhaps considerably larger than has been calculated, to which may be added the quantity of foreign in bond; but it is yet too early to speculate on either the autumnal or following spring markets. There is a vast quantity of wheat so damp, that it will not acquire a good hand for market without the keeping of many months. The price of wheat, wavering in some few parts, is generally held up with considerable firmness.

The most unfavourable accounts we have seen are from the south-western parts generally. Their wheat harvest closed about the middle of the month, the weather being constantly fine and giving no interruption, and the whole business performed with little more than half the usual labour and expense; but the sting in the tail of this benefit is, the number of sheaves to be carted was poor indeed, even below expectation, though from a crop on the ground which had, during a long time, appeared fearfully light. We should hope there is some exaggeration of misfortune in the following account. which we have seen in the newspapers. "According to the estimate of two practical farmers and professional valuators, on four thousand acres of land, much of them in the Vale of Taunton, so famous for the production of wheat, the average produce of that grain, in the present year, is but 13 bushels per statute acre!" A Somersetshire farmer proceeds to remark on this—"the present price of new wheat being 6s. 6d. per bushel, the above acreable amount is 4*l.* 4s. 6d., whilst the cost of production is, in many instances, double, and in very few can be taken so low as 6*l.* 15s. Of the other crops, little can be said until next month, yet of that little, more than is pleasant. Barley will be much under an average, it is supposed; a light crop in corn and straw, and the grain lean and much discoloured; with, however, favourable exceptions, as in the case of the wheat crop. Pease short in quantity; beans also defective, and since this continued drought gone off in many parts in so alarming a degree, that there will be scarcely any crop at all; and that upon heavy clays, where beans are the farmers' chief dependence. Potatoes,

according to appearances, will be a lighter crop than last year, which was also inferior to the preceding. Mangel Wurtzel in the same, or a worse predicament, since much of it has been ploughed up as worthless. Turnips, that supposed successful and safe crop, have also gone off from the drought; and, strange as it may seem, the fly has really attacked them in this late stage of their growth. As an old stager lately said to us—"who the devil would now be a farmer that could help it?" Oats are still deemed the best crop of the year, together with tares, and some of the seeds. Hops have hitherto borne a good report, though in a season one would suppose more favourable to the fly than the fruit. Betting on the duty varies between 170,000*l.* and 200,000*l.* From the want of rain the pastures, particularly upland, and those in light and dry situations, are as bare of herbage as the King's highway; in course, the holders will no longer find themselves at a loss as to what to do with their large stocks of hay. There is nothing else left wherewith to feed; and in those countries where labouring oxen are in use, the consumption of hay will be great indeed. Late cutting the clovers has greatly reduced the second crop. Of what value would a score acres of well-cultivated, clean lucerne now prove? but who is in possession of such a prize? Though cow-grass hay, trefoil, and water and best meadow, have proved crops, but generally the quantity of hay is far short of last year's. Fat cattle, on the whole, hold price, with temporary and local variations, and mutton has experienced an additional demand, from the opinion of the medical faculty of its superior salubrity, in these our days of apprehension from *cholera morbus*. Store cattle also hold price, notwithstanding the scarcity of feed. Wool, so long a drug, has advanced 40 per cent. during the last twelve months; and there is yet a demand, in particular for the long or combing species, the exclusive produce of our own country. Of the fine, or clothing wools, the supply has been great from the opposite continent, and from New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. At the late great fair of Horncastle, good horses sold at very high prices; many foreign purchasers attending, and going to the price of one to three hundred guineas.

No part of Northern Europe seems to have had such a harvest of settled fine weather to boast as England. In the northern parts of Scotland they have been impeded by rains and high winds. In Germany, particularly the northern parts, their harvest has been obstructed by cold rains and high winds, and their general expectations, from this year's crop of wheat, are below our own. To the Southward, in the Italian States and Sicily, the crops have proved most abundant. Our own dear and fortunate country is still disgraced by damnable INCENDIARISM, whilst "the divine justice of retribution sleeps!"

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* to 3s. 6*d.* Mutton, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.*—Lamb, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—5*s.* dairy.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 40*s.* to 66*s.*—Barley, 24*s.* to 35*s.*—Oats, 14*s.* to 24*s.*—Hay, 50*s.* to 80*s.*—Clover ditto, 75*s.* to 95*s.*—Straw, 25*s.* to 30*s.*

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, 11*s.* to 20*s.* per ton.—delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9*s.* to 12*s.* per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market.—Accounts of the Grouse from the North, and the quantity of Game generally in the country, highly satisfactory. On the 17th the market was first well supplied, and the Game in high condition. Partridges were sold at from 6*s.* to 9*s.* the brace. Leverets of good size, and remarkable fine condition, 4*s.* to 5*s.* each. The market, on the 24th, was well stocked with Grouse, in fair condition, selling at 4*s.* to 6*s.* the brace. Black Game, fine and plentiful, from 7*s.* to 8*s.* Plenty of good Leverets at 4*s.* each.

Middlesex, August 26.

Baylis and Leighton, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

THE

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JOINT STOCK BANKING.*

THE disastrous consequences which attended the failure of so many private Banks in 1825 and 1826, must be fresh in the minds of our readers. To use the words of the present First Lord of the Admiralty "one eighth of the country Banks were ruined. Terror prevailed, credit was at an end;" and so frightened was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, that she "actually refused to discount, in the ordinary course of trade, the acceptances of some of the bankers of the best established credit in the city"; of course the industrious classes in all parts of England suffered great misery and distress during these periods of panic, and the frequency of their occurrence, and the extent of the mischief they created, is proof positive, that the English system of Banking has hitherto been unsound. It appears for instance by a parliamentary paper lately published, that commissions of bankruptcy have been issued during the last fifty years, against no less than 407 Banks; which is not perhaps *a fifth* part of the total failures:—Many of these being wound up under trustees, or otherwise privately compromised! Even in London it will be found that one-third of the total number of private Bankers have failed within the last thirty years; whilst, in Scotland—under a different system, only two or three, or about one twentieth, and these of the most insignificant of her thirty or forty Joint Stock Banks have suspended their payments.

Is it at all surprising, therefore, that these frequent disasters, which give such serious checks to the industry and prosperity of the country, should gradually have led to the conclusion that there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark,"—something radically wrong in the English system of Banking? And that the monopoly in favour of the Bank of England, practically restricting all other Banking Establishments to six partners, could no longer be maintained with safety to the trade and industry of the country?

The late Lord Liverpool was many years ago so strongly impressed with the necessity of bringing about a more secure system of Bank-

* *The Safety and Advantage of Joint Stock Banking.* By an Accountant. Second Edition. 1833.

Considerations on Joint Stock Banking, chiefly with reference to the Situation and Liabilities of Shareholders.

ing, that he urged the Bank of England, as a preliminary measure, to establish branches in various parts of the country; and the principle was afterwards still further acted upon by allowing the formation of Joint Stock Banks, with an unlimited number of partners, within sixty-five miles of London, thus drawing a protective circle round the aforesaid Old Lady, and continuing to her the full enjoyment of her ancient monopoly in the most important part of the empire. In the meantime, various Joint Stock Banks were formed throughout the country, and although still clogged by many ridiculous and very absurd restrictions, these establishments have yielded handsome dividends, and are gradually adding to their own stability, and to the perfect safety of their shareholders and security of the public by a rapid accumulation of "reserved funds," over and above their paid-up capital; ready on any occasion to meet every possible contingency, without rendering it at all necessary to make further calls upon their numerous and wealthy partners.

It is still, however, supposed to be unlawful for more than six partners to carry on the business of Bankers in London within the proscribed circle of sixty-five miles round it, and it was only discovered towards the latter end of the last Session of Parliament, that the restrictions did not extend to the formation of Joint Stock Banks of deposit in London and its vicinity; and finally, the Bank Charter Bill declared the formation of such establishments, with an unlimited number of partners to be perfectly legal.*

In this new situation of affairs a number of spirited individuals, perfectly independent in point of fortune, and well acquainted with the safety and advantages of the Scotch Joint Stock System, lost no time in associating themselves for the formation of a Bank of Deposit upon similar principles to those pursued so successfully in Scotland, Liverpool, Manchester, and elsewhere. They affirm, that they will be able, *especially in times of pressure or difficulty*, to give fair and equable assistance, secure and steady accommodation, to the shopkeepers, tradesmen, and other industrious classes in, and about the

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* The following Clause in the Bank Charter Bill, authorises the establishment of such Banks:—"And whereas the intention of this Act is, that the Governor and Company of the Bank of England should, during the period stated in this Act, (subject, nevertheless, to such redemption as is described in this Act,) continue to hold and enjoy all the exclusive privileges of Banking given by the said recited Act of the 39th and 40th years of the reign of His Majesty King George III. aforesaid, as regulated by the said recited Act of the 7th year of His late Majesty King George IV. or any prior or subsequent Act or Acts of Parliament, but no other or further exclusive privilege of Banking. And whereas doubts have arisen as to the construction of the said Acts, and as to the extent of such exclusive privilege, and it is expedient that all such doubts should be removed. *Be it therefore declared and enacted, that any body politic or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, although consisting of more than six persons, may carry on the trade or business of Banking in London, or within sixty-five miles thereof,*" provided that such body politic or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, do not borrow, owe, or take up, in England, any sum or sums of money *on their bills or notes* payable on demand, or at any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof, during the continuance of the privileges granted by this Act to the said Governor and Company of the Bank of England."

metropolis at all times, and even under circumstances in which the private Banker (as in the panic of 1825 for instance) has so much difficulty to protect *himself*, that his usual customers are left entirely to their own resources.

It has been urged against the success of such undertakings in the metropolis, and to deter persons from becoming partners in them, that the responsibility of the shareholders is unlimited—that such concerns cannot be *well* managed by the instrumentality of directors—that there is something peculiar to the business of banking, and to the class of customers in London, which will prevent such Banks being profitably conducted; that not being Banks of issue, they cannot allow any interest on deposits; and that their capital being merely nominal, or not paid up to the full extent, they only offer an apparent security to the public; and that without a charter or act of parliament they cannot sue or be sued, &c. To these objections it has been answered, that, by the deed of copartnery, the shareholders mutually agree to guarantee and stand by each other, against any claim that may be brought against them; and that, practically, each member is only liable to the amount of his share—holders of the stock of the Bank of England being exactly in the same predicament.* And it is further urged, that by the provisions of the same deed, each partner, in the event of *one-third* of his subscribed capital being lost, can effectually secure himself against further damage. The successful manner in which the affairs of the Joint Stock Banks in Scotland, and also the important concerns of the Bank of England, are managed by directors, is a sufficient refutation of the second objection; and in regard to the third, it is difficult to conceive, amongst such a choice of customers, and with numerous partners scattered over every part of the metropolis, and interested in conveying the best intelligence to the directors of the Bank, that any peculiarity in the class of customers can, if proper circumspection be used, prove injurious. With regard to

* The 20th chapter of the 5th of William and Mary, establishing the Bank of England as a corporation, *declares this liability*, and "that in every such case an action for debt shall and may be brought," &c. "against all and every, *or any one or more* of the persons who shall be members of the said corporation," &c.: and the 49th section of the 20th chapter of the 8th and 9th of William III., provides, "that the Governor and their successors shall always take care that the sum total of all their debts do not exceed the value of their capital stock," and that if any division of money, "or other dividend whatsoever," be made, "so that the value of the joint-stock or capital undivided, *shall not be sufficient to answer their just debts then remaining unpaid;* in every such case the particular members, and every of them respectively who receive any share of such dividend, shall be *severally liable*, so far as the respective shares so by them respectively received upon such dividend will extend, to pay and satisfy the debts which shall remain due and unpaid by the said Governor and Company," &c., and may be sued accordingly, "any thing in this act, or in any former act, *charter*, or otherwise howsoever to the contrary notwithstanding."

We have not space to give these clauses at length, but they are worth the serious consideration of the holders of Bank Stock, who will not find in any of the acts of parliament a limitation of responsibility in their favour as a privilege. The consequence, therefore, would appear to be, that the proprietors of Bank Stock are, like the partners in any other commercial establishment, liable at common law, jointly and severally, to the debts of the Bank of England;—a fact which should be generally made known.

their not being Banks of issue, neither are the London bankers: and although a Joint Stock Bank cannot issue notes, yet, when we look at the evidence given lately before the Bank Committee, and see that the expense of maintaining the paper circulation of the country Banks and the Bank of England, is equal to two or two, and a half per cent., whilst the acknowledged profit is only three per cent., it seems that the actual profit by the circulation is very trifling; and that by allowing a moderate interest on permanent deposits to *insure* their permanency, a Joint Stock Bank of Deposit may have as fair a margin for a moderate profit, as if it were burdened with the expense of maintaining a fluctuating and uncertain capital through the instrumentality of a paper currency. With regard to capital and security, let us inquire what is the actual capital of the Bank of England, *available for the purpose of carrying on its business*, and we will find that its subscribed capital being in the hands of government, it has to depend upon its "rest" of about two millions and a half, its Bank notes, and the deposits of its customers. Now, a Joint Stock Bank like the London and Westminster, for instance, with a nominal capital of ten millions, if *one-fourth* were *paid up*, would have the same amount of available capital; and if it be unable, on one hand, to raise a fictitious capital by means of notes of hand, it will not, on the other, be burdened with various expenses, especially that of keeping some millions of gold and bullion laying unemployed and unproductive, to meet the payment of its paper. The capital of the Bank of England in the hands of government, may be considered an undoubted security to the public for the safety of the monies deposited in the Bank; and, in like manner, a Joint Stock Bank with perhaps a thousand partners, most of them men of very great wealth, presents what may be fairly considered an equally undoubted security to depositors. With regard to suing and being sued, there can be little doubt that parliament will not refuse to grant to any respectable body of men associated *commune bonum*, that privilege which is not denied to similar establishments; but even if that were possible, it would be little impediment to the carrying on the business of such Bank of Deposit; and, in fact, most of the Scotch Banks prefer to sue and be sued (when such an extraordinary proceeding becomes necessary) through the instrumentality of trustees, rather than be at the expense of obtaining a charter—an instrument more for the benefit of the public than the convenience or advantage of the copartners of the Bank. In short, in the language of a writer in favour of Joint Stock Companies, "It seems quite possible that a Joint Stock Bank of Deposit may, by giving an additional stimulus to the trade and industry of some portion of the community, open new channels, and find sufficient business for the safe and profitable employment of its capital in transactions not worthy of the notice of the Bank of England, nor courted by the present race of private Bankers." And if such be the result of these new establishments, we, in common with all who wish well to the industrious classes of the community, shall rejoice in their prosperity. We have only been able to afford room for a very brief sketch of these new, but important institutions; but we may revert to the subject at more length hereafter.

HINTS TO ARCHERS,

BY CAPTAIN CRAM, H. P. ROYAL HORSE MARINES.

With loynes in canvas bow-case tied,
Where arrows stick in mickle pride;
Like ghats of Adam Bell and Clymme
Sol sets—*for fear they'll shoot at him.*
SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

I AM an enthusiastic admirer of the long-bow, that "noble weapon of renown." I have made myself acquainted with its history, from the day it was first invented by Apollo to the present time. I have studied minutely the great Ascham's "Five Points of Archery"—I have practised *standing, nooking, drawing, holding,* and *loosing*; and written practical observations on each movement. I can tell you all about the TARGET, the BRACER, QUIVER, BELT, POUCH, TASSEL and GREASE-BOX; I have attentively read, nay, even learned by heart, Ascham's "Toxophilus," Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes," Moseley's "Essays on Archery," Roberts' "English Bowman," Barrington's tract in the "Archæologia;" besides every writer of antiquity that has treated, ever so remotely, on the long-bow. The result of my studies will be apparent in the following pages—it will be seen that I am no contemptible shot.

Great glory is due to the ladies for their unceasing endeavours to revive this truly manly pastime; much reason have they long had to complain of being debarred from the exhilarating sports of the field; such disgusting monopoly will soon be at an end; for by the practice of archery they will gradually acquire such strength of limb, such power of form, such robustness of constitution, that at no distant time they will be able to back a horse, and hallo a hound with any of the boasted Nimrods of the North. We shall then have the benefit of their patronage, of the much-neglected Prize Ring, and the Racket Court, and it may eventually lead to advantageous changes in their social condition, and a freedom from vexatious restraints; in fact, there is no knowing what the long-bow will do for them. Some disadvantages may possibly ensue from the first practice of a long-disused art; but they are trifling, and I beg to remark to any lugubriously-minded poet, who may peradventure be wandering among the green lanes, heedless of the *twanging* with which the kingdom is resounding, and should suddenly find himself stuck through the midriff, by some *un*fair hand, let him on no account blaspheme the art, but die quietly like a good poet; for be it known that our good King Henry VIII., of glorious memory, being a great patron of the art, provided for such contingencies, by declaring the archer—after the usual cry of "stand fast!"—free from blame or penal visitation, by whose stray shaft any unconscious vagabond might be stricken. This is a consoling fact, and ought to be known to all our fair sportswomen, that they may shoot freely. The tyro must on no account limit her range from any apprehension; she may take the word of one less veracious than a Cram, that *she* is in no danger.

The long-bow is a weapon of the very earliest antiquity; it is supposed to have been introduced into Englnnd by the Cretan auxiliaries

under Julias Cæsar. The weapon was never much in esteem among the Legions, though after reading the commentaries of the Roman hero, I cannot help suspecting that the "immortal Cæsar" was himself no stranger to its practice. The English, however, in the earlier times, did no credit to their Cretan masters. We find at the battle of Hastings, that the Norman bowmen threw them completely into the shade; for the historians inform us that the flights of the Norman arrows were "so thick as to obscure the light of the sun." No wonder then, that the gallant British king fell a victim, when such ungenerous, I may say, such unsoldierlike advantages were taken, to slay him in the dark.

Almost every great man of antiquity was an archer, from Homer downwards; but it seems the Scythians were the most expert of any as a nation. In fact, according to the best authorities, the term ARCHER is derived from the name of this people, which is in its turn supposed to be deduced from the Teutonic word schleten, or scheten, or schuten, or shuten, signifying great shooters; so that the word *Scythia*, by the most natural transposition possible, is clearly nothing more than *shooter* or *archer*.* It was from the Scythians that the Greeks became acquainted with the weapon, and here we have some record of its value by that glorious old archer, Homer. We read of his heroes Teucer and Pandarus;—what prodigious shots they must have been! and what weapons they had. He tells us, that the bow of Pandarus was formed from the single horn of a mountain goat, killed by his own hand. This horn was sixteen palms in length! We have no such goats now-a-days. There can be little doubt that the poet was a practical man, or he never could have described such a weapon and its uses so truly.

Although the Romans, as a people, were not celebrated for excellence in the art, yet Suetonius and others give some wonderful accounts of the prowess of many of the Emperors. Commodus was an absolute marvel; Herodian says, he would kill a hundred lions in the amphitheatre with a hundred arrows, and never miss, or merely wound, in a single instance. That was not all; he would cause arrows to be made with sharp circular heads, and when the ostrich was urged to full speed, he would remove its head so dexterously, that the unconscious bird would continue running as though nothing had happened! The emperor must have been a devil of a shot, and so was Herodian.

But these were isolated cases.—It was reserved for Britons to carry the palm of archery against the world. In Scotland the bow was practised as early as in the south, if we may believe one Macpherson —a poet of a very remote age, and the author of Ossian.—"Sons of Leith," says Macpherson, "bring the *bows* of our fathers! the sounding *quivers* of Morni!" And in Wales there were archers of wonderful skill. Giraldus Cambriensis relates, that, during a siege in that country, two soldiers in haste to regain their tower, were annoyed by the arrows of the Welsh. They succeeded in closing the portal; but were killed notwithstanding; for the arrows went clean through the defence, which was of hardened oak, closely studded, and four

* See Encyclopædia Londinensis.

inches thick! William de Breusa, himself an archer, likewise relates, that he saw a horse-soldier, clad in complete mail, with buff coat beneath, struck through the hip with an arrow, which not only killed the rider but, piercing the saddle, killed the horse. "But," says William, "although that might be thought a clever shot, it was nothing to *another* I saw." Another Welshman struck another mailed horseman, in a similar way, and fastened him to the saddle through the hip; but the wounded man turning his horse by the bridle, the same archer dealt another shaft, which, *strange to say*, observes William, passed through the *other* hip, and completely fixed him: and the horse plunged so fearfully, that men marvelled to see so clever a horseman, not knowing the ingenious manner by which he was made to keep his seat! If the gentleman did not affirm that he *saw* these things, I should hardly have believed him. This De Breusa was a member of the "Royal British Bowmen," which society exists to this day, and can produce as good shots as William.

But of all who have conferred lustre on the annals of archery, none are so conspicuous as the bold outlaw of Sherwood, that "most gentle theefe," as Grafton calls him in his Chronicle of Breteyne.—It would be endless to repeat the exploits of this hero of the bow; suffice it to say they were obliged to take his life by treachery,—"For the said Robert Hood, whom men call Robyn Hood," says Grafton, "being troubled with sicknesse came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire, called Berklies, when desiring to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death." He was buried by the highway-side by the prioress of the nonry; and "upon his grave the sayd prioresse did lay a very large stone, wherein the names of Robert Hood and William of Goldesborough, and others were graven." Dr. Gale, Dean of York, has preserved his epitaph, which is as follows:

HEAR UNDENEAD DIS LATIL STEAN
LAIZ ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGDON,
NEA ARCIR VERZA HIE SA GEVD
AN PIPL KAULD IM ROBIN HEUD.
SICK UTLAWZ AZ HI AN IZ MEN
VIL ENGLANO NIVR SI AGEN.

Obit. 24. *kal-Dekembris*, 1247.

Dr. Hanmer speaking of the extraordinary things performed by Robin Hood and Little John, says, the latter is reported to have shot an arrow *a mile;* "but I leave these," observes the worthy doctor rather discourteously; "among the *lies of the land.*" I don't know why he should disbelieve it, when many greater things than that, have been done, with the help of the long bow; as any one may see who reads the doctor's "Chronicles of Ireland!"

I would willingly recount the feats of the great archers of former days, but I have no space, I must pass over the great Zosimus, who described *a friend of his* at the battle of Mursa, who had the wonderful gift of discharging three arrows at once, and killing a man with each! Phillip de Comines and Froissart were great shots, as any one will discover by reading their Chronicles. And Sir John Smith who tells us of the "valleys which ran with rivers of blood, caused by the slaughter from the Turkish bow." The great Lord Bacon too,

a splendid archer, who writes "The Turkish bow giveth a very forcible shoot; insomuch that it hath been *known* that the arrow hath pierced clean through a steel target, and a plate of brass *two inches thick!*" I must leave, though unwillingly, the exploits of these great men and good archers, and touch upon the moderns, and with great justice; for however grand are the recorded feats of former days, I will back the performances of our own times against them, whether for length, strength or ability.

I believe, I have hinted in my title, that I have the honour to belong to that highly-respectable and distinguished corps, the ROYAL HORSE MARINES, so called from their always riding at anchor, and from my long service in different countries have had much experience in these matters of which I treat.

I have witnessed the practice of each country, and hardly know to which to award the palm. The Americans take an extraordinary range and shoot very fearlessly. The French if not so strong, are peculiarly dexterous; but an Irishman possesses a wonderful facility for shooting round corners, particularly if a tailor is after him. The most extraordinary feat I ever witnessed was of an Irishman, who shot up Holborn Hill, and with such *prodigious force*, that both his eyes went clean through a brick wall! This is a fact; for I saw it. I have known some good shots among the English, particularly the ladies, who draw a very powerful bow; one, particularly I remember, who shot so far beyond the mark, that her shaft was positively lost in the clouds! She was a member of the "Toxophilite" society, of which the late king was president. There was another capital English shot, a friend of mine, who belonged to the "Royal Kentish Bowmen;" he used to relate, that once riding from Seven Oaks, he was overtaken by a thunder-storm, he hoped to escape it by giving his horse the reins, and singular enough he just kept a-head of it by about half a yard! In this manner he gallopped at speed five miles, I may say, neck and neck with the thunder cloud; the rain, or rather torrent, descending exactly upon his horses crupper all the way; the road behind was literally deluged; as he emphatically observed, it could only be compared to being within half a yard of the falls of Niagara! He was fortunately saved from the cataract by shooting up a gateway. It was a capital shot. If any impertinent doubt was ever expressed at this relation, the archer would say fiercely; "Sir, if you *want* a lie, *I'll give you one;* but that' s a fact by G—d!" and no man was better able; he was one of the best shots I knew.

I mentioned the French as dexterous marksmen. I once knew a gentleman from Gascony—proverbial for its archery; he had been an officer under Napoleon—by the way, I have always remarked the superiority of soldiers and sailors in their management of the weapon—he told me of a duel in which he had been engaged at Paris, where the signal was *un, deux,* and to fire at the word *trois.* It must be understood we had been quizzing the Parisians on their affectation in rolling the letter R about their mouths previous to utterance. "My opponent," said the Gascon, "was of the *garde imperial—sacre tonnere*—he was a dead shot. I had but one chance, and I watched it narrowly. The second gave the word, *un, deux;* but *càde-di,* long before he could *finish* the word TROIS, I shot my man dead!" I must

observe that my lively friend was equally good with the pistol as with the bow. He was very jealous of the honour of his province, which he never allowed could be exceeded in any thing. Some discourse once took place concerning the height of Monsieur Louis, the French giant, who measured six feet ten inches. "*Tonnère!*" cried he, what a shrimp! Why, in my country, I knew a man so tall that he was positively obliged to get up a ladder every morning to shave himself; *he* was a tall man, if you like." He admitted that he never knew but one man of that stature, and that he was *a very long way off*. My friend was elected, some years since, a member of the "Royal Edinburgh Society" of Archers, and is an ornament to that distinguished corps. After all, I must in justice say, that the Americans beat us all out of the field. Neither French, English, nor Irish, can compare with them in the use and practice of the long-bow, although I am aware that I risk giving offence to many meritorious and skilful individuals. How does the incredulous cockney stare when he hears of the great SEA SERPENT! He does not believe it, not he—he little knows it was an archer to whom the glory of the discovery is due. What *can* he know of monsters of the deep, except cod-fish and oysters in sauce! What can he know of the howling wilderness, unless it be Wilderness-row! What of roaring cataracts, save that of low water at London bridge! He can form no idea of the trackless waste by that of Walworth and Newington Butts; or of interminable forests, by that of Epping. His scepticism, therefore, is no scandal; it requires an enlarged mind to comprehend the wonders of America, and to judge of the enterprise of archers by whom it has been explored. A very ingenious friend of mine, and, curious enough, of the same name as myself, a native of Boston, and a splendid shot, has frequently astonished me with the exploits of American archers. He said, that once, when he went into Kentucky to witness a trial of skill, he stayed by the way at a public-house, and observing in the room such an amount of broken ware, and equivocal marks, he was quite convinced, knowing the savage nature of Kentuckian fighting, that a desperate and murderous affray had taken place there. He remarked the servant sweeping the floor, and putting the contents carefully into a basket. Rather surprised, he asked her what she was preserving with such care. "Oh!" said the girl, "nothing very particular, only a few *eyes*." "Eyes!" inquired my friend. "You see," she said, "about fourteen gentlemen went home blind last night, so I was just picking up their eyes, 'cause the gentlemen, when they get sober, may becalling for 'em, I guess!"

There is little doubt that the Kentuckians of the back woods are descendants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, who was driven from the house of Abraham to wander in the forests of Beersheba. Of Ishmael it is said in Genesis, "and God was with the lad, and he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an *archer*." Some have been sceptical on the point, seeing, that however the latter part of the verse might argue them descendants of Ishmael, the former portion clearly had no reference to *them*. This point I leave to the curious.

My friend Cram I have a great respect for, both as an accomplished archer and an excellent man. He has witnessed some wonderful

exertions of the art; indeed, those wherein he has taken an active part, are not to be excelled by any professor of any country whatsoever. I remember, before I went to America, and became intimate with him, I was introduced to his sister, then residing in the county of Down. I forgot to mention he has some Irish blood in his veins, which may perhaps account for his superiority in skill and power. His sister, to give me an idea of the wonderful prowess of her beloved brother, gave me a letter to read which she had received from him on his return to Boston from England. I will give an extract.

"We had a pleasant sort of passage enough, but I missed my sport sadly. We, however, managed to practise with the bow and rifle, and I need not tell you, with some advantage over my less practised companions. Occasionally, when the weather was fine, Captain Mizen, knowing my love of the sport, had the boat lowered, and we mustered up a shooting party. There is capital shooting on the Atlantic, but the game, though plentiful, is by no means varied. During our passage I met with no other than the "flying fish." One day I managed, however, to bag fifty brace of these amphibious birds, the sailors rowing us under the very trees in which they build their nests! We sometimes had some good fishing. The dolphin is an extraordinarily rapacious fish; an instance of which I will relate. We caught so many, one day, that several were thrown in the sea again, and we continued merely for the sake of the sport. One of the fish, by some accident had his tail cut off, and, being short of bait, I put it upon my hook; in about a minute I hooked a fish, and, much to our surprise, it proved to be the very mutilated dolphin, positively caught by his own tail!

"I must not forget to tell you that we landed at Bermuda, and found the niggers all bald, which I heard was occasioned by the habit of *butting* in their personal encounters with each other. This fact convinces me that the organ of combativeness is not, as Gall has placed it, behind the ear. The Bermudians are a very singular people. I was informed that those who lived on the other side of the island are quite amphibious, and live for days under water. This is in consequence of their living entirely on fish:—I have no reason to doubt the fact. Fish here is extremely good, but all kinds of meat are inferior to those of England, except pork, which is so excellent that the Bermudians literally eat it till the bristles grow out of their skin!

"The inhabitants have no occasion for lamps or candles of any kind, for the atmosphere, at night, is positively in one blaze of illumination with fire-flies. These beautiful little creatures not only dispel darkness, but when we went to light our cigars we need but catch one of these luciferous insects, and holding it to our tobacco, fire is procured."

I shall forbear quoting more of Mr. Cram's letter; the reader will doubtless be pleased with the spirit of observation displayed throughout. I can myself vouch for the authenticity of his statements, for, not long afterwards, I made the same passage, and witnessed the things he describes. I had the good fortune, likewise, to bring down many coveys of the amphibious birds he mentions, the flying-fish, as well as several sea-woodcocks, which, having no dogs, he could not

flush. Knowing this, I had taken care to provide myself with a brace of water-dogs, and found them very useful.

I never shall forget the first evening I arrived at Boston. Cram had invited many congenial spirits to meet me, and I never passed a pleasanter time. Of course our favourite weapon bore a prominent part in the conversation. Cram gave us a very interesting account of a vessel foundering near the coast, which was the means of elucidating a curious fact; he wished to prove a superiority of instinct in the scaly inhabitants of these waters, over those of every other. It was no uncommon thing, he said, after that event, for the fishermen to take a kingfish clothed in a bed-gown of Manchester stripes! a shark was killed with a Guernsey shirt on; a whole shoal of porpoises were seen with red night caps, and a guard fish was hooked that wore a gauze veil! A gentleman, however, from Trinidad, a Mr. Muscovada, denied the intellectual superiority of the American fish over those of the West Indies; "and to prove it," observed Muscovada, "I remember once after the Thunder frigate was wrecked in the gulph of Paria, one of our whale boats harpooned a grampus, who, it was found, had the man-of-war's mainsail tied round his neck for a cravat!" What do you think of that? said he. Cram was floored.

But the most curious sporting anecdote I remember was told me by Cram, one evening over our brandy-and-water; as he was the party concerned, it may be relied on. We were speaking of England, and I was relating to him the different societies of Bowmen.

Among other persons the name of his sister was introduced, and he mentioned several interesting anecdotes of her skill, when she was a member of the "Hainault Foresters." I happened to mention having been much pleased with the letter he had written to his sister, which I had the good fortune to read, and, at his wish, related the points of it. "Ah! my dear Captain," said he; "that letter was written under very singular circumstances; I never knew till this moment what I wrote, although from your repetition, I have only related the facts as they occurred." I expressed some surprise, and he continued: "The fact was, I had been to a party that day, and had so astonished the natives with my skill upon our weapon, that I believe I over exerted myself. When I returned, I commenced writing to my sister, as the packet was about to sail, and I remember well writing the words 'My dear sister," and when I tell you that I wrote the whole of that communication, to which you allude, fast asleep, I tell you nothing more than the fact; and what is more, actually folded, directed, and sealed it, and should not have waked, had I not *burnt my fingers with the wax!*

COPY OF AN AUTOGRAPH UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM ALLAN RAMSAY, AUTHOR OF THE "GENTLE SHEPHERD," TO HIS FRIEND MR. SMIBERT.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

"YOUR heal and happiness are ever ane addition to my satisfaction: God make your life ever easy and pleasant. Half a century of years have now row'd o'er my pow, that begins now to be lyart; yet, thanks to my Author, I eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years syne. Yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to imploy that faculty upon as ever. Fools, fops, and knaves, grow as rank as formerly, yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are ane honour to human life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world, then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good auld wife is still my bedfellow; my son Allan has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years auld—was with Mr. Hyssing at London, for some time, about two years ago; has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael. Sets out for the seat of the beast beyond the Alps, within a month hence, to be away about two years. I'm sweer to part with him, but canna stem the currant which flows from the advice of his patron's and his own inclination. I have three daughters, one of seventeen, one of sixteen, one of twelve years old, and no ae waly dragle amang them—all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have (not) wrote a line of poetry; I e'en gave o'er in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

"Frae twenty-five to five and forty
My Muse was nowther sweer nor dorty,
My Pegassus wad break his tether
E'en at the wagging of a feather,
And throw ideas scour like drift,
Streaking his wings up to the lift;
Then then my saul was in a low
That gart my numbers saftly row,
But eild and judgment gin to say,
Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

I am, Sir,
Your friend and servant,
ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edinburgh, May 10th, 1736.

THE RESTORATION.

Banners are streaming to the breeze,
And brazen trumpets ring,
And shouts—yet not alone of these
Thinks a returning king:
His thoughts are straying from the scene,
From what *is now* to what *hath been;*
When death hung o'er the royal head,
And far from throne and home he fled;
His sceptre but a broken reed,
Another reigning in his stead!

And where is he, whose arm of might
Rul'd with an iron sway?
Gone, like a troubled dream of night
Before the' approach of day;
The feeble heir he leaves behind,
Reft of his father's giant mind,
Lost, dead to glory and to fame,
Inherits but his father's name;
Like a small water's hidden course,
Obscure, though ocean be its source.

They came, they came, a noble throng,
The loyal and the true;
And now the monarch rides along,
Girt by his chosen few:
But many eyes may look in vain,
To find, amid that splendid train,
The kindred forms that left their home,
With banished royalty to roam,
That clung to him they could not save,
Their recompense—an exile's grave!

Spring-buds on every path are strewed,
A sweet and lovely group,
As virgins brought from solitude,
In the world's gaze to droop;
And prancing chargers paw the ground,
Scattering these pale young blossoms round;
And snowy plumes are fluttering by,
Pure as the white clouds of the sky;
And nod, and smile, and wave of hand,
Are welcoming that joyous band.

All, all is bright and glorious now,
No traces of the past;
But thus it is with all below,
Where nought is doomed to last;
One moment dazzle, the next all bright—
Alternate bloom, alternate blight;
The son of sire struck headless down,
Now called from banishment to crown;
A fitting type of human state,
Sad record of a monarch's fate!

BULWER AND HIS BOOK.*

We have all read of the frog in the fable, which, aspiring to be accounted an ox, made a split of it, and was never afterwards in a situation to raise the wind towards a second experiment. This is precisely the predicament of Mr. Bulwer at the present moment. From the "indigesta moles" of his mind he created a little world of profit. He wrote novels, "beautiful exceedingly;" he penned poems, delicate Ariels, which the Calibans of criticism were loath to visit too roughly. The former were, nay, we believe, are still, indispensable to maid, milliner, plain twaddler, and complicated bore; the latter, we are given to understand, were sucked in by the insatiate trunks of this elephantine metropolis.

The mental tadpole having thus become transformed into the literary frog, what more natural, reasonable, proper, than that he should imagine himself capable of undergoing further and more extensive changes? The reform was never intended to be final—why should the fen circumscribe the frog?—wherefore not that internal power which, gradually swelling and increasing, shall at length convert it into the bival dimensions of a commensurate ox-lord? But it was not to be.

When a man proposes to write a book upon a given subject (we do not stop to inquire whether his subject was *given* to Mr. Bulwer) he usually takes the trouble of thinking a little before he commences his work.† It is not an improbable supposition, also, that he examines himself touching his competency to fulfil the task which has been assigned to him, or which he has proposed to himself. He will also consider whether his subject do not involve a discussion of points upon which men of equal capacity—perhaps of equal capacity with himself, are strongly and honestly at issue. That preliminary process having been gone through, the course which the incipient author has to pursue, becomes inevitably obvious. He is bound to state his opinions strongly, forcibly, above all, plainly: and he feels himself under the not unpleasing necessity of addressing his readers in a tone of equality, indeed, but also with some show of respect. Mr. Bulwer has chosen to do neither; whence we not unfairly conclude that he has not only not considered the manifold subjects he has presumed to handle, but that he has altogether forgotten the readers whom he has deemed it fitting so insolently to address. A more miserable tissue of puerile contradictions, a more wretched mixture of foreign philosophy and home-made ignorance, it was never before our fault to read—a more oracular and pedagogue arrogance in the expression of them, it was

* By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M. P. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Bentley, 1833.

† Mr. Bulwer, more experienced in book-making than ourselves, is of a contrary opinion. "It is astonishing," he says, "how few men deem it necessary to think a little when they are writing much." The author of Pelham has almost converted us to his opinion.

never heretofore our misfortune to witness. When husks are thrown before men it is well that they be not projected with the air of one who is casting pearls before swine.

And, then, the solemn foppery of the man, the ludicrously grave manner in which some worthless scrap of purloined learning is presented to us. The considerate Mrs. Glasse instructs us, before proceeding to cook, to catch our hare; but the author of "Pelham" furnishes his ideas after he has prepared the illustration. A child feasting on jelly is, with Mr. Bulwer, a tradesman at his dinner; and why? the currant jelly reminds him of a leg of mutton. This invention of of an idea from an illustration which the idea itself should suggest, is productive of the most laughable results; nor is the solemn manner in which conclusions are drawn, on the strength of an absurd anecdote, less fraught with materials for unbounded mirth. "There was a tribe in Thessalonia,"—then follows the illustration—"thus we see," &c. "There was a certain merchant"—and an anecdote is presented to us involving a silly pun, made, it might be presumed, by Samuel Rogers sitting on a tombstone—and a philosophical conclusion is drawn from the authentic incident just related.

Let us try our hand at an anecdote—let us exert our skill upon an illustration—let us draw our conclusion from the first—let us find our idea for the latter.

"There was a certain drover in Smithfield who could not get his beast along. 'I say, Tom,' quoth he, 'I can't get this ere hanimal to move.' 'Hit him over the raw, then,' 'He hant got none.' 'Then 'stablish vun.'—Thus we see the native ferocity of the English character."

By taking down this folio we shall probably succeed in catching an illustration. "A certain country was inhabited by a people whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders." Ha! very good: now for the idea—we have it. "There is a remarkable similarity between the people of the country just spoken of and the people of this country: here the power to bear taxation is greater than the ingenuity to inflict it—the shoulders are above the head."

But now let us take a hasty survey of Mr. Bulwer's two volumes We find, then, that "Book the First" is inscribed to Prince Talleyrand, and comprehends a view of the English character. This would seem to be tough work for a philosophical tyro, but our intellectual Garagantua makes light of it. He illustrates a national prejudice—he draws a national distinction—he draws up and exhibits the root of our notions—he gives us an anecdote—he plucks out the heart of the mystery in a trice, leaving us to wonder how the deuce it happened that we never heard these things before.

The French and the English are both, it appears "eminently vain of country; yet if there be any difference between the two more strong than another, it is the manner in which that vanity is shewn. The vanity of the French consists (as I have somewhere read) in belonging to so great a country; but the vanity of the Englishman exults in the thought, that so great a country belongs to himself."

Whoever made the observation which we have just quoted, and which

Mr. Bulwer has somewhere read, was a blockhead. It will not do for our author to draw nice distinctions. The national vanity of the French and English, however different in degree, and however unlike in expression, must be essentially the same passion. As exemplified by Mr. Bulwer, there is no vanity on the Frenchman's side—there is no national vanity on the part of the Englishman. The Frenchman, by our author's showing, is proud and vain of his country—the Englishman is personally vain. Mr. Bulwer further adds, "He (the Englishman) is vain of his country for an excellent reason—*it produced him.*"

Let us restate our author's proposition. The vanity of the Frenchman consists in belonging to so great a country; the Englishman is vain of his country, for it produced him. The consciousness of belonging to a great country could never create vanity, although it might stimulate it; and the theory, that an Englishman is vain of his country, because it produced him, is too extravagant to be entertained for a moment. Indeed, the statement, as respects the Englishman, is not so much a matter of opinion as a question of fact. It is not a fallacy—it is false.

We have been at some pains to show, that Mr. Bulwer either takes no pains to think before he writes, or that he has not the capacity of thinking, in the philosophical sense of the word. Let us now exhibit how gravely he continues to utter nonsense. He is still comparing and contrasting the vanity of the two nations.

"The worst of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult; it is *my* house that you shall not enter; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce."

We grant that it is upon this principle that we pull a man's nose who insults our wife, and consign to the magistrate the burglar who has entered our house; and that such acts arise out of a sentiment of property. We should be glad to learn, upon what different principle it is that the Frenchman does the same thing. But I do not resent an insult to *my* country, because it is mine, in any sense involving a property in it. because I have no such property. England is *my* country, as she is *my* mother who "produced me," but only "in a manner of speaking"—I have no property in either. It cannot, therefore, be a sentiment of *property* that causes me to resent an insult to my country.

And now let us turn to Mr. Bulwer's view of the English character. The author of "Pelham" is inclined to think that we are not quite so independent as the world generally supposes. He says,

"It is an old maxim among us, that we possess the sturdy sense of independence; we value ourselves on it, yet the sense of independence is often but the want of sympathy with others.

"There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots, by mistake, called betimes in the morning. 'Sir,' quoth the boots, 'the day's breaking.' 'Let it break,' growled he, 'it owes me nothing.' This anecdote is rather characteristic; it shows the connexion between selfishness and independence."

If it shows any thing, it shows that Mr. Bulwer cannot take a joke, which, we doubt not, agitated the midriff of the more jocular boots with titillating vibrations.

Mr, Bulwer, then, infers from this anecdote, that we are rather a selfish than an independent people; but as, when such a man as he condescends to write about English character, it is well to know what his *opinions* are—(we use the word in the plural number advisedly, for he has two opinions upon that point)—we shall place in juxta position several sentences that will, perhaps, enlighten us either as to the English character, or to Mr. Bulwer's competency to judge of it. Mr. Bulwer, be it remembered, has previously stated his belief that the English are quite as selfish as they are independent. But

"The English are an eminently generous people. I do not mean generous in the vulgar sense of the epithet, though that they would deserve, if but from the ostentatious and artificial spirit I have already described; but the loftier and more moral one. Their sympathies are generous; they feel for the persecuted, and their love is for the fallen!!"

"Poverty,—crime itself,—does not blunt this noble characteristic. In some of the workhouses the overseers devised a method to punish the refractory paupers by taking away from them the comforts, permitted to the rest; the rest out of their own slender pittance supplied their companions! In his work upon prisons, Mr. Buxton informs us, that in the jail at Bristo the allowance of bread to criminals was below the ordinary modicum necessary for subsistence; to the debtor, however, no allowance was made, their friends, or the charity of strangers supported them: there have been times when their resources have failed, and some of the debtors would have literally perished for want, but that they were delivered—how? By the generosity of the criminals, who voluntary shared with them at once the food and the distress."

"In other countries poverty is a misfortune, with us it is a crime."

"Our extreme regard for the chaste, induces a contemptuous apathy to the *un*chaste. We care not how many these are, what they suffer, or how far they descend into the lowest abysses of crime. Thus, in many of the agricultural districts, nothing can equal the shameless abandonment of the female peasantry. Laws favouring bastardy, promote licentiousness, and as I have before shewn, the pauper marries the mother of illegitimate children, in order to have a betier claim on the parish. In our large towns, an equally systemtical contempt of the unfortunate victims—less perhaps of sin than of poverty, produces consequences equally prejudicial. No regard as in other countries, by a rigid police order, is paid to their health or condition; the average of their career on earth is limited to *four years.*"

"Thus, then, generosity is the character of the nation; but the character rather of the people than the nobles; and while a certain school of theorists maintain that the chief good of an aristocracy is to foster that noble quality, they advance an argument which is so easily refuted as to endanger the cause it would support."

Having thus heard Mr. Bulwer on our generosity, let us listen to his opinion of our honesty and morality.

"But, if the commercial spirit makes us attach undue importance to wealth, it keeps alive also a spirit of honesty as to the best means to acquire it. Thus the same causes that produce our defects, conspire to produce many of our merits. The effect of commerce is to make men trust-worthy in their ordinary dealings, and their social relations. It does this, not by the

sense of virtue, but by that of self-interest. A trader soon discovers that honesty is the best policy. If you travel through Italy, and your carriage break down, there is, perhaps, but one smith in the place; he repairs your carriage at ten times the value of the labour; he takes advantage of your condition, and his own monopoly of the trade. Whoever has had the misfortune to make the tour of the Netherlands in a crazy *caléche*, can speak from ample experience of the similar extortion practiced also in that country, where the standard of morality is much higher than in in Italy. This would rarely, if ever, be the case in England."

In his review of the poor laws, however, he remarks.

"But how, in so industrious a country, arises the indifference to toil? The answer is obvious—wherever idlenes is better remunerated than labour, idleness becomes contagious, and labour hateful."

"In no foreign country even of far less civilization than England, is there the same improvidence: in France where there is a much greater inclination to pleasure, there is yet a much more vigorous disposition to save. The French peasants never incur the *wicked*, because voluntary, calamity of bringing children into the world which they cannot feed, the youngest a new robber of the pittance of the eldest; brother the worse foe to brother, and each addition to the natural ties bringing nearer and more near the short and ghastly interval between Penury and Famine, Despair and Crime: nor do they—no, nor the peasants of Spain, of Germany, of Italy, of Holland, squander in the selfish vices of an hour, the produce of a week's toil. The peasant is not selfish in his pleasure; he shares his holiday with his family, and not being selfish, he is not improvident: his family made *him* prudent, the same cause often makes the Englishman desperate."

"I think, however, that I need take no pains to prove the next characteristic of the English people—a characteristic that I shall just touch upon, viz. their wonderful Spirit of Industry. This has been the saving principle of the nation, counteracting the errors of our laws and the imperfections of our constitution. We have been a great people, because we have been always active; and a moral people, because we have not left ourselves time to be vicious. Industry is, in a word, *the* distinguishing quality of our nation—the pervading genius of our riches, our grandeur and our power."

"Rogues among traders, and swindlers among gentlemen, there are in this, as in all countries; but they do not suffice to stamp the character of the people. There is no systematic mockery of principle with us, nor that sort of *maison de jeu* morality, which you find among the philosophical *éleyans* of Paris and Vienna. A fine gentleman in London is a formidable person to young heirs; but of these fine gentlemen there are thank Heaven, not above a dozen or two. In private character, as in the national, an English patrician is rather the dupe than the receiver: at least he keeps his deceits for his parliamentary career."

Wherever I look around on the state of morality in this country, I see the want of the cultivation of moral science. A thousand of the most shallow jejune observations upon every point of morality that occurs, are put forth by the press, and listened to by the legislature. Laws are made, and opinions formed, and institutions recommended, upon the most erroneous views of human nature and the necessary operations of the mind. A chasm has taken place between private and public virtue—they are supposed to be separable qualities; and a man may be called a most rascally politician, with an assurance from his asperser "that he does not mean the smallest disrespect to his *priuate character!*" Propping morality merely on decorums, we suffer a low and vulgar standard of opinion to establish itself amongst us; and the levelling habits of a commercial life are wholly unre-

lieved and unelevated by the more spiritual and lofty notions, that a well-cultivated philosophy ever diffuses throughout a people.

I have heard an anecdote of a gentleman advertising for a governess for his daughters; an opera-dancer applied for the situation; the father demurred at the offer: "What!" cries the lady, "Am I not fit for the office?" Can I not teach dancing, and music, and French, and manners?" "Very possibly—but still—an opera-dancer—just consider!"—"Oh! if that be all," said the would-be governess, "*I can change my name!*" I admire the *naïveté* of the dancer less than her sagacity; she knew that nine times out of ten, when the English ask for virtues, they look only to the name!"

"With us the word virtue is seldom heard, out of a moral essay; I am not sure whether it does not excite a suspicion of some unorthodox signification, something heathen and contrary to religion. The favourite word is "respectability"—and the correct meaning of "respectability" may certainly exclude virtue, but never a decent sufficiency of wealth: no wonder that every man strives to be rich."

"To the want, too, of a cultivation of morality as a science, all its rules are with us vague, vacillating and uncertain; they partake of the nature of personal partiality or of personal persecution. One person is proscribed by society for some offence which another commits with impunity. One woman elopes, and is "the abandoned creature;" another does the same, and is only the "unfortunate lady." Miss —— is received with respect by the same audience that drove Kean to America. Lady —— is an object of interest, for the same cause as that which makes Lady —— an object of hatred.. Lord —— ill uses and separates from his wife—nobody blames him. Lord Byron is discarded by his wife and is cut by society. * * * is a notorious gambler, and takes in all his acquaintances—every one courts him—he is a man of fashion. Mr. —— imitates him, and is shunned like a pestilence—*he* is a pitiful knave!"

And now it may be worth while to make a *resumè* of Mr. Bulwer's notions respecting the English character.

We are, in the first place, rather selfish than otherwise. But we are eminently generous. Poverty does not blunt our generosity. Even our criminals have been known to share their food with debtors. Yet poverty, in other countries a misfortune, is considered by us a crime. We care not how many descend into the lowest abysses of crime. Thus, then, generosity is the character of the nation. Again, we are honest; we know that it is the best policy to be so. But when we can get more of other people's money by idleness than we can procure of our own by industry, we shall prefer to be idle. And in no foreign country is there so much improvidence; we incur the wicked calamity of bringing children into the world whom we cannot support. We squander in selfish vices the produce of a week's toil. The continental peasant, on the contrary, is not selfish or improvident. And yet a wonderful spirit of industry is our chief characteristic. This has made us a moral people, for it has left us no time to be vicious. Once more; although there are a few rogues amongst us, there is no systematic mockery of principle; no conventional morality, such as it to be found at Paris or Vienna. And yet, looking around on the state of morality in this country, a thousand shallow and *jejune* observations, upon every point of morality, are put forth. Propping morality merely on decorum, a low and vulgar standard of opinion is established amongst us. We care not for virtues, we look

only to the name. The word *virtue* is seldom heard with us; the favourite word is "respectability." Not cultivating morality as a science, all its rules are vague; we proscribe one, we acquit another. We court ****, Mr. —— imitates him, and is shunned like a pestilence.

And this is the English character, as it has been elaborately drawn by Mr. Bulwer! We contend that we have a perfect right to put all these extracts together, and to condence them, to the end that the spirit of his conclusions shall be more immediately brought under the notice of the reader. We defy him to impugn the honesty with which we have selected these specimens. We defy him to show that, in any one instance, he has been speaking of a particular class, and that we have given it a general application. That Mr. Bulwer has arrived at general conclusions from a review of the vices or weaknesses of particular classes, we admit; but that is his fault, and not ours. He must permit us to take them as they are presented to us, namely, for conclusions affecting our national character.

In truth, looking at the discordant and infinite elements of which the several classes of this country are composed—the conventional wants, the artificial desires of the higher orders—the real misery and distress—the abuse of good laws—the framing of bad ones—the stimulants to crime, and the insufficient inducements to virtue which operate upon the lower classes—taking a general survey of all the apparent phenomena which illumine, whether to purify or to destroy our moral atmosphere, it will readily be conceded, that a philosopher might well pause ere he put forth conclusions respecting our national character, drawn from a sifting and contrasting of so multifarious an assembly of qualifying causes. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Bulwer has signally failed in the attempt, being, as by this time he must feel himself to be, endued with just as many faculties that go to the formation of a philosopher, as his friend Mr. D'Israeli enjoys in his assumed character of historian.

We shall take another opportunity of adverting to our author's second-hand opinions respecting the Poor Laws, Education, and Modern Philosophy. It may be sufficient to say, that he has urged nothing with reference to the former two, that has not been advanced many times before; and that he knows nothing whatever of philosophy—neither its history, its objects, nor its employment.

We shall select two instances of the very common-place order of mind which it is Mr. Bulwer's misfortune to possess, and we have done with him; on a future occasion, we may, perhaps, take the trouble of exposing his insolence and pretension in matters upon which he has, or ought to have, some power of discrimination.

When Mr. Bulwer devotes a few pages to a review of our modern polite literature, and barely mentions the name of a man who—leaving out of the question his merits as a philosopher, is a distinguished ornament to it—we mean Mr. Coleridge—we know that there is some private, personal and mean motive which has actuated him. But when he affects the philosopher, it is another matter. We see, and we despise his superficial coxcombry, and we laugh at his folly. We know that there is no power on earth—not even his power of conceit

and impudence, that could ever have converted him into one; he has done his best, and we forgive him.

Mr. Bulwer thinks that practical men are the last men in the world whose opinion ought to be taken respecting matters upon which they are practical men, and he illustrates his position thus;—

"If you want a reform on the stage, you would be told that the best performers are the most practical men, they have all an interest in the monopoly they enjoy; poor Kean, accordingly said before the Committee of the House of Commons that he heard the voice, and saw the play of countenance, as well at the back of the centre boxes at Covent Garden, as in the side boxes of the Haymarket. Mr. Kean's answer is the type of most answers, on whatsoever point, that you extort from practical men in opposition to thinking men! they reason according to their interests; practical men are prejudiced men; usually knowing the details of their own business well, they are astonished at the presumption of men who think to improve the principle.

Now, we think, it requires neither a very practical nor a very thinking man to descry the surpassing absurdity of this. Kean's evidence was not that of a practical, but of an interested man; he did not *reason* according to his interest, he *spoke* in behalf of it; it was not an opinion—it was a falsehood. Mr. Dowton, a practical man, also, gave directly contrary testimony.

Mr. Bulwer is seized with a desire to exterminate popular fallacies Bentham had succeeded in destroying a few—if Bentham, why not Bulwer? He discourses of them thus—he opines that he has caught one, and he proceeds to slay it after this fashion:—

"When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You may beat it about the head till it seems to have given up the ghost; and lo, the next day day it is as healthy as ever. The best example of the vitality of a fine saying, which has the advantage of being a fallacy, is in the over-hacknied piece of nonsense attributed to Archimedes; viz. "that he could move the earth, if he had any place at a distance from it, to fix a prop for his lever." Your Excellency knows that it is one of the standard allusions, one of the necessary stock in trade for all authors, poets and newspaper writers; and persons whenever they meet with it, take Arehimedes for an extraordinary great man, and cry, "Lord, how wonderful!" Now *if* Archimedes had found his place, his prop and his lever, and if he could have moved with the swiftness of a cannon-ball, 380 miles every hour, it would have taken him just 44.963,540,000,000 years to have raised the earth one inch! And yet people will go on quoting absurdity as gospel; wondering at the wisdom of Archimedes; and accounting for the unparalleled suicidalism of the English, till we grow tired of contradiction; for, when you cannot convince the Squire Thornhills of the world, you must incur the mortification of Moses, and be contented to let them out-talk you."

Not satisfied with this triumph, he breaks out in a note thus:—"Critics have said, 'what a fine idea of Archimdes!' but how much finer the fact that refutes it?"

We cannot seriously imagine that there are many men in this country, save Mr. Bulwer, who would have committed a logical absurdity like this. Archimedes exemplifies the power of the lever by a strong figure—"Give me my lever and a prop, and I will move the earth;" Mr. Bulwer proves that he could do it, very slowly indeed, and thinks that he has refuted the fact, and exposed the fallacy. This comes of walking upon stilts!

To conclude. We seriously advise Mr. Bulwer to leave off making philosophical experiments. His results are, like those of some of our popular lecturers at a mechanic's institute, who never proceed to illustrate a philosophical principle, but the machinery, from some untoward cause or other, is certain to fail; but Mr. Bulwer's defeat is not to be attributed to the same cause—his results are ludicrous, *because* his principles are unphilosophical. Let Mr. Bulwer take our word for it; by no conceivable process could he be elevated into a philosopher. His course is smooth; the height of what should be his ambition, is obvious enough. He is still young, and may live to write many popular novels.

He is still young—yes, he is, we believe, about thirty—a critical age. Dr. Young has said,

"At thirty man suspects himself a fool!"

Let Mr. Bulwer be more suspicious for the time to come.

SCRAPIANA.

A German merchant at Valparaiso, fond of scientific researches, has lately had explored by a very intelligent Danish sailor, named Kenous, some districts of Chili, which have hitherto never been visited by European travellers. This man, it is announced, has made some interesting discoveries. In the Andes of Chillao he found a plain strewed with the ruins of a considerable city. Now as the actual Indians of Chili have always been monastic, and as the Incas could never firmly establish their dominion over that country, this city must have been built by a civilized people, that have since become totally extinct. We know that in other parts of South America traces of a high degree of civilization have been discovered, of which there are no longer any remains among the Indians who at present inhabit that continent.

Corn Laws.—A sack of flour of 280lbs. in France costs 31*s*. English money, while the same weight in England costs 53*s*., making a difference of 70 per cent. A loaf of bread of four pounds weight costs in France four pence three farthings, and second quality three pence three farthings. But the French have no corn laws—property is more equally divided—trade is flourishing and prosperous beyond all precedent.

The handsome bridge of Dinant over the Maese in the Netherlands has the following inscription:—

Ce pont à été fait ici.

A boy bringing a present of a basket of fruit to a lady in Southampton from a friend in the vicinity, after emptying the basket, and looking about anxiously, said—"Zooks! madam zaid she zent her compliments with the fruit, but I can't zee 'em nowhere!"

Ferdinand VII. on being informed that they were going to pull down the house formerly inhabited by the illustrious author of Don Quixotte, Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, situated in the Calle Fravero, No. 20, at Madrid, immediately purchased the house, and has given orders to have it restored. Upon the principal front will be placed a bust of that great man.

Brescia.—There has lately been discovered here a Roman temple dedicated to Mars. In making excavations in this edifice, a statue of Victory in gilt bronze was found, which by connoisseurs is pronounced superior to any that Milan, Venice, or Naples possess; it is supposed that there will be found near this temple one of those sumptuous country houses, with which the Romans had covered Italy.

One of the consular agents of France in India has written home to his government, stating, that there has lately been discovered in an Indian pagoda a MS., which details in the most precise manner the arrival of a man from the west, the nature of his studies under the direction of their Indian Brahmins, and his sudden departure. This book contains the physical and moral portrait of the Saviour, exactly such as it has been transmitted down to us. It dwells upon his benevolence, his love of humanity, and his inestimable piety, which so admirably corresponded with the beauty and mild expression of his countenance.

Last week a querist at Cowes, where smuggling is sometimes carried on to a considerable extent, asked a by-stander what animals there worked the hardest, and were the most contented with their labour? "Why (replied the by-stander), I should say the donkeys—for they carry angels by day and spirits by night!"

There appears plenty of work cut out for the second reformed parliament, there being not less than one hundred and thirty-four notices of motions placed upon the order book for the next session.

The gas-lamps of London alone consume not less than 38,000 chaldrons of coals in the year. The gas-pipes of the metropolis, were, in 1830, of the total length of upwards of 1000 miles.

Play-bills were formerly affixed to the numerous posts which formerly encumbered the streets of the metropolis; and hence the phrase "posting-bills," which is still retained.

An Irish Ruffian.—He acknowledged that he had been present at a murder—that he had been tried and transported; he thought he could sleep well if his hands were imbrued in innocent blood; would rather kill twenty men than take a false oath; if a man took a false oath he never could repent; but if he committed murder he might repent. He would not act as a hangman for 100*l.*; he would not put a rope round a man's neck; but he would shed the blood or blow the brains out of an innocent man; had rather do that than put a rope round a man's neck convicted of murder.

TO THE SAINTS OF "ST. BRIDE'S."

"Take not a house in that part of the city where the people are ignorant and devout."—*Persian Proverb.*

The Saints, usurping sovereign sway,
Command our city's sinners
To save their souls on sabbath-day—
And go without their dinners.
The butchers dare not open shop,
Nor grocers move a shutter:
Woe to the wench who twirls a mop,
Or goes abroad for butter!
The publicans—unhallow'd elves!
Heap angry imprecations
Upon the Saints, who feast *themselves*,
Though paupers want their rations!
With beldames, of each apple-stall,
The godly heroes grapple,
And preach to them of *Adams fall*,
Effected by—an *apple!*

L. L. T.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRAZIL.

DOMESTIC MANNERS.

ONE of the most celebrated lawyers of the present day has often been heard to say, that during the whole course of his long and arduous career, and with all his professional experience, he had never yet been able to discover the true meaning of the word "gentleman." The Arabs have upwards of one hundred words for the horse alone; but the copiousness of the Arabic is absolute poverty, when compared with the ductile flexibility of our English tongue, which possesses a word that defines at once every class of his majesty's liege subjects.

"Gentleman," however, is not the only word in our language which, as our French neighbours would say, "*fait le desespoir*," of our lexicographers; there is still another term, the application of which is equally vague and indefinite—one that is applied to that nondescript race who, on making the tour of Europe in a well-padded travelling chariot, are deemed qualified for the traveller's club. But, by the shade of that prince of travellers, Marco Polo—by the shade of Baumgarten, whose eagle eye saw the traces of Pharoah's chariot wheels on the shores of the Red Sea, when I look upon that "servile Pecus," I am not only tempted to say with Burke, "the days of chivalry are past," but to go farther, and exclaim, the days of travellers are past!

The bell of the Igrega Madre was just tolling the hour of Ave Maria, and the vesper hymn floated sweetly on the evening breeze, as I slipped out of the narrow precincts of a canoe, in which I had been confined for nearly two days, and once more stretched my limbs on "*porto*," as it was pompously called, of *St. Joam de Pernaiba*, a little town on the banks of the mighty river of that name. For eighteen days previously I had been travelling through an uninterrupted desert, and after narrowly escaping the jaws of an alligator while taking a siesta on the banks of a river. After declining the warm and lasting embraces of a huge boa—after—but I must say no more, lest I shock my reader's nerves, or expose mine own to even a severer shock, by a charge of *Brucism*—suffice it, therefore, to say, with only half a skin, for the musquitoes and a tropical sun had taken woeful liberties with the other division, I arrived at the aforesaid *Villa de Pernaiba*, where so tranquilly flows on the tide of human existence, from the cradle to the grave, unmarked by aught to diversify its undeviating strait line of monotonous uniformity, that my arrival caused even more sensation than that of a Russian grand duke, or a Turkish plenipotentiary extraordinary at Mivart's or the Clarendon.

"Tel brille au second rang, qui s'eclipse au premier."

In our last we endeavoured to give our readers some insight into the domestic organization of the aboriginal inhabitants of Brazil, we shall now reverse the picture, and exhibit the manners of the European conquerors—the *Brava gente Braziliera*, as they call themselves.

In all the maritime cities of Brazil since the removal of the court of Portugal to their trans-atlantic dominions, European civilization and manners have been fast blotting out all traces of colonial life. But in the interior, from the difficulty of communication, and from the scantiness of the population, the traveller may still behold the curious spectacle of a phasis of civilization such as existed on our continent two centuries ago.

There appeared, at first sight, to be an artless simplicity, both of manner and mind, in these people, that insensibly led back the imagination to the more primitive and picturesque ages of mankind; but this illusion was soon dispelled, for, on a nearer inspection, I discovered that it was coupled with the most shocking depravity. In Brazil morality appears to decrease in proportion as the population becomes ruralized; and in the interior of that empire I have witnessed acts that would have induced me to suppose that their perpetrators had taken a high degree in the first school of *Escroquerie* in Europe. The *enciente* of St. Joam de Pernaiba might easily have been contained in that of Belgrave-square; but it had its senado or camera, its commandante das armas, and a garrison of ten soldiers—a custom-house, and all the paraphernalia of a villa of the first class. From all these official dignitaries, as well as from the other magnificoes of the place, I received the customary visits of ceremony the day following my arrival. A stranger to their manners would have imagined them the most generous people in the universe; presents of fruit, sweetmeats, &c. poured in from all quarters—in fact, every thing they possessed, I was told to freely consider as mine own. But to my cost I soon learnt, that these high-flown professions were merely *vox et præterea nihil*—a habit derived from their Moorish ancestors. On the contrary, I never saw a servant approaching my door with a tray on his head, but I mentally exclaimed,

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,"

for what with the *douceur* to the bearer and the return present, invariably looked for, I was generally a loser by the transaction. Nay, I soon found out that there was as much art in making presents as in making a book for the Derby or St. Leger. Of six bottles of *Rosolio* that I one morning sent off as a present to a neighbour, four of them actually found their way back to me at the end of a week, presented by no less than three different individuals. Had I remained much longer I must have found out some Brazilian Gully or Crockford to have made my presents (not my bets) by commission, otherwise, to use the language of the knowing ones, I should have been fairly cleaned out, for the very servants latterly used to bring presents in their master's name for the sake of the *douceur à l'Anglaise*.

Notwithstanding its insignificance, the Villa de St. Joam de Pernaiba had actually, a few months before my arrival, raised the standard of revolt against the Emperor Don Pedro, and actually declared itself a republic, but which the terror of Lord Cochrane's name alone dissolved. Half the leading people of the place were under arrest in their own houses, "*en attendant*" the arrival of a military commission, sitting at the time, and dispensing its leaden mercies in the adjoining

province of Ceara. I could not help one day expressing, in company, my sense of the folly that could have induced a paltry little place like theirs to take such a step, but I was cut short by a mode of argument I certainly did not expect:—Have the goodness to tell us, Senhor Inglez, what was the beginning of Rome? A community of brigands, was my reply—*Pois.* And since that was the case, to what lofty destinies may not Pernaiba aspire, with her heroic population? *Fuimos vendidos,* we were sold, or you would have seen. I have always remarked, that both Portuguese and Brazilians invariably attribute all their disasters to treachery—a strong proof of the venality of the national character.

It will be readily conceived, that the official dignity of the public employés was on a par with the supposed importance of a plan whose influence on the future destinies of the world would, some day or other, be so considerable. And, in fact, ceremony and punctilio were carried to a pitch of most ridiculous extravagance. On passing the house of a friend you were expected to remove your hat, though no member of the family should be visible. In returning the visits of ceremony I had received, I called on the Padre Vagario before the Commandante das Armas—"*inde bellum!*" the latter, who had never heard of the revered maxim of "*cedant arma togæ,*" took it in high dudgeon, and declared that I was a spy. "Would that heaven would send us many more such spies," said the revered padre, giving me a warm embrace. Now, whether this compliment was owing to the respect I had shown to the holy mother church, or to a sense of my own demerits, I shall not stop to examine, suffice it to say we became sworn allies. The Reverendissimo Padre was a warm admirer of the English style of living, particularly of our late dinners, a taste he took almost daily opportunity of gratifying, and which, as we were literally starving at the time, owing to a drought that had continued upwards of two years without intermission, was certainly a delicate mode of showing his admiration of Old England.

One evening, I recollect—provisions at the time were dreadfully scarce—the padre and myself were just sitting down to a fine capon, when,

"Medio de fonte leporis, surgit aliquod amari,"

the worthy man was called away to administer the extreme unction to a dying sinner. "*Agora, amigo,*" said he, "you see what it is to be a padre—*Ahi de me!*"—(I had been expatiating on the calm tranquillity and dignified retirement of the ecclesiastical profession)—and casting a longing look at the smoking capon, he bustled off; for myself, on the gastronomic principle, that

"Un diner rechauffé ne valut jamais rien."

And expecting to see no more of him for that evening, I plunged in *medias res,* when, in less than a *Credo,* the padre was back. He had been sent for by an old devotee, who had a *megraine,* and to whom he told me he had already administered the *viaticum* five and twenty times.

Society, in a place where the women are kept in a stile of worse than Turkish seclusion, it will be easily conceived was at a very low

ebb. The chief occupation of the men was gambling. That of the women of swinging all day long in a hammock; and the conversation of both sexes confined to the very narrow circle round which ranged their small stock of ideas. The existence of these people I can compare to nothing else than a stagnant pool. Still it was a negative happiness, for that mental misery, the curse of a more refined civilization, was certainly not theirs.

Very fortunately for me there was residing in the villa a Frenchman, in the common parlance of the place styled merchant, whose store was a receptacle of every thing, from Champagne and English broad cloth to Agoua ardente and Bacelhao. He was, however, very unpopular; for his habits of superior enterprise and industry had monopolized all the trade of the place. Loud were the clamours in consequence. Freedom of industry was declared to be incompatable with liberty and independence, and the interference of Government called for; but the Frenchman held his ground, as he often held it before, with a very different enemy in his front. For he was a man who had formerly moved in "glory's van."

"*C'est un drole de metier n'est ce pas, pour une homme qui a porté l'epaulette,*" he would frequently say to me. "*Mais Je me console par lire de temps a temps quelques Odez d'Horace.*" Poor fellow, with all his affectation of philosophy, he possessed that happy equanimity of temper under misfortunes which philosophy in vain aspires to. He first saw fire at Jena, and when the sun of Napoleon sank on the field of Waterloo, he was a captain in "*les Lanciers Rouges de la Garde.*" The benumbing influence that chilled the military world, extended itself to the narrow orbit in which he moved, and suddenly hurled from his sphere; on his return he was disbanded. I have sat for hours listening to the history of the eventful scenes in which he had moved, and often observed the tear trickle down the fine countenance on which the bivouac had left its traces, as he spake upon his former chief in terms of fond and bitter regret.

One morning that I was at his store, the juiz or president of the Camera, honoured him with a visit. This personage had been formerly a Vaquero, and, *faute de mieux,* I suppose had been elevated to his present appointment. With an air of dignified importance, he requested a private audience. It turned out afterwards that this Brazilian Minos wanted to purchase a bottle of wine. "He had no money," he said; "but he was hourly expecting a remittance of *two hides* from a place up the country." "*Voila un tableau de meurs qui est impayable*" said my French friend, as he related to me the anecdote.—But

> "Nunc est ad bibendum, nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus———"

It was the anniversary of Brazilian independence, and a party of the Aristocracy of Pernaiba were assembled to commemorate that event. We had been regaling ourselves. Hear it ye Gunters. Hear it Jarrin, thou King of Conectioners. With pine apple jam, and Guava jelly iced with salt-petre, and sipping some delicious Curacoa refrigerated by the same process. The whole party were lolling in hammocks swung round a spacious viranda, and inhaling the aro-

matic perfume of segars, such as Hudson or Friburg never dreamt of in their philosophy.

> " Nox erat et fulgebat luna serena
> inter minora sedera."

It was indeed a lovely night; the moon, the tropical moon, sailed high and bright in the starry heavens. Nox had put on her jewelled diadem; and on her dark bosom shone resplendent the southern cross—while the smaller stars sparkled like diamonds through the dark foilage of the cocoa-nut trees, as they waived their graceful tops wafting towards us the aromatic perfumes of the neighbouring orange groves. There reigned a delicious stillness, broken occasionally by the distant notes of a guitar which danced wildly sweet on the evening breeze as the chords of an Œlean harp swept by the wind. The softness of the hour had lulled the joyous mirth of the party till the silence was interrupted by an old colonel of cavalry. "*Si senhor, senhor si,*" he exclaimed, the invariable ejaculation with which the Brazilian breaks the pause that will occasionally interrupt the conversation, the *mieux soutenue.* " From what I have heard, and from what I have read—which, gentle reader, was mighty little—England must certainly be an extraordinary country; but nevertheless, it is one in which I could but exist twenty-four hours." " And how so, Colonel?" I inquired; " we have ample means of neutralizing the cold of our climate"—for I confess I thought it was to that he was alluding. " That is not what I mean. *Estou Valente no frio.* I am capable of bearing an intense degree of cold." (I much doubt if the old fellow had ever experienced a lower degree than 70 in his life). " Then, my dear Colonel, in what consists your objection to Old England?" " Why, simply in this—to the incessant report of fire-arms." " You must be jesting, surely?" " Not at all. You are the second Englishman who has ever resided here—and I have observed that the occupation of you both has been that of firing at a mark from morning till night, from which, I infer it is the usual pastime of the English, and a most detestable one, too, it is; for I have not had a comfortable siesta since your arrival here." It is to be hoped the gallant Colonel was a better soldier than this wide application of the *ab uno disce omnes* shewed him to be a logician.

I one morning shortly after this received the following laconic epistle from the master of a Mulatto servant I had hired:—

" Senhor—If you shoot my Mulatto, remember his price is 250 milrees."

At the risk of being styled a barbarian, I cannot refrain from relating the cause that produced this singular letter, illustrating as it does so strongly the manners of the country. On the previous evening, in order to *amuse* my friend the Padre Vigario with a pistol bullet, I offered to strike a teacup out of the hand of my Mulatto servant, a feat which, by dint of practice, I knew I could, without risk, at the distance of twelve paces, accomplish—and which was accordingly done, to the great wonderment of the Padu, who, to my surprise, insisted on me making the trial on him, but which I obstinately for

some time refused, fearing, as he had not been trained to the sport, that he might swerve into the line of fire. However, he overruled all my objections, and took his ground accordingly, with a small plate as his target. In the next instant crack went the plate; but to my consternation, down went the Padre like a pigeon shot on the wing. To my great joy, however, it turned out to be merely a sudden *panico* that had come over him, which he was never able to account for. While this was going on, the master of my Mulatto servant accidentally passed, and, taking the liberty to look in at the window, he perceived his slave in the posture aforesaid; but too polite to spoil sport, he merely returned home; and as a precautionary measure, wrote me the note as above.

Although the foregoing anecdote plainly shews that the slave population of Brazil, are out of the pale of humanity, valued only in the light of beasts of burden, still to do the Brazilians the justice, there is no country where that moral gangrene slavery exists, where the unfortunate victims of it are so humanely treated as in Brazil. No where in that country do we find that strong line of demarcation, which in our colonies so divides all bonds of sympathy between master and slave. Religion too, has spread her protecting mantle over the unfortunate African. On acquiring a slave, the first care of the pious Brazilian is by baptism, to have him duly received a member of the church, and with an amiable regard to their prejudices, a black virgin, and one or two black saints have been added to the Romish Calender, whose festivals are celebrated with extraordinary pomp.

For some time after my arrival, I may be said to have held a daily levée, and one would really have imagined that many of my visitors had taken a high degree at the Stock Exhange, so fertile were they in projects, that were to produce the most magnificent results. There were diamond districts, that might be worked "*a la contraband*," mines of boundless wealth, of course known only to the projectors, which only required the aid of British capital, and British credulity, besides other schemes many of them as wild as any that ever entered the head of the hero La Mancha. As I of course turned a deaf ear to all their suggestions, I became very unpopular, and was further accused of *fazer poco caso*, making light of the good people of Pernaiba, so that like a disgraced minister, my anti-chamber was entirely deserted.

One morning just as I was preparing to sally out on a shooting excursion, my servant ushered in a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and who advanced towards me with an energy of intention, that convinced me I was to be honoured with a hug, a mode of salutation, for more reasons than one, I always begged to decline. He was a little short, thick set man, with a piercing black eye, that apparently strove at a glance to see what I was made of, after pouring forth a volley of the most fulsome compliments, he looked anxiously around, and asked if there was any body within hearing. As he had something of the greatest importance to confide to me, being answered in the negative, he arose and spoke as follows:—"That day so ardently desired has at length dawned upon our St. Joam de Pernaiba, that day in which her unbounded resources hitherto held in check,

by the jealousy of the province of Moranham, will now be rapidly developed by foreign science and intelligence." Here I bowed of course very low; but not to fatigue my readers with the whole of this celebrated oration, I will briefly relate the object of a visit which he had previously, he said delayed so long, the better to lull the suspicions of his neighbours. At Villa Vicoza, formerly a Jesuit Mission, then about twenty leagues from our place of residence, he told me there was a large field, covered with innumerable tumuli, bearing an inscription; from earliest infancy it had occurred to him, that these inscriptions related to some treasure buried there by the Indians; and which by means of my knowledge of languages, which he had taken into his head was extraordinary, he felt confident might now be discovered. If these inscriptions, said I, are as I suspect, in the aboriginal language of Brazil, I must candidly tell you, I can be of no service to you in this matter. However I offered to accompany him, as I had long intended visiting the spot; it was therefore agreed between us, in order to excite no suspicion, that I should give out I was going to spend a week at his house, which was about a league from the villa. We must be cautious was his expression, for when you the least expect it, you are closely watched. The third morning after this conversation, saw us on our road towards Villa Vicoza, and the nearer we approached this supposed El Dorado, the spirit of my singular companion appeared proportionably to rise; he laughed, talked and frequently sang *con amore*, some stanzas of the patriot hymn.

"Brava gente Brazilera, longe vai temor servila,
Ou ficar a Patria livre, ou morrer Pelo Brazila."

My own attention and reflections were directed into other channels, for upwards of two years not a drop of rain had fallen in this part of Brazil, the crops had failed, the cattle had all died, and famine, and its concomitant disease was making frightful havoc among the inhabitants. We met columns of these unfortunate creatures, coming from the interior to the banks of the Pernaiba, where they could at least find water, and their appearance beggared description. Yet such was their indolence, that although living as they did upon the banks of a mighty river, the banks of which were so low, that by the simplest mechanical process, a great portion of the country might have been irregated, and the effects of the drought neutralized, no such attempt was made, and upwards of 5000 people actually perished by famine, which the slightest modicum of industry might have averted. Here was an instance of the empire of climate, according to Montesquieu, *le premier de tous les empires*, unmitigated in its intensity by the operation of moral causes. From what I witnessed not only there, but in other parts of Brazil during a residence of nine years, I have no hesitation in expressing my confident conviction, that the abolitionists will be woefully mistaken, in their calculations of the supposed results of free labour It is perfectly absurd to cite India as an example, their population presses so narrowly on the means of subsistence, that the Hindoo has but the alternative to labour or to starve; but the reverse is the case in the western world, where as long as one day's labour will suffice for the subsistence of

the other six, the *dulce far niente*, will be regarded as the summum bonum of existence.

The sun was just making his exit through the balconies of the west, as we alighted at the residence of the Padre Vigario, de Villa Vicoza; but such was the impatience of my travelling companion, that he would have dragged me off immediately to the spot on which was centred all his hopes; had I not told him that we should need the light of the moon to read the inscriptions, upon which you know Amigo every thing depends. No lover, I believe, ever more anxiously awaited the hour of assignation with his mistress, than did this man, the rising of the moon, but all things have an end, and at last we reached the object of our research, it was a large plain covered with small mounds ranged in rows, and surmounted with flat stones, placed perpendicularly, on the flat surface of which was burnt in a bright red colour some Indian characters, which it would have puzzled a Champolion to have decyphered; as I stood amid this scene of death, and by the pale light of the silvery moon, and gazed upon these relics of a civilization long extinct, I insensibly fell into a reverie, from which I was aroused by my companion, who in a tremulous tone of voice, inquired if I had made out the inscriptions. No, nor does there live a man on this earth who can decypher them, was my reply; "but by referring to some of your dictionaries, do you not think you may yet succeed." Not a whit better, these characters are those of the Gentios as you call them, and in all probability of a race which no longer exist; it is therefore bootless to attempt to decypher them. We retraced our steps to the Vigario's house in silence, and when left alone with our reverend host, I could not help expressing my astonishment to him, at the mania of my companion. "These golden legends," said he, "are the curse of Brazil, there is not a province in which there is not some tradition of rich mines that were formerly discovered, and of which all traces have been lost, and thus the wretched inhabitants dream away their existence in the pursuit of these fabulous Il Dorados, neglecting the pursuits of agriculture, on a soil that almost spontaneously produces the fruits of every clime. Your companion is not only convinced of the existence of this treasure, but what will surprise you still more, he is certain that you perfectly understand the characters, and that you have only feigned ignorance in order to appropriate the whole treasure to yourself, take care of him, therefore, for the people of these parts are a vindictive race." I laughed heartily at this communication of the good padre, and resolved to be even with my suspicious friend. Near the Villa de Pernaiba there was an Indian tomb, and which from the hideous noises that ensued from it, was supposed by the simple inhabitants of the country, to be the abode of an evil spirit, but which on exploring it, an act in their opinion, of almost super-human courage, I found proceeded from myriads of vampire bats, who had made it their head-quarters. I accordingly arranged my plan of campaign, and to speak *a la Jomini*, resolved to make this my objective point. The next morning I found him pacing the Verandah with a brow black as *Erebus*. He scarcely noticed my morning greeting. After enjoying for some time his disappointment,

I at length approached him, and exclaimed mysteriously, "follow me to a place where we can converse in safety." A ray of hope lightened up his dark countenance as we walked from the house. "Senhor Antonio," said I—"what is at present passing in your mind, I can read as perfectly as I did the inscription on the Indian tomb. "Then there is a treasure," he exclaimed—"*diga me esso*—tell me that"—and he this time succeeded in hugging me like a bear. "There is, as you suppose, a treasure, but prudential motives led me to conceal it from you, lest your intemperate joy might have betrayed itself to our friend the Padre, which would have defeated our enterprise—follow me, and you shall know all. On the wings of impatience he accordingly hurried me to the plain. "Now," said I, "mark me attentively, for it is on your knowledge of the country that our future success must depend." In the most figurative language I could command, I proceeded to describe the position of the Indian tomb I have mentioned.

"*Christo Santo!*" he exclaimed, "it must be the tomb of St. Ildefonso it alludes to; its position is so accurately laid down. "I candidly confess to you that it is the very conclusion I came to myself last night; and having now ascertained the position of the treasure, the next subject for our consideration, must be the means of securing it." "Well indeed may you say that, Cavallero," was his reply; "for, are you aware of the stories current about that tomb—why, there is not a man in the province who will venture within half a league of it." "And can you give ear to such idle stories?" "Idle or not. I have myself heard the horrible sounds that nightly issue from it. Nay—more—I once saw something in the wood near it that froze my blood with horror." "The mere effects of a disordered imagination. You surely will not hesitate to snatch the glittering prize, now that it is within reach?" He remained silent for some time, during which I could observe, from his varying countenance, that avarice was struggling with superstition. At last, breaking silence, he said, with great energy of manner. "If this treasure is concealed in the tomb at St. Ildefonso, there it may lay for me, undisturbed, to all eternity; for, were the angel Gabriel to descend from heaven, and to offer to bear me company, I would shrink from so perilous an enterprise. You can scarcely think, therefore, that I will venture into it with a heretic like yourself."

I saw very little afterwards of this singular being—but he never suspected the trick I had played him—and always spoke in the highest terms of my supposed knowledge and wonderful discretion.

THE WIDOWED WIFE.

A TALE OF FRANCE.

At the extremity of a shrubbery of sweet bay that terminated the bright lawn of an inn, or auberge, in the hamlet of Andevin, arrondissement of the Charolle, was a little bower so closely shadowed by the clustering shrub, as not to admit a single sun-beam, and so cunningly contrived that a common observer would not easily have discovered its entrance—and in that same little bower were seated, in secret consultation, Antoinette and Lily St. Aubert, the two nieces of Madame Delcourt, the proprietor of the before-named inn.

"Well, well, Lily, I will tease you no more about it—though in in fact it is no longer necessary; for, although you do not deign to answer me by word of mouth with sincerity, those tell-tale blushes cannot deceive me."

"Come, dear sister, I will be frank with you, and to be so, I must premise by confessing that I *do* love Baptiste Claremont—dearly—that is—I have done so hitherto; but that must end. If he marries Madame Delcourt from choice—(and choice I fear—I mean, I think, must be his only motive) he is unworthy of my love—nor would it be correct.—No, no—I ought not, I will not.—But if he marries my aunt from necessity, or——"

"By the way—I know Baptiste has something of importance to communicate to you; he told me so this morning," observed her sister.

"I shall not listen to him," replied the other in a dejected tone.

"Now that is wrong, Lily—very wrong—very absurd indeed."

"*There* our opinion differs, Antoinette."

"Well, well, whatever opinion is right, or whichever opinion is wrong, (and I think my own right,) I have a scheme in my brain which *I* call a very hopeful one. You know François Claremont has begged his brother-in-law, Monsieur Le Grand, to be present at his son's marriage with my aunt, and sign the settlement;—now don't cry about it, Lily!"—

"Well," said she, sobbing.

"And he's expected down here, to-day," continued Antoinette.

"Well," again uttered her sister.

"Now, I've been thinking that he can't take any *very* great interest in the matter, inasmuch as he has never yet seen his brother-in-law, Monsieur Claremont—so, as they say he is a very good-natured man, I've made up my mind when he does come, to go boldly up to him—state the facts of the case—and beg his intercession. What say you?"

"Indeed, I don't know."

"Oh, you're really quite stupid;—but come along, we must go up to the house—come along, I say—and do dry your eyes." Saying this, she parted the boughs of the shrub with one hand, while with the other she dragged, rather than led, her sister through the aperture, and they both stood upon the lawn facing the house.

"Oh! see!" exclaimed Lily, releasing her arm from her sister's,

"There *is* Baptiste.—For heaven's sake let me go another way.—I would rather die than meet him now."

"Stuff and nonsense.—Indeed you shall *not* go another way.—Now just hold up your head—and don't let him see you've been crying, or let him think you care a pin's point for him.—Pretend to pick that daisy behind you, and wipe your eyes, girl.—It *is* so foolish—and mind—hush—here he comes. Well, uncle—uncle that is to be, I mean, how do you do?—You don't look *over* well.—Hold your head higher, child." This was said, as the play-books have it, "aside."

"How are you this morning, Lily?" said Baptiste Claremont, advancing with his extended hand towards her as he spoke, without appearing to notice her sister, "What, won't you shake hands with me?"

"Oh, you won't speak to *me*, won't you?" said the slighted Antoinette—"Very well, sir—I wish you a very good morning—I shall go and seek some one who will answer when I speak to them, for I hate to have all the conversation to myself."—"Antoinette," exclaimed Lily, endeavouring to detain her—"sister—"

"Indeed, Lily, I must go.—You know I shall get a horrid scolding as it is—for my aunt has been waiting for me this half-hour to help her to dress—so good bye.—Good morning, *dear* uncle,"—and away bounded the beautiful girl towards the house.

"Lily, Lily,—will you not even speak to me?" said Baptiste. "Pray do not turn away," he continued, at the same time gently detaining her as she was preparing to follow her sister. "Is this kind—or even just?"—But leaving for a while his question unanswered, we will follow Antoinette into the dressing-room of her aunt (on the second-floor back, of the aforesaid inn,) who was standing before a no mean-sized looking glass, complacently contemplating her figure and effect. Although Madame Delcourt had arrived at what ladies term "a certain age"—and which they interpret as the "shady side of forty:—still there was in her manner that peculiarly French light-heartedness, which made her appear a good ten years younger than she really was—and indeed her dress on this, the morning of her intended second marriage, in no wise served to diminish her good looks. A rich, and apparently quite new, white satin petticoat, trimmed with lace, and fitting closely to her well made figure, was short enough to leave exposed to view an extremely small foot and well turned ancle—while a boddice, trimmed at all points with lace, although, perhaps, if *too* strictly scrutinized, might be deemed as cut somewhat low, still seemed so studiously arranged, as only to leave exposed a finely curved throat. On her head was placed a fillet of real and choice flowers which she was carefully arranging at the time of Antoinette's entrance, whom she greeted with a "How is this pray?" and turning sharply round as she spoke, continued, "Why were you not here an hour ago?—How is it I say?"

"I'm sure, aunt, I don't know."

"Don't know! the same excuse, hey? that eternal 'don't know, I'm sure;'—come—fasten me this band behind."

"Yes, dear aunt—there"—she continued, as she completed the

task allotted to her—" upon my word you look particularly well to-day."

" Do you think so?"—asked Madame Delcourt, whose anger was somewhat softened by this evident shew of taste on the part of her niece.

" Indeed I do—that tasteful head-dress makes you appear at least a full twenty years younger."—

" Foolish girl"—exclaimed Madame Delcourt, though in a tone of unquestionable self-satisfaction.

" But in spite of that, do you know, aunt, I can hardly bring myself to believe that you are really going to marry Baptiste Claremont—although you are even now dressing for the occasion—

" Mind your own busines, if you please."

" But you know aunt, you are older than he is by twenty-four years."

" Hold your saucy tongue,—do;"—replied her aunt—" what is it to you—or to any one indeed,—whom I marry—for I know it's the talk of the whole hamlet—though, forsooth, it's just the same to me, for the matter of that.—I am a widow—in prosperous circumstances—and I will marry whom I like:—what does it signify if Baptiste *is* a little younger than myself?"

" A *little* younger!" thought Antoinette.

" However, it matters not what people think," continued the bride elect—" I have settled every thing with his father—and in another hour or two, when Monsieur Le Grande arrives, we shall sign the settlement, and be married.—It would, indeed, be strange, if after a widowhood of twenty years, I might not be permitted———"

" How, aunt! is it twenty years?"

" Aye—full that.—You were not yet born, when my poor dear husband, Philip left me.———Ah! that was a sad pity, but he would go to sea—and the consequence was, that he was shipwrecked,—and perished with all the crew.—Heigho!——I wish Monsieur Le Grande was come."

" Oh! you mean the gentleman from Paris, who they say is so rich, and whom Monsieur Claremont, although his brother-in-law, has not yet seen."

" The same, my love.—He's an upholsterer—nothing more—he fell in love with Monsieur Claremont's sister, and though she hadn't a sous, he married her.———But come—I am ready," continued Madame Delcourt, as, repressing with the back of her right hand a forward black curl, she took a prolonged, final, and satisfactory look at herself in the glass—" Do you stay below, Antoinette—and if any traveller arrives, attend to him."

" Yes, dear aunt."

" By the way," continued Madame Delcourt, as they left the room, " should you see Monsieur Claremont, tell him I wish to see him particularly, will ye?"

" Certainly, dear aunt," replied she. And, leaving Madame Delcourt and her niece Antoinette, to pursue their respective avocations, we will return to Lily, whom we left standing on the lawn with Madame Delcourt's bridegroom, preparing to answer the question he had put to her———and,

"What can you have to say to me, sir?" was the answer he received.

"Oh, Lily, I perceive by your cold, your cruel conduct, that you think me a faithless villain—but by heavens you wrong me."

"Indeed," faintly uttered Lily.

"Aye, indeed you do. It is my father who forces me to marry Madame Delcourt, because——pray do not turn away—if you will but listen, I will explain all—and you, instead of neglecting me thus, will pity me, I am sure; for believe me, dearest Lily, I ever have, and ever shall, love you?

"And marry my aunt?"

"Why *will* you taunt me?—What can I do?—Will you but listen to my explanation?

"Well!" said the distressed and anxious girl.

"You know, some time back, that your aunt lent my father 3000 francs for a time, to pay off a mortgage on his farm, which would have ruined him."

"Well!"

"His bond for that 3000 francs is now due, and she has offered to release him from it, on his effecting my marriage with her; he, overjoyed at the proposal, will not hear any reason, but has peremptorily commanded me to sacrifice my happiness for life, and marry her—— You hear me, dearest Lily, do you not?"

"Yes, Baptiste."

"And do you not pity me?—you know how dearly I love you—you must know it."——He again paused—and on receiving no assent from Lily, he continued, "I never yet have disobeyed my father! never—in thought or word—although—but tell me now, but let me think, that you feel I have intentionally slighted you—much as I honour his commands, and I have proved I do—he shall not be obeyed on this—one—distressing point."

"No—no—Baptiste—you must not do that. It would be *very* wrong."

"Then tell me, have I exculpated myself?" Lily's proferred hand was the only answer Baptiste received.

"Dear, dear Lily—how very much I love you!"——exclaimed he passionately.

"God bless you, Baptiste—and though——hush—here comes your father—for God's sake, let go my hand."

"Ah, Monsieur Claremont," said Antoinette, overtaking him from the interior of the house as he stepped on the lawn, "my aunt wants to see you particularly—she told me to tell you so."

"Indeed!" exclaimed he, "then I must be off to her. I think I know what she wants me for—at least I hope I do. Is she dressed all ready?"

"Oh yes—quite," answered Antoinette. "By the way—is Monsieur Le Grande come yet?"

"Not yet, I'm sorry to say, and that makes me rather uneasy, though that he *will* arrive I have not the least doubt, as he says so in his letter; and as we have never yet seen each other, I'm sure he will not neglect this opportunity of becoming acquainted with me.—— But where did you say Madame Delcourt was?"

"I'll take you to her; this way, if you please."—And leaving Antoinette to conduct Mons. Claremont to his future daughter-in-law, and Baptiste to make a further assurance of his eternal love to Lily, (for which performances the reader is requested to conceive a lapse of ten minutes,) we will station ourselves at the entrance of the auberge, where a carriage and four has just stopped.

"Hallo!—somebody——house here! house"——loudly called the late tenant of the carriage, as he stepped from it into the house. "Mind you give them a full feed, but don't take the harness off"—he continued, addressing one of the postilions, who was preparing to lead the horses into the stable.

"Aye, never fear for that, sir"—was the man's answer; and then turning to two superbly liveried lacqueys, who had assisted him to alight from the carriage, he continued——

"And you had better go in, and get your dinners."——

"Thankye, sir,"— —said they, touching their hats, and went and did his bidding.

"Have I the honour of addressing Mons. Le Grande?" said Antoinette, as she advanced and held open the door for the admission of the stranger.

"Yes, my dear——yes——" he replied:———and a slight shade of thought passed over his features:——he might have been thinking of his carriage—or horses—or what not. However (whatever might have been the cause of it), the cloud passed away, as with a smiling countenance, he said—

"I am right, I fancy!——This *is* Madame Delcourt's inn?" The speaker was a short, fat, good-natured, cunning looking man, of between fifty and sixty years of age; he was dressed in a light green frock coat, nankeen trowsers, shoes with silver buckles, and silk stockings; a broad black ribband was fastened round his neck, over which fell his long shirt-collar, giving him a combined appearance of respectability, comfort, and coolness.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Antoinette, in answer to the question of the respectable, comfortable, and cool-looking gentleman.

"Aye,——I thought I was right"——he replied.

"I'll run and tell Monsieur Claremont you're come," said Antoinette, and she made a movement towards the door.

"Run and tell whom?"

"Monsieur Claremont!" replied Antoinette.

"Oh, ah!——no——not just yet——wait a bit——tell me——what's your name?"

"Antoinette St. Aubert, sir."

"Antoinette St. Aubert, hey?——a very pretty name, that, Antoinette."

"I'm very glad you think so, sir."

"Are you?"

"Indeed I am——because———"

"Because what?"

"Oh! nothing in particular, sir."

"Ah! but I must know why!"

"Why, sir, if you really *must* know——I thought that I wanted to ask a favour of you, but———"

"A favour, hey! well——out with it——I promise you I'll grant it."

"Will you really, though?"

"I will indeed."

"What! grant it?"

"Aye——grant it."

"Without hearing it?"

"No, I must hear it first."

"Well, then, I'll tell you.——In the first place———Oh! but it's a secret though"——

"Well!——I can keep a secret."——

"Ah! but you'll think it wrong of me to tell you, perhaps."

"No—indeed I won't do *that* either."

"Very well then—you know you are come here to sign Madame Delcourt's marriage settlement."

"What!—"

"With Monsieur Baptiste Claremont, I mean!—"

"Oh aye—I see—well—go on—"

"And it so happens——but you must promise me faithfully not to tell!—"

"I *do* promise—go on—go on—"

"Ah! but you must say, upon your honour!—"

"Upon my honour, then—"

"Well, I think I can trust you.—It so happens, you must know, that Baptiste Claremont doesn't care a fig for my aunt—"

"Who's your aunt?"

"Why Madame Delcourt, to be sure—"

"*You* Madame Delcourt's niece!"—

"To be sure I am—."

"Well, go on—go on—I'm interested."—

"Thankye, sir.—As I was saying, Baptiste Claremont doesn't care a fig for my aunt!—but he's desperately in love with my sister!—"

"Well!—

"And my sister———now promise me, you won't tell this?"

"I *do* promise—any thing—every thing—go on—"

"And my sister's desperately in love with him!—

"Aye—."

"Now you know, sir, it's a terrible hard thing for a handsome young man to be obliged to marry an old woman, when he's in love with a young one—isn't it now?"

"Very, I should think—"

"Now, sir, I've been thinking, that if you *would*, you might be of very great service to us in this matter"—

"Can I? how?—I'll do it with all my heart and soul; but first tell me—why does not Clerville—Isn't his name Clerville?—"

"Upon my word," said Antoinette, laughing heartily—"you're a pretty uncle, not to remember your nephew's surname—Claremont's his name—*Claremont*—"

"Oh, aye—true—Claremont—to be sure it's a long time——aye—aye—Claremont—but why doesn't Baptiste Claremont—Clareville, I mean—dear—dear"

"No—no—Claremont *is* his name." said Antoinette, her ill-concealed laughter bursting out—

"Yes—yes—I know—did I say Clareville?—how very odd—but why does he, if so averse to it, marry Madame Delcourt then?"

"Why, sir, I'll tell you—if you'll particularly remember not to tell, for it's a very—*very* great secret—"

"You may quite depend upon me."—Antoinette placed her beautiful lips almost close to his ear, and in a whisper said,

"She forgives your brother-in-law the 3000 francs, when his son marries her!"

"What! my brother-in-law take 3000 francs from his wife—his son's wife I mean—"

"Hush—hush—for heaven's sake talk lower—"

"Well, well—never mind—you're a very good-hearted nice little girl—and there's a kiss for you—"

"I'm sure, sir, you're very kind—"

"And you may tell your sister to make herself quite easy—for after all I have heard, I promise you, upon my honour and word—I won't suffer the marriage to take place. And now you may inform Monsieur Claremont I am here."

"That I will, sir, directly——but pray remember not to mention to him what I have told you."

"Not I, believe me—and you must be as secret with the assurance I have given you, as regards every body but your sister."

"To be sure, to be sure," said Antoinette, and away she ran to communicate to, first Monsieur Claremont, and then her sister, the news that was respectively intended for them.

In a few minutes Monsieur Claremont entered the room—"My dear brother-in-law, how are you? how happy—how delighted I am to see you! how are you?" As he said this, he clasped the object of his apparently tender solicitude, in his arms, and hugged him passionately.

"Oh! I thank ye—I'm *pretty* well," said the latter, as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from the effects of his brother-in-law's affection, as to be able to speak—"quite well, indeed;—how are they all here?"

"Oh! they're all very well—and have been waiting hourly for your arrival with great impatience!"

"Ah! I suppose so—quite natural—"

"But why didn't my sister come with you?"

"Why, poor thing, she's got a little bit of a cold, and the doctor told her she mus'nt on any account leave the house—"

"Dear, dear"—said Monsieur Claremont, in a sorrowful accent, "I'm very sorry to hear that—poor little Sophie!—how very provoking—she promised so faithfully she would come—"

"Yes, poor little Sophie, as you say—I'm sure she's quite as much annoyed at it as you can be—and I assure you I'm the bearer of all manner of regrets and loves, &c."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Monsieur Claremont despondingly, "but how's my little nephew?—is *he* quite well?"

"Your nephew!—my a———"

" Little Francois, I mean."

" Oh ! little François ? Why, he's *quite* well—as lively as a shrimp —if you could but see the little fellow dancing about———"

" Dancing about !" observed Monsieur Claremont, in astonishment, " dear me ! he's very forward at two months !"

" I don't mean you to think, my dear Claremont, that he *literally* jumps about ! When I said dancing about, I meant—dancing about, you know—you understand what I mean—dancing about—on—in—

" Oh ! *now* I understand you—I was thinking he was somewhat unnaturally forward at two months."

" Oh ! horrible—unnaturally forward, as you say."

" Poor little François ! Is he like you at all ?"

" Why yes—I think there is a something—about the nose !"

" Ah ! so my sister writes me—I suppose you mean to execute the settlement—hey ?"

" I do ?"

" Yes !"

" To be sure I do !"

" *That's* right—"

" But when am I to be introduced to your intended ?"

" My intended !" replied Monsieur Claremont, starting back a good yard's distance in astonishment, " you mistake—it's my son who's going to be married."

" Well ! I know—I know—I was going to say your intended—— daughter-in-law."

" Oh ! I beg your pardon. Oh ! I'll introduce you to her directly —this way—this way. Oh !" continued Monsieur Claremont, stopping short, " how very like you are to the picture my sister sent me of you——"

" Ah ! it was done by a clever artist," and, so saying, they left the room, and soon joined, upon the lawn, a party of about thirty people (villagers) who had been bidden to the wedding.

" Come, my friends," said Monsieur Claremont, addressing them, " let me introduce you all to my very worthy and much esteemed brother-in-law, Monsieur Le Grande." All seemed delighted at the introduction. " Here, Antoinette," he continued, " run and tell your aunt that my brother in law is waiting the pleasure of her company oh ! here she comes." As he spoke, the figure of Madame Delcourt was seen passing in the room before them. She presently joined the party on the lawn, and Monsieur Claremont, leading his brother-in-law, advanced to meet her.

" My dear Madame, allow me to present my brother in law to you ?"

" I am delighted to have the pleasure———but, good Heavens !" said she, looking earnestly at Monsieur Le Grande, " I do not know —but——"

" I am delighted, Madame, at the introduction," said he, as if endeavouring to remove the embarrassment under which she laboured.

" Good God ! that voice"—she continued, at the same time pressing her hand to her forehead——

"Oh look! my aunt is ill," said Lily St. Aubert, hastening towards her. Madame Delcourt only shook her head; and, after taking a prolonged look at the man, who seemed so much to astonish her, exclaimed—

"It *is* he!—it is!"

"Well, I know it is!"—said Monsieur Claremont, pettishly—"and what of that?—have you ever seen my brother-in-law before? Speak, Monsieur Le Grande—Do you know Madame Delcourt?"

"Me! I don't know her! I never had the pleasure of seeing her before in my life——but don't alarm yourselves—it's nothing at all—the mere usual emotion attendant upon a first marriage!" As he said this, Madame Delcourt rivetted her black eyes upon him, with a keenness from which he was compelled to shrink.

"But you forget, Monsieur," observed Monsieur Claremont, "she is already a widow!"

"Indeed!—then I confess I am at a loss to account for her conduct"—and, pausing for a few seconds, he added, "I came here, Madame, with the intention, and hope, of rendering myself serviceable to you on your marriage; but if I thought that my presence—"

"My dear brother in law," interrupted Monsieur Claremont, who probably began to apprehend fatal consequences from any misunderstanding between his brother-in-law and the bride, "no offence is meant, I assure you, on my honour:"—then, turning to the latter, he added in an under tone, "Really, Madame, this is a very strange reception to give my brother-in-law!"

"Are you sure he is your brother-in-law?" asked she, in a similarly suppressed voice.

"If marrying my sister makes him such, he certainly is——"

"Aye—but are you sure he *did* marry your sister?"

"Upon my honour, Madame, that's a very singular question!"

"I must—I must speak with him," she continued, though speaking more to herself than to Monsieur Claremont, who had been addressing her.

"Monsieur Le Grande," she at length said, "might I be allowed one minute's conversation with you?"

"Oh! with pleasure, Madame," replied he. Still Madame Delcourt seemed to hesitate.

"Could I speak with you—alone?" at last she said.

"Unquestionably" replied he—"that is, if your intended husband has no objection."

"None in the world!" answered Baptiste.

"What a nice bridegroom," observed Antoinette to a by-stander, though loud enough to be heard by him; while at the same time she conveyed a glance full of meaning to her sister.————Meanwhile Monsieur Le Grande walked forward with Madame Delcourt.

"In what way can I have the pleasure of assisting Madame Delcourt?" said he, when he perceived, that although removed from beyond the hearing of her friends, she still did not seem disposed to impart to him the subject of her communication.

"I—*hope* you will excuse me for what I am about to say—I think I know you?"—She at last *did* say——

" It—*is* possible, certainly Madame," replied he ; " but I regret I cannot claim a reciprocal honour—"

" Tell me, Monsieur, did you not leave your wife ?"

" I confess I have done—*that*——"

" My dear—dear love—" exclaimed Madame Delcourt, suddenly embracing him with open arms—"

" For God's sake, Madame, remember what you are about, and whose eyes are upon you !—"

" Why ! have you not confest ?"

" Confess what ?"

" Why that ————————." But it here strikes the writer that he is not doing a very correct thing in relating what passed during this conversation, and as the doing so might be deemed by some a species of confidential treachery, he regrets that he has already proceeded so far—and by way of endeavouring to make atonement for his fault, he will stop here.———

Monsieur Claremont, who had not happily witnessed the embrace of Madame Delcourt, presently advanced, and asked her if she did not think it high time to return to the bridegroom.——

" Yes, I know—wait a minute—there's no hurry——"

" No hurry !" repeated Monsieur Claremont in amazement, " why just now you were fretting that the clergyman had not come, and now he has, you say there's no hurry—It's really very extraordinary—Pray, Monsieur," he continued, addressing his brother-in-law, " are *you* the cause of this change ?"

" Me ! not I truly—come, nephew," he continued, addressing Baptiste, " take the bride's hand, and away to the church—"

" Why, really, as to that," said Baptiste—" if Madame Delcourt sees so hurry—I must say I do not see why——"

" Madame Delcourt," said Monsieur Claremont, interrupting his son, " I must beg that you explain this conduct at once—Is it that my brother-in-law ———"

" Yes, it is—indeed it is"—said she, in a hurried voice, and without waiting to hear the remainder of his sentence.

" How do you mean, it is"—said Claremont.

" Why," continued she, " since I have seen him I have had certain thoughts come across me—"

" Certain thoughts !" said Claremont, in greater astonishment than ever—"

" Oh ! my dear uncle, how very much I thank you for effecting this change," said Baptiste to Monsieur Le Grande.——

" Indeed, you've nothing to thank me for," said the latter.

" Monsieur Le Grande," observed Claremont, in a voice of some authority—as if determined to call somebody to account for this alteration ; " allow me to tell you, that your conduct on this occasion, as a married man, and the husband of my sister ———"

" I assure you, my dear brother, *I* have done nothing," replied Monsieur Le Grande—" it is all Madame Delcourt."—

" Well ! I don't care *who* it is, so as it is *but* somebody," said Baptiste, as he snapped his fingers, and capered to the spot where Lily and Antoinette (both, after the assurance they had received, pleased,

though surprised spectators, of the passing scene), were standing—he took a hand of each, and, to an ordinary observer, gave each an equal pressure, while his face beamed with unsuppressed joy.

"Oh, my ill-used sister!" ejaculated Monsieur Claremont.—

"Come, come, this is very absurd;" said Le Grande,—"I wish you all a very good morning—it's quite impossible for me to stay here to be taken for a ghost."—

"A ghost!" echoed a dozen voices.—

"Yes, a ghost—Madame Delcourt thinks me a ghost—therefore, as I have no wish to interrupt the ceremony, I will take my leave.—Madame Delcourt will doubtless explain her reasons for forming that opinion of me."

"For heaven's sake, my dear uncle, do not go!" said Baptiste, in alarm.

"Go, young man, and console your bride—for myself, my resolution is fixed; I go and order my servants to prepare my carriage for my instant departure.—Good day to you all;—and so saying he hurried into the house. Every body was for some time too much surprised to speak, and the countenances of Baptiste, Lily, and Antoinette bespoke their returning fears—many sought from Madame Delcourt an explanation of Le Grande's words—but she paid no heed to them.—

"His carriage! and was that beautiful carriage *his?*" asked she of Baptiste, who stood near her.

"To be sure it was," answered he,—"and the lacqueys—and the horses—all his—as you seem to know him so well, you had better get him to stop!"

"I will—I will—I will implore him, as he loves me, to stop," she exclaimed, half frantically.—

"Implore him! *Loves* you!" cried Claremont, in indignation; "however, without any imploring—he shall *not* go—he came here to perform a certain office for *me*, and until that office is performed he shall not quit this house—I will oppose it!"——

"And *I*."—seconded Baptiste.

"And I,"—faintly echoed Lily St. Aubert.

"Then you had better make good haste," said Antoinette, "for see yonder!" as she spoke, and where she pointed, the carriage that had brought Monsieur Le Grande was seen driving away.—"He is gone!" and I am lost," were uttered in concert by the bride and bridegroom.—"You see Madame what you have done," said Claremont; "you have driven away, by your unparalleled conduct, my dear brother-in-law!

"A carriage!—four horses!—two lacqueys!" said Madame Delcourt without appearing to regard what her father-in-law was saying to her.—"Why did'nt I wait?—why did I think of marrying *him?*" and the looked round scornfully at Baptiste.

"Claremont, who stood near enough to hear this remark, and whose whole thoughts were centered in the 3,000 francs, cared not to remark upon it, but observed, in a most persuasive tone of voice, "But you know, my dear Madame Delcourt, my brother-in-law is a married man!"—

"Chu, chu!" replied she, sharply; "don't talk to me!——and two postilions— *all* his—what have I lost?"

"Come Baptiste," said Claremont; "take your bride's hand.—"

"Indeed father, you must excuse me, but after what has happened, I cannot think.—But," added he, suddenly dropping his voice, "I see a sight which revives me.—"

Madame Delcourt, (who probably thought that if she went on at the same rate she was then going, she would have ultimately to remain in the same predicament she was then situated; that is, remain a widow, now began to consider it necessary to endeavour to obliterate any little unpleasant feelings that might have generated in the mind of her elect bridegroom, in consequence of witnessing all that had lately passed), now advanced towards Baptiste, with one of her sweetest smiles, and said, "Come then, dear Baptiste, I will keep you in suspense no longer—Come we will——But see!" and she pointed towards the door of the inn, from which issued Monsieur Le Grande, dressed in the peasant costume of the country. Madame Delcourt rushed forward to meet him.

"My husband—my dear husband—are you *not* my husband?"

"Well Lisette, I suppose it *is* so—I suppose you *are* my wife!"

"Why, my dear brother-in-law! what means all this?—*my* brother-in-law, and the husband of my son's wife!—What the devil do you mean? Why do you come here, sir, to disturb the family? Go sir—leave the house Monsieur Le Grande."

"My name is not Monsieur Le Grande, it is Jean Philippe Delcourt—I am *not* your brother-in-law; I am this lady's husband, and my object in coming here, at this moment, is to preserve 3,000 francs in my family, that I fancy was on the point of being very unworthily bestowed."

Monsieur Claremont seemed quite satisfied with the explanation thus gratuitously made him, at least so it may be supposed, for he slunk behind, without another word, to the very back of the peasant circle, who were fast pressing towards the centre of attraction, Monsieur Delcourt.—The truth was soon known amongst them, and the long-lost Monsieur Delcourt was greeted with three cheers."—

"But tell me, dear Philip," said his wife, regarding his altered dress—"what means this disguise?"

"Disguise! my dear wife—it was my other dress that was a disguise!"

"What mean you?" asked she, in evident anxiety—"your carriage?"—

"*My* carriage! ha! ha! ha! ha!—then all your good people really *did* think that that beautiful carriage belonged to me! ha! ha! ha! well—that's good—'faith its none of mine. I met it on the road—and as I was somewhat tired with a goodish long walk, I begged the coachman's permission to get inside, promising him, by way of remuneration, that on our arrival at the first inn, I would defray the expenses of feeding the horses and treating the men. I thought, you know, I could promise that with safety, as he was driving me to my own house; when I arrived here, I gained, no matter how, intelligence of certain facts, so I was determined to divert myself a

little at your expense;—so, on being claimed by Mr. Claremont as his brother-in-law, I acquiesced in the claim, and passed off for such —though how I escaped so long without detection is to me incredible —and had it not been that Madame Delcourt called me aside, when introduced to her, and taxed me with being her husband or his ghost —I really *do* think I should have let you have gone to the church door before I discovered myself."

"Indeed—you're very kind?"—observed Madame Delcourt—evidently piqued at her husband's want of gallantry, and possibly annoyed that the carriage he came in was not his own—

"But Lisette," continued her husband, "are you not overjoyed to see me?"

"Yes—indeed I am," replied she; "but then the carriage, really——"

"Was not mine; but, as I have not travelled so many years without deriving some advantage from it, if you are bent upon a carriage—why a carriage you shall have."

"Oh! my dear—dear husband," said Madame Delcourt, embracing him; "how very—*very* glad I am you're come back—but really Philip, it was very unkind your not writing to me for so long a time."

"My dear Lisette, it was quite impossible. I have been by turns in Spain—Italy—England—and America;—by turns merchant—soldier—sailor—doctor;—sometimes shipwrecked—sometimes imprisoned—sometimes this—and sometimes that—in short, there's hardly any place where I hav'nt been, and hardly any thing that I hav'nt seen—why, Lisette! I mean to publish an account of my travels and adventures."

"Ah!" observed Madame Delcourt, "all your miseries happened because you left your wife!"

"And pray do you attribute all my riches to the same source?" asked her husband. A general laugh, in which Madame Delcourt joined heartily, followed this sally.

At this moment a note was handed to Madame Delcourt, who read it aloud.——It was written by Monsieur Le Grande to Claremont, regretting that the dangerous illness of an aunt prevented him from attending the ceremony at Andevin.

"Never mind—never mind," said Monsieur Delcourt, "I will supply his place—I will sign the settlement."

"What mean you—sign what settlement?" asked his wife.

"The marriage settlement between Baptiste Claremont and my dear little niece here, Lily St. Aubert. There be only to change *one* name in it, you know."

Let it not be supposed that either Baptiste or Lily, or indeed Antoinette, had remained unconcerned during the progress of the discovery of Monsieur Delcourt's real character, during the subsequent interval. Thanks—congratulations—vows—hopes—and various other well wishing, &c.'s had passed among them, and Antoinette now easily saw how it was the assumed Monsieur Le Grande was enabled to give so certain a promise that the marriage between Baptiste and Madame Delcourt should not take place.

On hearing his late announcement in their favour, Baptiste and Lily flew to him full of thanksgivings.

"But I believe we keep the clergyman waiting," said he presently. "Here Baptiste, my boy, take your pretty bride's hand, and away to the church! Come, my friends—to the church!—to the church! Ah! my pretty Antoinette!" said he, as he passed her, "'twill be your turn next, I suppose, You see I *can* keep a secret. Come along—come along!"

> "They went to the church, and were married they say,
> And went to the father the very same day,
> Saying, honoured father, we tell unto thee
> That we are m-a-r-r-i-e-d!"

And the "honoured father," in the shape of Monsieur Claremont, was not displeased thereat, as his son brought him a discharge from Delcourt for the 3,000 francs.

MEETING OF MUNCHEN-GRATZ:—THREE AND THE DEUCE!

Meeting of Despots—Diet of Frankfort—Apparent Disposition of the German People—Political and Literary—Their Supineness—Emperor of Austria's Fears of a German Revolution—Ordinances of the Diet in Consequence—*Last Argument of King's*—Duty of the Princes of Germany to Resist—Noble Instance of the Grand Duke of Baden in 1818—Sketch of Principal German States—Wurtemburg—Hesse Cassel—Bavaria—Hesse Darmstadt—Nassau, &c.

We hope that Germany will yet make an effort to emancipate herself from the degrading thraldrom that now, like an incubus, weighs down her energies. Swayed by a set of petty tyrants, who in their turn worship in abject fear the rod that smites them, what hope of freedom can exist for numberless brave men that now writhe in their chains, unless it be by a unanimous exertion of their own to demand a constitutional exercise of their own laws. They have a glorious example in France, and the ordinances of the Diet of Frankfort were not worse than those of Charles X.

The despots of Europe are now congregated to wage war against the rising liberties of the Continent. The chains of Germany imposed by the Frankfort Diets, will now be rivetted, and even allowed by the people themselves; who present the anomaly of a nation singing, with an almost ferocious earnestness, their songs of liberty, and dancing to the clank of their fetters! When tyrants confer, it behoves men to whom liberty is dear, to be upon their guard. Then is the time to make a stand. France by such means is already on the high road to freedom; England has made a glorious step in advance. But Germany remains in almost feudal barbarity, still crouching at the feet of her detested task-masters.

Despotism throwing off the mask, has made a solemn declaration of its principles. Through the organs of the German Diet, the monster has already proclaimed aloud what are its intentions and its prospects, what blessings it has in store we shall shortly see. It is

evident, that if the Revolution of July, and the Reform of England are the declarations of the one extreme party, the Decree of the Diet of Frankfort is the reply, which on the other side, the kings of Europe make to it.

The apparent apathy with which the German nation have borne the suppression of their nascent liberties, was a matter of unbounded surprise to all who had for the last twenty years listened to their boastings; their pretensions of patriotism, and of superiority in literature assumed and too easily conceded to them. Our own standard of the German character in general, having never come up to that of their extravagant admirers, we confess our disappointment has been comparatively less acute. The grand question agitated in the last century, "*si un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit*" appears to us as undecided as ever, at the present day; at least, if by the word *esprit* is understood taste in letters, and common sense in politics and philosophy. A German is still the same laborious trifler in literature, that he was an hundred years ago, and the land now as then, is overrun by philologers and *savants*, the height of whose literary ambition is to edite a classical author, or to hold a fierce and virulent controversy concerning the Eolic Digamma. German literature, to be of any avail in the approaching contest, must descend a little from her sublime speculations and hazy heights, and be somewhat more conversant with whatever touches the physical necessities of man. She has more need of making advances towards breaking her feudal chains than of making any farther progress in the world of ideas and sentiments. With what feelings must we regard the man who can pass his life-time in meditating upon the *summum bonum*, when he himself is at the beck of a petty prince, and his peasantry are *adscripti glebæ* within a few miles of his dwelling as was the case near Hamburgh not twenty years ago! Cut off from participating in any share of the government of their country, the citizens of easy fortune retire into the insignificance of domestic life to dream of the doctrines of the Stoic or Epicurean philosophy, the Ideologists and sluggish and willing slaves trampled upon with impunity by every petty despot, the men whom Napoleon and Tiberius would have ruled with a rod of iron. When will Germany cease to be other than the "*schiavi brutali*" which Petrarch denominated them! *O quam parati ad servitutem homines!* But what matters it to a German that he is taxed without representation, when he has Kant and Schelling to console him. And what slings and arrows of outrageous fortune can touch him, when he can fiddle more learnedly than the Greeks themselves. When Paganini himself is challenged to a trial of skill on an Austrian theatre, can Germany attain to higher glory?

> Venimus ad summum fortunæ!
> Psallimus—Achivis doctius.—HORACE.

The voices of most men would have declared, that by the ordinance of Frankfort, Germany was placed in the same situation as that in which France was placed by the ordinances of July, and that it was her duty to obtain in her turn, a position among nations, or resign herself to a slavery, yet more intolerable than that which oppressed

her. The Decree decides the future fate of Germany, and we may regard it as of still greater importance than that of Charles X. In July it was a single prince who placed himself arbitrarily in advance, it was one of those flashes of lightning, which illumine the horizon of a calm and serene day, the harbingers of a storm, whose relations and extent we do not perceive at the time. But in this case, the whole line of Despots deploys itself upon the political scene, their banner is raised, and they have given Europe to understand, what are the public rights and law, according to which they intend to govern the destiny of the people. Nations who flattered themselves with the hope that the last revolution of France would have served as a lesson, and would have taught them to abandon to the necessity of the times, certain dogmas of their arbitrary creed, clearly perceive, that they have laid aside none of their principles or antipathies, and that the example of the two great constitutional nations has only confirmed them more and more in their obstinacy and arrogance.

The declaration of the German Diet is but another link in the chain, with which the Congress of Vienna, in their chimerical hope of having finally consummated their act, had bound the happiness of the people. "All the powers," it was then said, "of necessity, requiring to be united in the head of the State, the Sovereign ought not to be tied down to the co-operation of the Chambers, except in the exercise of certain rights." Is it in virtue of these *certain rights* allowed to the people by their Constitution, that it is now-a-days declared the States can in no case refuse taxes, and the discussions of their Chambers ought to be superintended by a *commission of the Diet?* In the face of France which has finished her revolution, and England which has brought about her Reform; this *firman* of despotism arrived upon the political scene, and from its matchless assurance, one would be led to suppose, that Charles X. had triumphed over his insurgents, or that the Duke of Cumberland was President at St. James's. The stupid people of Germany have not the brains to judge of the extent and importance of this event; they have not the tact and political courage, which in constitutional countries, renders the people so far-sighted in these cases. This apathy might have been accountable a few years ago, when both the internal and external relations of Germany were so differently circumstanced, when in England there ruled Castlereagh, and in France, the Bourbons, but now it is unaccountable. The Emperor of Austria, however, at the head of the Diet, fears that even slaves may be excited by long acts of tyranny, for he himself declares "that the revolution in Germany marches onwards to its maturity with gigantic strides." In the face of these new difficulties, real or imaginary, despotism unfolds new resources. An Ordinance destroys the liberty of the press. The censorship which was formerly imposed upon writings of twenty pages, is now extended to all foreign books, whose circulation is absolutely forbidden, and the system of Austria is thus extended to all Germany. A special commission is charged with the *surveillance* of the Chambers, and the debates of the constitutional assemblies are no longer any thing else than the disputes of coffee-house politicians, subjected to the *espionage* of police; and now comes the conference of Munchen-

gratz to clinch the measure. Surely this is too much for the dignity of the people to bear. If the commission of the Diet, making use of the powers with which it is invested, should dare to invade the liberty of a single deputy, this might possibly become a rallying point for the people. Is it in anticipation of such an event that Austria and Prussia now retain on service such immense armies? If it be so, and if such a contingency should happen, it would be seen what would be the conduct of the mass of the people when the thunder of cannon, *the last argument of kings*, came to decide before them a question of the press or of the House of Deputies.

There is not a more evident violation of constitutional law than the act of those ministers who sign the resolutions of the Diet of Frankfort. A prince who had truly at heart the interests and the rights of his people, and had steadily opposed the usurpation of the Diet would have possessed his throne more firmly than ever. A recent instance of what the firmness of a prince, when placed under the protection of his people, can effect, is not without interest. In 1818, at the time of the serious quarrel which took place after the peace of Vienna, between Bavaria and the Duchy of Baden, the Grand Duke of Baden, after a long altercation, and when every thing seemed to go against him, addressed the following letter to his opponent.

"Sire,—I am not surprised at the position in which I find myself placed; nothing astonishes me; I am prepared for every thing: but I declare to you that if it be their intention to snatch from me by force what they shall never obtain willingly, I shall in my defence make an appeal to public opinion, and your Majesty will with difficulty find a more powerful ally."

These emphatic words, which were addressed to Austria and Prussia as well as to Bavaria, whose cause those powers supported, did not fail in their effect. The Grand Duke came out of the quarrel triumphantly. If the father of the present Grand Duke knew the power of public opinion so well when there was an attempt made to diminish his territory and his rights as sovereign, why is the son ignorant when an attempt is made to change a king into a vile goaler of his people, and to make him break his royal oaths pronounced in the face of the whole world. The excuse is not then admissible on the part of any government however limited in extent. The crime of the ministers is clear.

It is now necessary for the people *to act*—violence may be averted. For the defence of their cause no other means are yet necessary than what the law affords. When the Diet passes from threats to violence, it will be time enough then to oppose force to force. But even then it is necessary that their political education should keep pace with their power, that they be instructed in their rights and duties. We see what ages it has taken Englishmen, what trials and political tempests to acquire the knowledge requisite for the conducting a constitutional monarchy. If an unanimous voice is not raised against the declaration of the Diet, it is because there does not yet exist among the multitude a feeling of its importance and injustice. It will not be, as in France, by an instantaneous explosion that the people will

attack but by a progressive movement. Protestations have already commenced in many places. We hope the example will not be lost, and in proportion as individual discussion, so powerful in Germany, increases the circle of propagation, we shall perhaps see energy arise along with conviction. The system of intellectual prohibition can for some time stop on the frontiers of kingdoms, the powerful commerce of ideas but once imported among the people they will take root, fructify, and spread themselves like the green bay tree. It will be interesting to consider the part which each individual state of the Germanic Confederation will have to act in future. The intellectual statistics of the country will not be less important.

Wurtemberg, which has been so quiet during the present time, occupies notwithstanding the first rank among the people of Germany. The pretensions of the prince who wished to infringe the charter, were obliged to yield before the unanimity of his subjects, who acquired for their country a constitution the most popular and liberal in Germany. The reception given at Stutgard to the declaration of Frankfort is a happy omen of what may be expected of them by and by.

The people of Hesse Cassel have shewn no less firmness. Oppressed since 1815 by the most odious despotism, they have almost emancipated themselves during the last two years. Their constitution is a victory which they have gained over the prince, and a jewel over which they watch with the greatest solicitude. If any thing is to be feared, it is rather that they will be compromised by their ardour. The position of this country, and its mountainous nature, are advantages which in the event of a general war would not be without importance.

Of all the constitutional states of Germany, Bavaria is the most powerful from its extent. It has possessed a constitution since 1818, but the body of the people is in general much less enlightened than in Wurtemberg. In the north, political knowledge is widely disseminated, and in these latter times Rhenish Bavaria, so often placed in advance upon the scene of contest, seems to have forgotten its unimportance in its eagerness and activity. The cause of freedom will have a powerful position on the Rhine. The liberal institutions which the Duchy of Baden possesses have given it great importance, but we are sorry that this seems to have degenerated into a narrow and absurd opinion of its own nationality. Its government, however, pronounced in favour of the Diet.

In the Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, the people are poor and miserable; insurrections of the peasantry a little after the revolution of July, took place every where, indicating their disaffection. The Chambers of this State have however resolved to resist the interference of the High Commission with their freedom of debate. They have remonstrated with the Sovereign, and it has to be seen which party will give way. The Chambers could hardly have proceeded to this step without the hope or prospect of support from the rest of Germany.

The people of Nassau are prevented by the force of their powerful neighbours alone, from rising. No constitution has ever been more

frequently and more grossly violated, and no government has ever been more blind and tyrannical.

The people of the North of Germany are generally less advanced than those in the South. The feeling of nationality belongs as yet only to the better class of people. In Hanover, Saxony, and the Duchy of Brunswick, political knowledge seems equally spread.

We shall hasten to conclude this rapid review of the political opinion of the German people. We have shown what opposition the measures of the Diet have raised, and pointed out in what manner this even most insignificant resistance may be constitutionally increased. The friends of constitutional liberty, at all events, may rest assured that Germany will never entirely fall back under the ancient yoke of despotism, and that some political reform must be the consequence one day of its religious reform. The sentiment of patriotism must overleap the narrow limits of frontiers, and unite all the petty states into a single nation. Germany, then tearing asunder the bonds which confine her, and feeling her dignity and her strength, will enter into the European family with the rank which is suitable to the daughter of the Cæsars. Italy also, but here we must not trust ourselves on that subject—

> Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
> Till like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
> His soul may stream o'er the tyrant's head:
> Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
> Wild Bacchanal of Truth's mysterious wine,
> King-deluded Germany!
> His dead spirit lives in thee.
> Why do we fear or hope—we are already free!
> And thou lost paradise of this divine
> And glorious world! thou flow'ry wilderness!
> Thou island of eternity! thou shrine!
> Where desolation clothed in loveliness
> Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy!
> Gather thy blood into thy heart!—repress
> The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces!

AN ATTACK UPON THE "RIGHTS OF MAN."

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

COUNT ZENOBIO was one of the wealthiest landed proprietors among the Venetian Nobility, under the ancient government of that Republic; but in consequence of his jacobinical principles, and perhaps actions, he was proscribed by the State Inquisition, and all his estates confiscated or sequestrated. A conformity of political views led to his acquaintance in Paris, with Paine, who, when the treaty of peace was negociating by Buonaparte at Campo Formio, between the French Republic, and the Emperor of Germany, prevailed on the member of the French Directory, Reveilliere Lepaux, the patron of Buona-

parte, to write to that general to stipulate for a private article in the treaty, requiring the restitution of Count Zenobio's property in the Venetian territory. This having been effectuated, the Count's gratitude to Paine induced him to invite the latter to consider his house as a home, and Paine accordingly was a constant visitor at Zenobio's residence, in Paris and in the country.

The Count had taken a beautiful mansion and demesne, at a place called Plaisépiquer, about half a league from Sceaux, and Paine, who used to stay there for several days together, had a room in it wholly appropriated to his use. Paine was rude in his manners, domineering, and somewhat peevish; fond of his bottle, though a man always ready to do a friendly action, and very kind to those he considered his inferiors; Zenobio a learned, highly accomplished and polite gentleman. It happened that on a Sunday evening, sometime in the year 1798, he was sitting at table, after dinner, next to Count Zenobio; there was a tolerably large party, and among others was citizen or Monsieur D——, (*a very particular friend* of the Countess's), one of the Secretaries of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose little child, a boy of about two or three years old, was placed on the table, where he was trotting about, knocking down the glasses, spilling the wine, pelting the fruit, and kicking up a devil of a noise. On his approaching Paine, who was deeply engaged in a political discussion with the Count, on which he might fancy the fate of Empires depended, Paine turned round to a servant, and said snappishly, "take this troublesome brat away out of the room." Madame Zenobio, (an Englishwoman, and who ruled the roast), immediately said, commmandingly, "Mister Paine, that child shall remain wherever *I* am.—"Then," said Paine, unhesitatingly, "take yourselves off, both together." On this, the Countess looked thunders at her little Count, who, rising from table, said, "Mr. Paine, the Countess Zenobio is in her own house, if any one, sir, is to leave the room, it must be you." Paine left the room immediately, went to his chamber to make up his bundle for departure, (a philosopher's luggage is generally of small bulk), and having written a challenge to Count Zenobio, went back to the dining-room, and asked if he could be accommodated with the carriage to take him to Sceaux, where he would find the stage for Paris. This was, of course, assented to.

It happened that when Paine returned to the dining-room, Count Zenobio was standing with his back to the fire and his hands behind him; Paine assumed exactly the same position, and for the purpose of preventing the act of delivering the challenge from being seen by the ladies, who were still there, he slipped the paper into the Count's hand behind, who never suspecting its import, read it immediately, tore it, and threw the scraps in the fire, without saying a word. Paine instantly gave him a slap in the face! Then all became uproar and confusion; the male visitors flew at Paine; the ladies screamed and fainted; the servants came to their master's assistance. Louis, the old butler, the big fat Dutch footman, the humpbacked Italian Latin secretary, cooks, scullions, dogs, and stable-boys, all, all attacked the unhappy Paine, who was knocked down, mauled, and merely escaped broken bones by the number and scramble of the assailants, and by the

arrival of the Commissary of Police, whom one of the servants had gone to seek, and who, having inquired into the origin and progress of the battle, addressed the Count and Paine to this effect:—"Gentlemen, you are old friends and good Republicans, the cause of your difference is trifling—your honour is untarnished—pray make up this trifling dissention, which is unworthy the high reputation you both maintain in Europe, whose eyes are ever directed to you as examples of all that is dignified and decorous in society, and try to forget that your happy friendship has ever deviated from the paths of cordial and mutual esteem. *Soyez amis, Messieurs, soyez heureux.*" Ever since the commencement of the French Revolution, the *recommendation* of a Commissary of Police has had peculiar weight in every class of society in France; and Paine was accordingly bundled off in the Count's carriage to Sceaux, whence he reached Paris the same evening.

Count Zenobio having, during the night, reflected on the unfortunate occurrence, went the next morning to a mutual friend in Paris, to consult with him on what was to be done in such a predicament; saying, that as Paine had really been insulted in his house, he deemed it would be only proper to give him the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another, and requested that friend to wait on Mr. Paine without delay, to mention he accepted his challenge, and would meet him when time and place should be appointed.

The friend went off to Paine, found him, at half-past eleven, still in bed at his lodgings, in the Rue de Odéon, scratched, battered, and bruised, like a common prize-fighter, and having communicated the Count's message, received for answer;—"What, sir, *I* meet, *I* fight a fellow who, when he had had a smack on the chops, sent for a Commissary of Police!! No, sir, go tell the little long-nosed contemptible brute, I shall lampoon him."

Paine, however, was not an universal genius; he was not a poet; but he wrote the following verses:—

1.
Walking along the other day,
Upon a certain plan;
I met a nose upon the way,
Behind it was a man.

2.
I called unto this nose to stop,
And when it had done so,
The man behind it then came up,
And made ZENOBIO.

When this doggrel made its appearance among the refugee English in Paris, most of whom were indebted to Count Zenobio's generosity and hospitality, it gave general disgust; but one of them, a Mr. Thompson, who was much attached to the Count, took up the cudgels for his friend, in the following lines, as a reply:

1.
Walking along the other day,
I met a face, 'twould suit a vicar;
It did a ruddy moon display;
Behind it reel'd a form in liquor.

2.

This face displayed a deal of *Pain*,
For it had allowed all its *Rights*;
And nothing human did remain;
Brandy had drown'd *the inward lights*.

3.

Unhappy face! led by the nose,
From bowl to bowl, from can to can;
Philosophers, learn from its woes
To know the wrongs and *Rights of Man*.

THE MAN WITH THE ——.

A MYSTERY.

"All the world's a stage."—SHAKPEARE.

IT was during a whim-prompted love of locomotion that I one morning mounted the Dover coach, and, having secured a comfortable seat on the roof, I indulged myself with a pinch of Skinner's "19," and offered the box to a person who sat opposite—such being my usual method of introducing myself to strangers.

"Not I, sir," said he; "I never snuff. Thank heaven! I've no small vices; I can find other ways to cheat Time's wings of their lead."

The speaker was a singular looking being, possessed of sharp animated features and a quick dark eye. His attire was strangely fashioned, and consisted of a suit of prepared canvas; a hat covered with the same; gloves, of ditto, and a pair of brown shoes armed with double soles. Somewhat disconcerted, I sought for something else to occupy my mind, and soon found it in contemplating the objects around. My companions were, as I afterwards found, a half-pay officer, a methodist parson, who we called the "gentleman in black," and my friend with the canvas coat. Our conversation was at first confined to the localities through which we passed. The Park, the noble hospital of Greenwich, and the majestic silver-bosomed Thames, which sweeps in front, form as varied a series of views as the lovers of the picturesque could well desire; not to mention the emotions excited by a bird's-eye peep at the glorious edifice—the retreat of heroes—bringing to mind a thousand glorious deeds of old, with a thousand tales of peaceful security in recompense. The gentleman with the canvas clothes gave utterance to his thoughts on the subject in language which astonished me. It was really eloquent.

"'Cheat Time's wings of their lead!' you would rob his glass of half its sand," exclaimed the officer, who was evidently an enthusiast, and had been considerably amused by the traveller previous to my accession to the party.

"Nay, I would rather *add* to the quantity; but then it should be dust of gold, to glitter as it went!" said he of the canvas. The superiority of his address and conversation over his appearance in-

duced me to a form a higher opinion of him than his garb warranted. My conventional scruples were at once ended, for I saw he was a man of mind; and, inhaling one more pinch of pungent Portugal, I determined in my own mind that he should be my *companion* for the journey. At this moment the coach stopped for the purpose of permitting an inside passenger, who had arrived at his destination, to alight; and during the temporary delay so occasioned, two mendicants approached, whose appearance alone might have warmed with charity the coldest heart. One was an old man whose silver hair and beard silently spoke in his favour: his cloathes were tattered; his cheeks sadly furrowed; and he was totally blind. The other was a girl not more than sixteen, with such a pensive countenance, and such an appealing blue eye that I involuntarily threw her a piece of silver. The captain's feelings were similarly acted upon, but the gentleman in black buttoned up his coat, and subacidly exclaimed, "Young woman, young woman, you ought to know that we are commanded not to eat the bread of idleness. Fie!—Depart to labour—I encourage not sloth."

Never was rebuke more harshly made nor more meekly taken; the girl courtesied, and placed the old man's powerless arm upon her shoulder, as if to intimate that a continual burden like that could be no idle lot. I am sure that such was her meaning, for though she had been amply relieved, I heard her sob, and saw the big tear swelling from her eye as she turned to lead her tottering parent. God knows, my heart ached for her. I believe that the man in canvas entertained similar sentiments; for in a very subdued tone he exclaimed, "Poor unfortunate girl—poor feeble fellow! Egad, I ought to give them something. Here, coachey! lend me a couple of shillings till I have an opportunity of getting change, will you?"

"Who's that as wants two shillings?" inquired Jarvey, as he was putting on his gloves, and adjusting his reins previous to mounting.

"I'll larn," said the guard, coming round to the side whence the voice proceeded—any gemman ask for two shillings?" he bawled.

"Yes, I did," returned my opposite neighbour.

"Oh!" said the other, "its '*the man with the*' ——"

"Ah! then its all right," interrupted the coachman, "hand him over the blunt."

"The man with the—what?" wondered I.

"Thankee, thankee," said the borrower; then casting a furtive glance at him of the sables, he called back the young woman, and gently dropping the money into her hand, added, in a tone of benevolence—"Here, sweeting, here's for food; and when you raise it to your lips, do so with the conscious assurance that it is more worthily earned than the bread which *cant* daily wrings from *poverty*."

Again the girl curtsied, but this time a smile accompanied the action, which added wonderfully to her beauty.

"Come, I think I have managed that very nicely," said the last speaker, "I've relieved that girl without dipping into the odd change which I had reserved for the necessary expenses on the road, and it is more than probable that coachey may forget to ask for repay-

ment—so that I shall be nothing out of pocket," and he chuckled at thought.

This piece of meanness quite took the poetry out of the man; and when happening to look back, I saw the female on whom he had bestowed his alms, gazing with glistening eye upon a piece of *gold* which she held between the shillings in the hand, and heard her exclaim—"Oh, father! I have again seen the good gentleman with the ——" I lost the last words, for crack went the whip, and off we started like lightning.

"With the what?" my curiosity was raised.

Not long after this the atmosphere darkened, and in a few minutes a copious shower of rain unmercifully descended upon our heads, and as there was not an umbrella amongst us, we were speedily soaked with the exception of the man in canvas, who sat laughing at the rain as in defiance.

"This may be sport to you, but it is death to us, as the frog says in the fable," observed the half-pay officer, much annoyed at his ill-timed mirth.

"I really ask your pardon," returned he, "but it is enough to tickle the diaphragm of an ourang-outang to see yourself, my friend with the snuff-box, and the gentleman in black there, all dripping with wet, when a little common prudence would enable you to walk dry beneath the falls of Niagara. See here, the water runs off me like a duck, on account of the materials I use for clothing. But its all my own invention—made of number one canvas, lined with flannel. Capital stuff! get some and try, but be sure not to ask for number *two*, if you wish to take care of *number one*—ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed every now and then at this joke until we changed horses.

"Save in appearance, I do not deny the utility of such clothing; but wherein consists the secret of rendering it so imperious to wet?" I inquired.

"In oil of tar," he exclaimed; "steep number one canvas in that, and you are waterproof for life; but have a care, all other oils, after a time, evaporate and leave the canvas stiff and harsh—oil of tar always keeps things pliable. Then for shoes, you should never think of buying that crickity-crackity trash which, for the sake of look, is generally worn. No, no, purchase your own leather, as I do; not blacked, but tanned—the black they use rots the leather—prepare it with oil of tar; and when you want it made up, have it done under your own nose, or the thief of a cobbler will humbug you most barbarously. Make him put two solid soles, and not cram any d—d rubbish in to bulge them out and soak up the water. Here, look at these, I had them made on purpose for hard weather; they'll never wear out; I can't live long enough to wear them out;—had Adam worn these, and had existed till now, he couldn't have worn them out!"

A short time after this dissertation on leather the sun once more peeped upon us, and drove away the angry clouds with their liquid burdens. The weather is an inexhaustible topic, and we had each something to say on the change.

"Behold!" exclaimed the canvas man; "behold how delicately the light shines upon the tearful face of nature, as if to impart a portion of its own gladness to her. Ah! now she is gay again, and every hill is sheen, and every tree bears a myriad of illuminated drops. Oh! I would not be an atheist for the world, to be deprived of the rapturous enjoyment of sending up my heart to the Almighty on these occasions!"

This touch of enthusiasm at the tail of oil of tar, number one canvas and tanned leather, came forth so singularly that I hardly knew whether to laugh or to admire. I resolved, however, to fathom my friend's eccentricities; but became more foiled and puzzled every minute at the broad humour, poetical ideas, vulgarity, and refinement which alternately characterized him; and during our converse he took a cigar from his pocket, and having lighted it by means of a phosphorus box, he applied it to his lips, and puffed away with symptoms of strong satisfaction.

"I beg you will not blow your smoke so much this way, it both blinds and chokes me, sir," said the gentleman in black, rather surlily; for he seemed to look upon the other as a very graceless sort of being. "Sir, I will reply to you by asking you to solve me a riddle," said the smoker; "Why is the north-east wind like a recruit in the 47th foot?" "I cannot tell, sir, indeed," said he in black, excessively piqued; "because, sir, it goeth where it *listeth*," returned the man of canvas. The gentleman in black was still more annoyed by the mirth which this sally occasioned.—"A filthy practice," said he; "neither beneficial to yourself nor useful to others." "Aha! say you so, my man of sable," returned he of canvas; "doth it not teach a moral? While watching the fickle vapour as it struggles with the breeze, are we not forcibly reminded of life and its changes—call the humid matter man, and we see him now depressed, then elevated. Sometimes strong, at others weak, and when at last he gains something like an altitude, fate—a puff of wind—shews us how transient a nature he is. Look at the remains of this cigar, it is now worn and torn, useless, and near its end;—like the thankless world we drop it from our lips, and then what is it, less than the noblest frame that ever trod the earth, when laid low? *A little heap of ashes!*"

There was something beautiful in the solemnity of the speaker's tone; he was fighting a battle with but small weapons, but he silenced the parson. The gentleman in sable looked as black as his own coat upon the matter, not having a single sentence to reply. We now stopped to change horses, and gladly embraced the opportunity of descending to warm our chilled insides with a tooth-full of brandy. Suffering the others to precede me, I went up to the coachman in order to learn, if possible, who the odd personage was that had so excited my curiosity.

"Ha! ha! he's a rum un, sir, e'nt he?" said the handler of whips, by way of answer to my inquiry.

"Yes, yes; but who *is* he?" said I impatiently.

"Who *is* he?" reiterated the coachman; "blow me tight if I knows. Why, Lord blesh you, sir, we none of us knows nothing

about him, though he comes this road very often—so we calls him the man with the ————"

"Here, coachman," interrupted a fellow, puffing and blowing, "deliver this parcel the moment you reach Dover," thrusting a package into his hand.

"Yes, sir," said Jehu, touching his hat, and immediately afterwards three or four came on the same errand, and effectually cut short my inquiries. Positive that it would prove of no avail to seek further information just then, I entered the inn, and pursued my way into the parlour, where I found all the passengers assembled, except the man in canvas, and, on inquiring for him, was told that he had preferred taking his glass in the tap-room, as it would cost him a penny less there than in the parlour. I thereupon left the room to join him, and in the passage met a waiter with some liquor in his hand; thinking this to be what I had ordered as I went in, I offered to take it myself.

"This en't yours, sir; it is for the gentleman in the tap," said he; "I must serve him before any one else?"

"Indeed! is he a man of such importance, then?" I inquired.

"Isn't he, by jingo?" was the laconic and comprehensive reply.

"Then who may he be?"

"Why, d'ye see, every body knows him, and yet nobody don't know him, if you can make that out; but from the circumstance of ——"

"Aye, that's what I want to know, the circumstance of ——"

"John, make haste with that brandy-and-water; what are you waiting there for?" interrupted the landlady, in a treble squeak.

"Directly ma'am—and so you see, sir, on that account we calls him the indiwidual with the ——"

Tingle, tingle, tingle, chimed the accursed bell.

"Coming, coming," responded the waiter, starting off, and leaving me in an agony. However, I made all speed to the tap, and found my oil of tar friend drinking a glass of ale, and gravely rebuking the waiter for detaining it so long. "You are of the right kidney," said he, on seeing me enter. "'A penny saved is a penny got;' and a clean deal table is as wholesome as a mahogany one, though the latter does grace a parlour."

I confess that I felt a little mortified to find my motive for joining him so completely misconstrued, but I let it pass, and seated myself on a hard wooden bench. He smiled, and seemed pleased; then turning to the waiter, inquired what was to pay.

"Nineteen and twopence," returned the knight of the napkin.

"Man alive, how you talk!—Nineteen and twopence for a glass of ale?—stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed my mysterious friend of the ——

"You forget, sir, the nineteen shillings you borrowed last May-day to distribute amongst the village girls," said the water.

"But did'nt I give you a sovereign afterwards?"

"Yes you *gived* me a sovereign, which, you says, says you, keep for yourself Jem, says you; but that warnt *paying* me the nineteen shillings you owed me, you know."

"True," said the man in canvas, "I forgot that; I shan't be here

again for some time, so I'll pay you at once." He then emptied his pockets of all the silver they contained, but found, on counting it, that he had only eighteen shillings. "Then I *must* break into gold," said he, "and since that is the case, let us adjourn to the parlour, and I'll stand a glass of wine." With that he threw a piece of gold upon the silver, and walked out of the room.

Whilst the wine was going round, the landlady came in, and abruptly inquired if there was "e'er a doctor amongst us?"

"Because," said she, "the daughter of a poor widow woman down the lane is dying, and our doctor can't attend without a fee."

Upon this, canvas jacket quickly popped on his hat, and turning to me, exclaimed, "Will you come, old snuffy?"

Had any one else so nicknamed me, I should have knocked him down; but diving into his charitable motives with a thought, I at once signified my readiness, and we were proceeding, arm-in-arm, when the coachman arrested our progress, and said that he could not possibly wait a moment longer.

"A few minutes," said canvas.

"I durs'n't, sir; it's as much as my place is worth," was the coachman's reply.

"Then tell your master we broke down. Don't refuse, you dog, or I will damage your lynch-pins;" and slipping something into his hand, the coachman said "Ah! sir, you'll be the ruin of me; but howsumever I can't refuse you nothing, you've got sich winning ways." We were about to start forward, when the gentlemen in black suddenly stopped us.

"I have some *tracts* by me," said he; "which may serve to comfort the poor sinner."

"Barren *tracts*, I'll be bound, said canvas. If you never dispense more solid relief to the poor, you are cock sure of damnation, old croaker;" so saying, this strange man winked at me, turned on his heel, and strode after a little boy who waited without to conduct us down a green lane, at the extremity of which we could perceive a neat cottage, in which the widow dwelt.

What a miserable spectacle met our gaze! In the centre of a room utterly destitute of furniture, was spread a quantity of straw, covered with an old blanket; on this was prostrate, rather than laying, the form of an emaciated black-haired girl of about nineteen, and apparently in the last stage of existence. Her only covering was a coarse rug, and her only pillow a bundle of rags! Across the room, on each side of this wretched bed or pallet, a cord was stretched from wall to wall, and a few worn-out garments hung upon it, as some slight screen from a continued draft of air which found its way through the crevices. The poor object shivered incessantly with the cold. My own heart turned into a ball of ice as I looked upon her. There was no grate in the chimney—no fire—no appearance of fuel. The walls were decorated with the tattered remains of handsome paper, and a few brass-headed nails here and there furnished evidence of having served as supporters to pictures, and proved that the apartment had not always worn its present aspect. It was indeed a picture of desolation.

My companion took all in at a glance, and a pallid whiteness usurped the place of his healthy complexion. "This is a misery," said he, emphatically, as his vision dwelt upon the scene. "I can scarcely credit it now;" then turning to the widow, he said, "woman, how came all this about? Don't be periphrastical."

Her tale was soon narrated. It was the old sad story—yet not a whit the less heart-breaking for that—her husband dead, poverty and distress ensuing.

"After this," (her husband's death and that of her younger daughter) she continued, "nothing went right; my landlord grew impatient for his rent—he knew we had not a friend in the world to relieve us—money became every day scarcer, and at length my remaining child—my sweet Mary—sunk upon a bed of sickness. Would you believe it, sir! Five days afterwards, that bed was taken from under her by the broker for my arrears of rent and taxes, together with every piece of furniture in the house. My last shilling was wrung from me by the doctor and undertaker who attended poor Emma, and now we are destitute of medicine—food—fire—or the means to procure either."

"And why not apply to the doctor who attended your other daughter?" questioned the man in canvas.

"He refused to attend without a fee; adding that there was the parish surgeon for *paupers*," answered the widow, weeping.

The poor widow sunk at the foot of the straw bed with tear-bathed eyes and cheeks; I endeavoured to console her, during which the man in canvas seated himself by the invalid, and took her hand in one of his, and with the other gently parted the black locks that shaded her blanched brow.

"Death has taken his abode there," said she, sadly and faintly.

"Tush, tush!" he replied, in the tenderest voice imaginable—"you must not *die*, deary," and he gazed cheeringly and kindly upon her.

"There is no hope!" returned Mary, with an expression and tone of blended inquiry and assertion, as she raised her eyes tranquilly to his face.

Meeting her look with of open—an almost paternal smile, he responded, "No hope!—yes, yes; search your heart, and you will find the goddess lingering there still; and if not, raise a phantom of your own; trick it with wings and anchor, and *call* it Hope—come, come, take comfort; the same POWER that recalled the widow's son to life, can restore a widow's daughter to health." With these words the speaker relinquished Mary's hands, and rising, inquired the doctor's address. A large house opposite the widow's cottage was pointed out, and the man in canvas immediately taking my arm, strode up to it, and played a sesarara with the knocker in a style of execution which a London footman might have despaired to equal; in a moment the door was opened, and a burly porter with inquiring eyes filled up the entrance.

"I want your master," said my companion, laconically.

"Ugh!—Eh!" growled the rotund gentleman in livery, gazing with "all his eyes."

"Tell your master I want him," cried the other.

"Tell my master, eh?—Oh yes, I should'nt wonder—more like you wants the constable—else he wants you;—no, no," said the porter, as he scanned the inquirer's habiliments.

"You are a queer chap, however," retorted the patronizer of oil of tar, pushing the door-opener aside—and entering without ceremony. At this moment, Mr. Takefee, finding his Esculapian studies interrupted in so unusual a manner, stepped out to demand the cause, Our knight in canvas armour, no sooner saw him than he pounced upon him, and exclaimed, "Come here, you sir; I want you."

"Insolent—" cried Takefee; but ere another word could escape the orifice which his crotaphites had opened, his unceremonious visitor clapped something in his hand, and exclaimed: "Pugh! don't talk, but come along with me—time is precious—never mind your hat—come along!" All this time the voluble speaker was proceeding towards the cottage, dragging the man of Galen with him, although I noticed that he made little or no resistance, and even smiled with an air of strong satisfaction.

After feeling his patient's pulse, the physician put us all in high spirits by saying that anxiety and too sudden a deprivation of the comforts of life was Mary's chief complaint, and that with a warm bed, nourishing food, and a little soothing medicine, he would undertake to restore her in a few weeks. Upon this, the man in canvas rubbed his hands with great glee, said "Thank'ye, doctor; attend well to the medical department of the case, and I will look to the rest; you may go now; call again to-morrow, and each succeeding day till she is well; Mr. —— will always have your fee ready.—Good morning." Takefee backed out, as if he was leaving the presence of a potentate. He then wrote a brief note, and directed it to a London banker, and presented it to the widow. I would have given a day's existence for a glance at the signature; but this was rendered impossible by the sudden motion with which she, after its perusal, thrust it in her bosom, and then clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, is it to *you* I am indebted?—you, the patron of literature—the lasher of vice—the"—

"Inventor of oil of tar everlastings!—But, pshaw! what nonsense this is; why d'ye stand calling me names in this manner?"

During this, the widow had flown to her daughter and whispered something which caused as bright a glow of gratitude to irradiate the latter's cheek as I had ever seen.

"May your MASTER bless and acknowledge you," she said, in a peculiarly melodious tone of solemnity, and raising her lustrous eyes, now lambent with excited feelings, she added, "My father owed all his success to you; his daughter shall prove her gratitude."

"What a lot of howling is here about nothing," cried the man in canvas, rather impatiently. "Why don't you do as I bid you?" added he, addressing the widow.

"Shall I mention your name, sir," inquired she, drying up her tears.

"No; merely say that you were sent by the Man with the ——— Or, stay, I cannot await your return, so will order the things myself,

and also give directions for a few articles of furniture to be sent you. God take ye both in his holy keeping!" He raised his hat on uttering the sacred Name, and while yet the music of their voices dwelt within our ears, we crossed the humble threshold, elated by no common sensations.

We reached the inn, where the passengers were impatiently awaiting our appearance; accordingly 'him of canvas' bustled in to perform his self-imposed commission, and as I was following rather more leisurely the barmaid crossed my path. Now be it known that I have a warm heart towards a pretty barmaid, so I lovingly chucked her under the chin in passing, whereat she reddened like the sun in a fog, and flouncing by, muttered, "Humph!—I should'nt have thought of the likes of that, indeed, from a scrubby outside passenger!'

At this moment, my fellow 'outsider' returned, and, first nodding, he took her round the neck, and gave her a hearty buss, in return for which she simpered and dropped a low curtsey. He passed on, and I remarked—"I see you have not an objection to all outside passengers."

"Oh, indeed! that's a very different thing—that's the gentleman with the ———"

"How dare you be gossiping there, you saucy minx," shrieked the landlady, "why don't you give a glass of ale to the gentleman with the ———?" The guard sounded such an infernal peal with his horn at that moment, that I lost the sentence. "Now, gentlemen, if *you* please," said coachey, "I can't wait another moment for the Hemperor of the Hingies."

The sun was then setting behind a long range of low hills; it was indeed a beautiful scene as we bounded along the road: I jocularly commented upon the extravagant imagery used by poets when speaking of sunset. "Sir," said Canvas, "were the brains of Milton, Shakspeare, and all the poets that ever existed, made into one, it could not produce a figure of fancy worthy the subject: does it not remind us of God, and impart some idea of His glory? And what can equal or delineate our thoughts at such a moment! The glorious sun!—I have seen him in Persia sink like one of the scarlet lilies which spring from the soil, whilst in Greece he sets like the ball of St. Paul's newly gilded; in Arabia he looks like a copper tea-kettle, and at the North Pole like a globe of silver, with the new moon shining upon it. There I have looked up, all pale and cheerless as he shone, and fancied him a guardian spirit come to chase away the gloom that for months had kept all beneath cold and dark, but in other places, (Chimborazo's heights, for instance,) I've stood and laughed as he rolled like a ball of fire at my feet, and triumphantly told him that his presence was not needed until morning. I remember luxuriating in the most genuine sunset feelings, a few summers ago; it was at Genoa, and the scene still lingers before my mind's eye, with the freshness of an actually witnessed object. Not a tree—not a leaf—not a blade of grass, but possessed a poetic charm, and conjured up images never to be forgotten. The lake lay calm and placid as a sleeping infant before me; mountain towered above mountain, until

the very clouds were pierced with their heights, and I thought while contemplating them, of the mighty structure which men in the olden time designed should reach Heaven. Around me waved the foliage of many a noble tree, like plumed giants bowing a courteous welcome. From afar, the breeze came laden with sweets as delicious as the perfumed gales that scent a Persian garden, and every fresh swell was accompanied by a faint note of music! In the distance, about a dozen peasants, male and female, were dancing; but the great space between us rendered their forms so indistinct, so ærial, that they appeared like a band of spirits wantoning through the air, to greet the evening. Beyond these, on the summit of a little hill, was defined the form of a young cavalier, in bold relief against the sky; whilst the slender, graceful form of a girl was bent with affectionate interest towards him, and above all this—this assemblage of the beautiful and grand—the gallant and the lovely—shone a setting sun, so large, so gorgeously bright, so magnificently sublime, that my soul thrilled with wild ideas; I thought myself in Paradise, *with the Eternal Eye gazing upon me!* But even this," he continued, "was inferior to what I felt, when, on returning to England, I saw the sun set beneath the billows which lave its shores—the shores of my own nativity!"

"And what mighty fine thing did you compare that to?" sourly and sarcastically inquired the man in sables.

"To a jolly, red-faced old buck, who having nearly worn out his jacket in our day's service, was descending to renovate it in oil of tar against the morrow. There's poetry for you, my old raven," said Canvas; "what think you of that, old dead-alive?"—and he gave him a slap on the back that made him groan again. A roar of laughter at the expense of the gentleman in black, enlivened us for some time, until our spirits waned as the evening closed in, and our eyelids felt heavy with sleep. The gentleman in black was the first to drop off, and after him followed the ditto in canvas, comfortably reposing against the luggage, leaving the officer and myself to pursue our own reflections. Now, it struck me, was the time for learning who my friend in canvas was, and accordingly I anxiously asked the military gentleman by my side for a solution of the enigma. He smiled and replied: "It is very simple—From what you have no doubt already remarked—that is, from the circumstances—you see of—"

"Exactly; but that is what I want to see."

"Why, in consequence of which, you see, he is not unaptly designated on the road the *man with the*"——— At this moment, the coach deviated most ominously from the perpendicular, and at the next, crash, crash, went the axletree, and away flew the passengers in all directions like a flock of pigeons. I just remember myself with outstretched legs and pinions, essaying my first flight across a hedge, and alighting with singular dexterity on a heap of manure in an adjoining field.

"Every mother's son of you whose bones are broken, scream out for dear life," cried the man in canvas at the top of his voice, starting upon his feet, with a presence of mind that was surprising, consider-

ing he had been asleep the moment before. After a pause, he added, "Then give three cheers for our escape!" With that he waved his hat to the time of '*hip, hip, hip,*' to which we all joined chorus, hurraing like schoolboys at a breaking up, or rather in our case, at a breaking down. Whilst yet the air vibrated with our acclamations, a sight at once supernatural and harrowing, met our startled gaze. It was the spectral appearance of a figure rising slowly from the earth, and attired in white from top to toe; of the same chilling hue were likewise its hair, face and hands! It furnished no mean idea of Lot's wife when she became a pillar of salt.

"'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!'" exclaimed our facetious friend—though now somewhat shaken, as the pallid spectre approached—"Art thou a minister from heaven, or ghost from hell?

"I am the 'gentleman in black,'" whined out the white figure, in a piteous tone.

"The devil *you are!*" exclaimed Canvas significantly; "Then in future let no man say that two and two are not five, or that black is not white;"—but perceiving that the preacher was in some pain, having fallen down a shallow chalk pit by the wayside, he humanely proffered his assistance in supporting him to the nearest village. As it was not more than eleven o'clock, the coachman proposed that we should endeavour to get the damage repaired that night, and then the half hour which had been previously *wasted* at the inn—such was the gentleman's idea of things—might be accounted for to the proprietor, as being occasioned by the accident.

"With all my heart; you may lie through a deal board if you like," said the man in canvas, quickening his pace. We soon reached a cluster of houses, with a pretty grass lawn in front, and the whole animated by a sparkling moon. With very little trouble we soon gained the assistance of a carpenter and blacksmith, and whilst the dislocated member of our vehicle received the benefit of their professional skill, the passengers made themselves as happy as possible with the materials around them.

I shall merely observe here, that during our short stay in the village, the man in canvas prevented an elopement—reconciled a father to his daughter and her lover—turned a magistrate into a laughing-stock for all the bumpkins within a league of his residence—knocked down a constable—knocked up a parson—paid the fees of a wedding—lit up a bonfire—and completely astonished the natives; sometimes uttering the sentiments of a god in a poet's language—sometimes drawing tears from all eyes by his pathos, and not unfrequently using the epithets and performing the antics of a buffoon,—However I must hasten to my journey's end.

On reaching Dover I secured the only vacant bed-room at the inn where we put up, and then descended into the parlour to skim the papers. I had scarce read the first paragraph of a very interesting murder, when 'mine host' entered, and with some confusion informed me that through the inadvertence of his waiter he had not been informed that I had taken a bed until he had unfortunately let it to a traveller.

"Then the traveller must vacate and go elsewhere," said I, lean-

ing back and crossing my legs with all the complacency of a man that 'pays his way,' being satisfied of my indubitable right to the tenement.

"*Not for the world*, sir," said the landlord.

I stared at the fellow; and then rejoined, "Is he of such consequence to the prosperity of your establishment that you would thus infringe the laws of right?"

"I must own that he is, sir; why 'tis the Man with the—I meant to say—sir, I beg your pardon, the gentleman is your fellow passenger."

Down went the paper from my hold in a twinkling. "The man with the what?" said I.

"Dear me, sir, is it possible! Did you never notice his—"

"Landlord fill us another bottle, look sharp, and let it be of the right sort, d'ye hear?" hiccupped a young spark in a high key, seated amid a knot of officers.

This was another man of consequence, I suppose, for Boniface immediately left me to attend him, at which my equanimity was so disturbed that I resolved to take possession of my room *coute qui coute*, and bar it against all intruders whether in canvas jackets or in the livery of Beelzebub himself. Full of ire, I sprung up the staircase, and on reaching the landing place, I found my door open and the man of tar coolly seated within. He had a huge purse before him, made of the same materiel as his dress, into which he was thrusting divers handfuls of Napoleons.

"Who's there? oh, come in," said the occupant of my apartment in a breath, "I was just balancing my accounts, and find that I owe you a shilling, (he had borrowed one for some purpose or other on the road,) there it is; and now die where I may, no man can point at my grave and say I owe him *a shilling*, ha! ha! eh?" so saying he put a shilling into my hand.

"You are an irresistible person be you who you may," said I, my mortified feelings brightening into good humour, "and you must know human nature well to make such use of it."

"I don't know that my method is simpler than you suppose. Human nature seems to me to be very like a pack of cards, continually shifting positions and playing odd tricks; nevertheless always having its share of trumps, which reconciles me to it. Yes, sir, there are hearts of gold every where; yet there is a lust after wealth abroad that commits an infernal lot of mischief. When young I was reckoned a virtuous youth; but was poor; so the noses of folks who passed me turned astronomers; you understand? they gazed intently on the heavens whenever I was near. With that I damned them for a set of money-loving asses, and very consistently turned my own thoughts towards the scraping up of riches. In process of time I got me a sack, of canvas, mind, and I crammed it with stores of gold, and when I told the world what I had done, good lord! how the disinterested creatures flocked around me, and I laughed mightily in my sleeve. I was soon, however, heartsick, and dropping the superfluity of a name, I set out upon my travels, taking with me the talisman to the hearts of all men—GOLD. Since then all climates have

been familiar with me, and it is only the reflection that many fellow-inheritors of my native soil are pining for what I have so liberally dispensed to foreigners, that I begin to think it my bounded duty to raise smiles in our own land before creating broad grins in another."

"And yet you are now going to France," observed I.

"Because I have important business there. This metal which can dry a widow's tear and bend a proud man's neck, is now destined to work miracles with affairs in Gallia—I go to—"

"What?" said I, as he appeared to check himself.

"To look at the French pigs—they are elegant animals, arn't they? and have smaller waists and thinner legs than our vulgar, home-bred swine. Must be off at daybreak, though—so good night." So saying this singular being bowed me very civilly out of my own room; but as I was at the door I determined on another struggle to gratify my curiosity which had become little short of intense. "Excuse me, sir," said I, "but since I have had the pleasure of your company, I have witnessed so much happiness conferred, such joy has followed your footsteps, that perhaps you will do me the favour to say to whom I am indebted for so many hours of gratification." The man of canvas placed both hands to enclose my ear as though to ensure the secrecy of what he was about to unfold, and whispered, "THE MAN WITH THE—Canbas Bag." E. L.

THE KING;—GOD BLESS HIM!

A FEW SCRAPS TOUCHING HIS MAJESTY.

(A Christmas party near the Leman Lake, consisting of expatriated "Half-Pays.")

"Turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No pro——"

"ENOUGH of poetry, although it be Goldsmith's, now that the mountain and the flood are shut out from view, and we are left to the placid and sober enjoyment of more homely things than the hoary majesty of Mont Blanc, and the fair expanse of Leman Lake. Undoubtedly are they glorious to behold; but while December's *Bise* announces itself without, in a strain mild and pleasing, as what are generally termed "murmurs" in the Chamber of Deputies, or in those genial accents which astounded the ears of majesty of late, in the most influential and polished assembly in Europe; and while the snow-drift rides the blast, I must own that the prejudices of frail mortality induces rather a sneaking kindness in me towards this oaken board—the cheerful lamp—the crackling of the blazing log—this flask of generous burgundy—and other "the fair humanities" of my humble domicile. War, plague, and revolution—the schoolmaster, Lord Vaux,

" et præterea nihil"—may rage elsewhere, if they will; but with Galignani's consumptive Chronicle to indicate the " whereabout," my " friend and pitcher," and a contented mind, though exiled from the land I love, yet may I, in this season dear to the Christian world, and dearer to none in it than those who, in our land's language, now haply tell of good and gentle things which have happened heretofore. Fill up your glass, old boy. " The King; God bless him!" and I warrant me the sentiment is not more truly felt, nor more honestly expressed, by any on the shores he rules, than in this sequestered nook—surrounded as we are by forest, flood, and mountain. The glow of patriotism is not likely to lose its force in the land of William Tell, nor the love of country to diminish where each citizen is armed for its defence, and where, with the well warranted pride of a freeman, tenacious of his hard-earned liberty, and conscious of the happiness of his social state as of the unrivalled beauties of his romantic country, each of its sons may not immodestly exclaim,—" I, too, am a Swiss, by the grace of God." This was uttered by a noble looking, but weather-beaten old Captain in the Navy.

" The King ;—God bless him !" continued the Veteran. " Few have had better experience of society, in his own and other lands, than William the Fourth. The early hardships of a sailor's life ; the stern discipline of the naval service; the unflattering and uncourteous buffeting of winds and waves; the equivocal pleasure of the nightly watch; the scarce dazzling splendour of a short nine to the pound in the un-Crockford-like saloon of a cockpit; the un-Johnsonian oratory of its inmates; their glorious defiance of all Brummel's consecrated rule of manners ; hard biscuit, junk, and grog ;—and all and each on the bleak and ironbound coasts of Nova Scotia, where his Majesty, when a midshipman, was some time stationed, come in strange and somewhat ridiculous contrast with the gorgeous magnificence of Windsor Castle—the pomp of royal festival—the proud solemnities of regal state—and the high duties of the kingly office: in the midst of which, the sovereign of earth's mightiest empire may oft recal to mind the pinching frost of an American winter—the rude Micomac in his light canoe—the joyous course of the sleigh on the snow—and the many pranks of the once light-hearted middy, which were effected with singular science, to the somewhat bewilderment of the honest and simple Acadians."

" Have you ever visited that blissful region of fog, codfish, bears, and breakers ?" inquired a Major of the 92d.

" Yes; in my yearly youth, and some years subsequently to Prince William Henry's quitting the station ; and it was surely then one of the least attractive spots in his royal father's dominions. The natural severity of the climate, and the lengthened Nova Scotia winter, were then unmitigated by extensive cultivation of the earth. The naval squadron wintered generally at Bermuda; but often, at the approach of autumn, and to the calendar's infinite confusion, while it was yet high summer in England, a delicious north-wester would suddenly succeed to a warm rain,—like my Lord Chancellor's keen and cutting commentary on the ardent representations of a certain gallant peer,—and the shrouds and tackling of the ships in harbour

would at once become encrusted with a coat of ice which, however unwelcome to the sailor, was singularly beautiful as the sun beamed full upon the seemingly chrystal-rigged vessel; while the forests on shore, decked in like brilliant garb, almost realized, in those northern regions, the enchanted diamond gardens of the Arabian tales. The Prince must have had them at his *fingers' ends* at the time. The inhabitants of Halifax, the seat of government, consisted of a few of the old French settlers, numbers of Germans from Brunswick and Hanover—excellent people, and Irish, Scotch, and English emigrants. Every house in the town, with one exception, was built of pine, admirably adapted for the purposes of Captain Swing, as it required about the time occupied by a quarter deck sermon to reduce a house to ashes in the case of fire. The country around was wild, rude, rocky, and sterile, while forests of interminable extent were to be seen on every side, enclosing a multitude of lakes in their depths, and affording precarious shelter to the tribe of Micomacs, the aborigines of the land—an unwarlike, submissive, and inoffensive race, who gained largely by the chace and sale of furs, to their prejudice; as the indulgence of New England rum, thus permitted even in my time, was wasting rapidly their ranks. Neither in character or effect was Halifax likely to prove a Capua to Prince William Henry, yet there existed great and unaffected hospitality, a refinement in manners among the better classes scarcely to have been expected; which, if they might not pass muster with the exclusives and desirables of Almacks at this day, might be preferred to them—warm-hearted and singularly loyal men, and women whose beauty may yet be pleasantly remembered within the walls of St. James's. Such was Halifax, with its unrivalled harbour and magnificent dock-yard; and there was enough to content an honest, intelligent, and light hearted youth, who, if he found not merriment and sport made to his hands, why he even (or my Acadian chroniclers closely resemble a certain voluminous traveller) contrived to concoct them for himself."

"A little fellow feeling with respect to errant authors, I prithee;" quoth he of the 92d, "you have travelled far and wide yourself;—fill your glass, and forward me the snuff-box. Remember the barber of Brussels, who recently advertised his *invisible* perukes for *examination*."

"Ah! you are not likely, I see, to compromise yourself so much in support of my statement, as the polite Frenchman, who being reproached by a scribbling traveller with not justifying the reference made to him in support of the truth of his account so fully as he might have done, indignantly replied, "I absolutely *swore* to their accuracy; could I do more than commit *perjury* for a friend? However, my Halifax reminiscences may hardly be deemed shaken by the "Go it, Ned," of the maturer years of our illustrious subject. But to my say:—Faith in the chronicler is necessary; and if there be error in my tale, I must place it on the shoulders of old Mat. Hutchins."

"In the name of all euphony, who was your friend?" said the Major.

"Old Mat Hutchins had been a respectable and wealthy merchant,

who, by the application of new and ingenious rules to commerce, had contrived to exchange the uncertain glory of a mercantile career, for the more sure estate of poverty ; and, instead of balancing his books, had more frequently to balance how to obtain a dinner, until he attained the elevated post of writing-master in a public school. In all the chances and changes of his mortal career, Mat could, however, at all times draw contentment, if not delight, from one pure, unalloyed source, which was his, and his alone. Whenever the wintry blasts, in numbing my fingers, forced me to describe, instead of graceful pothooks and hangers, certain fearful hieroglyphics, worthy of the pens of John Bell, the equity jurist, or the late Sir William Curtis, and decidedly repugnant to the sophisticated taste of Mat ; he would, with an air of mixed reproach and dignity, extract from his well soiled deal desk, with most reverend care, a naval cocked-hat—certainly a handsome one—and, after eyeing it a few seconds, as Othello might have looked on Desdemona, after having burked his spouse, he would, with a solemnity of tone, somewhat superior in effect to the late John Kemble's celebrated invocation in Lear, exclaim—" Young gentleman—look at that!" And the hat, slowly arose aloft, in the style of the annual exhibition of the holy relics at the Scala Santa of Rome. It was certainly *felt*—" The identical hat, young gentleman, of his Royal Highness Prince William Henry, third son of his Most Gracious Majesty, King George the third, whom *I*"—and Mat's rubicond visage shone like Baron Garrow's—" whom *I* had the inexpressible honour of instructing, or rather polishing, in the scriptural art, when His Royal Highness lay at New York, on board his Majesty's ship—Young gentleman ! His Royal Highness would have blushed, to have detracted from his rank, station and education, by such anomalous signs and wonders ; such negro-maid kisses, as you have been ruthlessly executing on that spotless paper. By the way, I remember me ——" Enough ! for when Mat got upon the beaver—its noble character and fair proportions—all else was forgotten ; and to our infinite digital relief, we used to crowd round the iron stove, inserting apples into its orifice, well assured they would be amply cooked, ere Mat reached the loop, much less the binding, in his amorous description of the Bicknell.—Poor Mat ! when the toil of " scribble—scribble—scribble—still"—as the great Duke of Cumberland flatteringly observed to Gibbon—was over, he would hie him down the hill of Halifax to the Long Wharf ; and there, in what was vulgarly termed a grog shop, would he quaff his oft-replenished glass of rum-and-water ; and, Theriaki-like, indulge in reminiscences of royalty and its *capital* adornments ; embroidering the memory of the past, and aggravating the felicity of the present ; enjoying a blissful dream of prince and sky-scraper until one day he dreamed himself beyond this sphere, and all earthly cares and joys—leaving to his heir and only son, young Mat Hutchins, the entirety of his worldly possessions, in the shape of the aforesaid hat. It proved, however, no grateful heritage, for it inspired young Mat with towering ideas ; and placing the hat on his head (disagreeing as it did with his shabby unmilitary dress), he presented himself to the admiral on the station—I believe the late George Murray, hat

in hand. He told his tale, aided by the mute eloquence of the castor; and, in consequence, being then little past the age of thirty, actually attained the highly important, responsible, and profitable post of a non-rated midshipman on board a ship of war, whence he has since, haply, retired to enjoy, *otium cum dignitate*, on the strength of his official pension—Nothing-a-day, and find himself!"

"The bottle stands with you, my friend," observed the soldier; "the night wears; the lamp is dull as the Royal Society; the fire about as sparkling and lively as a fashionable novel; let us, on the principle of Dr. Haneurann's homespathic system, avert the blues, by the blues. In charity proceed"

"There was, as I mentioned, but one stone house in the town of Halifax; and it was the pride and wonder of its people, who formed a faint idea of the tower of London, by comparing it with the superior structure of Mr. Bulkeley. Its tenant bore the same relation to his fellow-citizens, as his lapideous mansion to their boarded dwellings. How he came there I never could divine. He had been an officer in the Horse Guards, in the reign of George the Second; was a scholar and a gentleman, such as were gentlemen in that day, and is the author of 'Whistlecraft' in ours; his manners of the school of Chesterfield; his mind enlarged, and his feelings kindly. With these, his cast off military accoutrements (and often have I gazed in the age of pointed toes with awful reverence on the square projection of his soled boots), and bag, sword, and ruffles, he had sate him down on the barren and rude shores of Nova Scotia, living on the recollection of Kensington and Hampton Court, Gunnersbury House and Leicester-fields, Bubb Doddington, and other things of high and remote antiquity. But neither boots or ruffles, Kensington or Bubb Doddington, could save his windows from the nightly assault. The unfrequented space between his house and the wooden church of St. Paul, was admirably adapted for the purpose of vitreous crime—watchmen and lamps were of as much repute there as a theatre or circulating library—glorious execution was made of his panes, and his squares were reduced to geometrical forms, which it would have puzzled Wellington himself to describe; that *suspicion* fell on the midshipmen it would be wrong to declare, for it was *clear* as the smashed panes that it was they and no others;—their full and exclusive title to running cords across the streets, to reduce mortal bearing from a perpendicular to a horizontal position—ringing the fire-bell to the nervous derangement of the town—sleighing it down the steep hill of Halifax, of a moonlight night, with some unlucky old womanen trapped, on their wicked knees—and other eccentricities had been long and decidedly established. Fun over—(for let the grave sneer, and the moralists denounce as they will, fun it was, and is, and will be, at a certain tide of life)—fun over, full and fitting recompence was the next day tendered, to the old soldier and courtier, by the reefers' chancellor of the exchequer, in the person of their captain. "I pray, sir," said Mr. Bulkeley, with tone and gesture, which would have thrown Sir Robert Chester's for ever in the shade—"you will not pain me, by mention of the panes. Were it permitted me to hope, and haply the idea is not extravagant, that the son of my excellent

and beloved sovereign, had been amongst the young gentlemen who honoured my windows with their notice, I should feel prouder than I could well express. Nay, sir, I have had the squares replaced, in the flattering expectation that they be again demolished. Say so, if you please, to the young gentlemen in general; and, if I may so presume, express, sir, I beg of you, my humble duty to His Royal Highness in particular." Bulkeley had lived in courts, and probably knew something of royalty; but, whoever was the mischief-maker, his loyal feelings were denied further indulgence in so far as his panes were concerned. It was to be learned, however, "one may go farther and fare worse," for an ancient beldame, of morose and offensive manners, living in a cottage, near the road that led from the eastern extremity of the dock-yard to the Dutch church (I love to be particular), had taken an unconquerable, and perhaps unjustifiable, aversion to any thing in the shape of a middy, until they were real living "blue devils" in her eyes; and all and every epithet degrading to white cord, anchor buttons, and dwarf dirks, was regularly heaped upon the junior members of his Majesty's navy. The middies, if not men, were human, and susceptible to human passions and infirmities. The ancient lady's lights, became residuary legatees of old Bulkeley's panes; and her hatred of cockpits frequently was scarcely allayed by the startling suggestions she received of their nightly cruize abroad *amongst the breakers*. But with the sang froid and skill of a Wellington, the venerable dame resorted to her tactics; and taking her station at the wicket, which it was necessary to enter, to ensure "a right proper shy," like another Hecate, armed with a broomstick, she awaited the appearance of "the spirits of the vasty deep."—Cautiously and warily, as old Townshend in search of a coiner, the reefer came, and the first note of bombardment was scarcely given, when it was responded to, with force and vigour highly creditable to her years: blow followed blow in a style of "independent firing," that at last induced the youngster to roar out for mercy; alleging, most profanely, that he was the Prince—true or false, and it was *undoubtedly* the latter. Woman's wit but aided woman's vengeance, as she reiterated her ligneous attentions with renewed spirit, in crying, "You wicked scapegrace, you will break my windows, will you, and then wrong the son of the king—blue-bottle imp that ye are—by pretending to be His Highness? cockroach of the cockpit!" Luckily, the object of her loyal remonstrances, by a desperate effort, cleared the gangway of the beldame's premises, right glad to escape such emphatic exemplification of the doctrine of "preachee and floggee too."

"There's midnight by the bell of the chateau; cried a sentimental sub-lieutenant of Marines;—the storm is hushed;—the moon is on the wave;—the shore of Savoy clear as at noon-day;—the Col. de Forclaz and Mont Blanc are

"All glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ——."

"Coleridge be good to us, it is a lovely night! But hie thee back to Halifax, good Captain."

"To Halifax be it then. One of the principal streets of the town

was extremely rapid of descent, at the foot whereof the crockery shop of an honest German, named Rudolph, was situated; and it was the fashion, when snow was on the ground, to drive a sleigh or trineau, at tandem down it, having especial care nevertheless to exhibit the requisite skill in turning sharply at the bottom, which was, I assure you, no contemptible operation. A royal midshipman, desirous of exhibiting his phætonic qualities, must needs follow the dangerous example, set him; but, forgetful of the necessity of keeping the horses at their full speed to prevent the sleigh pressing lovingly on their heels, the tackling became wholly useless, as the affrighted animals, disdaining control, flew with the swiftness of the wind until the driver found himself contemplating the various specimens of pottery which, for readier inspection—and that no doubt might exist as to the composition of the articles—were strewed around, in all variety of anti-etruscan shapes, having been dislodged by the abrupt entry of the "rum customers," who at full gallop had insinuated themselves far into the store, to the infinite horror of the petrified Rudolph, and the high entertainment of the illustrious Jehu. He had unwittingly effected, vast architectural improvement, on the front of the German's premises, by imitating him of Gaza, bringing the door-posts and windows with him on his introduction to the shop. But fill my glass, young shiver the wind; I shall soon have done.

"Somewhat more than half way up the same street was a handsome house, inhabited by a single gentleman, who had found his way from the magnificent scenery of his own land, to the dull shores of Halifax. It was immediately in the rear of the wooden house of assembly for the province, and had a balcony the whôle length of the front. Threading the dark streets of Halifax on a gloomy night inspirited by the epilogue of a good dinner, the love of enterprise induced in a midshipman the idea of escalading the mansion. Animated by negus, punch, and other humanities, he proceeded to the church, where the fire-ladders hang listless against its wall, and laden with the "wooden shrouds," with infinite pain and labour, he adjusted them to a perpendicular. The difficulty was, however, to depose the ladder gently on the edge of the lofty ballustrade: but, alas, instead of conforming to the peaceful intent of its juvenile director, it slipped, falling with a crash that shook the fine-built mansion to its centre, deranging the architectural glories of the balcony as if Nash himself han been at work, and arousing all the dormant faculties of the family within. The ladder was hastily abandoned to its fate; and surmise was sometime left to speculate upon robbery, burglary, and other horrors little contemplated by the frolic-loving midshipmen. The free intercourse thus permitted them, with one of their princes, had tended to arouse, in the minds of the good people of Halifax, an aggravated sense of their proper dignity—an idea that even now becomes unlimited with Englishmen beyond the confines of their own shores; and which, without speaking of our continental travellers, is admirably exemplied in our colonies, where a sometime-treasury under-strapper becomes lord of the ascendant—a Manchester salesman is converted into a royal merchant—a local secretary directs the interests of thousands—and a knight of the Ionic order is elevated

far above ordinary humanity. I have heard that, being addressed in terms of dignified familiarity by a provincial star, who gracefully denounced all ordinary tastes as unworthy of himself, as he presumed they would be considered by one of royal blood, had his affectation and vulgarity at once as decidedly reproved, by the prince drolly observing—"Faith, sir! at home, I clean my own boots and my father's too."

SCENES ON THE NEVA.

The Russians of the modern capital are a gay light-hearted race, notwithstanding the length and severity of their winters, which might be supposed to cast that gloomy tinge over their character, so observable in most of the barbarous nations. The two seasons, however, bring with them their enjoyments and attractions, and, as if setting at defiance all the unpleasant feelings and effects of the intense and prolonged inclemency of the winter, it is the season of gaiety and high fashion with the barbarians. The chiefs of the country, at this year, flock to their town palaces, and are plunged into a never-ending round of fêtes and parties, given on a scale of splendour and magnificence hardly to be excelled. The Czar takes up his abode during this season at his winter palace, the town imperial residence, and adds to the general gaiety, by a series of balls and masquerades, given to the court and nobility. In fact, in the midst of the general stagnation of nature, society in St. Petersburg is all alive. The severe cold has not certainly so much influence as in England; their houses being heated throughout with stoves, the temperature is capable of being regulated to a nicety, so that in the depth of winter no extra clothing is required within doors, and on going abroad for a morning's sledging, great precaution is used to clothe the body in furs up to the very eyes. The winter seldom breaks up till the middle of April, and as the short-lived summer rapidly advances, it is the signal for the world of fashion toretire to their chateaux and country estates, for a three months summer heat, as intense as was the cold of the winter. St. Petersburg now becomes comparatively deserted, except by the merchants and those whose occupations compel them to remain; and even at this period the Czar is frequently found at the winter palace, as the business of the empire requires his presence, when he is of course attended by the court, and draws to his train many of the nobility. But even those who are obliged to remain in the city, contrive to purchase or rent for the season their chateaux and villas in the environs, where at the distance of a few miles only, they can pass much of their time with their families. Many of these villas are delightfully situated on the beautiful islands of the Neva, and are built in the Italian style, with long porticoes or verandas, covered with a profusion of flowers.

The summer has likewise its attractions, notwithstanding the overpowering heat. The evenings are devoted to lounging in the public gardens of Krestoffskoi, the grounds of the Yelagin palace, and the various other beautiful spots about the islands, and in the vicinity of

the city, while the drives in all directions are frequented by the nobility and gentry in their open carriages and droskies, or on horseback. As there is at this period of the year no absolute night, these amusements are kept up till a late hour, after which the chateaus are lighted up, and sounds of mirth and music are heard in every quarter.

I cannot easily forget the impression made upon me by my first walk through the islands on one of those cool and delicious evenings, so grateful after a sultry day occupied in sight-seeing in the city. I had dined with a friend at his town residence, and, leaving our wine early, we embarked on the grand branch of the Neva, a splendid stream, as wide as the Thames at Waterloo Bridge; but unlike that river, not disfigured by muddy banks, coal-wharfs, and unsightly buildings. In lieu of which a deep, clear stream, is constantly flowing at the same level, (there being no tides in the Baltic), flanked by superb, massy red granite quays or walls, with low parapets, and and here and there noble landing places. On the quays a broad carriage way and handsome pavement next the parapet separates the line of palaces and magnificent edifices which adorn its banks from the river itself. Leaving the city we glided up a canal connecting the grand branch with what is called the Little Neva, and entered upon a broad expanse of water, enlivened with numerous boats skimming on its surface, and the banks varied with wood and lawn, and adorned with elegant villas and chateaux, forming altogether a delicious scene. Landing on the Island of Krestoffskoi, we passed through the grounds, and close to the chateau of the Lord of the Manor, down a long avenue cut through a wood, in which to the right and left vistas of some extent exhibited a temple or statue at the extremity, and crossed another branch of the Neva by a wooden bridge, where we encountered groups of idlers like ourselves enjoying the shades of the lovely evening, and enduring with good grace the attacks of swarms of musquitoes. We now entered upon another island, and our route ran for two miles through public grounds and well gravelled walks, without a speck of dirt or a weed to be seen, exhibiting a taste and variety in the laying out equal to that displayed in the grounds of many of our own nobility. It seemed strange to an English eye, that the spirit of destruction and wanton mischief was not abroad to annihilate the seats and root up the flowers and shrubs in these public footways, open to all, and leading to the various villas and villages around. What should we expect in England, while sitting over our wine in our rural retreat in the neighbourhod of London, with all the windows open, enjoying one of the few summer evenings we are indulged with in our climate, on beholding a party of strangers of a dubious appearance coming round our shrubbery, through the flower garden, and across our well shorn lawn immediately before our very windows? Yet such is done in this land of semi-barbarism, and no harm or injury follows. The truth is, the fear of the knout is before their eyes; the police are on the alert to prevent it, and knowing this, the people do not dream of devastation. John Bull would rebel at the knout, the liberty of the subject would not brook such unconstitutional regimen. Every member of the national family would assert his independence in a manner more decisive than agreeable.

We suddenly emerged from the grounds near a broad branch of the Neva, on the banks of which, and among the trees, a drive extended along the boundaries of the grounds we had just quitted, on which several gay parties were taking their airing; others were grouped in elegant little temples, open at all sides, and fitted with sofas on which they were lounging; taking their ice, cool beverages, and refreshments. From this pavilion, shaded by a luxuriant foliage, and looking upon the river, the scene was strikingly picturesque and animating. On both sides of the water were scattered numerous gay looking villas surrounded with their beautiful grounds and gardens. A handsome bridge here crosses the river, on the opposite side of which, from out a thickly planted grove of trees, peeps the elegant portico of the summer theatre, called the Kammenoi Ostrow, not unlike that of our Haymarket. This theatre is open in summer only, and is quite the fashionable resort, though distant five versts from town. A wide open space in front was filled with droskies and officers' horses in waiting. It is attached to the Yelagin summer palace, situated on the banks of the river to the left of our position, and the gardens and grounds only separated from us by the road leading to the bridge, which we next crossed, and from whence we had a full view of the palace, an elegant Italian villa, not very large, with a sloping lawn to the water, and very beautiful and extensive grounds. We continued our walks along the opposite bank of the river, under avenues of trees, following an excellent well watered carriage drive, and passing several villas, built (although of wood) in the best style of Italian architecture, and almost hidden by a profusion of flowers. We again crossed the stream by the Vasselei Ostrow bridge, near which is the summer Imperial Palace, then occupied by the Grand Duke Michael; a large and apparently handsome building, facing the river, but nearly imbedded in trees. Near it, and forming an entrance to the palace, at the foot of the bridge, is an extremely pretty small old red brick Gothic gateway and belfry or tower, peeping from a cluster of dark high trees, which forms its back ground. The view from the Vassilei Ostrow and Kammenoi Ostrow bridges is, I think, perfect. The river here is very wide, perfectly clear and glassy, and the banks on both sides present a series of wood, lawn, gardens, villas, villages, the two palaces, and the portico of the theatre. Having crossed the bridge we again entered upon well laid out grounds, and passed close under the windows of one or two chateaux, occasionally stumbling upon a statue, temple, or fountain. Issuing from a grotto or subterranean pathway we found ourselves on the elevated bank of a narrow thickly wooded stream, on the opposite side of which, from between the trees and thick underwood of which the high bank was composed, glimpses were caught of a romantic little Russian village of the better class. We crossed the stream by a flying bridge, or square floating rafts with seats and railings round it, and entered the village which consisted chiefly of log houses and wooden cottages or boxes, highly ornamented, and gaily painted, which are generally let by the season. In one of these our friend's family was residing, a pretty low built cottage of rough fir, something in the style of the Swiss

cottages. We had our refreshments served in a room or large balcony even with the ground, open at all sides, and filled with abundance of flowers, not forgetting gnats and musquitoes. We returned home by a different route. Avoiding the grounds we had before traversed, we kept along the banks of several branches of the Neva, and crossed more than one bridge. The scene, ever presenting a pleasing variety, was occasionally much heightened by a distant chorus of peasants returning from their labour, singing in parts a wild national air of which they are very fond, and which, in the stillness of a sultry but lovely evening, broke upon the ear as it swept along the calm bosom of the river most exquisitely; although, on a nearer approach, the charm ceased, and the voices became harsh and discordant. After enjoying this lovely scene for some distance, we entered upon the public gardens of Krestoffskoi, which slope down to the river, and, although not large, are laid out prettily. We here crossed the river by a ferry, and had a long and disagreeable drag through the outskirts of the city to our hotel. We found the roads in the environs occasionally paved (as a native of the Emerald Isle would say), with deal boards, the footway being of the same material, but raised considerably above the road. We were not at home till two in the morning, but as there is no night, or rather darkness, beyond a slight twilight at this time of year, a foreigner, till he becomes used to it, is, as was my case, quite out in his reckoning of time: it is midnight ere he thinks of looking how time goes.

On the following Sunday evening I visited, with a friend, the Krestoffskoi Gardens, which are then the resort of the citizens, and are crowded to excess. On arriving at the Little Neva a most animating scene presented itself, fully proving the correctness of the observation with which I started, respecting the character of the Muscovites. From the river, at a little distance, as we approached the scene of action, the effect was novel and extremely striking. The broad sheet of water appeared like a still lake, covered with boats filled with gay and joyous parties—the well-wooded banks and the elegant villas interspersed about—the groups scattered here and there along the margin of the river, or in the open glades of the woods, in parties of six or a dozen, dressed in their gay holiday costume, around their fires on which their kettle boiled, drinking their favourite spirit watkey, or tea, and feasting upon the grass. Other parties were rambling about the woods, and singing, at the top of their lungs, in chorus and good harmony, the peculiarly wild but not unpleasing national music; and further on, in the gardens themselves, the crowds and bustle of people, and numbers of boats waiting, formed a picture such as the vivid fancy of the most enthusiastic painter would delight in tracing. As we neared the landing-place the music of the military bands came more distinctly on the ear, accompanied with the laughs and shouts of the holiday-makers. In the midst of this din we landed, and promenaded with the company round the gardens. We found a mixture of all sorts; some few smart parties of ladies and officers, followed by servants of a peculiarly savage appearance, in fierce cocked hats, and with huge canes; while in the roads skirting the gardens, carriages and droskies were driving about

or waiting. A large tavern was overflowing, and every window occupied; in front of it, and under a large balcony or raised portico, numerous parties were smoking and enjoying themselves. In one part a crowd was collected round a military band; in another spot a temple was crammed. Some were flying at a fearful rate down what the Parisians established in their capital under the denomination of "Les Montagnes Russes," and which amusement the Russians follow with equal eagerness. In winter a frozen inclined plane is formed upon the Neva, and they actually descend in sledges upon the ice. The river was alive with boats, one of which we engaged, and crossed over under the gardens belonging to the chateau of the Master of the Hunt, where a superior military band was performing some excellent pieces. After enjoying this animated and enlivening scene till late, we were returning homewards, when our attention was suddenly arrested by the most delicious, soft, and swelling music, which came stealing down the river like the notes of an organ. On making for the spot, we discovered it was the celebrated horn band, similar to that which has gained such celebrity in England. They were stationed in a boat, which was just allowed to drop gently down with the stream. Being under the control of the Master of the Hunt, their appointments are handsome—the uniform green and gold. We bent our course homeward by water, quite enraptured with the novel and beautiful effect produced by this band, as well as delighted with the whole scene. Our raptures were however effectually cooled before we disembarked, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a deluge of rain, which sent us home drenched to the skin.

ORIGIN OF THE "PEOPLE."

Certain great events occurring at different periods of the world, have produced an important and momentous change in the condition of society—a change so striking as to have effected a complete revolution in the manners, habits, and feelings of men, and to have originated, as it were, a new order of beings.

Man—without education—confined to a small spot—condemned to pass the prime of life, and the fast declining years of age in the same place where first he drew breath—becomes feeble and circumscribed in intellect; his understanding, though acute and vigorous by nature, becomes utterly incapable of grasping those ideas which require an enlarged and powerful comprehension. His desires, his wishes—bounded by the few objects which necessity points out as requisite for the preservation of existence—wander not beyond these limits. The world, with him, means the province or district which he inhabits. In short, his state is but a few degrees removed from that of the animals who graze on his fields.

To the effects produced by an enlarged intercourse with the world

in beings of such a character, may be attributed their gradual progress to civilization and refinement. The magnificence of nature, the miraculous productions of art, the collision with superior minds, enlarge and expand his ideas. He looks around him with surprise and admiration, and believes himself translated to another world, so utterly distinct are the things and persons which now meet his view. And when he again visits his native land—again walks over his paternal fields, does he relapse into the same dull course which contented him in times of yore? No! The stores of knowledge which he has collected in other climes, are transplanted to his native land, destined to flourish and shoot forth with a vigour and strength which in their original soil they were forbidden to attain.

The Crusades, undertaken for the recovery and possession of the Holy Land, were our first advances from darkness into light. Whether we consider the state of Europe at the period immediately preceding them, the expeditions themselves, or the consequences and effects resulting from them, the illustration they afford to the preceding remarks will be evident.

The monks, secluded from the world in the privacy and solitude of a cloister, were estranged from all the endearing affections, the tender charities of domestic life, They had few feelings in common with the world. They were a distinct order of beings. The stores of literature and science handed down from the classic ages, and deposited in their custody, were neither made an object of study by themselves, or communicated to the rest of the world. These treasures of antiquity were left to the desolating hand of time, whose destructive effects were but too often anticipated by the avarice of their possessors, which converted them, from the scarcity of materials for writing in those days, into depositories for the legends of their patron saints, and the chronicles of their houses. They were effectual checks to improvement and civilization.

The noble, inhabiting his solitary tower, or castle, resembled in his state and mode of life a petty, though despotic sovereign, holding a supreme jurisdiction, extending even to life and death, over his vassals. The most atrocious acts of violence, the most savage deeds of cruelty, the most tyrannic efforts of authority were exercised with impunity, and almost without reproach, on his miserable dependants. But could a contrary course of conduct be expected from men whose education was confined to a dexterity in wielding the spear, a skill and vigour in the management of the war-horse, and an address in the use of arms; whose mornings were spent in the pursuit of the chase, or the prosecution of some unjust and barbarous feud—whose evenings were devoted to riot and intemperance!

But if such was the noble, what then was the condition of the vassal? The miserable serfs, in a state of slavery, bound down like beasts of burthen to the land which they cultivated, whose produce was never destined to reward their labour, were entirely subjected to the caprice and violence of their superiors, and dared not even raise a murmur against their injustice, as their lives and property were equally at their disposal.

The ameliorating hand of civilization had not yet impressed its

softening mark on the features of a rude and barbarous age. Education, whose power is sufficient to tame the most savage breast, had not yet shed her influence over mankind; and chivalry, the only barrier able to withstand the incessant and violent approaches of barbarism, was yet only in its infancy.

Here, then, was a fair field, a wide range for the development of one of those moral impulses whose province it is to excite the spirit of the age, to effect a revolution in the condition of man, and rouse unknown powers into action. The master-spring was soon touched, which set in motion one of these, and laid the foundation for that superstructure of society which is at present our blessing and our boast.

The history of Peter the Hermit is too well known to be dwelt upon. Obscure and humble as he was, of confined education, though of great natural powers, and animated by a fervent and enthusiastic zeal for the interests of Christianity, he was the lowly instrument of that great moral change in the condition of man, the effects of which, though at first of slow growth, will be felt to distant times. Imagining himself inspired by a call from Heaven, he conceived the project of preaching throughout Europe a crusade against the infidels, and having detailed his scheme to the Pope, obtained every facility for putting it into execution. He travelled on foot through Europe, and endeavoured, by his bold and energetic harangues, to excite in all classes that zeal, and that fervour which he himself really felt.

Inspired with a sincere and heart-felt belief in the truths of religion, and animated with feelings of veneration and respect for that land, every foot of which was rendered sacred in their eyes, could they hear unmoved those bursts of untaught and unpremeditated eloquence which flowed from his lips, or listen without emotion to his appeals? In fine, his glowing and highly-painted descriptions of the glory—the honour, attached to such expeditions, roused the spirit of enterprise and adventure—the characteristics of the age.

It produced an effect almost miraculous, roused a preternatural courage, excited an enthusiasm which scorned all difficulties, brooked no delays. The old and the young, the weak and the strong, men and even children demanded, with loud and eager cries, to be invested with the sacred symbol of the cross—to be enrolled as soldiers of Christ!

The deeds of past ages must not be measured with the cold and critical spirit too often assumed in the examination of history. We must divest ourselves of those prejudices which the refinements of civilization, and the all-prevailing spirit of gain, are too apt to teach; we must abtract ourselves from our present philosophy, and imagine ourselves seven centuries back in the age of the world, ere we can properly appreciate the motives of the soldiers of the cross. Again, however mistaken to our minds may appear the motives of the people of those times, ought we not more especially to regard that epoch as the ameliorating cause of the present social state of our existence; for the effects produced by the crusades on the condition of society in all its various classes, from the noble who inhabited his castle to the

serf who tilled the ground, are of a character so striking as to involve the origin of some of the most important changes which have taken place in the world.

The class which at first received the greatest amelioration from these expeditions, was perhaps that of the nobility. Full of savage ferocity, the noble, unrestrained by any law, either divine or human, obeyed no master save his own inclination, acknowledged no power save superior strength. In him a fair subject was displayed for the operation of one of those energies destined to alter the manners and feelings of man. Summoned from his castle to undertake a distant and perilous expedition, the greatness of the end, the high and lofty character of the object gave existence to sensations never before experienced. That courage which previously exercised only in the prosecution of petty feuds, was directed now to an enterprise not only, he believed, without reproach, but claiming the admiration and sympathy of Christendom. It roused an exalted enthusiasm. Distance and danger begat sympathy; and love, that all-powerful softener of the human heart, now contributed to work its effect.

The soldier of the cross, separated from the lady of his love in an absence of years, fondly and faithfully cherished her memory; in the solitude of his tent, in the hurry of approaching conflict, in the heat of action, her image was ever present to his thoughts. The love of woman—that passion which, pure and undebased, acts as the surest safeguard of virtue, was carried to an excess bordering almost on idolatry. Religion, sharing the mind in conjuction with the tender affections of nature, acquired a character of touching interest—of ardent and sincere devotion. Separated from the scenes and objects of his former tyranny, a lengthened absence rendered him forgetful of the oppression hitherto deemed necessary to be exercised on his vassals, and the fellow feeling of danger taught him to consider them as beings formed with the same feelings, and fashioned in the same mould as himself; and chivalry, that beautiful tree planted in the chaos of the middle age, produced glorious fruit. Those who gathered together beneath its branches, in the absence of recognised law, formed a code for themselves, regulated by a stern and impartial principle—honour, which surviving to modern times, has ever been, next to religion, the most effectual barrier against the approaches of vice.

What, then, were the beneficial effects of this great revolution upon the poor victims of tyranny and oppression? The picture which they exhibit is so sad and revolting, as to excite the warmest feelings of compassion, and to arouse the most animated indignation.

The troops led forth by the seigneur to join the sacred army of the cross, were often, from the want of vassals holding their lands by the tenure of military service, obliged to have their ranks completed by the admission of serfs. Did these men return to resume their previous condition? No. By investing themselves with the holy cross, they had acquired a character of peculiar sanctity. They who had fought and bled under the hallowed crimson banner, could

never again return to the degraded and servile state which marked them in former days. The serf returned after an absence of years, but no longer as an inferior being; he now walked with the firm and erect step of one who at length knew himself to be a man—who was conscious that he had acquired rights which were not his before. He had ascended in the scale of society, and might now look around without fear of meeting contempt and scorn.

Even the peasants who remained at home, received advantages from the crusading spirit. The deputy, to whom the seigneur had delegated his jurisdiction, whilst absent, was unable to exercise the sway which his master had held. The serfs regarded him not with those feelings of reverence and respect which the presence of their superior, however unworthy, had always called forth; they hesitated not to resist his mandates. This practice of resistance enduring for years, at length became a settled habit; the lord at his return could no longer pursue his former system; where he expected to find unhesitating compliance with his orders, he experienced determined opposition, or what was almost as injurious to his power, a partial and wavering obedience.

But the beneficial effects perceptible in the condition of the lower orders, from those sources, were of limited extent, when compared with those resulting from other causes, springing from an origin equally curious and singular. The noble stimulated by the united impulses of religion and a love of glory, to place himself under the sacred banner, was obliged to have recourse to various methods for raising the requisite funds. The peasant by dint of hard labour and the accumulation of years, had acquired a portion of property, which though small, was yet sufficient to raise in his breast a wish to improve his condition. He was acquainted with the necessities of his superior, and was willing to give up a portion of his property to purchase an exemption from certain exactions and services, and to obtain immunities and privileges hitherto unknown to him. A commutation of the claim of personal service for a sum of money paid at stipulated periods, and serving as an acknowledgement of feudal superiority, a permission to associate themselves in towns, accompanied with the privilege of being governed by a magistrate chosen by themselves, a right to keep a market, and to hold fairs, were amongst the principal immunities purchased by the peasants from the necessities of their superiors. From these causes, insignificant as they may appear, arose a class destined in after years to produce one of the most important changes ever effected upon the aspect and features of the world, and become the pride of the nation which owned it, the surest bulwark against the attacks of foreign foes, the true foundation of public wealth, the depository of private virtue, the most resolute assertor of civil rights, the most intrepid defender of freedom—in a word, the PEOPLE.

Commerce, originating also in such a source, created as it advanced, that freedom which was to give it strength and stability. The kingdoms, founded by the crusaders in Palestine, opened a new and untried path to the commercial adventurer. A secure and commodious station was afforded for the importation of goods from Europe, and

for the exportation of the luxurious produce of the East, until then altogether unknown or of rare occurrence in more northern climes.

The merchant summoned forth all his energies, and ventured all his wealth in a field of enterprize promising to crown his labours with so rich a reward. Venice, Pisa and Genoa, started first and foremost in the golden race. Their numerous fleets, freighted with the produce of Europe, rode proudly over the waves to the havens of Syria, to the ports obtained by arms or purchase on the shores of Greece, and returned laden with a rich and bounteous freight. But this lasted not with them. The gloomy reign of tyranny, the oppressive sway of cruelty and injustice, the encroaching desire for foreign dominion, brooked not the existence of that freedom, at once the parent and child of commerce. With the fall of freedom, commerce drooped and declined, and at length abandoning the unhealthy soil of Italy, fled to a northern but more genial clime, where, flourishing under the auspices of liberty, it has contributed to form those institutions, to establish that constitution—now the pride and boast of England. It has made her the arbitress and mistress of nations, an object of wonder and admiration to the world, the fruitful source whence the greatest improvements in science, literature, and the arts have emanated, the bearer of true religion to the unenlightened and the savage, the protectress of the weak and oppressed, the chosen soil of liberty.

Long may that freedom, her proudest boast, survive; may her gallant navies still ride triumphant over the waves, bearing the labour of her sons to distant climes; may she still afford a model to which the nations of the old and new world may look and strive to imitate. Thus shall she raise for herself a memorial more durable than monuments of stone—one graven deep on the hearts of men—an imperishable record of her glorious and eternal fame.

ARCHITECTURAL TASTE.

Ned Hudson, of old, was a drawer of teeth,
An extractor—I beg his pardon—
For the mouths of his friends he'd a tender hand,
But their purses, egad! he laid hard on.

Now this gentle tooth-drawer, by powder and puff,
And such lore, grew wealthy and proud;—
He resolved on erecting a "Forceps Hall,"
From the spoils of the fangless crowd.

And away to Curran he went, the wag
Who a dentist could never endure,
"Pray what order?" said he, "ought my hall to be?"
"Why, the *Tusk*an to be sure!"

REAL DEL MONTE MINES.

The mines of Real del Monte, so celebrated for their former prodigious wealth, are situated in a very mountainous district, and at a considerable elevation above the table land of Mexico. The town of Real del Monte, about three miles from Omethan, at which place the Socabon del Arcadero has its commencement, lies to the west of the vale, and a little to the north of the celebrated Veta Bescania. Between the town and the river, and indeed in almost every direction, the surface is exceedingly irregular, rising into small hills, and it is a rare circumstance to find a patch of level ground in all the neighbourhood. The whole of this district is porphyry of various shades and colours; in many places it is decomposed, and it is in those places that the most productive mines have been found. A company was formed in England in the year 1825, of speculating mania, to work these mines—and the extraordinary fluctuations in the shares of this company is perhaps one of the most marked features in the history of that singular period—dazzled by the gilded halo that surrounds South America, and the romantic history of her early discovery, a large class of our countrymen idly dreamt, through the medium of British capital and science, of realizing, almost by magic, that American dream, the fabulous El Dorado. When, therefore, their magnificent contemplations ended in disappointment, a baseless panic succeeded to their former confidence, and produced in the mercantile world a boulversment, the like of which had not been felt since the celebrated South Sea scheme.

But amid this general delusion, there were men of science, who having nearly calculated all the difficulties to be overcome, shared not in the general feeling of reaction that prevailed as to the mines of Spanish America. On the contrary, they confidently predicted, based upon geometric inductions, that, after a certain time, the most magnificent results would be obtained. By the last accounts it now appears that a vein of such extraordinary richness and extent has been discovered, that will lead to an influx of wealth, unparalleled in the commercial history of this country.

As the district of Real del Monte, in Mexico, is one which has excited much interest of late years in the public mind, some particulars relative to the people who inhabit the country in which these celebrated mines are situated may not be uninteresting. During the period of my residence there, the native population of the town and its immediate vicinity amounted to between two and three thousand; and our countrymen settled among them, as myself, in the employ of the English Mining Company, varied from one hundred to nearly double that number. The prevailing characteristic of the Mexicans in general appeared to me, their extreme fickleness and volatility—*genus hominum mobile, infidum.* A man, for instance, who to-day, on the slightest provocation, has attempted to take your life, will on the morrow throw his arms around you with the utmost cordiality, or perhaps come to beg, with modest assurance, the loan of a few dollars.

Thus you may with impunity bestow a box on the ears on one of your servants, according to his deserts or your own discretion; whereas his fellow, whose look would seem to imply an equal degree of humility, will be ready, like Kenneth of the Mist, to "pay a yard of leathern scourge with a foot of tempered steel." The district of Real del Monte is notorious for such catastrophes. One day, very shortly after my arrival in the place, just as I had sat down at dinner, I heard a cry of women, proceeding apparently from the next house. I inquired the cause from my cook, an old woman, who just then brought in a dish, and she informed me, scarcely deeming it worth while to turn her head, as she made the communication, that a murder was committed in the adjoining house. Such an affair occurring among one's immediate neighbours being rather more exciting to me than it appeared to this old lady, I quitted my meal, and hastened to the spot. There I saw the body of a man, lying quite dead on the ground, in a pool of its own blood. Several persons standing near were also besmeared in a hideous manner, and a lean dog, having tasted the purple flood, began to lap it up eagerly. I looked at the face of the victim. He was of a very swarthy complexion, and the brows closely bent, gave him an expression dark as night, such as might seem rather to suit the author than the victim of the crime by which he had recently suffered. The act had been committed in the most deliberate manner. Two carpenters, employed in the repairs of the dwelling, quarrelled about a dollar, in consequence of which one of them, grinding his chissel as sharp as possible, watched an opportunity of striking it up to the hilt in the heart of the other, as he leaned against a wall. Death followed instantaneously. The size of the weapon accounted for the great effusion of blood. None of the spectators seemed much shocked at the circumstances, with the exception of two poor women, who, as I have before mentioned, were crying; not, I dare say, from any particular interest in the sufferer, further than the abhorrence which deeds of violence and bloodshed naturally excite in the bosoms of the softer sex. The assassin was subsequently apprehended and imprisoned at Pachuca, a town at a league distance. In eight days afterwards he had escaped. It was unnecessary to inquire into the particulars, as I heard that he was in some way related to the alcalde of the place.

Jealousy, "the injured lover's hell," is not very prevalent among the Mexicans, at least in their intercourse with each other, and we may exclaim, with the Portuguese poet in a similar case:

> "Ditosa condiçao, ditosa gente,
> Que nao sao de ciumes offendidos."
>
> *Lusiad*, can. vii. st. 41.

It is only against foreigners that its flames are excited. I have, on more than one occasion, remarking an unusual degree of gravity and reserve in the manner of a young person, elicited, on pressing for a reason, the discovery that she had recently "*confessed*," and that the padre had forbidden her to be on terms of familiarity with heretics. The effects of such exhortations I have known to last about three days, but, I believe, seldom longer. The Mexican women, like most

others, generally consult their own fancy in the choice of their lovers. I cannot but smile when I think how strangely one of them would look on a suitor who should found his claims to her favour on the length of his purse or his pedigree. The very humblest orders manifest a degree of sentiment in affairs of the heart, and, when a coolness arises, preserve a certain form in breaking them off. Amanuenses drive a regular trade in *cartas-de-amor* with those who are unable to write their own, and there is a sentiment conveyed even in the colour of the wafer used on such occasions. I received once a visit at my office from an old matron of respectable appearance, who, requesting to speak with me aside, pulled from under her pano, or shawl, a huge holly-hock, which she presented to me, she said, on the part of a nina, or young damsel. There was, no doubt, some meaning in this also, which I did not precisely comprehend, nor did I think it worth while minutely to investigate, although the messenger seemed ready to afford every elucidation in her power. But if the lowest classes in Mexico do not exhibit mercenary depravity, there is little increase of refinement to be found even in the highest. With regard to the persons of the Mexican fair, they may be allowed the credit of small and pretty hands and feet; but they are so far from contracting the size of the latter, as the Chinese, by wearing small shoes, that many, from the total omission of that article of dress, acquire, after a time, an ungraceful dumpiness of the lower extremities. The time to view them to the greatest advantage is certainly on their coming out of the temascal, a kind of steam-bath, the ruddy glow thereby produced on their cheeks, set off by their long coal-black streaming hair, tends to make their appearance rather attractive. They often plait their hair behind, so as much to resemble a tail, which, though far from ornamental, they have a great dislike to being deprived of by force or fraud. I once heard a woman complaining bitterly of a man who had cut off her queue. Her grief I at first attributed to the intrinsic value of the hair, which, as I had been informed, is often sold for the decoration of images in the churches. I now learnt, however, that such an act enforced contrary to her inclinations, is considered as a brand of infidelity.

Hitherto I have spoken of the Mexican Creoles in general, as found in the district or vicinity of Real del Monte. In all these the mixture of Spanish blood with the native Indian was manifest, and mostly, as might be expected, in those of superior station. But we often received visits from a purer race, the primitive Indians, whose peculiarities afforded curious matter of remark. They came, at certain seasons, bringing for sale birds, inhabitants of the hotter regions of the plains: cardinals, calandrias, the sinsonti or mocking-bird, and various other species, which do not breed at so great a height as Real del Monte. These Indians were a timorous people, and excessively stupid, hardly possessing the few words of Spanish necessary to carry on their trade. I observed that in the disposal of their stores, having fixed the separate price of each bird, they would by no means make the least abatement in consideration of the buyer's taking their whole stock at once. Their dress was usually a plain cotton frock and trowsers, with an ordinary straw hat. Some brought bows

and arrows, but were unwilling to part with them, and shewed a strong reluctance to any dealings out of the usual line of their traffic. I obtained, however, from one of them, whom I tempted by a display of the money, for one dollar, his bow and arrow, as well as a purse made of a beautiful squirrel-skin, from which the body had been extracted through the mouth, so cleverly, that the orifice was not enlarged by the operation. The bow was about five feet in length, and the arrow two or three feet. With these the owner gave me to understand that he had been accustomed to kill rabbits and the smallest game.

There were within a short distance of Real del Monte several scattered settlements of people, also called by the general name of Indians, but not without an evident though slight mixture of Spanish blood. In comparison with the above-mentioned race, they claim for themselves the appellation of '*gente de razon.*' Indeed if less pure in their origin than the others, it must be allowed that they are far more entertaining in their characters. I frequently explored their rural haunts, where the chief place of concourse is always the pulque-shop. One Sunday, as I rested on a bank, near a place of the kind, an Indian issued forth, very drunk, but observing me with a book in my hand, in what perhaps seemed to him a contemplative mood, he approached and gravely remarked, "mucha presencia de Dios"—words evincing an intelligence hardly to be expected from him. I often entered into conversation with these harmless people, and was much amused at their patronizing manner of assenting to any proposition of mine which met their approbation. They seemed to look at each other with pleased surprise, that seemed to say, 'well, these strangers are not such fools after all.' On one occasion I remember a man with a great wen growing out of his cheek, which prevented him from speaking very plainly, but who nevertheless appeared to be the oracle of the party, as turning round from time to time, in answer to my propositions, he would 'nod the head' to the rest, with an air that exactly reminded me of my old French master, who would occasionally condescend to say, "*mais il raisonne bien.*" As a whet to our discussion, I sometimes treated my friends to their favourite beverage of pulque, which they would acknowledge if desired by dancing a xarabe or fandango, with all their might, and singing to it at the same time. In the chorus, they have the art of introducing the donor's name, which they drawl forth in a most extraordinary manner; some, to give it a deeper emphasis, lying down on their backs, their mouths half covered by their cloaks, whence they produce a very curious deep base tone.

The character of a nation often displays itself greatly in the choice of their amusements. The anniversary of the surrender of the castle of San Juan de Ullua* gives rise to great rejoicings and festivities, which the Mexicans are always glad of an opportunity to indulge in. It is true, the garrison of the castle had surrendered from mere famine, and consequently more owing to the remissness of the

* The event took place November 17, 1825.

Spanish government than to any efforts of the Mexican patriots. This consideration, however, did not check the exultation of victory, nor damp the spirit of the balls, or cock, and bull-fights, or lessen the number of fire-works let off in honour of the event. The author of a congratulatory address on the occasion calls on his "beloved countrymen to let off millions of crackers in manifestation of their just joy at so memorable a success." I confess myself no connoisseur in crackers, but as far as I can judge, the Mexicans seem to excel in such compositions. They have what they call toros, or bulls, a collection of crackers fixed on the head of a man, with which he runs into the midst of a crowd, butting after the most approved fashion of that animal. But their grandest display is in the castillo, an erection of various fireworks, like a kind of castle, which, being ignited at the top, burns gradually to the ground. "No hay de esos en su païs."—"There are none of those in your country," said a quarrelsome old fellow to me, on one of these nights of festivity. "No hay, no hay," he repeated, shaking his fore-finger at me in drunken defiance, and it would not have been quite safe to have risked a contradiction of his assertion.

The Mexican bull-fights scarcely merit a description, — a mere caricature of the chivalrous and romantic spirit which animated Spanish exhibitions of the kind. The combatants prance about a great deal, and afford tolerable displays of horsemanship, but with little real exposure, the horns of the bull being usually cut to prevent mischief. The female part of the spectators seem not the least interested in the amusement, because there is no danger. Both sexes, however, little to their credit, take still more delight in the cock-fights, where the poor birds are armed with slashers, longer and broader than a common penknife, and kept in the sharpest state possible, so that the first blow in most cases decides the battle.

A QUESTION FOR ALGEBRAISTS.

Two Arabs had sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying, "that as he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country, if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay to them for the whole." The frugal meal consisted of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part, and each of the two Arabs a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying, "my friends, there is that which I promised to you, divide it between you according to your just rights," A dispute, of course, arose respecting the division of the money; but a reference being made to the Cadi, he adjudged seven pieces of money to the owner of the five loves, and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the Cadi decided justly.

THE TRIUMPH OF TASTE.

That man is a most dignified animal, capable of endless refinement and elevation, and that he is not allied by continuous degrees, or lineal descent, to monkeys, oysters, or potatoes, is no longer a position of contested validity; but is now received as a truth which demonstration has removed beyond the bound of rational suspicion. Universal, however, as may be the approval of this splendid fact, it is possible that *general* esteem may sink into particular indifference,—that while admiring the vast edifice of human grandeur, we may overlook or neglect the more minute excellence of its component parts. It is, therefore, to countervail the effects of such a contingency, that attention is directed to those miracles of mind and triumphs of taste, which slight observation will enable us to discover in the present enlightened generation of mankind.

As parsons adduce their text at the commencement of a sermon, so may we be allowed to state the "first principles" of our projected discourse, namely, that all the improvements—all the elegant moves—whether visible or invisible—of these our modern times, do all arise from that grand *primum mobile*, Taste. To wit—

Sight is the great inlet to the mind, and is the "remote" or "proximate" cause of the most of the phenomena to which our subject alludes. Most especially does it seem to influence the fair descendants of Eve, to whom—as in duty bound by politeness—we first address ourselves. Who hath not thought that these sweet inhabitants of a corrupt and unruly world, must possess great sensibility of taste, or, to speak phrenologically, must have *size* and *colour* well developed in their metaphysical containers? No one can deny that the faculty of *size* manifests itself in the magnitude of a certain concomitant of the head, called a bonnet, which seldom fails to exhibit a variety of colours which would make Harlequin blush at his paucity of hues. Other parts in the dress of these "angels of light," display due propriety of decoration. The arms, for instance, are regarded as especially deserving of notice and distinction, and are therefore furnished with a splendid establishment of sleeve. The old ideas of proportion are grown quite obsolete, and receive the just contempt of antiquated absurdity. It is evident, that the arms *ought* to be as broad in appearance as the shoulders or waist; in this respect Nature committed a sad mistake. Another member of the corporation, which ironically takes the chair, is rendered by art of great importance and bustle. Now these, with other astonishing things that might be mentioned, do surely demonstrate, that, as Blair says, in speaking of Taste, "throughout the circle of human nature, nothing is more universal than the relish of beauty of one kind or other."

In another department of modern fashion, is taste obtaining a miraculous triumph. For ages previous to the period when Brougham gave marching orders to universal intellect, it was the opinion of our unenlightened ancestors, that English songs were suitable to English people. What a delusion! What a degrading absurdity! How

infatuated was Beattie, when his otherwise powerful pen defended native melodies! That period of darkness hath vanished; and now, such are the miracles of modern mind, that the accomplished tallow-chandler's wife, instead of weighing soap or retailing dips, reads "La Belle," and maintains that no person of taste can tolerate English after Italian songs, except such as the delightful "Cherry Ripe"—especially at that classic part of it,

> "If so be you ask me where
> They do grow, I answer there
> Where my Julia's *lips* do smile,
> *That's* the *land* of Cherry Isle!"

This has acquired universal popularity by its intrinsic merit, as is evinced by the countless multitude who warble it to their rapt and admiring friends.* But even "the like of this," must give way to such as "*Di Tanti.*" The ignorance of the language is thought to give great effect to the Italian songs. The harmonious combinations of the poetical language of modern Rome, instil sweets to every ear recipient of genuine harmony, without the aid of that obsolete and detested thing called the understanding. There is always a reaction from public opinion; and hence the Royal Academy of Music have adopted measures consonant with the popular taste and sentiments. The pupils whom that august institution hath sent forth, have echoed none but the enchanting strains of Italy, and left those of Gothic Scotland, England, and Ireland to be warbled by dustmen for the edification of tap-rooms. How triumphant is taste, in thus causing a relish for foreign beauties, and a dislike for the coarseness of native productions! Cannot the few remaining particles of the original British character be destroyed?

From the mere *dulce* of that advancing principle of mind, whose progress and operations we have attempted to illustrate, let us read to the *utile*, as manifested in some modern demonstrations of philosophy.

First, then, we mention the celebrated Hume, (not the financier, but the philosopher), (not the M.P. but the historian.) His taste was sublimated to that degree of celestial purity, that he could not tolerate any thing so gross as matter. He was, emphatically, "all mind." His system excluded the vulgar necessity of arms, legs, and body—the culinary osseous, muscular and integumental parts, and which were not *bona fide*, solid and substantial—regular flesh and so forth—but immaterial and notional, mere refined concretions of abstract ideas. He had, in short, by his own account, the essential attributes of a ghost, though there is no authenticated record that they ever evaporated up a chimney, vanished through a key-hole, or

* Perhaps there is scarcely one of the thousand and one "first-rate singers," to say nothing of the multiplied myriads of amateurs, that have perpetrated this ditty upon their friends and the public, who has the least notion that it was written by Herrick, one of the truest and most original of poets. We feel it due to the spirit of Herrick to say, that no man has written more brilliant things; and it is indeed hard, when an author's faults are remembered, that his beauties should be forgotten.

precipitated his volatile body through the idea of a window, upon the idea of the pavement beneath—till this arose from a miracle of mind, which was quite harmless—though the fear that a philosopher, who had put an end to his own existence, should destroy that of his fellow-creatures, caused, at the time, some laudable preparations for general safety.

From a similar principle of enlightened intellect, it has been affirmed, with an awful gravity suited to the practical importance of the subject, that the sun is a body of ice, and not a vulgar lump of material fire. This deduction is philosophically drawn from the acknowledged ordinary fact, that hot bodies chill the surrounding atmosphere, and that cold ones heat it; or to render the doctrine more lucid and intelligible, that a burnt finger is in reality only frost-nipped. The discovery of this truth is likely to be of immense advantage to science and mankind. By a process still more severe, have the inquiring energies of a modern philosopher discovered an error in the hypothesis or demonstration concerning gavitation and the system of the universe. He has, therefore, just upset the whole Newtonian theory, and shewn up Sir Isaac as a mere old woman. He is also a sublime instance of the peripetetic philosophy, walking himself into wisdom, political, abstract, and sympathetic. What but the operation of taste—a "relish of beauty of one kind or other," could have converted a great general into an eminent statesman? Previous to this miraculous transformation, he did assure his countrymen that the disposition to such a change would indicate absolute insanity on the part of him, the deponent. The conversion has been made, and — — — — — his Grace is a man of strict veracity! Or what but a similar principle could alter the professed adamantine sentiments of one who frequently did avow that the country would never witness in him a Peal of changes!

Whence the brilliant multitude of gentleman novelists, who have been excited, from the downy ease of affluence, to describe the instructive scenes of high life; and by whose emanations of genius are the more plebean orders informed of the great wisdom and virtue of their superiors? Or whence the noble philanthropists who refine the national manners by examples of duelling, gambling, boxing, and cock-fighting? Whence all modern talent?

In modern philosophy, in music, in poetry, in religion, in wickedness, in every conceivable mode of life, Taste is the *primum mobile*, the solvent of all mystery; for "throughout the circle of human nature, nothing is more universal than the relish of beauty of one kind or other." The desire of being admired includes the essence and endless modes of taste. Let, therefore, moral philosophers mitigate their sufferings on account of the folly, the blindness, and misery of mankind—as they are termed by people who have no relish for things so designated. Let critics suspend their severity; let Owen cease to agitate that part where brains should have been, assured that every state is created by unerring necessity, and that to quarrel with circumstances, as they are, insults his own doctrine, and degrades "the rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things." Let Brougham contort his pubislic visage without ridicule, till place shall allay his

righteous zeal for a misgoverned people. Let the prospective abolition of the corn-laws console the hungry, while the new beer bill inspires delight among the amateurs of heavy wet.

Spirit of the gentle Thikes! thou that didst account for every phenomenon, visible and invisible, mental and physical, by thy sovereign principle of associated ideas, how wouldst thou exult at the present advancing prospects of society, if thou couldst peep through the windows of the other world, and see into this nether sphere, how wouldst thou glory in the great and essential changes of thy beloved country, and reiterate, if the disembodied have the gift of speech, "That taste which is the association of ideas, will prove the salvation of universal man, and infinite perfection close the scene."

TO A MAGDALEN.

I saw thee, and I knew thee
In thy girlhood's golden days—
When the coldest came to sue thee,
And in wild devotion woo thee
With love's own faltering praise;—
Wrung from their rugged nature
By thy beauty's forceful powers:
For thou seem'd'st in mind and feature
Some fair and faultless creature,
Of a better world than ours.—
O! that so pure and peerless,
So sinless and unstained,
So cloudless and so tearless—
Thou ever had'st remained!

I *see* thee, and I *know* thee
With a beating, burning heart:—
How could guilt o'erthrow thee
In heart and soul—yet shew thee
So bright as still thou art!—
So lovely—so alluring—
As some fair temple shines!
Tempest and time enduring,
But mournfully immuring
Its stained and shiver'd shrines.—
'Tis all delusive seeming,
I've seen thy fearful start,
When youth burst thro' thy dreaming;—
God help thy broken heart!

W. G. A.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF POPE PIUS II.

For the following paper we are to some extent indebted to an article in the first part of the Revue des Deux Mondes for September, which we received late in the month. We had translated a great portion of the article, when, feeling some doubt as to the sense of a passage, we referred to the original Latin in the British Museum, and there discovered the French version of the letters in many places so very inaccurate, that we hastily determined upon a new translation of those extracts we had already made. The reader's indulgence is solicited for this explanation, because the necessity of getting to press within a fixed time, allowed no leisure for correction. We ran the risk of committing errors ourselves, rather than offend the reader by printing the errors of others with our eyes open, and apologise accordingly. There are two men of the same name mentioned by Bayle, and both of them ecclesiastics and eminent authors, but they are not to be confounded with the subject of this article, to whom, however, it has been asserted, that they were both related, although, as far as one of them is concerned, on no better grounds, we apprehend, than that he was particularly favoured and promoted by his namesake.

With every people there are epochs so rich in events, in incidents, and recollections, that history can neither exhaust, or indeed ever wholly comprise them. In Italy, the fifteenth century is one of these epochs: a host of original talents, adventurous spirits, and rare and lively destinies, belong to that age from which we revive at random the name of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, poet, traveller, ambassador, and pope, who, notwithstanding these four materials for fame, has been unable to save himself from being forgotten.

Piccolomini was born in 1405, at Corsiguano, a small Tuscan town, which he afterwards raised to a bishopric. Descended from an illustrious family, he was reared with care: his success in study was so great, that while yet young he was distinguished for the ease with which he wrote amatory poetry in Latin and Tuscan. But he soon gave a different direction to his talents: he became secretary to Cardinal Caprani, and in that capacity attended the Council of Basle. Returning to Italy, he attached himself to Cardinal de St. Croix, and with this new patron travelled over France, all Italy, and Germany. Soon after he returned to Basle, where the council was still sitting, and becoming intimate with Pope Martin the Fifth, wrote several pieces in behalf of the council against the rival Pope Eugenius the Fourth. At this period Piccolomini was in his twenty-fifth year: afterwards, the Emperor Albert the Second, made him his poet-laureate and secretary; he was subsequently engaged in diplomatic affairs, and was charged with a delicate mission to the same Pope Eugenius, against whom he had so repeatedly written, and by whom he was, notwithstanding, ere long, made private secretary, and soon after was ordained archdeacon in his twenty-ninth year. It was in the same pontificate he was successively elected bishop of Trieste

and of Sienna; Calixtus III. gave him a cardinal's hat; and at the death of that pope, Æneas Sylvius succeeded to the keys of St. Peter, August 27, 1458, by the name and style of Pius II.

Such in brief was the career of Piccolomini: as a man of letters he must be considered a fertile writer—for he is the author of an Account of the Council of Base, a History of Bohemia, a Cosmography, Treatises on Rhetoric and Education,* &c. &c. which together with his letters, form a large folio of more than a thousand pages. These letters he arranged and published himself. They are characterised by an extreme good-nature, and, but for a certain aim at effect, inseparable perhaps from all studied compositions, are marked by an almost religious simplicity, which half induces one to look at them more in the light of confessions than any thing else. The collection is certainly a very curious one: it presents a true portrait of one of the first men of his time, painted by himself with great freedom and but little artifice. We have purposely extracted from those letters, which show the man, and not the bishop or the pope. The private life of a scholar and a clergyman, at a remote date, is more instructive, or at least more entertaining, than the history of a public character. If the example be not always the most edifying, let it be remembered that the true picture of deserving humanity in all ages, consists not in the entire absence of misconduct and sin, but rather in a decent sorrow and becoming atonement for the errors, without which we can none of us hope to live.

The first letter we shall abridge is one to his father, on which we shall only premise that it was written when our author was thirty, but before he became a bishop; he printed it, however, when he was pope.

"Æneas Sylvius, Imperial Poet, to his Father Sylvius,

"Greeting.—You write me word, father, that you are in doubts as to whether you should rejoice or be sorry that God has given me a child. But I regard it as a subject of joy and not of sorrow. For what is sweeter in nature than to beget a likeness to one's-self, to extend, as it were, the current of one's blood, and have something to leave after one. What on earth is more blissful than to behold the children of our children. To me, in truth, it is a mighty pleasure that my seed has been fruitful, and that before you die, something from me shall survive, and I thank the Lord for having made this woman's offspring a boy, that another little Æneas shall play around you, father, and my mother, and afford you that consolation which his father ought to have rendered. If my birth was a subject of rejoicing to you, why should not my son's please you? And will not the boy's face rejoice you, when you see in it the image of mine? Will it not delight you, when the little one hangs from your neck and indulges in his infantine gambols? But, perhaps, you grieve for my crime, my son having been begot in sin.—I know not what opinion you may entertain of me, but flesh and blood yourself, you gave life

* In the British Museum we find, besides two folio editions of his works, the following, in separate volumes:—Historia Bohemica; Epistolæ, Cosmographia, Asiæ Europæque Elegantissima Descriptio; Fasciculus rerum Expetendarum ac Figuendarum, Parrallela, A. Gousina; Commentarii; De ortu et Authoritate Sacri Romani Imperii; Historia Gothica; Epistola de Fortuna; De Remedio Amoris Epistola ad Mahometam Principem Turcorum; Historia de Duobus Amantibus.

to no son of iron or of stone in me. I am not of the number of the frigid I am no hypocrite, anxious to appear better than I really am. I confess my error ingenuously, because I am neither a greater saint than David, nor wiser than Solomon. The offence is an old one, and I know not who has escaped it. Remember how gay a bird you have been yourself. But you will tell me, I suppose, that there are certain bounds to be set to this appetite; 'tis most true, and yet the crime often breaks through the bars of matrimony. There are too, certain bounds to drinking and eating, and talking; but who keeps within them? The hypocrite asks, who is so just as not to fall seven times a day, and boasts that he is himself conscious of no fault; but I am sensible of no merit in myself; piety alone gives me hopes of mercy, for I know that all are weak and prone to fall.

As you are, however, so anxious to be assured that you are not bringing up the child of another person as mine, I will briefly relate to you how this came to pass. Two years have hardly passed since I discharged the office of orator at Strasburg, where, idling for some days, a woman arrived from Britain, and put up at my hotel. She was neither unhandsome nor over old. Being excellently versed in Italian, she addressed me in the Tuscan dialect, which was the more grateful, as in that country it is not commonly spoken. I was delighted with the conversation of this woman, from whose lips fell the greatest grace and wit. Presently I began to think of the eloquence of Cleopatra, who ensnared not only Anthony, but the great Julius Cæsar; and who, I asked myself, shall condemn an humble individual like me, should I act as other great men have not disdained to do? I adverted sometimes to the example of Moses; sometimes of Aristotle, and referred to us Christians. But what need of more! desire triumphed. I burned with love of this woman, and appealed to her with every blandishment. But she despised my addresses, as the rocks repel the waves, and for three days would not see me. Knowing that she was to go away in the morning, I could not make up my mind to let the game escape. I spoke to her again; I entreated her not to fasten the bolt of her chamber; I assured her I would come at the very stillest hour of the night. Still she denied me, and gave no hopes of success. Every one went to bed. For my part, I sat down and began to think whether she would leave the door open, as I insisted, or not. At last, having turned over in my mind all sorts of adventures of the same sort, I said to myself, I must make the attempt, and finding every thing quiet in the house, I drew near the chamber; the door was shut, but not bolted, I entered.—and thus it was I became a father. I did not know of her being in the family way, until, being at Base, I met with her again. For some time I thought that her object was money. But now that I can really certify that she looks for nothing from me, and the name and time correspond, I think the child belongs to me. I therefore beg of you, father, to adopt him, and to rear him up until he grows big enough to return to me, and I can attend to his education. Above all, rest assured, that his mother has founded no hopes of fortune upon the birth of this child."

Our next extracts we shall choose for the sake of contrast. At this time of his life, it is evident that piety did not sit with half the natural grace that gaiety did upon our future Pope.

"Æneas Sylvius, Imperial Poet, to the Reverend Father in Christ, Bartholomeus, Bishop of Navara,

"Greeting.—Many and countless are the benefits I have received from you; nor could I make a condign return for them, even though a thousand years of life were granted me: all, however, that is in my power, I shall not fail to perform. Nothing is more precious than the soul. We should care for it and cultivate it beyond all things; aught else is deciduous, transitory, mortal—but that lives for ever. If we have good care of it, we shall taste through it of eternal joys; if we neglect it, of pains. Lead by these

considerations, I have decided upon offering to you many letters which have been sent to the court here from the East. They are full of such excellent counsel, that the soul naturally inclines to the admonitions they contain, and by observing their contents, cannot fail to attain the bliss of eternal life. Adieu."

"Æneas Sylvius, Imperial Poet, to Berthold de Lunebourg, a liberal and half-prodigal Writer to the Imperial Chancellary,

"Greeting.—We have received the letter in which you invite us to sup. We accept the burthen you would impose; and are preparing our stomachs accordingly: do you see that they do not return empty. It matters little that the host be at home, if the partridges and capons represent him at the table. As to mine hostess, we will meet her with pleasure—we will embrace her, and should it so please her—not be slack in doing more for her. If you hold to any rights, have a care how you share them; what is for the general good ceases to be private. You know how dexterous Michael's hands are—you know the eloquence of Wolfgang, and how easily he persuades. As to Winceslaus, he is luxury personified, and however Jacob pretends to be only a boy, you are not to let him see you bait the mousetrap with bacon, even though it be Lent; Lewis says nothing, but pries into every corner like a mouse. If then you desire to have us, all must be shared in common, or nothing. There is however one cure, you may give us so much to drink, that sleep shall prove stronger than love. We will come, however, although aught else being wanting, we shall have got you left in person."

To show that scarce a subject has been left unembellished by our imperial Poet and embryo Pope, we shall next translate the 45th letter, addressed to one of his friends, named Peter, in which he discourses notably of marriage and women, and says a few words of himself, which go some way to indicate the natural genius of the individual. The description given of rich wives, will operate, we trust, as a warning to fortune-hunters.

"Methinks it has fallen out fortunately with you, since you have made choice of a well-favoured virgin who suits your way of life, and will live not after her own, but after your habits. You do not tell me of her poverty: he who takes a wife marries not gold but a woman. What I should like myself in marriage would be, a wife chaste, handsome, and fruitful. If these conditions were fulfilled, I should exact nothing more. Oh! beleive me, my dear Peter, it seldom happens that rich wives do not betray great defects. One often finds in them, drunkenness, pride, anger, falsehood, and adultery. In general, they are ugly, barren, and ill-tongued, never giving their husbands peace. It seems your little one has none of these defects—but that she is not rich. So be it. Return thanks to heaven, that you have enough, and fill a lucrative situation. You know the story of the Marquis of Saluces, who, wearied of Court vices and excesses, took to wife a certain girl named Griselda, who tended cattle in the forests. You know that the orderly and modest life of this wife has served, and still serves, as a model to all women, making those who rank above her, her inferiors. Who shall stop you in your object, when princes themselves have not been afraid of marrying poor girls? As for me, my dear Peter, I advise you not to be in a hurry to marry, if, as you say, the girl is gentle, and agrees well with you. You have an advantage which others do not

often find: you have put her to the proof before marriage. Do not be in a hurry then—so many men have been deceived in marrying without sufficient knowledge. What hidden faults are not discovered a few days after the wedding—source inexhaustible of chagrin and sorrow to husbands. I judge by what has happened to myself: I have loved and known many women, who, a few days after, have become odious to me. So that, I tell you, were I a marrying man, I would make choice of none but a person whose habits and manners I was thoroughly acquainted with. I speak plainly to you on this subject, for I know your thoughts, and remember hearing you say that you would take no woman to wife, but one who should feel and acknowledge that she owed every thing to you. It seems to be that you have it in your power to do as you please, if you will only be true to yourself. Marry then, and when I return to Italy, if I am to return to it, I will go and see you with your wife, your children, in the midst of your hounsehold; you will give me a seat at your board, and I shall eat of your bread. Let it not alarm you that I am in the habit of seeing the great, and living in the midst of their luxury: all that has few charms for me; and I would quit them willingly to return to my country, provided I could do so without being a beggar for life. You know the prince I serve is of no party, all his care is to preserve union in Europe. A faithful servant cannot wish for any thing but what his master desires; therefore, I offer my my vows to heaven for the success of his designs, which appear to me to be good One thing is certain, and that is that the royal favour has fallen on you, and on me also; and as the Count is about to grow richer, with the blessing of God, we shall be able to feel the benefit of it. When will that happen? I know not. I insinuate myself with the King: I will obey him in all things; I will follow in his footsteps; I will wish as he wishes; I will never contradict him; I will never attempt any thing that does not immediately concern myself—for nothing is more dangerous than to desire to meddle with the affairs of a country one does not belong to. I am a stranger here; and I play the part of the Parasite, Guaton. They say yes, I say yes; they would have no, I say no. Do they do good, I praise them; are they fools, so much the worse for themselves. In short, I neither envy the greatness, nor bewail the disgrace of one of them! Whatever I learn, I shall transmit to you without reflections. I shall know how to hold my tongue, and obey when necessary. I shall say no more to you to-day, but bid you not to forget to give me news of Mr. Thomas, and write how your marriage project gets on. Adieu!"

This marriage project seems to have occupied our friend Æneas' mind somewhat deeply; for we have another epistle on the subject immediately after. But we must pass it over. It must not be imagined, however, that the correspondence of the future Pontiff turns exclusively on light and familiar topics. He treats of the questions agitated in the Council of Basle—combats the arguments furnished by Pope Euginius IV.; speaks of the King of Arragon who presumed to fight the Turks near Rhodes, and generally entertains the various political and religious events which engaged

the spirit of the time. As we have heard him on love, gallantry, marriage, and courtiership, let us spare a line or two for friendship; on which, addressing himself to his friend, John Campisio, a great philosopher, he writes—

"That you should commend my friendship, and hold it steadfast, I cannot read without pleasure; for if, generally speaking, I would not take praise to myself, knowing how seldom I deserve it, I can declare, without needing to blush for it, that once I do love, I love on most obstinately. I am not easily led into friendship; and I am very far from looking upon all men as being worthy of becoming my friends. To my superiors, I am fastidious, and must consider a man better than I am myself before I make any friendship with him. Thus, if I am slow in entering upon a friendship, I am tardy in withdrawing from it. In a word, I am a fast friend. Of the many I have loved, there has not, as yet, been one whom I hate at this moment.

It is pleasant to remark, that as we get farther into the correspondence, we find the wisdom of ripe years in the writer, succeeding to the wildness of youth. Letters now present themselves in which the vicissitudes of life, and the time to come, are spoken of with becoming gravity and correctness—as in the eleventh letter to Constant Frederic, Chancellor of Trieste, from which, we have only room for a single observation:—

"The last action a man has to perform is to die; and although every thing be well done up to that, yet if he misses his object there, all the rest goes for nothing. It is then as with a poet who breaks down in the fifth act."

But, perhaps, a better idea of his sincerity, and the really good work of reformation which time was now gradually producing with Æneas, may be gathered from an extract on that subject, on which we have already seen that his wit was so quaint, so lively, and discursive—we mean gallantry. Touching an affair of this kind, he thus addresses John Friend, prothonotary of Cologne:

"A few days ago, I received two letters from you, excellently written and full of interest. I hardly know where to begin, but will follow the order you have yourself adopted. I shall first speak of the young girl you have given up to her suitor. I praise you for that action: for what is there more praiseworthy than to join those in marriage who are about to bring forth children, and fill the state with sons. But that after having done this, you should grieve is unnatural; it is not the province of virtue to breed sorrow. He who acts virtuously is happy: he grieves who sins. How comes it then that you are full of grief after having done an act of virtue. I think you have done good and not acted well. It is not what we do, but how we do it, that should be considered. The end in all things is chiefly to be regarded. If you took this girl under your protection to save her from harm you did well. But if you were driven to that action by the fear of God's punishment, or only out of fear of the sentence the world would have passed upon you, that suffices not. You ask me next for a cure, and you will have no antedote furnished by the poets: take the Evangelist; you will find in him that fornication is death. If you know yourself you are happy in having cut off the means of offending. But how strict Æneas is become, you will say, he now preaches up continence,; at Vienna he held quite another sort of language. I do not deny it, my dear John. I did so talk to you formerly, but many years have gone over our heads since. Then we are growing old; the day of death is drawing nearer, we have now to think not how we may live, but how we are to die.

That man, indeed, is strictly unhappy who, never having experienced the grace of God, never questions his heart, enters within himself, amends his life, in short, who does not reflect after this life what may befal him in another. As for me, my dear John, I have erred enough, and far more than enough. At present I know myself, and would to God that this had not come to pass so late. Now is my time for fasting, salvation, and mercy, Put this girl out of your head. Imagine her dead.—You would still live, I presume. What enjoyment is there you could have had with her that is not fleeting. What pleasure is there that man can taste with woman that is not fugitive and momentary! And is he not a fool who forgets what is eternal for what is but temporary, nay, but momentary. I borrow the language of the theologians, because you will not listen to what the poets say, &c."

"Tell us not of a successor: after having abandoned one woman to fall in love with another, what is that but leaping out of one fire into another. Fly, I beseech you, the whole race of womankind; give that plague up altogether, and when you meet a woman, believe that it is the devil that faces you. But why do I hold this language to you, when I know I am speaking to no purpose, and that you put no faith in what I say. For you will tell us that I am preaching up fasting with my own belly full. I confess, my dear brother, that I am full fed, nay, surfeited with love. It is also true that my strength languishes; my head is sprinkled with grey hairs, my nerves are drying up, my bones grow carious, and my body is ploughed with wrinkles. To no woman can I offer charms, and no woman offers charms to me. I much rather yield to wine than to love. Wine nourishes me, strengthens me, delights me, blesses me: that draught will be sweet to my lips until death. But even in wine there is sin when we drink for pleasure more than for health. As for you, my dear John, strong as you are, and full of blood aad juice, I am not surprised that you should love. Still it will become you to reject the tempter before he flies you. For my own part, I claim little or no merit for being chaste. To tell the truth, Venus shuns me even more than I dislike her. Thanks be to God the appetite is not stronger than the ability. But you will tell me that no one would think of leaving the battle-field before the enemy had won the victory. But will this hold good in those engagements in which the victor is really the beaten party. He who wages most war with Venus is sure to come off with the greatest slaughter. But why am I thus hard with you. We, all of us, when we happen to be in good health, give the best advice to the sick, and you may tell me with Terence, if you were in my place you would think differently. But I have felt as you feel now, and sooner or later you too will think as I do now. If you take my advice at present, the praise you will deserve will be in proportion to the labour of the undertaking: your motto should be from Cicero—"the greater the difficulty, the brighter the renown, &c."

As a farther proof that Æneas could practice in these matters as he preached, we had marked for insertion an extract form another letter, in which he gives an account of how he himself broke off an attachment of the same kind. The reasons, by which he vindicates the coldness of his heart, are not without interest; but it is time to put an end to our extracts which have already extended this article to a greater length than was originally allotted to it.

Of all our author's works, two in particular deserve notice, on account of the popularity they attained. These, it must be admitted, are somewhat unpapal, as their titles will pointedly indicate, for the first is called, "*Amoris Illiciti Medela*," and the other the Novel, known by the name of "The Loves of Euryalus and Lucretia."

Both have been frequently translated from the Latin in which they

were originally written, and have appeared in separate forms. Indeed, the story of Euryalus and Lucretia, may be said to have for two centuries enjoyed a distinguished European reputation. Nor, considering the age to which it belongs, can it be denied the praise of merit. It describes the intrigues of women, and the misfortunes of husbands with minuteness and no small portion of truth; and ends as all genuine romance should end, with melancholy and death. Of the *Amoris Illiciti Medela*, however, we cannot speak with equal commendation. Its purport is to cure and subdue the passion which has not matrimony for its means and end, and consists of little more than a string of commonplaces, very wise, perhaps, but very dull also, and certainly most inefficacious, as all experience testifies, for the object in the author's view.

We have said that upon the death of Calixtus, Æneas succeeded to the Keys of St. Peter. At the moment his predecessor breathed his last, he was himself at the baths of Viterbo for the benefit of his health, and busily engaged upon this history of Bohemia. But returning to Rome without delay, he was met by the inhabitants who came out on the road in a large body, and saluted him as Pope before the election. What effect this demonstration of popular feeling had upon the Cardinals, we know not: it is only recorded that he was unanimously chosen by the conclave. He no sooner found himself at the head of the Christian Church than he exerted all his powers to effect a crusade against the Turks. He dispatched nuncios and apostolic letters to the different Christian princes and nations, exhorting them to this war. For this purpose he called a great congress at Mantua, which was numerously attended. Great preparations were made to strike an effective blow, which he meant to direct in person; but before they could be completed, death seized on Pope Pius while staying at Ancona, where a large naval and military force had been gathered together for the expedition. Pius testified his desires for its success by bequeathing a large sum of gold towards defraying the expenses of the war. When he died, he was in his fifty-seventh year, and had scarcely completed the sixth of his Pontificate.

Of Pius the II. as Pope, there is but one circumstance to challenge notice; and that is the reverse of being creditable to his consistency. When writing in favour of the Council of Basle, he had maintained opinions which, when he became successor to St. Peter, he found it impossible to reconcile with the dogmas peculiar to the papal throne. When a layman, he held the councils of the church superior to the judgment of the Pope; but when Pope himself, he stood out for the supremacy of his office. For this purpose he published a bull, and concluded his recantations of his old opinions after the system of St. Paul and St. Augustin, with these words: "Rather believe me now that I am an old man, than when I wrote as a young one: think more of a sovereign Pontiff than of a private individual; reject Æneas Sylvius, but accept Pope Pius II.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PRODIGIOUS SHOT.—Archery is all the rage—the kingdom is ringing with the twang of the bow-string from one end to the other.

"Friday week a meeting of the Royal British Bowmen took place at Condover Park, Shrewsbury, the mansion of E. W. Smythe Owen, Esq. In addition to the members of the society, *all of rank*, about 200 of the nobility and gentry of Salop and the principality, were present to witness the skill of the ARCHERS."

What a goodly sight of the ap-Joneses, the ap-Shenkinses, and the ap-Jenkinses must have been here congregated, and *being all of rank*, what a hubbub and spluttering must have ensued about precedence. Each archer should have claimed from his length of leek. The country was cleared for ten miles round, for fear of accidents from stray shafts—such was the prodigious vigour of the archers.

Here are a couple of candidates for honours—one is recorded by the *Sherbourn Journal*:—

"EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING.—Mr. W. Noble, of Cleadon, shot on Tuesday last, in the moors near Elsdon, six brace and a half of grouse at two successive shots!"

Again;—

"W. Tingecombe, Esq. killed at one discharge one hundred and eleven sanderlings!"

Prodigious! we only know of our friend Major Longbow who can rival these gentlemen; and he being short of shot, once spitted three brace of birds with his ramrod! At all events, men of such prowess would be worthy members of the Society of Royal British Bowmen; the only difficulty will be to find a bow long enough for them to shoot with.

THE "TENTH" ON ACTIVE SERVICE.—We are glad to bear testimony to the deserved reputation of this truly distinguished regiment. The following are quotations from a respectable Dublin journal:—

"We understand that proceedings are about to be actively instituted against an officer of the TENTH, for the seduction of a clergyman's wife."

In another column we find the next:—

"NICE EMPLOYMENT FOR THE MILITARY.—'The Tenth,' it is said, 'don't dance;' but they drive tithe geese! The *Kilkenny Journal* gives the following extract from the letter of a Longford correspondent:—I saw yesterday a troop of the 10th Hussars *driving in* 12 *geese*, the property of Mr. Richard Levinge, a Protestant, for tithes due to Dean Maxwell, brother to Lord Farnham."

We remember when a silly fuss was made some time ago about the absurdity and puppyism of these warriors, an old officer remarked to another, "These TENTH people are making great fools of themselves." "That would puzzle them," said the other, "they are fools ready made!" We suspect that they are tired of the long enjoyment of such a reputation, and are desirous of *changing it*.

THE MAN OF PROPERTY.—There is no need of the King's College to the London University, while there exists such a school for public instruction as the Mansion House, and such professors as the Lord Mayor and his constables.

LORD MAYOR—"You mean, I suppose, that you are a *gentleman;* that is, that you are a *man of property, without toiling for it.*"

OFFICER.—"Yes, my Lord, that's true; *he is a man of property,* for I found *a watch and some silver* in his pocket!"

Now here is an important question set at rest, we hope for ever, about which so many learned authorities have differed; that is, what the precise definition of a *gentleman* may be. The learned magistrate has settled that dispute: "a *gentleman* is a *man of property without toiling for it.*" In agreeing to the soundness of this decision, the learned magistrate will not take it amiss if we consider that he can be no *gentleman.* This by the way. But his learned coadjutor, the OFFICER, fearing that some quibble might arise as to the *extent* of property which might qualify a man for the rank of *gentleman* under the act of his learned friend, distinctly fixes it at the possession of a *watch and some silver.* Thus two important facts have been brought to light in this exclusive and aristocratic country, and by means of those public blessings, Bow-street and the Mansion-house—the exact limits of the two most important ranks in society. We learn that a respectable man is he who keeps a horse and gig; but a gentleman, and a man of property, can only be distinguished by his having a watch and some silver in his pocket!

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—We beg to congratulate the country upon an ingenious invention lately introduced at Darlington, which cannot be better described than in the words of Sam. Thompson himself:—

"Sam. Thompson,

SOLE INVENTOR OF THE WATCHMAN'S CLOCK.

Messrs. Pease, of this town, and Messrs. Parkes, Haughton Mills, use them. They *effectually* oblige men to be on duty (or a tale is told in the morning), and also frequently keep them from intoxication, which is of *no small importance.*—Darlington, September 3d, 1833."

Why no; a clock that can keep men from intoxication is certainly of no small importance; and when its merits are more generally known, its illustrious inventor will be of no small importance either. We sincerely hope that Messrs. Pease, and Messrs. Parkes, of Haughton Mills, have experienced its beneficial effect—that small beer will be more in vogue with them than heretofore. The distinguished wag had doubtless an eye upon his customers when he penned this paragraph, although it was hardly fair. And then, an instrument that will *effectually* oblige men to work, or in default, tell a tale! We suspect it must be some improvement upon the merits of the old Fleet-street clock of St. Dunstan's: that the men use their clubs more *effectually* than did they of Fleet-street, and thus a tale is told by the skulker, in the form of a broken head. We hear Mr. Thompson is the chairman of a branch temperance society, and that since the *invention* the whole population of Darlington have enrolled themselves.

COMPETITION IN COMMERCE.—Nothing argues an illiberal tendency on the part of a government so much as restricting commerce by means of heavy duties, particularly export duties on goods of *home manufacture;* we perceive by the published tariff, that this unwise system has been adopted by the State of Venezuela; and it is the more injudicious with them as the *article* so marked is not an exclusively Venezuelian production, we have seen as good samples in England as in any part of the world.

EXPORT DUTIES IN VENEZUELA.

COLUMBIA OFFICIAL.—After the first of July next, the following export duties will be exacted in all the ports of Venzuela. Indigo one cent. per lb.; Asses 150 *cents each.*

The article is not so scarce as the Venezuelians imagine; for were it known to be at all in demand, most governments would have offered a bounty as an inducement to exporters, rather than have checked such a useful speculation. For instance, there is not a public establishment in England, but could furnish many of the choicest specimens, and the nation at large would be too happy to present gratis, to any spirited dealer in such ware, a whole ship load of undeniable power, and of the right genuine stamp, from their two estates, and without so much as missing a single legislative bray.

A CERTAIN GAME.—MR. NORTON (to the prisoners.) What game was it you were playing at when the policeman caught you? One of the prisoners. *Beggar my neighbour,* your Worship! (great laughter.)

This may be very good fun for the Hon. Mr. Norton's audience in Lambeth Street; but we fear the game is played with much more injurious effects by others than the boys of Bromley, and is little cause for merriment with those who pay the stakes. The whole kingdom is alive to the game. The clergyman by his processes is beggaring his flock; the landlord by his corn laws, is beggaring the population. The lawyer, with his hand in his neighbours pocket, is sure to beggar *him,* while the great *protecting* state, by its unjust expenditure, and monopolies, upholding corn laws, obsolete tithe, and legal rapacity, together with its long train of civil list, sinecures, places and pensions, is playing with false cards, and rapidly beggaring the nation.

Our country friends are continually assailing us with wonders. We have repeatedly opened our eyes so wide, that it has become a dangerous habit, and our too partial friends must entertain no mean idea of the capacity of our swallow, when they send us such food as the following. Speaking of Carlisle races.

Eccleefcham bolted off the course, *carrying with him* Laurel Leaf: Sir James's colt next followed, with Dodgson on *him,* and he was so frightened, it being his first appearance in public, that he gave three *extraordinary* leaps. His first bound was considerably upwards of ten yards! his second eight! and his third seven and three quarters!

Had the distances been but a *leetle* greater, Cumberland might have claimed a distinction which Leicestershire enjoys to this day;

for the names of four villages in that county, attest the performance of a similar, and one may say, perhaps, an equally extraordinary feat.

Tradition informs us that a stranger, some years ago, to escape punishment from some one, his name did not transpire, sprung upon a sorrel mare, who made three wonderful *bounds*, and having saved her rider, expired! The place of mounting is called to this day Mountsorrel. The extent of her first leap, which is about ten miles, is called WANLIP! the second is about eight; the creature suffered from this exertion an inward eruption, and here is situate the village of BURSTGALL! she made one more bound, however, of seven miles and three quarters, and reached the spot where now stands the town of BEL-GRAVE! the name of the courser was Bell. To be sure the rider was no other than *Belzebub!*

CATS AND CATAMARANS.—We lately quoted a Treasury order for the discontinuance of a reckless allowance of threepence per week to the *cats* of the storehouses at Woolwich. We then remarked the feline distress occasioned by this abrupt but patriotic reproof of Tory extravagance, by their liberal successors in office. We now beg to introduce another instance of the unflinching disposition of Ministers to economy, by displacing an equally meritorious class of public servants without notice or compensation; but what renders the matter really reprehensible, is the gross partiality exhibited in the reduction.—

ECONOMY.—It has been the custom for years back to employ in his Dock-yards from forty to fifty old women, generally taken from the parish workhouse, to repair and mend the colours and flags belonging to his Majesty Navy. The earnings of these poor women used to amount from sixpence to eight pence per day. Within the last few days orders have been sent down to Chatham, Woolwich, Debtford, and all the dock-yards in the kingdom, to discharge all the old women so employed, and that for the future such work is to be *done by contract!* This reduction it has been calculated will effect a saving to the country of from *thirty to forty shillings per annum!*

Here is a triumph for the people! They have clamoured long enough for a *proof* of economy, and they have got it. But we would humbly suggest that it is hardly of a sufficient comprehensiveness—that if the order had been more general, it would have been more satisfactory. If his Majesty's Government had determined that *all* state business at present so monopolized by old women and paupers, should in future be done by *contract*, what a much more considerable saving might be effected—what an unjust partiality would be avoided? But no; their selfishness in this particular cannot be disguised—it is obvious and disgusting. The humbler and more intellectual grade of this venerable class, must be deprived of meal, that their more crafty superiors may luxuriate in malt. The eyes of John Bull are to be dazzled by the sacrifice of a few antiquated paupers, that the adroiter beldames may securely pick his pockets. Seriously—there must be some bitter wag in the camp—some Tory in the cabinet, to suggest such absurdities. If economy could be practised where there is scope, we might reap both credit and advan-

tage; but we hardly know whether such economical efforts of the "glorious Reform Ministry," setting aside the legitimate objects for retrenchment, and caricaturing themselves by running a-muck at *old women and cats*, ought to be treated as most insulting or absurd.

Manifestations at Billingsgate—A reverend gentleman named Smith, but who is more generally known, without the fold of which he is the faithful shepherd, by the more undignified cognomen of Bo'sen Smith, was brought to the Mansion House charged with creating a disturbance in the fish market by the too energetic exercise of his *calling*, or, as the complainant more pithily observed, "kicking up a row!" The reverend defendant however, had a seasonable ally in the person of Mr. Goldham, clerk to Billingsgate, who stated, that "the *manners* of the market had greatly altered since Mr. Smith was in the habit of addressing them." Let no one henceforth say that miracles have ceased in the days of Prince Hohenlohe and Bo'sen Smith—one causes the lame to walk, and the other has set the fish fags studying Chesterfield. Irving has only to give them his unknown tongue in exchange for theirs, too well-known—and the manifestation will be complete. These are three congenial spirits that may set the deuce at defiance.

There is another public place however, which is well worthy their united labours, and the conversion of its members is even more desired by the people than was the emancipation of the blacks, by the ladies of Clapham Common. If the reverend boatswain would but *alter* their manners, and bring them upon a par with his female friends at Billingsgate, he need not fear being brought up at the Mansion House for his pains.

Dignified Condescension.—"As an instance," says a morning paper, "of the Duchess of Kent's extreme consideration for the inferior members of her household establishment, she gave directions for a very agreeable fete to be prepared for them on board the Messenger, steamer," We could relate many instances of her Royal Highness's *extreme* consideration. It appears that when a fête is given at Kensington Palace, H. R. H. condescends to ask the aid of one of the bands of Foot Guards. Now these individuals, being talented persons, are not only paid out of the private purses of the officers, but are allowed to take engagements in theatrical orchestras, which privileges indeed are requisite to insure effective bands. Each of these Kensington festivals therefore, costs each performer a night's salary, with the expense of carriage to the Palace, and after exerting themselves all night for the gratification of the dignified revellers, they are dismissed, and by the *extreme consideration* of H. R. H., each individual is graciously presented with a ticket, value *eighteen pence*, to be exchanged for bread and cheese at a neighbouring canteen!

We have often had occasion to remark the peculiarities of that extraordinary variation of the human family, known to us as Police Magistrates,—their intellectuality, their humanity, and above all—notwithstanding their irresponsible and absolute power—their stern

sense of justice, "according to law," that is, "according to a law of their own," *police law*. That magistrates should have the power to condemn the unfortunate to share a jail with felons and malefactors, is a monstrous dereliction from a sense of right on the part of those who have delegated such power. That they have the will to place misfortune upon a par with crime, but too many cases before us attest. Such an abandonment of high and generous feelings can only be accounted for upon the principle that a continual contact with misery produces an extreme callousness of heart. This is a depravity of feeling peculiar to bailiffs, hangmen, and magistrates. They are characterised by a want of sympathy with the wretched and broken-hearted, a disbelief in honesty, an indecorous levity with misfortune; which hateful deviations can only be acquired by their constant communion with the debased of our species in the exercise of their several disgusting and disgraceful callings. That such repulsive manifestations are quite wilful, and not allowed by law, we learn from a case at Marlborough-street, when an unfortunate and talented gentleman, Mr. Somerset, was charged with "singing his own verses in a low tone of voice" *for bread*. Mr. Dyer was rather puzzled. The straightforward way would be to have sent him to jail; but perhaps the press might have been impertinent; he was therefore *allowed* to depart. The awful announcement of Mr. Dyer, "You have committed an offence for which you ought to be sent to jail!" has raised emotions within us of rather a personal nature. Many a time have we sung under a lady's window, nor dreamt that our amorous fervour risked the climax of fourteen days cooling in the treadmill! Why was not the *mercy* shewn to Mr. Somerset, likewise extended to the poor Irish girl, who endeavoured to support her destitute brothers and sisters by selling trinkets? The following is the result of that disgraceful report;—

Mr. GREGORIE. (To the Policeman,) "Did you hear her beg?"—POLICEMAN. "No sir."—Mr. GREGORIE. Has she ever been in custody before?"—Kaing the jailer said he did not remember her.—Mr. GREGORIE. "*Then I shall commit you for fourteen days.*"—YOUNG WOMAN. (Bursting into tears,) "Pray do not send me to prison! Oh! my poor mother!"—She was then locked up.

We make no comment on this case. The magistrate found by inquiring, that the poor girl was worthy and industrious—that she had offended against no law; *therefore* she was a very proper person for prison.

THE BLACK BATTALION.—The United Service Gazette has humanely suggested a most affecting method of providing for a large body of men who are likely soon to be thrown out of employ, and from their habits not capable of any honest exertion.

"An old officer has proposed that, as at the present time there are thousands of blackguard lawyers and other reptiles creating distress, and plundering the unhappy victims, that two or more battalions should be formed entirely of this class, to be entitled the "Devil's own," and that they be immediately shipped off for Sierra Leone, there to remain under orders for active service against the Ashantees."

It would be indeed a blessing to this industrious race, if such a plan could be acted upon, particularly as during the next session the alteration which will doubtless take place in the laws of arrest, will throw so many of the vermin out of bread, that an immense increase to the already numerous class of swindlers, smashers, and pickpockets, may be expected. The plan is most humane and merciful, and would save numbers from the gallows. We recommend, as an amendment, if the plan should receive the sanction of a high quarter, that a *corps des guides* be formed as an auxiliary to the black battalions, to be selected from the most active of the bum-bailiffs, a class of men whose pursuits would render them highly available against the savages. It would be the height of ingratitude not to provide for this interesting race, after their fellow-labourers had departed, and their "occupation gone."

THE METEOR OF THE MANSION-HOUSE.—There is another star in the East, which the wise men of Portsoken and Farringdon Within hail as a sign of great promise. Never since the days of the illustrious Gog—who has long been a silent observer of public affairs from his retirement at Guildhall—has the tutelar deity of the Mansion-house opened its oracular jaws with such effect. The neighbourhood of the Poultry, and eke St. Mary Axe, has been, as it were, thunderstruck with its awful responses; it is acknowledged that the civic chair is now really graced by "absolute wisdom!" However, Gog is to our unsophisticated mind much the more sensible gentleman, for he conceals his lack of brains—he never opens his mouth to make a fool of himself. Not so with the oracle; who moreover exhibits a strange arrogance, and worse than all, an aptitude to prejudge cases requiring the most careful impartiality—a sure indication of ignorance and self-sufficiency. During the investigation of Mr. Savory's case the following conversation took place. Mr. Savory was examined on the marks of spoons which he was accused of having forged:—

LORD MAYOR.—"Mr. Savory is doing himself *no good* by examining those marks. *It shews* that he is well acquainted with the difference between them and those of Goldsmith's Hall."—Mr. Adolphus did not think it fair to draw such injurious inferences from the act of his client. "If," observed the learned counsel, "if I committed a forgery upon your lordship, would you not naturally inspect the fabrication?"—LORD MAYOR. (significantly) "Yes, and I should know, as Mr. Savory, does *no doubt*, the difference!"

The Lord Mayor piques himself on his acute perception of crime, and forgetting the great leading principle that every man is considered honest until proved a rogue, he treats every man as a rogue until proved to be honest—an excellent Dogberry maxim, and stands in full force against his *worship*. The fabrication of saddlery is not the most efficient course of study for a professor of jurisprudence; neither is a parer of pig-skins the best qualified for a judge. The following is a specimen of an *acute* magistrate of former days, disposing of a *charge* of piracy. He must surely have been a "citizen and saddler," or a Queen's-square stipendiary:—

Magistrate.—"Harkee, sirrah; you pitiful ill-looking wretch; what have you to say why you should not be tucked up immediately, and sent a sun-drying like a scarecrow? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Prisoner.—"Not guilty, an't please your worship."

Magistrate.—"Not guilty! say so again, and I'll have you h angedwithout any trial. Answer me, sirrah, how will you be tried?"

Prisoner.—"By God and my country."

Magistrate.—"The devil you will! Why then I have nothing to do but to proceed to judgment."

Officer of the Court.—"Right, your worship, for if the fellow should be suffered to speak he may clear himself, and that's an affront to your worship."

Prisoner.—"I hope your worship will consider——"

Magistrate.—"Consider! How dare you talk of considering, sirrah."

Prisoner.—"But I hope your worship will hear some reason."

Magistrate.—"I'd have you to know, rascal, I don't sit here to *reason*, I go according to *law*. Is my dinner ready?"

Officer of the Court.—"Yes, your worship."

Magistrate.—'Then, harkee, you rascal at the bar, you must be hanged because you have a hanging *look;* you must be hanged of *course*. That's the *law*. Take him away, gaoler."

THINGS MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL.

The winter campaign is about to commence, it is said, with extraordinary activity on the part of the belligerents. We hope the public may not suffer in proportion. Mr. Bunn has threatened to take our city by storm, by means of foreign auxiliaries and a judiciously combined plan of attack: we wait the bombardment with impatience.

Madame Vestris has issued her cards of invitation in the guise of scarlet and green, whereon we recognise the names of many of our favourites of last season. Among the stars of inferior magnitude are names which have escaped our astronomical researches. We do not doubt that they have twinkled very agreeably in their own spheres, though it would have required the aid of a very powerful instrument to discover them.

The proceedings of the summer theatres have hardly been worth noticing. With the exception of a clever piece by Mr. Jerrold, "The Housekeeper," and one by Mr. Searle, "the Yeoman's Daughter," scarcely any thing beyond the rank of a farce has appeared. A *debutante* has appeared, however, that claims our especial notice.

Miss Eliza Paton is more deserving of encouragement than any candidate for public favour that we have of late noticed. If she have good sense, and is prepared to study hard, she will become eminent. The curse of all our English singers is their self-conceit. The moment they make a successful appearance, they fancy themselves at the summit of their art. They forget that nothing but the most intense application can make such singers as Pasta and Malibran.

Miss E. Paton's voice it a very rich and extensive soprano: but she is evidently unable to manage it. When she endeavours to produce effect, either on the lower notes, or on the higher, she is sure to fail,—merely from injudicious management. Singers who have not been well instructed, fancy that the greater exertion they make on particular points, the greater effect will be produced; whereas, the very

reverse is the case. Straining the voice is sure to produce a cloudy and indistinct tone; and worse than that, the voice will rarely be in tune. Some notes of Miss Paton's voice possess the most beautiful quality of tone—the inequality she displays is evidently the result of bad instruction. It is not enough to possess a fine voice and flexibility; judicious study is requisite to make a fine singer. As Miss E. Paton is a young lady of no ordinaey power, we would advise her to pay particular attention to the management of her breath, aud the equalization of tone. If she does that, and has the good luck not to become conceited with success, she will make an accomplished artist.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Pindar in English Verse. By the Rev. Henry F. Cary, A.M. Moxon.

The translation of Pindar into English verse is indeed one of the quicksands of literature. It is difficult and dangerous to cross unscathed. Few have attempted, and those few have failed. The English reader has never yet had an idea of the original. The metres of the original have not yet been sufficiently explained by scholars, for while Porson and Hermann have unravelled all the intricacies of the metres of the Greek tragedians, those of Pindar have not met with that attention which the merit of his odes demands. And we hold it to be a sound principle that it is almost impossible to give a proper idea of the original in a translation, unless something of the the peculiar metre for which Pindar is so distinguished is retained in the version.

Mr. Cary, whose poetical powers are known, from his admirable translation of the Italian poet, has attempted to give the English reader some conception of the peculiar metres of the original. This cannot be properly done, since, as we said before, the learned are not yet acquainted with the metres of the Greek. But in other respects the translator has not been unsuccessful. The version is also accurate and clear, and any scholar will directly perceive its superiority over West by comparing any one passage with the Greek. We would more particularly refer him to the Fourth Pythian Ode, where he will recognize both the meaning and the *poetry* of the original. The Tuscan bard, however, in our opinion, suits the genius of Mr. Cary better than he of Greece.

Famiy Classical Library. No. XLV. Æschylus.

The spirited translation of Potter has been reprinted by Mr. Valpy, in his useful work. The merits and the faults of the version have been so long known, and so often pointed out, that it would be needless to reiterate the criticisms of preceding writers. The translation, however, of Æschylus by Potter, is far superior to his translations of Sophocles and Euripides; in that work he has happily seized the fire and spirit of the original. Those who are so unfortunate as to be unable to peruse the father of tragedy in the Greek, will, nevertheless, catch many glimpses of his splendour and sublimity in the glowing pages of the English, and will see the truth of the eloquent description of Sir Walter Scott, "That at the summons of Æschylus, the mysterious and tremendous volume of destiny, in which are inscribed the doom of Gods and men, seemed to display its leaves of iron before the appalled spectators; the more than mortal voices of deities, Titans, and departed heroes were heard in awful conference; Olympus bowed, and

its deities descended; earth yawned, and gave up the pale spectres of the dead, and the yet more undefined and grisly forms of those infernal deities, who struck horror into the gods themselves." There is prefixed to this volume a dissertation on the Grecian drama, of considerable length, written very elegantly, and containing all the information which is necessary to enable a reader properly to understand the tragedies of the Greeks.

School and College Greek Classics. The Philoctetes of Sophocles, with English Notes, by G. Burgess, A.M., Trin. Coll. Cam.

This edition of the Philoctetes will be found very useful by the student whose knowledge of the language is not very extended. The notes contain translations of the most difficult passages, and references to Matthias's Greek Grammar, Viger's Idioms, and many other works of the same description, in order to explain the construction of the original. The parallel passages from Sophocles are frequently inserted in the notes, and where there is a difficulty Mr. Burgess always endeavours, if not to remove it, at least to explain the meaning, which is more than can be said of many annotators, who, as Lord Bacon observes, are tedious and prolix where the meaning is clear, but always pass over what is obscure.

The editor appears to have taken great trouble in presenting a good text, but we cannot approve of many of the alterations he has made. If he had followed the text of the Oxford Edition of 1826, we should have been able to give almost unqualified praise to the work.

Edinburgh Academy. Prize List. Edinburgh, Adam Black.

This is a pamphlet containing the prize essays in Latin, Greek, English, and French, written by the young gentlemen of the Edinburgh Academy. The Greek compositions are admirable. Never again can our learned bigots boast the pre-eminent superiority of our own schools in classical learning to those of the North. All persons who take an interest in the progress of education would do well to procure this pamphlet. They will not fail to be astonished and delighted, as we have been, with the elegance of the English composition, and the classical correctness of the Greek and Latin essays.

Lyric Leaves. By Cornelius Webbe. Griffiths.

We were touched by "compunctious visitings" as we took up our pen to indulge in some few remarks on this beautiful volume, that it should so long have lain unnoticed by us. The truth is, it was hidden under books of burlier dimensions, though of less worth; a fate too often illustrated by the "man of substance," and the lean, ideal poet. Mr. Webbe's muse is a natural, a delightful one; it sings of fields and flowers, and the sky in all its changes—of homely scenes, and of the affections born of home. Some of the rustic sketches are exquisitely true to nature. We cannot, even in our ample and numerous columns, give the rein to our wishes of extract; therefore must content ourselves with recommending all true lovers of poetry, and poetry in its truest, sweetest guise, speedily to possess themselves of Mr. Webbe's little volume; it will be found an admirable companion either to the hearth or the greenwood-side.

The Archer's Guide. Hurst. London.

This is the most complete work of the kind we have seen. It abounds with useful information to the professors of that "weapon of renown," the long-bow. As a work for the general reader it is highly interesting, being carefully compiled from a variety of authors, embracing its ancient and modern history.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. No. XX. CINNAMON AND PEARLS; A TALE. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. LONDON: CHARLES FOX, 1833.

WHENEVER it has been our duty to speak of Miss Martineau, and upon any occasion when her monthly increasing works have been laid before us for review, we think we have not been slow to award the degree of praise to her miraculously prolific pen, which both the graphic skill with which it is employed, and the important subjects to which it has devoted its powers, undoubtedly demanded from us.

It were, perhaps, neither gallant, just, nor to the purpose, to inquire whether an originally disinterested and philosophical aim have not been gradually diverted from its object, and converted, by other influences, into a mere book-making speculation,—whether what was, in the first instance, a spirit of instruction, be not now a matter of trade,—and lastly, whether Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy" have not placed more available assets into her own pocket, than available ideas into the heads of her readers.

We take it for granted that Miss Martineau, actuated by a very proper regard for her own worldly welfare (a consciousness of which might, we think, occasionally modify her strictures upon others, who justify the continuance of monopolies in which they are implicated on the same ground), is, nevertheless, zealous to remedy the defects of former legislators, and to amend the fiscal and philosophical errors of her predecessors.

It might, then, be worth her while to lend an ear to parties* fully alive to her merits, generally favourable to her views, and especially anxious for her success. It may be, also, not open to invidious misconstruction, if *we*, too, take the liberty of suggesting that more time, more thought, and, above all, more diffidence should be bestowed and displayed than Miss Martineau has heretofore chosen to devote to the discussion of questions which fully demand the most unreserved sacrifice of the former two, and a very sincere exhibition of the last.

For we hold it to be quite a plausible conjecture, that Miss Martineau is not, as yet, fully mistress of the principles which she so perseveringly and periodically seeks to illustrate; that even if she be, principles which others, no less competent than herself, have been so long endeavouring to establish, are not likely to be summarily disposed of by her; and the object which they have failed to reach by a straight course, it is hardly possible for her to anticipate by a crooked one.

It may be all very well, as a matter of speculation, to insinuate principles of political economy into a tale which shall have popular requisites to recommend it; by these means, at all events, the philosophical authoress may contrive (not to kill, we trust, but) to bring down "two birds with one stone; and, while she secures the political economist, to bag at the same time the novel-reading spinster; but the effect of her labours is another question.

The allegory of the "Fairy Queen" was never yet satisfactorily explained, and its exposition has been long ago relinquished in despair; and we confess that the illustrations of Miss Martineau are, for the most part, quite as unintelligible.

We can, indeed, often apprehend the companion, when we are quite at a loss to discern the analogy; and, sometimes, when an external analogy of position has been attained, the essential disparity of circumstances is left out of the account altogether.

Could the affairs of the world be regulated by general principles, it would hardly require a superior intelligence to expound, or a more than ordinary

* The Edinburgh Review.

capacity to understand them; but where circumstances have created a conflict of opinion, or a collision of interest, out of which antagonist influences the remedy for the grievance, whatever it be, is to be supplied, the only advantage of overring to principles is, that they may be constantly and beneficially borne in mind. And then it is not only well, but indispensable, that they be put forth in a plain, intelligible, and direct form.

In a word, this "putting a case" is, in nine instances out of ten, merely putting a difficulty. A storm in the tropics is not very strikingly illustrated by a convulsed puddle in the precincts; and a bee very busy in a sun-flower is but a sorry representation of a bull very boisterous in a china-shop. Suppose this piece of white chalk to be a piece of green cheese, that will not convince us that Dover Cliff bears any resemblance to the hills of Cheddar.

Again, the politico-philosophical tyro who may happen to be very obtuse on a question of sugar and coffee, is not likely to be remarkably acute in details of a chank or a pearl; and the fanciful machinery chosen by Miss Martineau for the exhibition of her principles is far more calculated to divert him from the pursuit than to encourage him in the study of theories, in whose company fancy, at least, seems to be somewhat out of her element.

Miss Martineau, in the work before us, "Cinnamon and Pearls," has attempted to show that the restrictive principle, as applied by England to her colonies, is neither to the advantage of the colonies themselves, nor for the interest of the Mother Country; and that "in proportion, therefore, as trade with colonies is distinguished from trade with other places, by restriction on buyers at home, or on sellers in the colonies, that trade (involving the apparatus of restriction), becomes an occasion of loss instead of gain to the empire."

We have not much to urge against the arguments employed by Miss Martineau, that we cannot set forth in a very few words. We perfectly agree with our authoress, that the restriction of trade, as between us and the colonies, is vastly prejudicial to this country; but we are inclined to believe that the boon of free trade granted to our merchants, and extended to the colonies, would be any thing but a desirable circumstance to the latter. We are disposed to believe that all the increase of trade of which the colonies may be susceptible, and which the removal of restrictive enactments would enable them to turn to the best advantage, would not in any desirable degree compensate for the loss of ultra-profitable commerce in which they have been engaged with us. We conceive that we have been paying a ruinous premium to the colonies for their goods, which, without restriction, we should have got much cheaper, or have procured elsewhere; and we contend that the restrictive system was invented for the cure, and has quite answered its purpose of enriching the colonies at the expense of the Mother Country. And it can be shown that the colonies do not at this moment exhibit a satisfactory illustration of our argument, it is, we think, quite as clear that their present state is no consequence of restriction, but is attributable to very different causes.

We cannot sufficiently praise the perspicuous and elegant style of Miss Martineau, which is one of this lady's chief commendations, and has, we doubt not, contributed in a great measure to the popularity of her writings. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than the following description. It is the first day of the pearl fishery in Ceylon:—

"All were confident; and the crowds on the beach looked as joyous for the night as if the work was going on for their sakes. A city of bowers seemed to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd, or like the tabernacles which, in old times of Jewish festivals, made Jerusalem a leafy paradise for a short season of every year. Talipot tents, and bamboo huts dressed with greens and flowers, were clustered around the sordid dwellings on the sands. Throngs of merchants and craftsmen, black, tawny, and white, with their

variety of costumes, mingled in this great fair. The polisher of jewels was there with his glittering treasure. The pearl-driller looked to his needles and pearl dust, while awaiting on his low seat the materials on which he was to employ his skill. The bald, yellow-mantled priest of Budhoo passed on amidst obeisances in one place, as did the Catholic pastor in another. The white vested Mahomedan, the turbaned Hindoo, the swathed Malay merchants exhibited their stores, or looked passively on the gay scene. The quiet Dutchman from the south sent a keen glance through the market in quest of precious stones in the hands of an ignorant or indolent vender. The haughty Candian abated his fierceness, and stepped out of the path of the European; while the stealthy Cingalese was in no one's path, but won his way like a snake in the tall grass of the jungle. The restless lessees of the bank, meanwhile, were flitting near the boats, now ranged in a long row, each with its platform, ropes, and pullies; each with its shark-binder, its pilot, its commander, its crew of ten, and its company of ten divers. The boat-lights were being kindled, one by one, and scattering a thousand sparkles over the rippling tide. It was just on the stroke of ten, and the signal gun was all that was waited for. The buzz of voices fell into a deep silence as the expectation became more intense. Those who were wont to make the heavens their clock and the stars its hour-hand, looked up to mark the precise inclination of the Southern Cross; while those who found an index in the flow of the tide, paced the sands from watermark to watermark. Yet more turned their faces southward towards the dark outline of hill and forest that rose on the horizon, and watched for the land breeze. It came—at first in light puffs which scarcely bowed the rushes around the lagoons, or made a stir among the stalks in the rice-ground. Moment by moment it strengthened, till the sails of the boats began to bulge, and every torch and faggot of cocoa-nut leaves on the beach slanted its forks of flame towards the sea, as if to indicate to the voyagers their way. Then the signal-gun boomed its wreath of smoke curled lazily upward and dispersed itself in the clear air, while a shout, in which every variety of voice was mingled, seemed to chase the little fleet into the distance. The shouting ceased amidst the anxiety of watching the clusters of receding lights, which presently looked as if they had parted company with those in the sky, and had become a degree less pure by their descent. Then rose the song of the dancing-girls, as they stood grouped, each with a jewelled arm withdrawn from beneath her mantle, and her jet-black hair bound with strings of pearl. Mixed with their chaunt, came the mutterings and gabblings of the charmers who remained on shore, contorting their bodies more vehemently than would have been safe on any footing less stable than *terra firma*."

Benson Powlet. 2 Vols, 8vo. London: A. K. Newman & Co. 1833.

We think it possible that, by exerting himself again, again and again, the author of this hint might succeed in writing something which it would be worth the while of a sedentary lady or gentleman at a watering-place to try, by way of experiment.

We are sorry we cannot say much of our author's present, and, we should judge, his first production; the tale flags most wretchedly during the first volume; and the incidents occupying the second are chiefly miserable details of sticking in the mud, of creeping through dry ditches, and traversing uncomfortable coasts; circumstances which, in spite of their being very unpleasant to the parties themselves, and notwithstanding that, failing in our notions, which causes us to look upon such mishaps as vastly pleasant to read of, are not set off by such graphic powers as recommend them to our interest, or excite our curiosity.

In spite, however, of this first failure, let our author hazard another trial. We think there is something in him that may ripen into mediocrity; the best

result which, in our modern literary atmosphere, he should, as a prudent man, aspire to effect.

LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT FOREIGN STATESMEN. BY EYRE EVANS CROWE.

THIS volume, comprising the lives of Cardinal Amboise, Ximenes, Leo the Tenth, Cardinal Granville, and Maurice of Saxony, Barnevelt, Sully, Duke of Leima, Duke of Ossuna, and the far-famed Lorenzo de Medici, fully supports that character of excellence which every preceding number of the Cabinet Cyclopædia has so justly merited. At such a time as the present, the publication of such a work as the Lives of Foreign Statesmen is peculiarly opportune. The charge, the size, and the succinct sufficiency of each biography, render it a cheap, conveniently compact, and highly valuable addition to the political library of every one, who desires to examine and understand the character and principles of those great main springs in the government of the world—the statesmen of other countries. Without such knowledge and reading, however great our acquaintance with the history of our own country, it must suffer the imputation of being still very imperfect, if the motives, schemes, and objects of those whose power or whose subtlety abroad have influenced our policy at home, either in our own defence, or with reference to our relationship with others, be only conjectural or indistinctly known. A work of this nature will make up, and fit in, those odd pieces in the puzzle of political history; which without, we have in vain, perhaps, been attempting to reconcile.

Mr. Crowe, the compiler, has executed his task with great care and completeness; so far as we can judge, at least, from the first volume. His style is simple and chaste, and the chief incidents in the lives of these great men, with also the intrigues and duplicity characteristic of the times in which some of them flourished, are given with remarkable fidelity.

EUROPE, A POLITICAL SKETCH; AND OTHER POEMS. BY CHARLES OWEN APPERLEY.

THE modern receipt for poem-making, though open certainly to the charge of being neither majestic nor honest, is undoubtedly distinguished for a certain curious ingenuity and predatory blushlessness. A young gentleman conceives the idea of writing a poem, or a series of idyls, and forthwith furnishing himself with a congenial goose quill, and a smooth sheet of Bath, he draws his chair to the window, in order to command the full presence of nature (a few pigs fattening for Christmas, and an unfortunate donkey out of work), and seizing a pen in one hand, and with the other dashing his undisciplined tresses back into something like poetic fury, he commences. What shall it be? Evening? there I shall jostle with Gray. Poland? there I shall elbow Campbell. Never mind, something must be done, so here are a few stanzas on a "nice evening, sir."

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
"The lowing herd winds slowly up the lea;"
So sings the soft, the ever-classic Gray,
And oh! how sweet this sweetest eve to me.

"The drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold;"
Just as he wrote in nature's truth appears,
O that so young I ever should be old,
"And all the earth a solemn stillness" wears.

Hark! in my ear the homeward beetle hums,
The owl with hollow hootings fills the vale;
Night from the west in ebon chariot comes,
And chaste the moon looks forth with visage pale.

Now day is to his dreary pillow borne,
The sun hath sought his occidental bed;
" What time the grey-fly winds his sultry horn,
And o'er the one half world seems nature dead," &c.

With such like maudling dilutions of the works of the immortal great, do these redoubted personages mess up what they choose to call poetry—original poetry! One of them may, perhaps, bursting with the inward spirit of an uncontrollable genius, rush for once from the trodden path with frantic inspiration, and essay to paint, by way of novelty, a maniac in a fit: here it is,—

Look at him now, in bitter madness grinning,
A poor old wretch " more sinned against than sinning;"
Yet as he shrieks with that appalling cry—
Observe " the laughing devil in his eye," &c.

We have attempted thus to show the modern mode of tacking together verse, and thus is half the metrical issue of the press a mere hodge-podge of other men's thoughts and imaginings, cooked up, after all, by very indifferent *artistes;* a satchel provided with other men's viands, a shabby-genteel toad eating at the muse's table. And, moreover, these lacqueys at the great man's heel, these paraders about in their masters' habiliments, appear to glory in their shame most marvellously, for frequently they are to be seen strutting and promenading abroad after a singularly ridiculous fashion, the appropriated garment drawn on their servile backs the inside outward, and the ticket bearing their master's name stitched upon the collar, and staring in the face of every passenger. Inverted commas, the shoulder-knots of literary obligation, you shall encounter, thick as rogues in every page, with the same consistency as should be manifested in the common thief who, vending his pilfered prize, should take upon himself to recommend it, with the positive assurance that he had just abstracted it from the pocket of a cathedral doctor, or eloquent M.P.

With some people these gentlemen pass as high and important characters, on the same ground, we suppose, as black-legs and swindlers obtain a bow from a simple country yeoman—" they looks like friends of the great lord as it were." Their book is usually got up well, the print is neat, and it is prettily boarded perhaps; furthermore, the chap has a certain suavity; he doffs his hat with a deferential smirk in the introduction—protests he has been involuntarily pushed forward by his friends, too partial friends—implores lenity, and so on, and the indubitable dolt who has allowed himself to be taken in, partly because he reposes unlimited confidence in his own dullness, and thinks it a merit to differ where all the rest of the world agree, and partly for the reason that he knows no more of English literature, its stores, and resources, than a pig of pathology, or an owl of optics, the poor wretch consents to suppose the impostor a great genius, and buttons up his pockets with all the dignity of one conscious of having done his best to revive the poetic taste, and the falling literature of our country.

One of these numerous troops of bardlings is Mr. Charles Owen Apperly. There is neither vigour nor fancy, in the proper sense of the word in him. His vigour is the effort of a clod-pole tumbling a reel, and as for fancy, he capers about amid the sweet dainties of conceit like a distraught creature in a bed of violets, or a porpoise in rose-water. He may, however, be considered in his own circle, perhaps, a clever and very estimable man, and scribble in albums to the infinite delight of the little misses in his immediate neighbourhood; and now and then he may, we think, contend for, and achieve the dignity of an odd corner in a magazine, or an obscure nook in a newspaper. Further than this we admonish him not to attempt, or if he will, we add this still further advice, that in order to save time and trouble,

however the laudable disinterestedness of Messrs. Smith and Elder shall tempt him to accede to these generous, and oft-repeated proposals, themselves to run every hazard, still we advise him to publish it in parts, at once and cotemporaneously at all the dealers, rather in a useful article of domestic economy, which is produced of milk, and usually sold at cheesemongers, or, whichever he pleases, at the several trunkmakers in the kingdom; then we warrant him as wide a circulation, and as complete, as the most ambitious bard could desire.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITTANNICA, No. XLII.

"*L'art de faire un livre est un metier comme de faire une pendule,*" says La Bruyere, and verily the experience of the present age justifies the observation of the French Moralist. We have the XLII. Number of the Encyclopedia Britannica before us, a work which, as a whole, we hope will do honour to the present age, is in portions rather faulty. The present Number has evident marks of hasty compilation. Thus in speaking of the diamond, the writer of that article says, that in Brazils, it is confined to the district of Serra do Frio which is a palpable error; diamond districts exist in almost every province of the empire; but which are not allowed to be worked, lest the exuberant produce should cause a diminution in the value of the precious gems. The article is written by some person who has not taken sufficient pains to master his subject.

ENGLAND IN 1833. BY BARON D'HAUSSEZ, EX-MINISTER OF MARINE UNDER CHARLES X. BENTLEY. LONDON.

This is a work à la Trollope; consequently destitute of truth, sense, or decency. The author is a twaddling old coxcomb.

THE INCARNATION, AND OTHER POEMS. BY THOMAS RAGG.

"This little Poem on the Incarnation," says the Author, in his preface, "though in itself perfectly entire, is but in reality the tenth book of a Poem in twelve books, on the Deity. We have read with deep attention and great satisfaction Mr. Ragg's Poem, particularly as we understand his situation in life to be simply that of a mechanic. Mr. Ragg did well to apprise us of the nature of his calling, for although, undoubtedly, there are passages on which the eye of criticism may rest, and many, such a work we never should have imagined even most distantly to have been the production of a man in the honourable but humble capacity of a working subordinate.

The garden of poesy has become, unhappily, of late, little more than a blank sterile wild; produced as much we believe by the sharp hands of disfavour, as by any radical poverty and meanness in the soil, which it may inherently possess. Mr. Ragg will pardon us if, more experienced in the craggy ways and walks of literature, we presume to be his monitor, and to caution him most earnestly against raising up prospective shadows of future comfort or benefit from the cultivation of the centennial flower of verse. Is he discontent with the situation in which fortune has placed him? Let him apply sedulously and cheerfully that excellent sense, dignified by religious feeling which is manifested throughout his work, to the promotion of any scheme in the active world, for his own advancement, which his own intelligence can suggest to him. We will not, even though it should excite a momentary thrill of satisfaction in the heart of the object of such ungenerous duplicity too surely to be succeeded by the sickening reaction of disappointment and bitterness of soul—we will not flatter him into hopes that he can ever gain public advantage from the prosecution of his present undertaking. At the same time that we wish most heartily that his present little work, written with a correctness that might do honour to many with far superior advantages, and in a spirit of piety and devotion honourable to all, may not escape

observation in a quarter where its excellences may meet a just appreciation and reward.

Mr. Ragg, however, will be able better to judge how far it will be expedient to publish the remaining books of this poem, when he has determined the sale of the present. On taking leave of him, we conjure him, by all means, to "stick to his trade." It is impossible his qualifications and talents can be overlooked there; but in the literary world there are such men labouring for a precarious subsistence—struggling just beyond the waves of absolute want, that he could not be surprised if his fate should be something worse than throwing the shuttle and weaving goodly silks.

We are sorry we are only enabled to extract, for want of space, one sonnet from Mr. Ragg's minor poems:—

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Bright star of even, thy delightful ray
Is lovely to my sight; I love thy hour,
I love the dusky twilight's silken grey,
And own the strength of its enchanting power;
For peace to me seems whispering in each breeze
That bears thy influence, as the worn out day,
Sinks on his cradle bed; and brooks and trees
And waving corn-fields their soft music play,
To lull it to repose; peace seems to dwell
On every tongue, the grassy mountain high,
The dark'ning valley, and the rocky dell,
All speak the self-same note; while the bright sky,
Enlivened by thy beams, looks so serene,
The ravish'd soul might think strife ne'er had been.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Works in the press, and those just published:—

Waldermar; an Historical Romance, 8th Vol. of the Library of Romance, edited by Leitch Ritchie, just published.

Zara, a Poem of the Sea, by the Author of "Naufragus."

Lieut. Breton's Nine Years in Australia. In one handsome Volume.

The Life of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M., will shortly appear.

The Lives of British Actresses who have Intermarried with Noble Families. 4 Vols. By Walter Stubbs, A.M.

On the 1st of October, Ormond, being the Eighteenth and Concluding Volume of Maria Edgeworth's Tales and Novels. 6s.

Mutual Culture. By J. L. Levison. 12mo. 6s.

Letters on Christian Ethics. By the Rev. R. Wardlaw, D.D.

A New Work. By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of German Life."

Twenty Minutes Advice on the Eyes. By a Retired Oculist.

Compendium of Æsteology. By George Witt, D.D.

Dransfield's Sermons on Various Subjects. 3 Vols.

Dransfield's Morning and Evening Prayers. 12mo.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

During the absence of Parliament our domestic affairs present but little variety. The study of our legislators is now principally directed to the consolidation of wavering interests, within their respective provinces and townships; likewise "about this time," as Francis Moore would say, our tatesmen are busier with birds than with ambassadors. Popping will be

more in vogue than protocolling, and battues than birth-days; not an under-strapper in Downing Street but will leave penning dispatches, and hasten to send his "circulars."

The interest of politicians has been monopolized by affairs on the continent, of which we treat elsewhere; but in the absence of more stirring excitement, at home, we find the subject of Tithes of the greatest interest in the public mind. The demon of selfishness seems to have fixed in the hearts of a number of the Clergy, for they have revived claims which appear to have grown obsolete from their injustice. Poor labouring men have been imprisoned from inability to pay an arrear of tithe upon their scanty wages, and war has been declared upon the farmers by demanding tithe upon agistment, that is, the produce consumed by stock upon the farm; whereas the tithe is considered to be fully paid by the fleece and lambs of the sheep, and milk of the cows so depastured. The double claim is manifestly unjust.

The commission upon corporation abuses appears to be industriously seeking out matter for their report; for which, from the acknowledged impurity of these sinks of peculation, they appear to meet with a most abundant material. Some curious particulars have been already elicited. The town-clerk at Huntingdon serely puzzled their worships, by rather a naive reply. It appeared that all the places in the corporation were monopolized by the House of Sandwich, and on finding the name of the Earl of Ancram down as Recorder of that "ancient and loyal town," one of the commission inquired what excuse could be made for such an appointment, seeing that the office ought only to be filled by one "learned in the law." Oh! quoth the functionary, "the Earl cannot be better qualified, being an *hereditary* legislator!" The Report of the Poor Law Commission contain a mass of highly valuable information; we shall have an article before long upon this subject. The dislike which has been manifested to the Assessed Taxes appears to be daily encreasing. Many seizures have been made on the goods of individuals in default of payment, but great difficulty has been experienced in realizing the sale from the absence of a principal agent in such transactions—buyers. Auctioneers have even been found sufficiently patriotic to resist the temptation of a per centage, and refuse to become the government medium.

The visit of the Queen of Portugal has been a great source of interest with the idlers who have been fortunate enough to occupy the line of her majesty's progress. More powder has been expended than would bombard her Imperial parent. Portsmouth has gone out of its wits with pure monarchical joy; even Bagshot has partaken of the popular enthusiasm. and Mr. Briscoe, the member, has been seized with a spirit of philanthropism, and has presented her majesty with "De Lolme upon the *Constitution*," enjoining a careful study. Had he presented her with a bottle of Rowland's Kalydor, she would be more likely to dip into its contents. However, the old Castle of Windsor stands where it did, and the little Queen is gone to see whither Lisbon and its towers are equally fortunate. Very agreable intelligence has been received from the West Indies, that the colonial legislators are desirous of co-operating with the measures of government to the utmost of their power. The Irish Protestants appear to be excessively amazed at the appointment of the Marquess Wellesley. He is known to be favourable to that long oppressed and injured class of people, the Catholics of Ireland. Tithes still continue there to be the bitter feud, notwithstanding the grant of Parliament to the Protestant clergy, as an indemnification. So unchristianlike is the spirit, that some have preferred their chance of law to the proposed payment. As church matters are uppermost with the public, we subjoin the following account of improvements in the Liturgy of the Church of England, which have been submitted to the consideration of the more influential and dignified of its members:—

1. That the morning service be compressed into less compass.

2. That but one creed be recited during one service.

3. That the article "he descended into hell" be omitted, because it was in none of the ancient creeds, as is confirmed by the authorities of Bishops Burnet and Pearson, and Dr. Barrow; and because it contradicts, in plain terms, that declaration of our Lord, "this day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

4. That a more judicious, *decent*, and *edifying selection*, be made of the lessons from the Old Testament.

5. That the Lord's Prayer be used but once in the morning and once in the evening service.

6. That the prayer for all conditions of men and the general thanksgiving, be inserted in *their proper places*.

7. That such Psalms be read as were *designed for*, and are *adapted* to public worship; and that those which consist of *maledictions* and *imprecations*, be omitted, as *totally unfit* for a Christian congregation.

8. That the prayer for the King be less in the *state style*—thus, "With thy favour to behold thy servant our sovereign," and that the words, "most religious and gracious," (which were first applied by our church to Charles II. be left out.

9. That a proper form be provided for a time of general sickness. The *necessity* of this was evinced during the prevalence of the cholera. Certain forms were sent for the minister and clerk of each parish, in which the congregation were to join as they could, for they had nothing to go by but what they had heard read from the desk, so that to them, at least, it was *no common prayer*.

10. That in the Gospels be inserted the parable of the Prodigal Son, the narrative of the Widow's Mite, Martha and Mary, Zaccheus, and such other portions of the history and sayings of our Saviour as are omitted, so that the Gospel may contain the substance of the whole four Gospels, instead of a *bit here* and a *bit there*, without any method or *intelligible arrangement*, and that some of the Epistles be changed.

11. Lastly, that the services for the 30th of January and the 5th of November be left out, as *serving no other purpose* than to revive political enmity, and *perpetuate religious discord;* and that, whenever a word becomes decidedly obsolete and unintelligible, (such as "prevent" for "go before," "let" for "hinder," "after" for "according to,") its place be supplied by one which is easily understood.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

We hoped to have had to announce, by this time, the emancipation of Portugal, and the inauguration of another constitutional monarchy in the South of Europe, an immense event in the present tessolated portion of our Continent, upon which two mighty principles are struggling for mastery. But the clouds of war still darken the Lusitanean horizon; and though for the moment the star of the Joven Maria da Gloria, appears in the ascendency, the unequivocal support the rural population of the country, the church, and the noblesse have given to her uncle, inspires us with some misgivings as to this pretended contest, while the conduct of the Portuguese people must, by this time, have convinced Europe what Mr. Canning is said to have discerned long ago, that they are morally and intellectually unfitted for the blessings of freedom. A conviction that we hope will teach our Government the wisdom of observing the strictest neutrality. While the star of freedom grows pale and flickers with uncertain light in the west, the Military Sovereigns of the North have been assembled in unholy Congress with the *benevolent* object of abridging the liberties of mankind. Germany has once more seen all the machinery of the Congress of Vienna, and Laybach so fatal

to her happiness. But in spite of the rumours afloat, the meeting of the northern despots is one rather offensive than defensive. They have enough to do at this momentto resist the torrent of the propogande that is sweeping with head-long fury towards their frontiers. Hungary is a smothered volcano which causes the liveliest apprehension to the Emperor Francis, and his arch-minister. Prussia, with her population worn out with military services, with her liberal *employés*, with a *bourgeoisée* exasperated against a haughty *noblesse*, without fundamental laws, and without intermediate powers, present a soil on which would rapidly germinate the seeds of liberalism, while the Russian autocrat in casting his eyes over the surface of his colonial empire must see on every side that, even in *Russia*, a security for change is imperiously called for. Discontent is fast spreading through the ranks of the army, owing to a reduction lately made in their slender pay. They are clamourous for war while the *noblesse* are dissatisfied at seeing the emperor occupy himself so exclusively with the concerns of Western Europe, when the true interests of Russia, are in the East; and look with hatred on the Germans by whom he is surrounded. On the other hand, Poland, though beaten in the field, still opposes her barbarian conqueror—a stern moral resistance that must convince Nicholas and his Russian Counsellors that she will seize every opportunity of re-asserting her former independence. The meeting therefore of the sovereigns is purely defensive on their part. Of course their object is to preserve the *statu quo*, but there will be no appeal to arms. They may intrigue and secretly undermine the constitutional systems in the minor states of Germany: but they will know that were they to let slip the dogs of war in an unlucky crusade against liberty, they will conjure up a storm that will leave not a vestage of their thrones behind; but a distrust of the gigantic power of Russia has crept into the Austrian and Prussian Cabinets. The cessation of Wallachia and Moldavia, by the late secret treaty with the Porte, and the conveyance of her *Suzeraenté* over Servia to the Autocrat, has at last opened the eyes of the Emperor Frances. Whilst the extensive fortifications which the Prussian Government are making at Posen, now one of the strongest places in Europe, clearly shows that Frederick William is erecting a dyke against the Russian Colossus. The Holy Alliance, therefore, holds by a thread. The policy of interests is beginning to prevail over the policy of principles. There is a wide field open to our diplomacy. One, that if skilfully marked, may yet prove the way to the re-establishment of a kingdom of Poland; for both Austria and Prussia now begin to see the necessity of arresting the encroachments of Russia, and what better barrier need they than the gallantry of a kingdom of five millions of Poles.

Turkey, that monument of British imbecility, is now, in all but the name, a province of Russia. Some attempts have been made to renew our former friendly intercourse with the Porte, but it is come too late. Having once allowed the Cossack to encamp in the very streets of Constantinople, the Dardanelles have been closed against a British fleet, at the haughty mandate of a Russian admiral, and we must now resign ourselves to see in a few years, Russia the absolute mistress of the commerce of the Levant and Asia Minor.

In Greece, the executive government are actively bestirring themselves, and the army is rapidly organizing, but Russian intrigue will continue to distract that unhappy country until it shall suit the political convenience of the Russian eagle to pounce upon Greece, and annex it to its already unwieldy empire.

The present state of Italy may be defined by a single line of Tacitus:—

"Ubi solitudinem faciunt ad pacem appellunt."

In Switzerland, the energetic measures have restored tranquillity, while her frontiers are lined on one side by an Austrian, and on the other by a French army.

There is in France still some talk of a dissolution of the present chamber; but it is gratifying to observe, amid the strife of contending factions, that the internal improvement of that beautiful country is making rapid strides. Projects for making rail-roads and other great public works, are in agitation, which cannot fail to give a prodigious development to the resources of those of her provinces hitherto held in check by the want of adequate lines of communication.

The wily Ferdinand still drags on a miserable existence, and his death we fear will reproduce in that part of the Iberian peninsular, the same scenes of domestic strife as are at present devastating the sister kingdom of Portugal.

Our Eastern Empire, we regret to say, is at present the scene of commercial distress that is felt through every link of the chain that connects Great Britain with Hindostan. The attention of Government is imperatively called for to that quarter, or that immense empire may be driven to follow the example of America.

In the Western World, Mexico has been again torn by the rival political brigands, who almost monthly struggle for the helm of government; but in that country, and in the other *ci devant* Spanish colonies, revolutions are effected with less loss of life, than is oftentimes the result of an Irish row at Donnybrook Fair.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Our regular report has by some accident been delayed, and has not reached us in time for publication. We can therefore only afford space for an abstract of its contents, and quote the prices. It appears that the late gales have had injurious effects upon the crops in many parts of the country. Letters from the north state that the markets have been moderately supplied with new wheat, by the farmers; but the condition so various, that the prices varied from 40s. to 60s. per quarter. Many of the samples were soft and rough in condition. Old wheats have been selling briskly, without any change in price. There has been a good supply of oats at improving prices. Nothing yet doing in malting barley, for grinding parcels there is a good demand. The picking of hops has been general; but they sadly fail in quantity, the disappointment has been great, the estimated duty is 155,000*l.*

The supply of beasts in Smithfield has been more abundant than any since the coming into season of the present year's grass fed beef; but in general of indifferent quality; calves were likewise plentiful, but some scarcity of sheep and lambs were felt. Trade has been generally dull, and prices with difficulty obtained.

The Dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone of 8lbs.—Beef, 2*s.* to 3s. 10*d.* Mutton, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d*,—Lamb, 4*s.* to 5*s.*—Veal, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Small neat Porkers 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*

Corn Exchange.—Essex White Wheat, 40*s.* to 63*s.*—Ditto Red 44*s.* to 58*s.*—Barley Malting, 32*s.* to 38*s.*—Ditto Grinding, 26*s.* to 28*s.*—Oats, 16*s.* to 25*s.*—Flour per Sack of 280lbs. 40*s.* to 52*s.*—Hay, 65*s.* to 68*s.*—Clover 72*s.* to 105*s.*—Straw, 24*s.* to 32*s.* The highest price for bread in London is 9½*d.* the loaf of 4lbs.

Coal Exchange.—Coals in the Pool, from 16*s.* to 18*s.* 9d. per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market.—The Stock of Grouse and Black Game seems nearly exhausted, the few at Market will fetch any price. Partridges very fine, plentiful and cheap, from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. a brace.—Hares in plenty, 3s. to 4s. each. Season commenced for Wild Fowl. Wild Ducks, Widgeons, or Easterlings, in fine condition, and the Teal very fine. A few Snipes from the Fens.

Middlesex, September 23.

Baylis and Leighton, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

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A CHAPTER ON ANNUALS.

SANCHO,—that fine embodiment of all that is round, rosy, fat, witty, simple and wise,—in one of his moments of gratitude for the good things of this life, affectionately blessed "the man who invented SLEEP:" we, who are not so popular as that best of philosophers, can yet, when in the vein, be as grateful as "any he in Illyria;" and are therefore tempted to exclaim, Blessed be he who invented Annuals! And we say this, not so much for our own sake, and because we are yet young enough at heart, and wise enough in mind to take pleasure in whatever is good and beautiful, as for the sake of the hundreds of thousands of the lovely and the manly which these splendid creations of pen and pencil delight;—the lovely, because all that is beautiful in Nature and Art is theirs by prescription and right of beauty; the manly, because these objects find the more favour in their eyes the more they are admired by those whom it is their "being's end and aim" to adore, adorn and cherish. Once more, therefore, would we express our gratitude with the fervour of the immortal Sancho, and with Wordsworth exclaim,

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise!"

At this season of the year, when our English sky puts on its accustomed gloom—when the greater portion of our day out-of-doors would be an intolerable night to the inhabitants of sunnier climes—when November, muffled in mists and fogs, steals on us with solemn steps, wrapt in more solemn gloom, unseen, but not unheard, as his frosty feet rustle among the fallen leaves—now, when warm rooms and cheerful hearths, and taper-lighted tables, covered with book and print, are as pleasant to the eye as to the mind, what more delightful companions can we have, if alone, or if socially clustering round a bright fire-side with congenial men and maids, than books like these?

Look at this volume! Its subject is the East, that wondrous region of the world—where imagination, poetry, science, and the arts had birth—where all is beautiful, gigantic, and magnificent, from the palm, whose height is two hundred feet, and the banyan-tree, with its inexplicable and inextricable roots, to the gorgeous temples, dedicated to the unknown gods, and mausoleums, more magnificent

than the palaces of our kings. How poor and mean, and low and dwarfish, are the boasted marvels of European tower and dome, and tomb and temple, when measured by the Babel-like piles of Asia! How stunted even is our vegetation; what mere shrubberies are our "primeval forests old," when compared with the cedar and the pine-woods of that prolific region! The more we read, and the more we hear of the wonders of that world, the less we think of our own cold, sterile clime. But our lot is cast here, and we must be content. We may, however, look around us for more glorious scenes, and here we find them in

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

One word composes all we can say, in criticism, of its numberless beauties—beauties which, if we were to particularize them point by point, and print by print, would take up half our Magazine. The work reviews itself, and says more in self-commendation than we could in its favour, if every word were a page. It is magnificent!

So much can we honestly assert of its pictorial excellencies, it would be difficult for any pen, however gifted, to embody a narration of equal interest. Mr. Caunter has, nevertheless, succeeded in producing a work highly amusing, descriptive, and instructive. Having had the advantage of a residence in India, he has been enabled to go hand-in-hand with the artist, and describe those gorgeous scenes which the pencil has so faithfully placed before us. From the narrative style of the work, it is difficult to give a spice of its quality; but here is a short tale which exactly squares with our space, and by which our readers will form an opinion of its merits.

A MAHOMEDAN'S STORY.

Before we reached Ghazipoor, as we were taking our tiffin* in the budgerow, the conversation happened to turn upon the superstitious veneration in which the Hindoos hold the sanctity of their respective castes. This, indeed, is so great as to baffle, except in a few instances, the efforts of the missionaries to turn them from their idolatries to the light of Christianity; and at all times their conversion, when it does take place, is extremely equivocal. In the course of our conversation I remarked, that the occasions were rare where Hindoo women had attached themselves to persons of a different caste, except the most abandoned among them, who lived by prostitution; and that their detestation of Mahomedans especially, was so nationally rooted, as to render it doubtful whether a single instance could be cited, in which a Hindoo woman had allied herself to a worshipper of the Arabian impostor.

"Pardon your slave, sahib," said a Mahomedan servant whom I happened to have at this moment behind me, "but I can prove in my own person that such a circumstance has occurred, as my wife was a Hindoo, who has both relinquished her caste and her religion, and we have lived in the greatest harmony for the last twelve years. She has abjured the creed of Brama, and now cleaves to that of Mahomet with the devotion of the most zealous among the faithful; she will yet be a houri in Paradise."

"How," said I, "did you manage to overcome the prejudices and win the affections of this gentle Hindoo?"

"Master shall hear," replied the man; and he immediately related the following story, which I shall beg leave to present to the reader in my own

* An Indian luncheon.

words, as it was delivered in very imperfect English, which, though sufficiently interesting to her, would not probably be so to read.

"About fourteen years ago," began the Mussulman, as soon as he had obtained my permission to tell his story, "I was a resident in the town which we are now approaching, and which was at that time (or rather the neighbourhood) infested with those sanctified vagabonds who, under the general name of fakeers, levy contributions upon the charitable, and, by assuming an air of austere devotion, often contrive to render themselves the stipendiaries of some of the most powerful princes in Hindostan. They practise their duplicity upon the ignorance and superstition of their idolatrous brethren with such ingenuity and success, that in numerous instances they acquire an absolute spiritual dominion over them. They are at once the greatest impostors and the most profligate scoundrels upon earth, being frequently guilty of frightful enormities to obtain their ends, and some of them are the most sensual wretches alive. They occasionally undergo the severest penances, which they consider a complete expiation for the blackest crimes; and, finding absolution at all times within their reach, they hesitate not to indulge in the grossest debaucheries, and when their souls are, as it were, ulcerated with guilt, to avail themselves of the spiritual remedy. A certain course of physical suffering wipes out all the record of past delinquency, and they become, according to their barbarous creed, purified from its deepest pollutions.

"At the back of the town there was, at that time, a very old ruin, in which was a small dark chamber hollowed out of the earth at the end of a long narrow passage, and lighted only by an aperture in the corner of the roof. The 'dim religious light,' thus admitted, like that of a solitary lamp within a sepulchre, only partially illumined the vault, being just strong enough to show the repulsive dreariness of this loathsome habitation, and its lack of every thing calculated to administer to domestic comfort. This gloomy recess was the abode of an Ab'dhoot,* who was reported to be a person of such extraordinary sanctity, that he could cure the most inveterate bodily diseases, and remove the most stubborn moral disorders, by only breathing upon the patient, who was sure instantly to be restored to a sound temperament, whether physical or spiritual, by the mere expirations of his sacred breath. This disgusting piece of abortive humanity was of dwarfish stature, and, although not old, shrivelled to a mere skeleton; his bones protruded so disagreeably, and the whole development of his meagre frame was so distinct, that he might have been a perfect study for an anatomist. In spite, however, of his stunted figure, nothing could exceed the sinister expression of his countenance: it was perfectly demoniacal. At times his eyes sparkled with all the ferocity of one of his own kindred asuras;† at others it mildly radiated with that expression of sardonic humility which makes you fear while you detect the hypocrite.

"This semi-monster bore the character of a person pre-eminently holy; and, to say the truth, he performed the severest penances, nor shrank from the most excruciating self-inflictions, on which account he was so venerated by the inhabitants of the town, that they visited him daily in crowds to receive his benedictions, looking upon him to be little short of a divinity. It was known that he had with him a beautiful Hindoo, who was the constant partner of his cell, though seldom permitted to be seen; indeed, she never left her dreary abode but for water or some other domestic purpose. I had seen her as she occasionally repaired to the river to replenish her gumlahs;‡ yet, whenever any one addressed her, she invariably maintained a stubborn

* A sect of fakeers who go entirely naked.
† Asuras are the evil spirits of Hindoo mythology.
‡ Water-pots carried on the head by the Hindoo women.

silence, at the same time evincing, by her nervous timidity of manner, that she was held in terror by some powerful but mysterious influence. I confess I was always much struck with her beauty whenever I saw her, and the strict requisitions of the religion of which I had hitherto been a zealous advocate, began to give way before my desire to become possessed of this lovely idolatress. She was known to have had two or three children; but, as they invariably disappeared as soon as they were born, it was reported that they had been received into the bosom of Siva, among the suras* of the supreme paradise, as the offspring of his vicegerent upon earth; for so great was the reputed sanctity of this wily devotee, that he was looked upon as the accredited minister of the Godhead himself.

"I had heard much of this extraordinary man, but held in supreme contempt the marvels that were related of him, as the mere fabrications of superstition; when, however, I saw the subject of these marvels, I felt satisfied that, instead of being accredited in this world by the source of all good, as he would fain represent he was, on the contrary, a most consummate agent of the source of all evil. His countenance was an index of every thing that was vicious and repulsive, and I could not help pitying the unhappy creature who was doomed to share the dreary home of a being so externally hideous, and whom I suspected to be no less deformed in mind than in body. Having one day caught a sight of the lovely victim of superstition, for such she indeed proved to be, I determined to try if I could not ascertain from her something concerning the supernatural communications of the Ab'dhoot to whom she appeared to have so unaccountably devoted herself. I accordingly one morning watched him from his lair into the town, whither he frequently resorted, and immediately repaired to the prison of his beautiful companion. After some difficulty, I made my way into the cavernous asylum of this young and lovely woman, which was considered sufficiently secure from desecration by any profane foot from the reputed holiness of the male occupant, and the superstitious reverence in which he was held by the infatuated Hindoos. Upon seeing a stranger enter the dismal abode, which had never, at least within her experience, been cheered by the presence of any but that of the fiend-like being whose revolting rugosity of aspect, though so long accustomed to it, she still could not behold without an involuntary alarm, she started, and, uttering a faint shriek, threw herself upon the ground in an agony of terror. She entreated that I would depart, assuring me that if her lord and tyrant found me there, she should become the victim of his ferocious vengeance. The appeal was eloquent and irresistible; but I can scarcely describe what my feelings were at the sight of so beautiful a creature confined to such a loathsome dungeon, with a companion who would have been honoured by the designation of a brute, for he was a demon in human shape. The chamber steamed with the unwholesome vapour so long pent up within its close and slimy recess. Its lovely inmate stood just under the aperture in the roof through which light was admitted, and the vivid beam fell full upon her expressive countenance, which was working with all the intense emotions of anxiety excited by the most fearful apprehensions. She pointed to the passage with a look of passionate supplication, but did not speak, as if she apprehended the possibility of her voice reaching the ear of him whom she dreaded more than the presiding Asura of Lohangaraka.†

"I once more tried to induce her to communicate with me whether her captivity, for such in fact it might be called, was voluntary or constrained. A tear stole into her eye and trickled silently down her cheek. I approached her, but she shrank from me as if I had been the herald of the pestilence. I

* Suras are good angels.

† Hot iron coals. This is one of the twenty-one Hindoo hells mentioned in the Institutes of Menu, chap. iv. verses 88, 89, and 90.

was a Mahomedan, and she had been taught to look upon the followers of Mahomet as the most odious among mankind. She seemed almost horror-stricken at my vicinity, and her distress momentarily increased. I could not pacify her. She became at length so frightfully agitated, that I conceived it prudent to comply with her wishes, and leave the den to which she appeared to be consigned a hopeless and miserable victim. I groped my way through the long passage and got into the broad sunlight, with a gloomy impression upon my mind, which I in vain endeavoured to shake off.

"Shortly after I had quitted the precincts of this horrible retreat, what was my consternation at beholding the fakeer almost at my side! He had evidently returned upon my steps, and had seen me issue from his infernal cell. He passed me without a word, but his large rolling eyes glared upon me with an expression of speechless, yet intense malignity, threatening destruction at every glance, as if the wretch, who had been so miserably 'robbed of nature's fair proportions,' would, through their fiery orbits, have withered me into a thing as odious and marrowless as himself. I passed him hastily, but as soon as I was satisfied that he had entered his abode, and my actions were no longer exposed to his jealous scrutiny, I returned without a moment's delay, and entering the dark passage, placed myself in such a position that I could hear, though I could not see, all that passed. He evidently did not expect that any one would dare to violate the sanctity of his dwelling while he was present, and had therefore taken no precautions to exclude me; so that my proximity was entirely unsuspected. In fact he was too much engrossed by his ferocious purpose to have a thought for any minor object. His whole soul seemed to be merged in one absorbing sentiment of revenge.

"I had scarcely taken my position, near the entrance of the chamber, when I heard this almost sesquipedal deformity, with a sort of suppressed scream as indicative of fatal fury as the serpent's hiss, upbraiding his victim in terms of the bitterest reproach, with having allowed his sanctuary to be defiled by the polluting foot of a stranger, and that stranger a Mahomedan. She appeared to be mute with terror, as not a single word escaped her lips, though I could hear the deep sob which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of her heart. He accused her of having appointed an intercourse with an alien, an outcast from the abodes of the blessed, and one doomed to the penalties of everlasting excision. He charged her with having dishonoured herself and him by an attachment, for which he declared, with the most frantic asseverations, that she should suffer death. I heard her fall on her knees—I heard her deep sobs—her pathetic appeal—her entreaties for mercy—pleading with all the eloquence of innocence, but she pleaded in vain. The devil to whom she appealed was not to be softened by entreaty, he gnashed his teeth like a creature maddened; he raised his arm—I no longer hesitated, but rushed from my hiding-place, and reached the side of the monster just as he was about to plunge a large knife into the heart of his victim. At this time I was a soldier, and wore arms. My sword was already in my grasp; I seized the arm of the ruffian, and at one stroke clove him to the jaws. The skull gaped hideously as he fell, his limbs shrank for a moment, as if lessening their naturally dwarfish proportions; he then stretched them out to their full extension in the agonies of death, and almost instantly ceased to breathe. He lay upon the earthy floor of the cavern which reeked with his polluted blood, like a reptile, loathsome to the sight, and even in death an object of disgust. I looked on him not only without pity, but with that sort of exultation which I should have felt at having mastered a tiger. I now approached the object of my timely interference, who stood trembling before me, as if the knife of her tyrant was still raised to destroy her. She gazed upon me with a mixed expression between unconsciousness and terror, which made me at first apprehend that the shock had

overpowered her reason. I soothed her with expressions of the tenderest endearment, when, shortly recovering her self-possession, and looking upon her prostrate enemy, she gave a glance which spoke her gratitude far more eloquently than words, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

"There was now neither time for delay nor meditation. I resolved to quit the place immediately, knowing that here I could no longer be safe, as the destroyer of one so highly venerated by the superstitious inhabitants of the neighbourhood. I was conscious that my life would be sought with the most ferocious hostility, as soon as the manner of the fakeer's death should transpire. As the interior of his cell was never visited, I knew that I was secure from detection for the moment. I, however, prepared for my instant departure, and the gentle creature whom I had so opportunely rescued, grateful past expression for her release from the hateful tyranny to which she had been so long subjected, gladly consented to become my companion. I took my my way across the country, accompanied by my lovely Hindoo disguised in a Mahomedan costume, to a convenient place of embarkation down the river, where I hired a small boat, and we proceeded with all despatch to Calcutta. During our passage, which was rapid, as the rains had only just ceased, and the current was therefore strong, my companion related to me how she came under the protection of the monster from whom I had so fortunately rescued her.

"She told me she was the daughter of a wealthy Cshatrya,* in the neighbourhood of Delhi, and near her father's dwelling this hated Ab'dhoot resided in a den very similar to that from which I had so lately released her. So complete an influence did he obtain over her parent's mind, who, as she fondly observed, was a very devout man, that he believed the hypocritical devotee to be endued with a power only second to omnipotence. In fact he both reverenced and dreaded him, even more than he did the severe Siva, or the still more terrible Parvati.† He was continually endeavouring to impress upon his daughter's mind the extreme sanctity of this holy man, whom he represented to be as gigantic in spiritual might as he was dwarfish in stature, until at length she looked upon him with a degree of superstitious awe which she could neither resist nor control.

"The wily villain induced her one day to visit his lair, under pretence of making her the vehicle of a divine communication. Having been taught to consider any opposition to a request of his an absolute impiety, she did not hesitate to comply. The moment she was alone with him he took advantage of her defenceless condition and of her terrors to accomplish his iniquitous purpose; and when she communicated to her fanatic father the baseness of the holy man, he blessed her good fortune and his own that she had been deemed worthy the predilection of so sacred a character. She was so awed by the impression of his being endued with supernatural power, that she feared to withhold her consent to continue with him. She had brought three children into the world, which he invariably destroyed as soon as they were born, and gave out that they were absorbed into the essence of the sempiternal Brama, as the offspring of the holiest of men. Her life she declared to have been one of most unmitigated misery until she was released from it by the death of her odious persecutor.

"We have now," concluded the gallant Mussulman, "been united for

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* The Hindoos are divided into four castes: the Bramins, the Cshatryas, the Vaisyas, and the Sudras. The first are said, in their sacred book, to have issued at the creation from Brama's mouth, the second from his arms, the third from his thigh, and the last from his foot. The Sudras are therefore looked upon as altogether ignoble and degraded.

† Parvati is a female deity consort of Siva, the destroying power of the Hindoo triad.

twelve years, and she has never once regretted her change of condition, nor have I the increased responsibilities of mine; we are still fondly attached to each other, and shall continue to be so until the angel of death shall disunite us only to perpetuate the tie in a world eternal. I have left her for the present in a comfortable dwelling a short distance from Calcutta, where I hope to rejoin her when Sahib* shall no longer have occasion for my services.

THE COMIC OFFERING.

Miss Sheridan has done her utmost to render her "Comic Offering" worthy the favour of the side-shakers; and if we may judge by the sundry cachinatory movements *obligato* produced by perusal, we should say with complete success. Miss Sheridan has been represented to us as a young lady extremely talented, and of a very amiable demeanour; yet granting the former, we are by no means so sure of her amiability, seeing it to be her chief endeavour to make people "die o' laughing." As a choice specimen of comicality we shall quote a

CONEVRSATION BETWEEN A WEATHER-GLASS AND A WEATHER-COCK.

We will speak *Whether* or *No*.

Old Play.

"Good morning," said the Weather-glass to the Weather-cock, "you don't look well this morning."

"No wonder," said the Weather-cock, "for I've had nothing but *wind* in my teeth all night, and I don't see, Mr. Weather-glass, that you have much reason to boast, for you look rather *down* this morning."

"Do I?" said the Weather-glass. "At all events I'm *up* to you;—*up* to to *you* indeed! now I look at myself, I'm up to *sixty*. You give yourself too many *airs*, Mr. Weathercock. 'Tis true you are at the *top* of this establishment, of which you are not a little *vain*."

"Little *vane!*" said the Weather-cock, "no, indeed, I don't see a larger or handsomer one than myself for miles round, except the church, and there we generally find more *vane* than *useful:* and as to my being the top of this establishment, you've always had the *reins* of the family in your hands, and I should have very little objection to change places with you."

"Change *places!*" said the Weather-glass, "I never knew you *keep* one a minute together!"

"That's my misfortune," says the Weather-cock; but yesterday evening I engaged myself to sweet Miss Zephyr, and went south-about to meet her. I had not been with her more than five minutes, when old Boreas made me rudely turn my back towards her, and look at him all night, while he amused himself with spitting hail and sleet in my face. If I am thus to be disturbed in my pleasure, I'll turn *rusty* about it, and then I'll stick where I please."

"Ah!" said the Weather-glass, "we all have our complaints: you know my existence depends on my telling the truth:—now I marked '*much rain*' yesterday as plain as could be, but my young mistress being promised a holiday if it were *fine*, screw'd me up to "*set fair*," so they *set out* and the wet *set in*, and I had nearly been discharged for this; but on my master carefully examining me he found out the trick, which put him in a *thundering* passion, and I fell down to '*stormy*.'"

* Master.

"Ah! well," said the Weathercock, "I was a little alarmed when I was first put up here, for when I was fixed and duly regulated by the compass (which, by the bye, I consider, must be rather a SHARP instrument, for I heard it had a needle and thirty-two *points!*) I was declared by all present 'to stand completely *square*,' when, to my dismay, in two minutes afterwards, the wind blew me completely *round;* but since we've been talking, Mr. Weather-glass, I perceive, by your face, you're not many degrees from being *very dry;* what say you to a glass of something?"

"With all my heart," says the Weather-glass, "if you'll *stand* it."

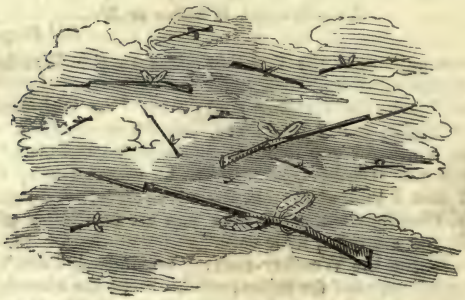
"I stand it?" said the weather-cock, "did you ever know me *stand* to any thing?"—here he turn'd half round, and look'd the other way.

"Just like you, you shabby rascal," says the Weather-glass, "there's no trusting you."

"Save your abuse, save your abuse!" said the Weather-cock, speaking with his head turn'd away! "tho' I'm used to *blows*, they must be given in a round-about manner; and of all *blows*, the least I care about is a BLOW UP!".

The cuts we are enabled to give are by no means the best; yet

MUSQUETOES



possess point, as any who have had the ill luck to feel them can surely testify. The next we quote is a clever punning poem, under the head of

CLASSIC CAROLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABSURDITIES.

No. 1.—PYGMALION.

Pygmalion was a sculptor rare,
Who dwelt in Cyprus' Isle;
He had the skill to please the wise,
And make e'en *block-heads* smile.

He '*made a figure*' oft, 'tis said,
'*Cut out*' his friends,—how rude!
At *marbles* played when in the *vein*,
And *hueless* blocks he *hewed!*

He chisell'd out a lovely nymph—
You'll own she was his own;
Which, tho' but common *marble*,—seem'd
To him— a *precious stone!*

What *quarry* rare produced the block?
A magic round it plays!—
He gazed—as sharp-eyed falcons
Upon their *quarry* gaze!

He loved the nymph—such *solid* love!
Yet *hardly* loved, you'll own:
His *moving* her ne'er soften'd rocks,
Nor touched her heart of stone.—

A plain gold ring the fair to wed
He on her finger hung:
What folly 'twas to think—to *ring*
A *Belle* without a *tongue!*

Moved by his tears, fair Venus cried,
"No fate from you shall tear her;
"Your chosen fair—I'll animate
"Not any mate is fairer!"

The statue breathed—his friends all came,
And viewing, cried with vigour,
(Both those who praised and those who blamed)—
"You've *cut a pretty figure!*"

Sweet pledges of connubial love,
He soon could boast a stock—
And all the little family—
Were "*chips of the old block.*"

BILL 'S-TICKE R!

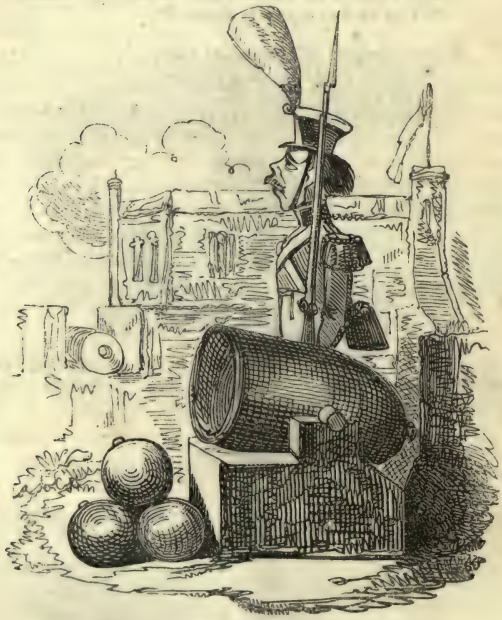
Miss Sheridan, in one of her own papers, has out-hooded Hood, though the merit of originality remains with the poet and the wit. We have only space for the conclusion of the lines—

TO A SUBALTERN, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

[It may befall, at chance's call, a ball may gall :—
all past recall, he'd o'er the tall wall fall!
Life's fled! tears shed, prayers read, earth spread
o'er dead who've bled (fame wed!) on dread
red bed!
Nor wait such fate; at early date vacate; and to
school-mate relate thy late great state;
O'er ocean ride, let not pride hide or guide, or the
wide tide divide from thy allied bride's side:—
Or hold! should death enfold her mould: be sold
for gold, to some old cold bold scold!

L. H. S.]

MAN WITH THE MANGLING THINGS!



IMPROMPTU REPLY.

"How cruel," said L. "to keep convicts close iron'd
Throughout their long voyage, tho' by perils environ'd"—
"Why, the chief part being wretches who ought to have 'dangled,'
If *they* were not *iron'd*—the *crew* would be MANGLED!"

We now come to the FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, one of the oldest of its brethren, and find that "age has not staled its infinite variety." The frontispiece, "The Devotee," by Moore (a name new to our eyes, as an artist), is a very graceful work. "My First Love," * the next print, is pretty, the mouth excepted, which shews the "fair pearls within" a little too much. "Innocence," by Parris, is the engraving among the others which gratifies us most for its softness, delicacy, and female loveliness. There is, nevertheless, something of the eternal "Bridesmaid" about it. "Venus and Æneas," from the abundant hand of John Martin, presents his usual amphitheatrical pomp of city, and grove, and mountain. "The Albanian," by Purser, reminds us, in the face of his Goatherd, a thought too much of our old favourite Stothard, the position is likewise laboured; but the picture, with its profusion of herbage, its goats in the fore-ground, and others clambering up the hills in the distance, is not without merits of its own. "The Ball-Room," by Stephanoff, is very common-place in all respects,—subject, figures, and execution. "The Gondola," by Richter, introduces a novel effect—the face of one fair Signora seen through the transparent, flowing veil of another, This is at least ingenious. But the principal face "likes us not:" it is not Venitian, and, worse still, it is not very expressive of what it is intended to express. The other parts of this print, however, are touched with skill, and produce a pleasing effect. "The Absent," by Parris again (who seems the pet artist of the volume), is a very luxurious head of one of Love's Magdalens, with the usual accessories—a portrait and a tear. The remaining subjects are of the usual run—not very good, but by no means bad.

The literary department is rich. Here we find good names and true,—Barry Cornwall, Charles Whitehead, Mrs. Norton, Miss Mitford, Pringle, and last, but not least, S. T. Coleridge. The latter gentleman, however, seems to us to be rinsing out his Heliconian flask; for, with the exception of a poem which we shall quote below, his contribution to the inundation of verse which, like the Nile, drowns us once a-year, is of the very dregs and washings of his memory. His "light-heartedness in rhyme," is not at all lightness, unless it be what Shakspeare calls "heavy-lightness—feather of lead;" and the sub-title to one series of his verses, "Expectoration First," and "Expectoration Second," affected, and not over-delicate. In the lines we shall quote he is more like himself:

LOVE'S APPARITION AND EVANISHMENT.

AN ALLEGORIC ROMANCE.

Like a lone Arab, old and blind,
Some Caravan had left behind;
Who sits beside a ruin'd Well,
Where basking Dipsads † hiss and swell:
And now he hangs his aged head aslant,
And listens for a human sound—in vain!

* We have since understood that this very pretty face is a likeness of the Miss Perfect, of Hammersmith, lately immortalized by the "fetch" of the Duke of Cumberland.

† The asps of the sand-deserts, anciently named *Dipsads*.

Anon the aid, which Heaven alone can grant,
Upturns his eyeless face from Heaven to gain—
Even thus, in vacant mood, one sultry hour,
Resting my eye upon a drooping plant,
With brow low-bent within my Garden bower,
I sate upon the Couch of Camomile.
And—whether 'twas a transient sleep, perchance
Flitting across the idle sense, the while
I watch'd the sickly Calm with aimless scope
In my own heart, or that indeed a Trance
Turn'd my eye inward—thee, O genial Hope,
Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,
Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,
With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim,
Lie lifeless at my feet!
And then came Love, a Sylph in bridal trim
And stood beside my seat.
She bent, and kissed her Sister's lips,
As she was wont to do:
Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath.
That woke enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew.

The most striking poem in the volume, and indeed in the whole series of the Annuals, is one for which, though long, we cannot do otherwise than find room. It is by Charles Whitehead, author of the "Solitary," a poem which has been unaccountably shuffled over by those whose duty it was to have brought it forward as an ornament to the literature of our country. Mr. Whitehead is as yet but little known: if he stood where he ought he would be at an immeasurable distance beyond the wishy-washy doggrel-mongers of the present day, some of whom have been puffed into a strange though ephemeral popularity.

IPPOLITO: A CHIMERA IN RHYME.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

"This is the night—this very night—
Have I not read the stars aright?"
With an eye of fear and a brow of pain—
Ippolito gaz'd on his books again,
And clos'd them—'twas in vain!

Two vessels stood on the table:—
Ippolito to him the vessels drew,
One was fill'd with honey dew,
One with hemlock sable.
Steadily as he was able,
Of poison he pour'd a single drop,
On the honey-dew it fell,
Still as water in a well,
And it rested on the top.

"Hast thou not bitten the moongrown plant?"
Ippolito lifted the cover of lead—
The toad was shrunk with eager want,
For it never would be fed,
It lifted its eyes like a human thing,—
"Poor wretch!" he mutter'd, "it pines and pines,
And cries to my soul with its piteous signs—
Eftsoons"—and with a hasty fling
Down he shut the box of lead,—
"To-night it will be dead!

"Every token tells me true—
The poison rests on the honey-dew,
And the toad is dying too.
I took it as it sat alone,
Drawing the coldness out of a stone,
And I pluck'd the shrieking mandrake root,
And the plant beneath its slimy foot.
Of all the stars that in heaven are,
Was it not under the very star?
And know I not by that star in the sky,
When it dies that she must die?"

He lean'd his brow upon his hand;
The youth was weary with his woe,
And his brain was dry as sand;
For never a loosen'd tear would flow,
Since he had sought to understand
What mortals may not know.
But the air was through the casement fann'd,
And with it wafted a melody,
A passing strain—a murmur'd song,

Which a voice from a Gondola gliding along
Breath'd, as it floated by.

"My Isabella,—I dream of thee!
My sweet one sang that song to me
When, by these sheltering hands carest,
Her dear head nestled on my breast:
O dove within a vulture's nest!"

With heavy heart the youth arose,
And from the casement pour'd his gaze,
Where, stretch'd beneath, the city glows
In the sun's declining rays;
And a thought of happier days,
Soothing his spirit to repose,
Like a saint within him prays;
And his lips are softly mov'd,
As he speaks of his belov'd.

"Venice, since first thy glory rose,
The sport and terror of thy foes;
Since first thy youthful arm began,
To scourge the insulting Ottoman;
Encircled in thine azure zone,
Like Venus risen from the sea,
Thy daughters, Venice, fair as she
Where ever beauteous known.
Yet, ne'er within those marble halls,
Whose richly-variegated walls
Display in oriental work
Thy trophies wrested from the Turk,—
When the fierce thunders of thine ire
Roused the reclining Musselman,
And with a bolt of vengeance dire,
Flung 'mid the panic-struck divan,
Obscured the Crescent's horns of fire;—
Ne'er in those halls has beauty shone,
Which Venice might be proud to own,
Nor where her daughters most resort,
Or gallants, waiting, pay their court,
In gondola soft-gliding, or
In the bright-burnish'd Bucentaur,
With Isabella can compare,
Or e'er beside on earth was seen;
So like an angel's is her air,
So heavenly her mien.

"A fairy creature, young and good,
Her pure heart beating at her side,
With feelings yet scarce understood,
She seems too lovely to be woo'd,
Yet soft and gentle as a bride;
Enough of heaven for heaven above,
Enough of earth on earth to love.
A vase wherein the amaranth grows,
The virgin lily, and the rose,
Entwined in such implicit ties,
They seem from the same stem to rise;
So, in my love appear alone,
Virtue and sweetness perfect grown,
With white-leav'd innocence, in one.

"Oh bitter grief!—and must it be?
The ripe fruit falleth from the tree,—
And the river runs to the sea;—
But the river bides the tide,
And summer is not to the fruit denied,—
And the spindle of the Sisters Three
Is of an hour-glass made;—
And spin as fast as spin they may,
The thread endures to the very day;
Its time is never stay'd."

Ippolito gnash'd his teeth with rage;—
"Well—there is neither youth nor age,
Which child or grandame ever wore,
That human power may not restore!"
And he smil'd, and the pale fire burnt in his eye,
"What is life but a mockery?"

"Paint me a picture—happiness
Shall be the unexhausted theme,—
Nor be the shadows more or less,
Nor the tints brighter than they seem;
Is it not a sorry dream?
A vision fancy hath endow'd,
A day-dream painted on a cloud?
Drew ye these colours from the sky,
From fountains of the orient day?
Behold! the very flood is dry,
Not faster, but as soon as they.
To-morrow shall those tints renew,
Will it retouch these colours too!

"Paint me a torrent in its pride,
Seething in its tempestuous stress,
And call it life;—and paint beside
A feather borne upon the tide,
And call that feather—happiness!"

He turn'd away—the day was gone—
Sounds sank to silence one by one—
Till the prison'd toad alone,
Plied its piteous moan.

The footstep of the youth was heard
As he to the table drew,—
And the drop on the honey-dew,
Was for a moment stirr'd—
But straight again the sable drop,
Rested on the top.

Softly the gondola glides along,
Softly the gondolier his song
Murmurs at intervals;
And the oar's soft splash, as it falls,
Makes the dying strain
Like whispering winds in rain.
Beauteous is the night;—
The stars are watching, and the moon,
Pois'd in her transcendent noon,
An orb of yellow light,
Sees her face in the Lagoon,
Like a spirit, still and white.

But Ippolito is cold,
As one who hath given his blood away
To nourish the veins of a pilgrim old,
And sees him sitting by mountain grey,
Weaving his spells in the moonlight ray,
A wizard—to darkness sold!

Gently Ippolito glides along;—
But splash of oar, nor murmur'd song,
Nor the sound of the tinkling guitar,
O'er the waters heard afar—
Silver, fancy might believe,

Shaken through a silver sieve—
Reach his torpid ear,
Or move his fixed eye—
But he sits like friendless apathy,
That never sued a tear.

He stands upon the marble stair,
The very silence is at prayer,
A sacred stillness every where.
"Holy Virgin! is it now
Her blessed spirit seeks the skies."
And he pressed his aching brow
O'er his aching eyes,
"O Heaven! will no atoning vow
Avert this dreadful sacrifice?"

Up the steps he goes like one
Whose heart is drawn by fear alone,
As steel by the magnetic stone.
One lamp is burning drowsily,
The oil within is nearly dry,
A crucifix is standing by.—
Ippolito a moment knelt,
And cross'd his hands upon his breast,
And strove to feel—perchance, he felt,
The cup of bitterness is best.
But soon he started to his feet,
And mutter'd words it were not meet
Unshriven to repeat.

Gently, gently, ye that spread
Ashes on a youthful head,
Powers, that do His bidding just,
Raise his spirits from the dust,
Leave him not in hell, but lift
His soul by the Almighty's gift
Of grace and voluntary shrift;
For oh! how shall he bear the sight
That grows and grows before his eyes,
His dream interpreted aright?—
On a couch in purest white,
His Isabella lies.

The sweetness of that angel face
Even to Death might ne'er give place,
Who plied his work without delay;
For, well I ween, by that pale skin,
Death is without and Death within,
Toiling for his prey.
And, certes, he is sure to win,
Who labours every day.
Ippolito knelt beside the girl!
Oh! how beautiful she was!—
Though her eye was the blue of glass,
Though her brow was the white of pearl;
On her shoulders her golden hair,
Had fallen in many a waving curl;
And her small cold hands so fair,
Were palm to palm on her breast in prayer.

"Wilt thou not be mine, my bride,
Though death our bosoms may divide,
Or whatever else betide!
Wheresoe'er our souls repair,
Wheresoe'er our bodies are,
Soul to soul, and heart to heart,
Dearest, we must never part."
Gently he pressed his lips to hers,
The breath beneath them scarcely stirs;
Softly and gently his hand he press'd
On her soft and gentle breast,
And every throb in strength decreas'd,
Gracious Heaven! has it ceas'd?
Perchance, before her inward eye,
Her happy youth was passing by,
Or whence that short but heavy sigh?
'Twas but a momentary check
To hopes that other mansions seek,
'Twas the last billow o'er the wreck
Ere the horizon's gilded steak.
She felt her arms around his neck,
And drew his lips unto her cheek,
And in his bosom, like a bride,
Laid her head at peace, and died.

As some sweet flower that doth confer
(Growing by the hallowed tomb
Of the holy sepulchre)
Its precious odour and its bloom
On every air that doth presume
To wander by the sacred place;
Though born beside that awful spot,
Yet is it absolved not
From the fate of nature's race,
But in due time shall rot.
So Isabella grew beside
The sepulchre of Him who died
For all who in that faith abide;
And look'd to Heaven with earnest eye,
From the mount of Calvary;
Yet well it was that she must die.

Fair virgin! it is well to die—
The grave hath claim'd thee for the sky;
The weary grief that time affords,
The woe that life, the miser, hoards,
Shall prey on that dear flesh no more,
Thy day of pain is o'er!
To flow thy circling blood shall cease,
Thy dust shall tend to earth's increase,
But thou shalt sleep in peace!

Ippolito wak'd from out his swoon,
His face look'd ghastly in the moon;
And his brain began to whirl,—
Madness, I deem, had been a boon
When he saw that lovely girl
Resting cold and calmly dead,
His sheltering arm beneath her head;
And his lips were parch'd and dry
As earth beneath a summer sky.
And with hollow moan he said,—
"Ere twice the sun with cleaving edge
Sink below the ocean sedge,
I will claim thee for mine own;
Ha! ha! the reaper comes at last,
To gather in what he has sown;
Time's precious till 'tis past."

He gaz'd beside him and around—
The very silence seemed a sound,
Speaking with a voice profound;
"Look not on the newly dead
The panting soul hath scarcely fled;
Let the mortal flesh subside—"
From his arm the drooping head
Of his death-betrothed bride,
Cold and still and deaf as stone,

Sank down—Ippolito is gone—
Silence and death are left alone.
Once the sun with cleaving edge
Hath sunk below the ocean sedge,
And again with disk supine
Descends into the hoary brine.
Ippolito sits in the ancient chair,
Before him many a mystic sign
Of earth, of water, of fire, of air,—
Each hath of potency a share:
Well he portion'd by his art,
To each element a part.

Ippolito lifted the cover of lead—
Forty hours the toad had been dead;
The withered mandrake was its bed.
"Thou hast serv'd thy turn full well,
Thou told'st me what the stars could tell."
From the casement he let it fall,
Far below in the canal,—
He listen'd as it fell.
Next with anxious care he drew,
The vessel fill'd with honey-dew,
The poison-drop had fallen through
Down the crystal clear, and lay
Like earth beneath the liquid day.

"This is well—I see at last
The bitterness of death is past.
Two-score hours, three, and seven,
Ere mortal flesh be mortal leaven;
Three nights the pining soul doth come,
To watch beside its recent home,
Ere it rise to Heaven.
The blood shall trickle in the vein,
The mind shall reassume the brain,
The soul shall move the heart again."

Ippolito a powder threw—
Swiftly into the honey-dew:
It creams—it scintillates—it glows—
Crimson, orange, amber, blue,
Pure vivid sparkles rose.

Ippolito smote his hands with glee,—
"Auspicious sign! my thanks to thee,
That bring'st such tidings unto me.
My Isabella, rest awhile,
No taint of death shall thee defile;
Like a pestilential air
Traversing a plain of snow,
Gathering pureness it shall go
O'er thy bosom fair.
Soon, oh Nature! in thy name,
Death's gross earthly pow'r to tame,
My Isabella will I claim."

By this, the day was sunk in gloom,
Utter darkness filled the room,
Woven from the Stygian loom.
For, well I wis, so black a night
Earth's inmost centre could not hold,
Shutting out the lingering light
With such a triple fold.
Ippolito on his couch was lying,
But he could not sleep a wink,
Thought indistinct to thought replying;
As two upon the opposing brink
Of a headling waterfall,
Who to each other vainly call:—
So, turbid phrenzy rolled between,
And would not let him think.
Oh! it were pitiful, I ween,
The youth that moment to have seen.

Hark! what present form is near?
Is it fancy? or is it fear?
The air is still and thick as slime,
And a voice is in his ear,
Unbreath'd, untongued, but close and clear,
"List, Ippolito, 'tis time!"

He sprang from his couch like a deer from
its lair,
He felt with his hands, but nought was
nigh;—
Darkness, darkness, every where—
Hark; hark!—'tis but his bristling hair,
And his tongue that crackled dry.
His very self was dread to him,—
Silence before, beside, behind,
Molten lead in every limb,
Hideous silence in his mind!

Down he sank upon his chair,
His body with ghastly dew o'erspread,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his
hair,
Such as bathes the dead;
Nature's reply that none remain
Of tears,—which ne'er shall flow again:
"I was a fool," at length he said,
"'Twas but a voice by fancy made,
To the outward ear convey'd.
'Tis time my work should be begun—
Midway betwixt sun and sun."

He struck the flint—and in its flashes
His face gleam'd whiter far than ashes;
Welcome was the taper's ray,
He would have pray'd, but could not pray.
Black and frowning as a pall,
His giant shadow on the wall,
Did the light pourtray;
And every mystic form around,
Skeleton or reptile strange,
A huge and darken'd likeness found,
With fantastic change.
Closely wrapt, like guilt, he went,
His step was heard in his descent;
And again with thickest gloom,
Darkness fill'd the room.—

Ippolito stood at the mouth of the vault,
The rust-grown key is in the door;
What is it that makes him halt?
The very mother that him bore
Shakes her loose ashes in her shroud,
Her memory is in his breast full sore,
And her voice is crying loud;—
"Touch not the dead!"—He takes no
heed—
'Twere well his work were done with speed.

Darkness fled from his garish lamp,
In the corner of the vault it lay,
Licking the fermented damp
From the forehead of decay.

The coffin was lying upon the ground,
Four planks together loosely bound.
Speedily a knife undid
The slender fastenings of the lid;
And in her death-clothes closely wound,
Sleeping till the judgment day,
An inert weight of passive clay,
Dissolving silently away,
Down into her parent earth,
Into dust from whence her birth,
Young Isabella lay.

The tender rose was on her cheek,
Ruddy as Aurora's streak:
And in her pure and lovely eyes,
Under their curtain'd canopies,
A light still linger'd, mild and weak,
Ippolito kiss'd her forehead pale,
And murmur'd soft in her listless ear
Vain words, as a summer's softest gale
When the autumn leaf is sere.

What is it lieth at her head?
Is it a yellow and mottled stone,
Brought hither from its mossy bed?
No, no;—he knew it by its moan,
And its golden eye that sparkling glow'd;
It was the same—the speckled toad,
Which from his casement he had thrown,
Full of life as it could hold;—
He shriek'd, as he met its eye of gold!

Holy Virgin! that shriek allay;—
Ave Maria! his spirit shrive!
Oh! it is too late to pray,
Each hair is quick horror alive,
That scarce upon his flesh will stay.
Central thunder wrapt in cloud,
Roll'd about him round and round
In rapid circles, booming loud;
And yet, I wis, no mortal sound
Did the ear of silence wound.
A light is from the coffin beaming,
And a white vapour slowly rose,
Like an exhalation steaming,
From dissolving snows.
Faintly on the air imprest,
A figure, clad in white, is seen:
The hands are crossed upon the breast
A crucifix between.
Gathering substance as it stood;
Sure 'tis flesh—and in a gush,
Mantling with a sudden flush,
Through the veins is throbbing blood.

Ippolito leapt with a cry of joy;—
"My Isabella, I know thee now,—
I knew my art would save my vow,
Never shall death that form destroy!
Come, let us from this dreadful spot"—
He snatch'd her to his breast, and fled
From the long and newly dead—
The past—the passing—the forgot—
And Echo, as he closed the door,
In the side of the altar spoke once more:

"Thou art mine own,—my dearest one,
For whom I make this sacrifice,—
Open thy lips and speak to me!"

Cold she was as the cold grave-stone,
When the swift river is lock'd in ice,
And the rime is on the tree,
The livid lips are swiftly stirr'd,
Yet not a voice or a sound is heard.

He laid the head upon his breast,
It oft had been her place of rest,
When both were innocent and blest.
He chafed the hands, but they are grown
Colder and colder in his own;
And the heat that was wont his breast to warm
Is drawn away by that icy form.

Soft—it speaks—nay, doth it speak?
A gibbering sound from the throat arose,
And a smile is growing on the cheek,
And the rigid eyes unclose.
Oh Heavens! no soul in human guise
Is looking through those stony eyes!

"Wilt thou not be mine, my love!
I have rais'd thee from the tomb,
Against the will of Heaven above,
Against the cry of doom.
Here unknown, unsought, we'll live
Life hath yet her joys to give!"
Ippolito shrank, he knew not why,
From the ghastly, glassy eye.

Its fingers play with his flowing hair,
And its lips ars drawn to his;
Sure, never yet so cold a pair
Exchanged the plighting kiss;—
There was mortality, I wis,
And hell in that hideous stare!

"Ippolito, dearest, I am thine,
And our fates, like blood with blood shall mix!"
It sign'd his forehead with a sign,
And it rais'd the crucifix;
"Here, break thy half, and let us both
Together plight eternal troth!"

The crucifix is rent asunder,
But Ippolito brake not half.
The creature look'd with a gaze of wonder,
And laugh'd with a quiet laugh;
"Can'st thou divert the bolt of thunder
With a beldame's staff!"

He leapt from the chair with a cry of fear,
His very soul was like to freeze,
"Holy One! thy servant hear!"—
And he sank upon his knees;
"Oh! let the ransom that thou hold'st dear,
Thy vengeance, just, appease!"

The fiend hath heard the holy word—
The fiend hath heard the name abhorr'd—
Faint and fading more and more,
Without a look, without a sound,
It passed away from the stedfast floor,
And silence clos'd around.—
The sun hath risen from his bed—
Ippolito is cold and dead.

Look ye to that vault of death?
No mystic power of mortal breath,
That virgin hath disquieted,
Since with holy chaunt and prayer,
Her earthly part hath rested there.

Nor is Ippolito denied,
To lie close resting by his bride.
Peace be with the hapless pair,
And the joys of heaven beside!

Mr. Watts is a man of such well-known taste and industry, that we take up the Literary Souvenir with a full assuranc of being treated to an intellectual feast.

"The Contrast," the frontispiece, is not the best print in the book, but it is beautiful for the well contrasted girl-like gaiety and the womanly gravity of the two females, the subjects of contrast. The natural manner in which they are clustered, if we may use the word, exhibits no mean skill in the artist. "Hawking," by Cattermole, is designed with a certain air of the dashing; the principal male figure is bold, but the attitudes of the individuals appear constrained, as though they were standing for their portraits rather than enjoying their sport;—effect appears to be the object studied; nature, it would seem, the artist thought contemptuously of; the other parts of the picture are well filled up. "Austrian Pilgrims" is an agreeable novelty, well handled and effective. "St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall," by C. Bentley, looks as it had been touched by the scenic hand of Stanfield, and is a very spirited view, well engraved. "The Fisher's Wife" is apocryphal; we do not believe in such ladies-maid-like fisherwomen: the realities of the picture, rock, shore, and sea, are more true. "Fisher Children," by Collins, exquisitely engraved by Outrim, is the gem of the book, and worth twenty fisher-wives. Here we have unadulterated, unaffected nature, and, seeing it, can believe in it. We can almost hear the paddling and dabbling of the boy's hands in the tub out of which he is pulling flounder, dab, dace, and other marine dainties; and see the springs and flings of its finny tenants, as they strive to avoid his grasp! The whole picture is true as Truth herself. "The Departure for Waterloo" is very well for its subject; but we are weary of military sentimentalities—weeping wives, who cannot be consoled with the hopes of a widow's pension, and clinging "don't-go-daddy" children, and all that sort of thing: our sympathy with these dragooning Hectors and Andromaches is worn out; the hero ought by this time to be admitted an in-pensioner at Chelsea Hospital, with the other broken-down veterans. There are, however, some agreeable points about this print, which deserve praise—that fine, old, large-armed and thick-truuked ancestral tree in the side-ground especially, and the buildings which back it:—these we can admire and approve. "Innocence," by Greuze, is beautifully infantine, and, for a foreign artist, wonderfully natural. "A Portrait" is a very lovely female head. "The Oriental Love-letter," by Destouches, is the concluding plate, and the second gem of the series.

The best tales are too long for our limits: we are consequently confined to a short one.

"ALLAN M'TAVISH'S FISHING.

"In a secluded nook of one of the wildest and most solitary parts of the Argyllshire coast, where it is washed by the Atlantic waters, there stood, some thirty years ago, the cottage of a Highland fisherman. The traveller who should now look for its site would probably be unrewarded for his

pains;—it has long since mouldered from the face of the earth. A few stones, half-buried among sand, are all that remain to indicate where the humble dwelling of human hearts once sanctified the bosom of solitude;—yet were its walls the mute witnesses of love as deep—of agony as intense—as ever lived and burned within the soul beneath the roof of palaces. Nature is no respecter of places. The passions, which obey her call, belong alike to all her children; the decay which follows her footsteps is the appointed lot of all things wherein these children have a part here below.

"At the period of which I spoke, the cottage stood at the very base of a range of lofty and precipitous cliffs, which, retiring in a semicircle from the shore at that particular spot, left a recess at their feet, whose only opening was to the sea. This little nook, not more than half an acre in extent, was during high water entirely separated from communication with the world beyond it, as the sea flowed up to the base of the rocky walls which, girdling it on either side, extended themselves along the coast. The only mode by which it was as such times possible to obtain egress from it, was one accessible only to the foot of a daring and fearless craigsman, that of scrambling on hands and knees across the face of rocks, which, beetling over a sea so high and tempestuous, looked as though they defied the pigmy efforts of man to surmount their mighty rampart. Yet this feat, frightful as it would have appeared to one unaccustomed to it, had more than once been accomplished by the bold and sure-footed inhabitants of the coast, by means of strong wooden poles, ropes to aid their descent, and a judicious method of availing themselves of every projecting bush, or tuft of heather, to assist their toilsome progress. At ebb-tide, a narrow strip of sand, turning the projecting headlands, afforded a path whereby to gain the wider extent of shore beyond them, some three-quarters of a mile along which was situated a row of fishermen's cottages, lying on the right hand, after leaving the solitary cabin above mentioned; which stood aloof and secluded from all, yet wearing a character very superior to that of the others. Its appearance, in fact, was nearer that of the neat and carefully-kept abodes of the peasantry on a Lowland gentleman's estate, than the slovenly hut of a northern fisherman. Some pains had been taken to form a little garden beside it, at the sheltering foot of the cliff; and these pains—screened as it was from all high winds, even from those blowing off the sea, at least in ordinary weather—had been attended with considerable success. Every thing around the door was kept in extreme order; and the narrow strip of grass on which the sand had not encroached, served as a little bleaching-green to the fisherman's young and lovely Lowland wife, on which she was often to be seen spreading out her clothes, with her baby laid upon the grass beside her, while awaiting the return of her husband from his fishing; at which time it was her usual custom to repair to the beach, in order to assist him in carrying up his nets to the house.

"Allan Mac Tavish, her husband, was a tall and handsome young Highlander, who had, about two years previous to the time of which I write, arrived in that part of the country to settle, with his newly-married wife. He was a native of the coast, and had been bred a fisherman from childhood; but some time before his marriage he had left the country, to accompany his foster-brother, a young Highland gentleman, to the bridge of Allan, a watering-place in Stirlingshire, whither he had been ordered for his health. The young laird's affection for his foster-brother was such that he could not endure to be separated from him, and Allan left his fishing to go with him. The laird returned no more; he died in the Lowlands: but Allan Mac Tavish came back, enriched by a small legacy from him, and accompanied by one of the prettiest girls in all Stirlingshire as his wife. From that time they had continued to reside in the Cove of Craignavarroch, as the spot where their cottage stood was named, to all appearance the happiest of couples. They were doatingly attached to each other; and when, on returning from his fishing, Allan Mac Tavish sat down beside his clean and cheerful hearth, with his

infant on his knee, while his wife spun, or mended his nets beside him, he at least felt that the world did not contain for him a spot so blessed as his own little home.

"But there was one heart in the group that felt as though it dared not be happy. Margaret Weir, the young wife of Allan, loved her husband with a depth and intensity of affection which had led her to do as she had done—to violate filial duty for his sake; but which could not teach her to forget the fault she had committed, or the parent whom she had deserted; and the consciousness of her disobedience was with her, in her happiest hour, to sink her heart as with a weight of lead. She was the only child of a wealthy farmer, originally from Ayrshire, who had come during his daughter's childhood, immediately after the death of his wife, to settle in Stirlingshire, not far from the Bridge of Allan. Andrew Weir was one of those who still retain, almost in all their original strictness, the peculiar tenets and ideas of the Cameronians; of whom there are many to be found at the present day in the wild and lonely districts of the south-western part of Scotland. His notions of family discipline, and of strict seclusion from those who held a different doctrine from his own, were extremely rigid;—yet notwithstanding these, the affection which he had borne his daughter was very great,—nor had the harmony subsisting between them ever experienced any interruption, until the arrival of Allan Mac Tavish near their place of residence, and his subsequent acquaintance with Margaret, first broke in upon the calm tenor of her life, by introducing sensations to which her heart had never before been awakened. The intimacy of his daughter with the young Highlander had continued for a considerable time, ere Andrew Weir became aware of it; for Margaret knew her father's prejudices too well to dare to make him acquainted with her lover. It came to his knowledge by accident, and his anger was proportionably great. In common with many of his countrymen, Andrew entertained an extreme dislike to Highlanders, which dislike, in the present instance, received tenfold confirmation from the circumstance of Mac Tavish being a Catholic. He would have considered himself as signing the warrant for his daughter's eternal perdition, had he not instantly forbidden all intercourse between them.

"At this juncture, Allan's foster-brother died, and left him the legacy already mentioned; but with his death, at the same time, ceased all the reasons for Allan's remaining absent from his own country. He contrived an interview with Margaret ere he should depart. It is needless to linger on an oft-told tale. The struggle between filial affection, and all-powerful love in the heart of the unsophisticated girl, was severe and long continued; while the religious feelings in which she had been educated contributed to swell the amount of reluctance and of terror with which she contemplated the step to which she was urged. But love at last prevailed. Margaret fled from her father's house with her lover. They instantly proceeded to Edinburgh, where they were married by a Catholic priest; and then sought the lonely solitude of Allan's old Argyllshire mountains. But Margaret,—so strict had been the filial obedience in which she was brought up, so severe the religious faith of her youth,—could not find happiness the portion of her married life, notwithstanding all the kindness of her husband, the loveliness of her infant, and the peacefulness of her home. The image of her grey-haired father going down in his sorrow to a lonely grave, mourning, in bitterness of heart the sin and the falling away of his only child, was ever before her eyes. She concealed from her husband the remorse which embittered her happiness; but often, when his boat was on the sea, and she was alone in her little dwelling with her infant,—not a sight or a sound of a human being near,—nothing but the sea-birds screaming from the cliffs, and the sea making wild music to their song, as it plashed and roared against the rocks that shut out the cave from the world—often at such an hour, would Margaret look back to the image of the cheerful farm-house in the green sunny holm by Allan water;—to the

blazing ingle, by whose side stood her old father's chair,—to the venerable form of that now forsaken father, as he opened 'the big Ha' Bible,' to begin the evening worship; while she sat by his side, and the farm servants formed a circle around. Alas! her accustomed seat was empty now. The name of the undutiful daughter was heard no more in the dwelling of her childhood. Had she indeed still a father? or had her guilty desertion not broken his heart, and sent him to a death-bed which no filial hand had smoothed?—Then would she press her baby to her heart, while the tears of bitter and fruitless penitence fell on its innocent face, and pray to God that her sin might not be visited on it; nor be punished in her own person by a like instance of ingratitude in her own child. The return of her beloved husband might for a time dispel these miserable thoughts; but still they came again when he left her—sometimes even when he was by her side. And when, as often happened, his boat was out in rough and tempestuous weather, the anxiety and the terror of poor Margaret were indeed terrible. She seemed ever haunted by some mysterious dread of punishment through the means of her warmest affections—her husband or her child.

"There came a bright sunny day in April, when the sun set calmly and cloudlessly, leaving a long train of light over the sea. Allan Mac Tavish went to his bed at sunset, bidding his wife awake him at eleven at night. It would be high tide in about an hour after that time, when his boat would be most easily floated off; and he, in company with the fishermen who lived in the huts already mentioned, farther along the coast, were then to depart upon their expedition. Margaret determined accordingly to sit up until that hour, in order to obviate any danger of not waking in proper time, had she laid down to sleep. But as the night darkened in, and all became stillness and silence in the cottage, an unwonted drowsiness crept over her: in spite of all her efforts, her eyes closed—thoughts wavered before her mind in confused and shapeless forms, till they gradually melted away into dreams; and leaning her head upon a chair beside the low stool on which she had seated herself, she sank into a profound sleep.

"When at last she opened her eyes, which was with a sudden start, she perceived her husband standing on the floor, and nearly dressed. Casting her eyes towards a silver watch (the gift of Allan's foster-brother), which hung upon the wall, she perceived by the firelight that it was after eleven: and hastily rose from her seat, in that confusion of ideas which attends a hurried awakening from sleep.

"'Margaret, dear,' said her husband kindly, 'what for did ye stay out of bed? I never knew it till I wakened, and saw ye sleeping there.'

"'Have I no' been i' my bed?' exclaimed Margaret, as she looked around her. 'Ou, ay, I mind it a' noo. I just fell asleep sittin' aside the fire. An', Allan, whar are ye gaun e'en noo?'

"'Where am I gaun?' returned Allan. 'Where would I be gaun? Ye're no awake yet, Margaret, dear. I'm for the boat, lass.'

"'The boat!' almost shrieked Margaret, as the recollection seemed to rush upon her; 'the boat!—Oh no, Allan, ye maunna' gang the nicht, Allan. Ye maunna' gang!'

"'Not gang to night!' exclaimed he in astonishment. 'And what for no?—I must gang in half an hour's time. And gang ye to your bed, hinny, and tak a sleep.'

"'Oh, Allan,' said Margaret, bursting into tears, 'be guided by me, and tak na the boat the nicht, or we 'se a' rue it.'

"'What's the matter, Margaret?' anxiously inquired he. 'What's pitten that in yer head?'

"'I had a dream e'en now, Allan,' sobbed Margaret, 'that warned me no to let ye gang. I fell asleep, and I dreamed that I was sittin' here, i' the ingle-neuk, an' waitin' till it was time to wauken ye for the fishin', an' on a sudden the door opened, and my auld father cam ben, and stood afore me; there whar you're stannin', Allan. An' I thocht he leukit gay an' stern-ways

at me; an' says he, 'Margaret,' says he, 'tell your husband to bide at hame the nicht, and no gang to the fishin', or ye'll may be rue it when ye canna' mend it.' And wi' that he turned roun', and gaed awa' again, or ever I had pooer to speak till him; an' I startit up, and waukenet wi' the fricht. But do, Allan!' and Margaret again burst into a flood of weeping: 'it's na for nocht that I've seen the auld man this nicht. Be ruled by the warnin' he gied me, and dinna gang to the fishin.'

"'Hoots, bairn,' exclaimed her husband, 'your father liked na' me. It was mair like he wad warn ye no' to let me gang, to hinder me from some good than from ill. No, no, Margaret dear, gang I must, this night.'

"Margaret again wept, wrung her hands, and implored her husband not to go. But superstitious as every Highlander is, on this night it appeared that his wife's mysterious dream made no impression upon Allan Mac Tavish. His spirits, on the contrary, had seldom seemed so high or so excited. He led Margaret to the door;—shewed her the calm, clear sky, brilliant with stars, and the full spring-tide coming so tranquilly into the little bay;—asked her with a kiss, if this were a night to let a dream frighten him from his fishing; and without awaiting farther remonstrance, strode to the place where his boat was moored; and as he pushed it from the shore, turned his head, once more to utter a light and laughing farewell. 'Gang to your bed, my bonny Peggy,' he said, 'and be up belyve the morn, to see the grand boat load o' fish that I'll bring ye back.'

"Margaret stood upon the shore and watched his boat as it doubled the headland, until, through the darkness, her straining eye could no longer discern it; heedless the while of the still advancing tide, that now laved her feet. She dried her tears, and looked up to the calm heaven, where not a cloud obscured the dark-blue bosom of night; till at last, half reassured by her husband's cheerful anticipations, half cheered by the serene aspect of the weather, she returned to the cottage, and after commending him in a fervent prayer to the protection of heaven, she replenished the fire with peats, and lay down beside her child, where, in a short time, she fell into a tranquil sleep.

"How long Margaret had slept she knew not; but it could not have been very long, for, except the fitful flashes of the firelight, all was darkness in the cottage, when she was suddenly awakened by a loud and prolonged sound. She started up in bed, and listened, in an agony of apprehension that almost froze the blood in her veins. It was no dream,—no delusion,—she distinctly heard the loud wild howling of the awakened blast, raging overhead as though it would tear off the very roof of the cotttage, and scatter it in its fury. She had sunk to sleep when all was stillness on earth and in heaven. She awoke to a tumult as awful as though all the winds had at once been set free from their cave, and dispatched to waste their wrath upon the vexed bosom of the sea. But, deeper and more awful than the winds, there came another sound —the raging of the waters, as they rose in their might, and dashed themselves with a loud booming roar upon the cliffs. Margaret sprang from her bed, and, undressed as she was, rushed to the cottage door. The instant she raised the latch, the force of the tempest dashed it open against the wall. She looked out into the night. A pitchy darkness now brooded over all things; every star seemed blotted from the face of heaven; but dimly through the gloom she could descry the white crests of the waves, as they surged and lashed the beach within a few yards of the cottage door. The tide had risen to a height almost unexampled on that coast beneath the influence of a vernal storm; it had far overpassed its usual limits within the Cove of Craignavarroch; and on the rocks, beyond which it could not go, it was breaking high,—high over head,—with a noise like thunder. Never was change in the weather more sudden and more complete. Margaret stood for a minute in speechless horror and dismay; then, rushing back into the cottage, she fell upon her knees, and held up her hands to heaven: 'Lord God!' she exclaimed— 'have mercy! have mercy!' She could not utter another word. She hid her face in her hands, and sobbed in agony.

" Still the tempest raged, and the waves roared on. Margaret dressed herself, and carefully covered her infant, whose sweet sleep was unbroken by the fearful tumult. Again she went to the door, and stood, looking into the night, regardless of the wind, which drove a heavy rain against her face. She strained her ears to distinguish some sound,—some cry,—amid the pauses of the hurricane. As well might she have striven to distinguish the low music of the woodland bird, as the wildest shriek that ever broke from the lips of despair and anguish, in the midst of an uproar of the elements like that through which she had dreamt of hearing it. But those from whom that sound must have come, were far—far beyond where her ear could catch their voices.

" She closed the door, returned into the room, and knelt down again on the floor, burying her face and closing her ears, as if to shut out the noise of the tempest; while her whole frame shook with the gasping sobs which brought no tears to relieve her: and at every fresh howl of the blast, she shuddered and her limbs shrank closer together. She tried to pray,—but the words died upon her lips. She could not speak;—she could not even think;—she only felt as though she were all one nerve—one thrilling nerve—quivering beneath repeated and torturing pangs.

" On a sudden the wind sunk,—completely sunk. For the space of three minutes there was not a breath heard to blow. Margaret raised her head, and listened. All was still. She was about to spring from the ground, when back—back it came again,—the hideous burst—the roaring bellow of the augmented hurricane, as though it had gained strength and fierceness from its brief repose! Back it came—shaking the very cottage walls, and rattling the door and little window as though it would burst them open,—and Margaret flung herself forward again with a wild shriek, and clasped her hands over her ears again, to deaden the sound.

" Then she started from the ground, as a thought struck her, which seemed to bring some faint gleam of hope. ' I kenna whan the storm began,' said she to herself. ' He may never hae won farrer nor the houses ayont the craigns yonder;—or they may hae pitten back in time to get ashore there; and he'll be bidin' the mornin's licht, and the fa' in' o' the wind, or he come back here again. Oh ay, that'll just be it! Surely—surely that'll be it,' she repeated, as if to assure herself of the truth of what she said. She took down the watch from the nail on which it hung, and looked at it by the fire-light. The hand pointed to half-past two. ' Oh! will it never be day?—will it never be licht again?' she exclaimed as she replaced it, ' that I may win yont the craigs, and see gin he be there.' She went again to the door. All was darkness still, and wild uproar without. No gleam of light to announce the far distant dawn. A fresh burst of wind drove her back. ' Oh!' she exclaimed, wringing her hands; ' Oh! gin he had been advised by me! But the dochter that left her father's grey hairs to mourn her, deserves na' a better lot. It was e'en owre muckle guidness to gie me a warnin' o' it.'

The long dark hours of that terrible night dragged on—on— in all the torments, the unutterable torments of suspense. And if any thing can aggravate these torments, it is enduring them amid darkness. There is something awfully indefinite at all times in the thick impenetrable gloom of night;—but when that gloom is armed with terrors, and big with dangers, to which the very impossibility of ascertaining their extent adds tenfold in the imagination, then it is that we truly feel the full amount of its awfulness. At last a faint dim glimmer of grey light began to break over the tumbling waves. Again Margaret was at her cottage-door. It was barely light enough to show her how mountainous were the billows that dashed and raved upon the shore,—how thick and heavy were the clouds that darkened the sky. The wind howled with unabated fury, and the rain drove against her by fits. She could just discern, by the faint day-break, the white foam that marked the top of the waves, which were now ebbing from the bay; while a thick rib of sand and sea-weed upon the grass not far from the door, marked how

fearfully high they had flowed through the night. She cast an eager glance towards the cliffs.—Surely by this time it would be practicable to scramble along their base, and to reach the path on the shore to the fishermen's huts? She felt as though it were impossible to remain another instant in that state of terrible uncertainty. But then, her infant! She durst not carry it out by so hazardous a path, in the wet, cold, dark dawn; and should she leave it behind, it might wake and miss her! She turned distractedly into the room, and approached its bed. It was still in a sound and tranquil sleep; and with a desperate effort of resolution, she determined to make the attempt. She approached the door, and fastened her plaid firmly around her, ere she stepped forth upon her scarce distinguishable way.

"At that moment, ere Margaret could cross the threshold, a strange sensation came across her. A cold air rushed past her, like that occasioned by the rapid approach and still more rapid passing of some undiscernible object. A dimness came over her sight; she could not be said to *see*—but she *felt* as if something cold and wet had glided swiftly by her, with a scarce perceptible contact, into the house. A damp dew overspread her forehead; her limbs trembled and bent beneath her, as she instinctively turned round, and looked into the room which she had quitted. The light was so faint, that within the house it scarce vanquished the darkness; but a bright gleam flashing up from the fire, showed every thing in the room distinctly for an instant's space; and by that gleam, Margaret beheld the figure of her husband standing within the door, pale, as it seemed to her, and dim, and shadowy, with the water dripping from his clothes and hair. The fire-flash sunk as instantaneously as it had shone, and all was again obscurity, as she dropped upon the floor in a swoon.

When the unhappy wife again opened her eyes, and recovered her perceptions of what was passing around her, she found herself laid in her own bed. The bright glorious sunshine was beaming in at the cottage window, as though to mock her desolation. Several women, from the neighbouring fishing village, were in the room, one of whom held in her arms the infant of Margaret, whom she was endeavouring to soothe and quiet: and at the moment she raised her head, the door opened, and upon the self-same spot where she had that morning beheld his likeness stand, she saw the lifeless corpse of her drowned husband, borne in the arms of some of his comrades, who had with difficulty rescued it from the devouring waves; yet rescued it too late to save.

"Some weeks afterwards, as the household of Andrew Weir were rising from their evening devotions, a gentle knock was heard at the door of the kitchen in which they were all assembled. The old farmer himself went to open it. A female figure, pale, thin, and wasted, clad in deep mourning, and holding an infant in her arms, stood trembling before him. He gazed on her for a moment in silent uncertainty, then desired her to 'come in bye.'

"'Faither,' said she, clasping her attenuated hands together, 'do ye no ken me?' An electric shock of recognition seemed to run through the old man's frame. He sank into a chair that stood by the door, and with averted face waved his hand, as though to bid the intruder be gone.

"'Father!' she exclaimed, flinging herself on the ground before him, and clasping his knees, 'the hand of the Lord has been upon me, for my fau't. I cam' back to crave your pardon, or I dee. Oh! dinna cast me aff! I hae been sair chasteesed; sair, sair chasteesed.'

"A murmur of sympathy and compassion arose from the assembled group of old and attached domestics. The farmer remained silent yet a little space, with his grey head bowed upon his hands, and his whole frame shaking with strong convulsive shudderings. He raised his face at last; and while, every feature working with emotion, he stretched forth his hand to the weeping culprit at his knee—

"'Rise, Margaret,' he said, in a broken voice, 'rise, my bairn. The Lord grant ye peace and pardon, as freely as your faither dees the nicht.'

And the penitent and mourning daughter was clasped once more to her parent's heart.

"Margaret died not long after in her father's arms, rejoicing with humble faith in her release. The infant son remained with his grandfather; and the cottage which had been the scene of his parents' brief time of wedded love—of his mother's widowed anguish, was left uninhabited, and speedily fell to decay, which was accelerated by the encroachments of the sea upon the Cove. Some broken expressions which escaped from Margaret, regarding the apparition seen by her on the morning of her husband's death, being speedily circulated among the inhabitants of the coast, deterred any one from ever attempting again to fix a habitation in the Cove of Craignavarroch. The place acquired the reputation of being 'uncanny;' and at present, there are few fishermen who would willingly put in there after nightfall, however rough the sea, and however distant their destined haven. It stands in the solitude and the desolation befitting the theatre of such a tale."—P. 145.

We have already taken up a larger space than we intended; yet such a sacrifice is but due to so very interesting a portion of the literature of our country. Next month we may be induced to give another chapter to complete our notice. Hood, by that time, may have manufactured his Christmas stock of "laughing gas," and we shall certainly endeavour to obtain some portion of its essence. The LANDSCAPE ALBUM is one of the cheapest and best of its contemporaries. It has upwards of *fifty* engravings from Westall's drawings, designed to illustrate the beauties of our own country. It is very elegantly "got up" in green and gold, and might not unaptly be called the "British Landscape Annual."

Ackermann's FORGET ME NOT maintains its ancient reputation, and shall have our attention. The LANDSCAPE ANNUAL,—HEATH'S PICTURESQUE,—The KEEPSAKE,—The AMULET,—Miss Landon's DRAWING ROOM SCRAP BOOK, and others, must stand over. Among the juveniles, Mrs. A. Watts' NEW YEAR'S GIFT appears the most attractive. We have besought Miss Sheridan's assistance to conclude this long chapter—after the loyal and approved fashion of play-bill literature—with

VIVAT REX (WRECKS).

ENGLAND AND HER CRITICS *.

"Splendide mendax."—Hor. Od. iii. 11. 35.
"Velus unda supervenit undam."—Id. Epl. ii. 2. 176.

It is rarely that we take the trouble to condemn a work of uniform unworthiness, or offend so far against the reason and good sense of criticism as to bring before its chastening tribunal a culprit of perverse and irreclaimable depravity. On this occasion, though we obviously depart from ordinary usage, in examining as unmixed a morsel of absurdity as ever issued from the brain of maudlin fretfulness, we consider it sufficient for our vindication to observe, that the *hexameters* of Count Achilles are the very type of numerous effusions of a kind of wandering, scribbling *clique*, who feel themselves at perfect liberty to use the hospitality of foreign nations for malignant purposes, and afterwards repay it by inventions and mis-statements of the meanest and most rancorous untruth. We have therefore chosen, at our leisure, to estimate the merits of one sole production, indiscriminately taken from a mass of envious and rude invective, to let our readers see with what a patriotic sensibility to fame and dignity the *indiscriminate* affection for foreigners is cherished by certain classes of our countrymen, *on the principles* of general philanthropy, and how generously their idols respond to the expression of their disinterested homage. Far be it from us to undervalue the friendship that at present exists between ourselves and our enlightened neighbours, or to despise the criticism of an unprejudiced and conscientious foreigner; but we have no courtesy for slanderers—these *claqueurs* of a most disgusting school. We propose, therefore, in the person of my lord Jouffroy, to demolish a whole host of scandalmongers and retailers of slip-slop, who have lately abused the press with their libellous profligacy—whose most elevated ambition appears to be that of *procureur*, or pander, to the diseased appetites of the most contemptible of creation.

There are certain points on which the wisest minds may differ; there are manners, customs, habits, climes, and countries, which may variously affect the moral sense and temperament of various individuals; the propensity of one nation may be repugnant to the taste and genius of its neighbour; every people has, in short, its imperfections to a greater or a less degree. It is for these especial reasons that we view with satisfaction the frank and frequent intercourse of intellectual foreigners, as being calculated to amend the more objectionable habits inherent in the lands of one another. A philosopher will exemplify as well as praise the wholesome fruit of his researches; he will reprove with truth, with temper, and good faith the vices he has found—no matter with what virtues they are linked; he will analyze and specify, combine and generalize, always with a view to

* Adieux à l'Angleterre. Par le Comte Achille de Jouffroy.

emendation, always with a reverent respect for truth; and the candid observations of a mind, so actuated and so endued, will inevitably achieve in their eventual extension, a proportionate degree of sound and permanent improvement. The travels of such a man must infallibly benefit the countries he may visit, as well as the native soil from which he was solicited by the external objects of a commendable curiosity. Let the traveller be unlettered even—if his perceptions be but just, his sense of right and wrong correct; if he possess but an inquiring and observant spirit; if the result of his researches be delivered with impartiality and candour—free at once from the distortions of dislike and the accommodation of seductive prepossession—such a man, we say, must work a portion of advantage to the country where his travels are performed, as well as to the native home to which he brings the accumulation of a vigilant experience.

Let us, on the other hand, suppose a traveller of other purposes and qualities—let us imagine a person of immeasurable insignificance as to talents, both acquired and natural; slavish in his prejudice, and faulty in his predilections; squeamish, ignorant, envious and peevish; destitute of intuition, prone to detraction; hasty in opinion, and shallow in his judgment; studious of every minor fault, and utterly insensible or blind to every worthy quality. Let us look on this offensive mixture of falsehood, jealousy, and misconstructive spleen; tortured at the evidence of a foreign nation's grandeur, a specimen at once of conscious inferiority and of fretful rancour; striving, by every art of disingenuous hesitation, to question undeniable excellence—by distortion to disfigure facts, which scowl defiance on his impotent malignity; to stigmatize, by sweeping slanders, the orders of a State that shed the sneer of a serene contempt on the abortive efforts of his puny hatred; endeavouring, by the inversion of all usage, to establish rules as the exceptions, and the exceptions as the rules, of his silly and uncandid estimate;—let us add, to all these fruitful qualities, the crowning honour of unbounded egotism, and we shall not be much surprised to find that such a person, much below the mediocrity of that community in which he moved, should prove resentful of his own degree, and, with a view to vindicate the tortured vanity of disabused pretension, strive to vilify, with flippant impudence and gross untruth, the national and moral grandeur he beheld but to detest and to decry.

Such, we are compelled to say is in the present day the character of many vagabond lampooners, who conceive it quite sufficient to have rolled a thousand miles through any country of the universe, to be enabled to present a picture of its manners, morals, government, and institutions. Without the slightest previous preparation on the subject, they throw themselves upon a world of most revolting novelties; are launched into the intercourse of mixed descriptions; acquire, in general, their information from the casul occupants of public coaches, the chance acquaintance of an inn, or the infallible dogmatism of some contemptible itinerary; with infinite absurdity they regard the surly rudeness of some wealthy grazier, manufacturer, or farmer, or the half-French frippery of an occasional man-milliner, as the common *traits* of national society; and, applying to the purposes of predisposed vituperation all the fractious acrimony of stage-coach politics, each

soi-disant Anacharsis proceeds to the digestion and exaggeration of his despicable incongruity, and ridiculously designates so foul a mass of falsehood, ignorance, and envy "an account" of countries, where his information never ranged beyond the precincts of a steam-boat or the limits of the king's highway.

And let us ask, with what fair show of reason can such adventurers complain of their exclusion from the *homes* of England?—we proudly and emphatically say the *homes*—to which no foreign system of economy presents the shadow of a likeness!—how can such adventurers, unsanctioned by credentials of respectability, expect admission to the pure, and amiable, and *hospitable homes* of England, when they bring to their remembrance in how many instances these generous benefits have been perfidiously abused, in how many instances the unsuspecting frankness of an open-hearted host has been repaid by the insidious artifice of some base though titled profligate, abandoned sensualist, or scandalous traducer; when they charge their recollection with the dexterous feats of those mustachioed Barons, Counts, and Marquesses, who prosecute their GRECIAN enterprises on the purses of their entertainers, or, beneath the simulated purity of modest intercourse, *attempt* a treacherous triumph over innocence and virtue?

Thus much we think it fair to offer, as a preamble to such remarks as we shall make on parts of the pretending *diatribe* of Count Achilles—not that we impute to this proscribing nobleman the whole or any of the motives specified in our incorporation of an imaginary character. But as the Count appears assured that there is something quite unanswerable in a strain of reckless ribaldry, it is salutary to inform the versifying lord that every question has (for persons of his imperious dogmatism) the disadvantage of two sides; and that, as a natural result of so much turbulent abuse as the indignant peer has showered upon the English people, some cool philanthropist may contemplate his lordship's reformation by a little sober counsel, and, without applying to him all the various appellations to which his libel has so bounteously subjected him, may prove my lord Jouffroy to have shown, in many instances, unbounded ignorance, and in many others to have erred most flagrantly from what *he knew* to be the truth. And, though we should be as injudicious as we are unwilling to repel the petulant and fanciful assertions of the Count Achilles, by recrimination on the fine country of which his lordship, we imagine, is a native—as it is very evident that the inculpation of our own "foggy, inhospitable, and uncivilized country," is effected through the medium of implied comparison—we shall run the risk of proving our inferiority on some few points, in the plain and open course of contrast; points on which the noble versifier has treated us—poor, insular, contemptible, manufacturing speculators as we are—with rather more severity than the high condition of candour and impartiality in revolutionary France would have led us to expect at the hands of so astute and just a censor.

But let us enter fairly on the Count's effusion, which he appropriately commences, as he ends, on wings of smoke, which separate him from "ces climats brumeux!" Here is the hacknied charge upon our climate; which, however, has all the accessaries of consum-

mate art, the comforts of a house, the excellent condition of the roads, and the convenience of conveyances to disarm the inclemency of clime and weather. If at home, you have your well-appointed room, your curtains, carpet, your well-made doors and windows totally impervious to the wind; your commodious, cheerful grate and blazing fire:—if you travel, your swift horses, fresh as the day-spring and as sleek as sunbeams; your cleanly coach; your well-provided inn, a model and compendium of all earthly comforts. Look on a rainy day in France—at home—your sanded floors; a cold, white winding-sheet for curtains—an ill-made smoking stove, the very counterpart of misery; your doors and windows yawning to the winds, the only agents that enjoy the access to a French *menage:*—If you travel, a wooden house on waggon-wheels; your horses lame, and wearied from the plough, or from a turn *or two* of posting; your harness, whipcord, thong and rope, and rusted iron. Would you sleep upon the road, your floor of brick or tiles—and, saving those especial houses appointed for a traveller's reception, and at an interval of four leagues distance—no other habitation that can yield you further cheer than coarse, black bread, new wine as cold as ice (except in summer) and as sour as vinegar, and *eau de vie*, comprising in one solitary glass the fire and fury of Mount Ætna. To this plain, honest contrast, we may add, "that the mortality of Great Britain, its cities, and its hospitals, is greatly inferior to that of any other country in Europe; that it is at present incontestible that Great Britain is the most healthy country with which we are acquainted, and that it has been gradually tending to that point for the last fifty years; that this superior value of life in Great Britain is not confined to any particular districts or classes of individuals. To whatever point we turn our view, the advantage is still the same; the man of affluence, the pauper-patient of the hospital, the soldier and the sailor on active service, the prisoner of war, the inmate of a gaol, all enjoy a better tenure of existence from this country than from any other of which we have been able to consult the records. It has long been the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find that the most famed spots in Europe, the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids and the fountains of health, are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis. The annual proportion of deaths at Montpellier was greater thirty years ago, and *is greater at present*, than in London*."

We are not disposed to controvert the Count on politics, or to pursue him in his wanderings on democracy or aristocratical oppressions—he is eminently ignorant on either point; but we will tell him, by the way, that those delightful exhibitions which he has rather daubed with an invidious, than sketched with a discriminating hand, are derived in spirit and in form from the disgusting models which the revolutionary fury of his own country so abundantly supplied; that they are the despicable excesses of the indolent and profligate in

* Dr. Hawkins' Medical Statistics.

London, the abhorrence or contempt of all good and liberal citizens; and that their mad and wanton character has been immeasurably surpassed by the sanguinary perpetrations of the mobs of Paris and Marseilles. But when the Count avers that our nobility are insolent; our people gross; that the possessor of gold alone is considered respectable; let us ask him, pray, in whose opinion? Whatever may be the strength of party in the British aristocracy, in their private character a more enlightened, philanthropic, courteous, unpresuming class of men no age whatever boasted, or no country of the world possesses: and as to the predominance of gold in swaying the appreciations of the rich and intellectual, he could not perhaps have taxed his ingenuity more severely than to find an order of existing people whose opinions it has less controlled, and on which the strength of character and reputation only have so distinct and forcible an influence. As to the inhospitality and grossness of the people, we conceive the impeachment, coming from a Frenchman, must be downright jocularity. Does the Count Achille de Jouffroy know that almost every nobleman in Britain has his country mansion "crowded to the brim" throughout the sporting months? that every gentleman of fortune, according to his means, adopts the self-same system of old English hospitality, and that his guests are sumptuously regaled, throughout their sojourn, with every luxury that all the quarters of the globe and corners of the earth supply? There we find no *dovetailing* of metamorphosed *réchauffées*, no third appearances of *fricandeaus*, no pompous usurpations of conceit upon the legal territory of real epicurism, no supplement or substitution, devised by parsimonious chicane, to eke out the *appearance* of a feast. All is genuine, from the massive chalice and the salver to the solidity of our national reproach—the glorious sirloin; all perfect and appropriate, from the cleanly simplicity of English cookery to the more questionable mysteries of foreign skill; the oldest hock, the best Lafitte, madeira smooth as oil, sherry that would tempt a Mussulman, and fine rich port that would mollify the rigour of a cynic. Is the Count offended, that we give not up the spacious damask regions of our board to the insipid nonsense of mythology, nor place misshapen Venuses and Dians on our tables? We act more wisely; we place the bright originals, in all their beauty, purity and grace, *around* them; and, though to our unspeakable delight, they neither rack us with their politics, or emulate the smoke-jacks of our kitchen with their tongues, we stedfastly maintain, that in no country of the universe, where chastity, good sense, and beauty are appreciated justly, is the fund of conversation more enchanting, to a man of decent expectation, than the animated tenor of that well-directed affability, vivacity, and mirth, which form the envied and *unrivalled* charm of *real* English good society.

Much in the same off-handed style of condemnation does the Count Achilles level his invective at the *grossness* of the English people. The higher classes of our countrymen are palpably above our vindication; let the Count contrast the calm—the *cold* reserve, if he thinks fit to call it so, of Englishmen, with the eternal antics and grimace of his own adored race; and let us see, even under *his* disfiguring and

partial pencil, whether of the two conform the most to manly decency and reason. The labouring classes of society in every country are infected with objectionable habits; but though we are not disposed to justify the imperfections of our own, allow us to remind the Count of the disgusting exhibitions he may momentarily witness in the streets of Paris, and of every city nearly in the empire of the French. We will ask the Count if *ever* he beheld in London, or any English town, examples of such foul indecency as shock the eyes of cleanliness and delicacy in every corner, under every porch, beneath the porticos of churches, in the front of every palace, in the sunshine of the open streets in the refined metropolis of Paris? His candid answer must declare, that such an outrage as it is on modesty, and even morals, palpably outweighs the rougher usages of *our* uncultivated classes, were they even fifty times more numerous than prejudice can make them, or the finical tom-foolery of foreign dancing-masters, in their pseudo tenderness, can possibly enumerate. Hear my lord:—

> "Les plaisirs vertueux ont-ils pour toi du prix?
> Fuis; que trouver ici? De l'impure Cypris
> Le culte répandu du palais jusqu'au chaume."

Here, again, we have an imputation so emphatically belied by the moral feeling of our country, that it suffices to distinguish this as *one* of the many instances in which the Count Achilles substitutes the *exception* for the *rule;* and, certainly, the invective comes with most superlative consistency from one who, founding his abuse of England on the comparative merits of his own pure country, may remember that, in the zenith of that slavish glory which the learned and the brave of France unanimously boasted and upheld beneath the prodigal and pompous domination of the *Grand* Louis, the destinies of that fine country, of those noble warriors and immortal wits who *bore* a reign of such abuse and filthy libertinism, were swayed alternately by a strumpet, bigotted yet sensual, and a despotising monk, combining their insidious influence, and reciprocating its effects for ends of selfishness and superstition, for rapacity and persecution. Here was, indeed, an instance of the

> "Culte de l'impure Cypris,"

which well, in such an age of servile flattery and imitation, might affect the nation "from the cottage to the throne!" Here was, indeed, an instance of a king so openly defying decency, so glaringly contemptuous of the nation, which he *nominally* ruled—at a period, too, illustrious for the splendour of its arts, its arms, its heroism, and its bigotry—that, after vitally corrupting his admiring subjects by the scandal of his court and the foulness of his own example, he dared to nominate, as their succeeding masters, the fruits of his notorious lubricity. And here we take the infamous example of the fourteenth Louis, of the *Grand Monarque,* not because the *first* or *last* in the series of such execrable instances, but because the fulsome pens of flattery—the pens of orators, philosopers, of priests and poets—have meanly eulogized a prince and system of such ineffable disgrace. Let the Count Achilles look to the disgusting debaucheries of the court

of the first Francis; a court which, in the estimation of historians, incurably infected the general morals of his country; let him look upon the throne, and shudder at the shameful cause which terminated, at the age of fifty-two, the regal libertine's career. Let the Count Achilles look to the amours of his successor: how many natural children had the monarch *then* upon the throne? had he issue by less than three notorious connexions? and what can be advanced by Count Achilles in extenuation of that slavish and immoral passion, to which, in the meridian of his life, he sacrificed the interests and glory of his country and himself?

Let our censorious Count Achilles look again to the throne as occupied by the last of the Valesian line, when corruption and depravity had gained so odious an ascendant that the monarch was exclusively controlled by players, minions, and *Italian harlots.*

What thinks the Count Achilles of the gross impurities of Margaret, the queen and wife of the good Henry? And much as we admire that frank and gallant prince, we recommend the Count, who levels his reproaches at the British throne, to read the histories of Gabrielle d'Estrées, of Henriette de Balzac d'Entraques, of Jacqueline de Bluil, of Charlotte des Essarts. How many children had the good and gallant Henry springing from his wanton intercourse? Why, eight at least.

Let the Count relate the influence of courtezans on that nefarious *regency,* when Orleans and Dubois dispensed the secret rigours of the state, and put at the disposal of the wanton and debauched, their instruments of sensual pleasure, the very property and freedom of the nation indiscriminately. Let him pass to the disgusting annals of the prostitution of the court of Louis XV., the Pompadours, Du Barris, the Parc au Cerfs, when, according to the remark of an indignant writer, "the nation was chained to the car of a prostitute, who decided alike the fate of princes and of nations, of the exalted and the low." So much for the unsullied throne of France! Now, let the Count inform us, in what portion of *our* history he finds these usurpations of the strumpet on the royal power or popular endurance. The depravity of Charles II., originated as it was by foreign education, can hardly come within the scope of this impeachment; though he is welcome to the censure of a libertine so thoroughly *un-English,* and will hardly fail, while penning the reproaches of *one* abandoned British king, to write a doubly-cutting commentary on a dozen of his own. *Encore,* my lord,—

> "Disciple d'Epicure, aimes tu les banquets
> Où le bon gout préside, et les jouyeux couplets,
> Va chercher ailleurs; fuis des tables Britannique,
> Les mets lourds, les vins forts et les propos cyniques;
> Les convives epais et leurs *toasts* à foison,
> Leur ivresse plus triste encor que leur raison
> Garde toi dans le vin d'exciter leur colere!
> L'Anglais montre aussitôt son brutal charactére,
> Il vient, fermant les poings, t'attaquer, te vexer
> Et tu dois tout souffrir, si tu ne sais *boxer.*"

On the epicurean point in the above quotation, we are strongly of

the sentiment of Horace, notwithstanding the authority against us of Count Achilles de Jouffroy, and certainly prefer *no* verses to *bad* verses. We can hardly imagine, for example, any service more severe than that of assisting at a dinner, where the couplets fell to the purveyance of the noble and censorious lord. In short, we totally dispense with such unseasonable and premeditated trumpery. Here, however, we are willing to allow the Count Achilles the full indulgence of his taste, expressing, at the same time, our implicit approbation of the social mirth and reasonable gaiety which commonly obtain at tables of the English gentry, who are not (good sense be thanked!) so totally the slaves of levity that every moment of their lives requires the inspiration of a Merry Andrew, or some other frivolous jack-pudding. To us it seems sufficient that the course of a repast is marked with cheerfulness and ease; nor do we wish to see the habits of unimpeachable propriety, which reign among us, changed for that barbarian system of *uproarious* tumult, which resembles more the fierce voracity of famished hounds than the decent satisfaction of a human appetite. At the same time, nothing loth to meet the charges of the Count Achilles on the point of quietude, we take occasion to commend, and most distinctly to prefer, the concession and forbearance which constitute the very soul of well-bred conversation in an English company to that clamorous effort for precedence, which is carried on elsewhere, amidst a shower of missiles uttered by the full-mouthed candidate for audience—saving some few steady devotees of Comus, who, intent on the perfections of the passing feast alone, absorbed in greedy speculation, are looking to the door for the succeeding *plat*, and seem, with all their napkins tucked in their cravats, to await the ceremony of a shave from some expected barber. Again, upon the point of heavy joints, the Count must be informed, that England is a country where the meats are so incomparably good, that they admit of being wholesomely and simply set on table; and that, though in nations where the fact is diametrically opposite, their cooks must have recourse to twenty thousand freaks of pompous nastiness and sounding nomenclatures, to conceal the naked truth of half-starved, coarse, and insalubrious viands—the English kitchen is exempted from those impure contrivances. Besides, we have an hundred lighter works, revised editions of Apician skill, improved and purified from foreign trickery—some few genuine dishes of our own, which put the efforts of all countries at defiance; and thus provided as to culinary means, with venison, fish, and game, which never kitchen but our own produced in absolute perfection—we make a pretty reputable stand against the nondescript pretensions of the very French themselves, who tolerate the tenth appearance of a worn-out fricandeau, consume a hundred casual heterogeneous essences in one chaotic soup, and swallow fish with rapture in the gastronomic capital of France, which the veriest starveling in Great Britain would repudiate in the keenest agony of hunger. Furthermore, we venture, without fear of confutation, to assert, that for one superb dinner set on table daily in the splendid city of Paris, there are at least one hundred in the gothic town of London, where infinitely better wines (and the *best* of French among the number) are

drunk than in the former; and, by way of illustrating the noble Count's invective on the point of hospitality in England, we expressly say that, where one man in *his* metropolis dines, by invitation, at his neighbour's cost, there are at least five hundred in that respective state in London. In what society did Count Achilles so unfortunately light, that politics (for such, we apprehend, he means by the indefinite expression of "*propos cyniques*") became the subject of engrossing interest? where did he find these heavy guests and drunken dogs? He surely must have cultivated the protection of some parish-officer, who took him, as a *Roman umbra*, to the vestry feasts. And even there, the sense of decency is far too prevalent to sanction the ferocity of blows; though, true it is, that in the streets, where impudence is sometimes ignorantly offered to a female, the style of castigation is as summary as the offence is flagrant; and a coxcomb may be laid upon his mother earth with the velocity of lightning, if he violates the laws of manliness and manners. The sarcastic Count, we apprehend, has never witnessed such disgraceful scenes in any common coffee-house in London; but, if the censorious patrician has taken his daily meal in some of those inferior eating-houses much frequented by the poorer sort of French, and where the intricacies of arithmetic diurnally produce some paltry squabbles on the subject of a *sol*, he may have seen as much, or more, contention in a week, than any decent native of the capital would witness in a twelvemonth. No, no; my Lord de Jouffroy, our humble meals, if silent, are decorous; though we have not yet attained so much of that refined abandonment to ease, that we see the members of a company employing knives and forks for tooth-picks, or the purpose of a nail-brush; or, perchance, some elegant example of the softer sex expectorating to the distance of a dozen feet, good measurement, and lodging the pulmonic missive on the sanded floor in the likeness of a mighty star-fish.

The Count Achilles next proceeds to the encomium of indolence, the repose of Eden, and the punishment of revolted man, which he pithily exhibits in its concrete form, in the condition of the artisans of Manchester and of the miners of the various pits of England. He informs us that his ancestors, employed by *graver* cares than manufactures, devolved upon their slaves the works which the present free, but humble, Englishman performs, at the risk of his existence, in making caps and stockings for the valets of the French. We shall not take the fruitless trouble of discussing with his lordship the merits and demerits of our manufacturing or mining systems; but, we ask, is any other person than the Count so grossly stultified as to imagine that it signifies one jot to an artificer to *whom* his labours are eventually useful? The censorious versifier may settle with his countrymen his flattering astonishment that English mechanics condescend to labour for the French community; though, generally speaking, there are few indeed, among the lower orders of his country—who have soul enough—and, what is more important still, the money to procure an article of genuine British manufacture. As far as our Homeric recollections serve us, the namesake of my Lord de Jouffroy was no small "*Count*" in the heroic ages; and, certainly, the name, in modern illustration, is but little shorn of its original pretension. "*Nos* valets!"

saith the Count. How many hath he, marry? Whatever be the case, as touching the numerical effect of Count de Jouffroy's retinue, we surmise, at least, a patriot of his exalted mind would soon eject, by peremptory process, any servant in his suite who dared to sport an English broadcloth in the room of that incessant piece of sky-blue patchwork, which flaps and flies, and barely holds together, on the backs of all the happy peasantry in revolutionary France. His lordship, in the natural sequence of absurdities, proceeds to eulogize the indolence and beggary of Italy and Spain; expatiates on a *lyre champêtre*, shepherds, beech-trees, and the childish common-place of cocknified bucolics. He ends his little spurt (for such it is) of cant and squeamishness, by telling us,

> "Nicette, en secret, la rougeur au visage
> Lui confie un ruban pour le prochain village,"

when the enviable beggar, who has edified the patriarchal society—depicted by the Count with much incomparable drollery—by a dissertation upon simples, husbandry, and silk-worms, prosecutes his mendicant career to share the riches of his wallet with less successful vagrants than himself:—

> "Car le plaisir du pauvre est d'être genereux."
> ——————"Like to the Pontick sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on,"

the noble satirist proceeds to show the blessing of mendicity, the comforts of monastic sepulture, and benediction. He apostrophizes the "miserable Breton," informs him that he has to contest with swine, the offal which they feed on (potatoes), and that their sustenance is eventually derived from brewers' grains; forbids him to solicit aid from opulence, and directs him, with remarkable precision, to a pawnbroker's shop, where the last rags of his wife may possibly suffice to lengthen one more day the miserable being of his children.

But, as perhaps the patience of our readers is not of so elastic a character as Count Achille de Jouffroy's imbecility, we shall bring our observations to a close; alluding merely to the noble censor's notice of the late atrocities of Burke, and others of the same nefarious class, and of the system of supply which formerly obtained in London for the subjects of anatomical professors; which two systems, the Count Achilles takes to be infallibly an *index to the English character!* We smile; as well we may. What would any of those intellectual, humane, and worthy men, who now adorn the soil of France, imagine of the taste and motives of an English nobleman who took a simple tithe of those enormous crimes which blot the heinous annals of their Revolution; and having given a faithful picture of those unprecedented outrages on all the laws of heaven aud man, denoted it *a character* of the civilized and intellectual inhabitants of Christian France?

If we condescended to pursue the Count with ridicule, we could have him on a thousand vulnerable points of national autonomy; and though we candidly admit that an acute antagonist, though not Achilles, might favour us with pretty smart retaliation, we believe the

palm of triumph in so rude a contest would rest, on the enumeration of the trophies, by a large majority with ourselves.

If the Comte Achille de Jouffroy is at all acquainted with the periodical literature of England, he must know that we are not tenaciously averse from the exposure of our faults. A thousand points, in all our systems, are assailed in quarterly, in monthly, and diurnal publications. We consider with good temper every speculation offered to a public studious of improvement; a public, labouring, by honest and ingenious means, to lighten the incumbrances imposed on it, by one great system of exalted magnanimity, morality, and foresight. England is too grand, too opulent, too wise, too proud, to heed the envy of the malignant, or the invective of a *petit-maître*.

We cordially exchange "adieux" with Count Achille de Jouffroy, and strongly recommend him, in his next production on a foreign country, to reform his plan. Pope thought

"A lie in verse or prose the same;"

and so do we. In conclusion, we seriously admonish Count Achilles, that though the ribaldry and falsehood of assertions, purporting to be authentic, may variously affect the gravity or laughter of a reader, they are awkward weapons in the best of hands, and never failed to gain their silly author a well-proportioned quantum of contempt.

BLACK-GUARDS,

(FROM MISS SHERIDAN'S ANNUAL.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OLD ACTORS, AND ANECDOTES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE STAGE.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

I REMEMBER Garrick in private life, and seeing him in many of the characters he performed in his latter days. By preserving accurate memorandums of what I saw him do, and comparing my observations with the performance of the same characters by other actors from time to time, I must say that I never *saw* any actor who approached within many degrees of the excellence displayed by Garrick; nor do I think, considering all the changes that have taken place in the degree and extent of encouragement that is now given to those who practise that art, there is the least reason to believe that it will ever be restored to that eminence I have seen it sustain in even my own times.

Though I never saw any actor on the stage older than a contemporary of Garrick, I feel confident that in former times there have existed actors like Garrick, equal to him in every respect, and, very possibly, superior to him in some. As I cannot positively assert what I have certainly never seen, I must be allowed to make out my case by such approximations as I am able, by referring to the declarations of *what they have seen,* and have been made by other competent witnesses.

When the appearance of Garrick in Goodman's Fields drew crowds of spectators from the west, to witness the prodigy, Pope, an excellent poet, went among the rest. When he had seen the young man, the poet exclaimed, "This young man will be spoiled by success; for he has neither rival nor competitor; he is *like Betterton, and quite equal to him!*" Here then I, and those who, like me, reflect upon what they hear or read, feel that the acting of Garrick resembled that of Betterton, and was quite equal to it; for Pope, when a young man, was intimate with Betterton, and, as a volunteer artist, painted his portrait, which was destroyed by the fire which burned Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury-square, in the year 1780; Pope having done this, and being so well acquainted with Betterton, may be fairly allowed to have spoken the truth of his friend.

Having proceeded, successfully, thus far, we may now venture to proceed a little way farther. Betterton was known to declare, unequivocally, that he formed his style of acting by reflecting upon the performances of Major Mohun and Hart, the tragic heroes of the time of Charles the Second after his restoration. Betterton is recorded to have acknowledged, with gratitude, the great superiority and kindness of his instructors, in communicating their knowledge to him. Hart is known to have been the nephew of Shakspeare; and having been brought up to the stage from his infancy, it may be believed thus he received instructions from his uncle, and had, by that means, a knowledge of the way in which the principal characters of our immortal bard were performed by Lowin, Taylor, Tarleton, and other great associates of Shakspeare.

Having thus traced the style of Garrick backwards to the days of Shakspeare, we will endeavour to show that no *actor*, since the time of Garrick, has approached to any thing like to the merit of that great man. Holland, uncle to a gentleman of the same name, who was many years afterwards upon the stage, was a pupil of Garrick, and said to be a very good actor, except when he spoiled himself by imprudently attempting to imitate his master. *Powell* was a pupil of Garrick, but, of the very highest talents, was stage-struck, and being intimate with Holland was by him introduced to our Roscius, who, fortunately for both, perceiving the full extent of Powell's talents, and being himself engaged to pass the winter, and more than that, in Italy, employed the whole summer in teaching him most strenuously every thing that could be taught; and after seeing his *debut*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of "Philaster," which had not been acted time out of mind, and therefore gave the young actor the advantage of showing himself in a character which must be his own, because he had no opportunity of seeing it acted by any one. He did this with so much advantage that his success was complete and singly, or at least assisted only by Mrs. Yates. Atlas like, he bore the weight of the whole season so well, that it produced as much profit to the proprietors as any one preceding. When Garrick returned, and Powell's engagement was ended, he married one of Rich's daughters, and became one of the proprietors of Covent-garden theatre, in which he induced Mrs. Yates to become the heroine. The affairs of the theatre prospered; but, Powell dying of fever in Bristol, the theatre passed into other hands, and became involved in lawsuits several years. Powell was, from the first night of his appearance, an actor of the first consequence; he did not descend to imitate Garrick or any other actor, but formed his own designs, and executed them in his own manner. If he had lived, he would have arrived to a rank equal to any one in his profession; but as it was, he left a vacancy that was not filled many years afterwards.

We may mention here a predecessor, or rather a precursor, of Garrick—a situation in which the individual alluded to has seldom, if ever, been considered.

In the first editions of Sir John Vanbrugh's "Provoked Wife," among the dramatis personæ are mentioned the characters of *Sir John Brute* by Mr. Betterton, and *Rasor*, his valet, by Mr. Macklin. Macklin must have been then young, and low in the theatre, from which he raised himself, by slow and painful degrees, to be a performer of much reputation in the public mind. As his peculiarities did not facilitate his advancement among the great, his progress was slow, and it was not till the distresses of Fleetwood made him employ Macklin to be his stage-manager, that he obtained the opportunity of showing the public what he was capable of. He got up the "Merchant of Venice," as it was written by Shakspeare, which was a novelty quite unknown, as the play of that name which had been performed time out of mind, was altered into a sort of low comedy by Lord Landsdown, who called it the "Jew of Venice;" *Shylock* made the principal character, and time out of mind played by Nokes, who made him merely a Jew of King's-place, whose peculiarities were

made to excite ridicule. The characters being cast, Quin was made *Bassanio*, always the principal character, and all the others settled except *Shylock*, of which nothing was said. At last, as the rehearsal was going on, some one formally, asked, "who is to be *Shylock?*" "O! I shall do that myself," was Charley's reply. "You! you! you!" exclaimed all who were present. "Yes, I, I, I, will do that myself," he rejoined, very firmly. All were silent; but "quips, and cranks, and wanton smiles" sparkled from the eyes of one to another. In the mean time, Macklin continued reading the part, as they all thought, very insipidly.

At last the first night of representation came; a most numerous and splendid audience filled the theatre to overflowing. The performers, dressed for action, filled the green-room, into which walked Macklin, clothed in his, till then, unseen dress; all eyes were fixed upon him; but all were silent. The call-boy having made the signal to begin, Macklin, and the other characters who accompanied him, walked on the stage, beginning—

Shylock. "Three thousand ducats—well?"
Bass. "For three months."
Shylock. "For three months—well?" &c. &c.;

and proceeded in the same quiet tone which the scene required. The audience remained silent and attentive; the performers, confounded by the novelty of their situation; and the scene being ended, as they walked off the stage, Quin said, in one of his malignant under-tones, "*let the fool ruin himself, if he will.*" But when the great actor returned, exclaiming in the highest paroxysm of rage,—

"*You knew it! None so well* as you,"

and went through that scene in the manner that he had then shown for the first time, and continued to the end of the piece, the audience burst into perpetual shouts of applause, which continued incessantly to the end of the piece; the other actors were confounded; and from that moment Macklin became a very great actor in the general opinion.

He was invited into many companies, where his opinions were canvassed; among others by Pope, who is known to have said, on witnessing this performance—

"This is the Jew
Which Shakspeare drew."

And on being asked by Pope, what he meant by lining the top of his hat with scarlet silk? is said to have replied, he did so, because he had read that, in Venice, all the Jews were obliged to do so, as a badge to distinguish them from all others. "Indeed!" said the poet, "I did not know that players accustomed themselves to notice such particulars." His opinion was correct as to the general practice of the actors of that time: but to that rule Macklin was a singular exception. This account of Macklin likewise confirms the correctness of Pope's opinion as to the resemblance between the acting of Betterton and that of Garrick. It is certain, that Macklin—a child of

nature—coming without knowledge into this land of civilization, and believing that he could arrive at excellence in the art of acting, should study the great actor under whom he was employed, acquire a knowledge of the principles by which he was directed, convert the knowledge, so acquired, to his own advantage, and having succeeded in this, he would naturally make it the subject of conversation with those he associated with. Now it is quite certain, that before Garrick appeared on the stage, he associated intimately with all persons connected with his intended profession, from whom he hoped to obtain knowledge that might promote his success. It is well known that such intimacy existed between Garrick and Macklin, till subsequent misunderstandings estranged them from each other.

Macklin, during his whole life, was strongly imbued with the spirit of reformation or improvement; it showed itself on all occasions, but on one that was attended with singular inconvenience to himself. After Powell died, the property of Covent-garden theatre was purchased by several persons, at the head of which was the elder Colman: they engaged new performers in various ways; among others, Macklin was engaged, by way of what would now be called a star; it had been found, for many years previously, that his performance of *Shylock*, with his own farce of "Love-à-la-Mode," would certainly produce full houses several nights in the season, and for that number of nights he had, for several years, been engaged upon shares —that was, a division of the profits between the parties; but, on this occasion, they went even farther. Though Macklin was much beyond seventy years old, he resolved to astonish the natives by performing the character of *Macbeth*, which he never had performed before, and with improvements which would throw all former performances into the shade; and how were these promises to be performed, after the public attention had been called into action by this announcement? Many, many years before, Garrick and Barry had acquired the very highest reputation for their admirable performance of this important character; Smith and Reddish, at that time thought excellent actors, were still performing the same character, much to the public satisfaction; what then could the reformer Macklin do to improve his reformation or representation of it?

The theatre, in the days of Garrick and long afterwards, was not critically correct in arranging or altering the text of their authors, their scenes, dresses, or decorations. When Garrick determined to separate speeches or scenes from his author, he did not attempt to unite the parts separated by language that might seem to belong to the part separated, but made any thing serve his purpose; he never would perform a character in tragedy without having a dying speech in it, because he thought he had the knack of wriggling about on a carpet to make himself interesting to his audience: but in this play of Macbeth, he had more of these absurdities than in almost any other. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were always dressed in the scarlet court-dresses of British modern generals; *Duncan* and all his courtiers were dressed as nearly in the court dresses of St. James's as could be represented, but there was one absurdity that exceeded all this, that is to say, when *Macbeth* imagines he sees the "air-drawn dagger," and having followed

it through all its vagaries, he recovers himself; but again, starting, with his disordered imagination exclaims:

Ha! I see thee yet———
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going——
And on thy dudgeon goutts of blood, that were not so before—
Avaunt!———I say,—begone————
I see thee yet, *in form as palpable as that which now I draw!*—

So saying he drew, *not any kind of dagger*, but a very handsome small-sword, such as might become part of a modern gentleman's court dress. Macklin, in his projected performance, reformed all these things; clothed all the characters of the piece in the Highland dress, which, considering the hue-and-cry Wilks had at that time raised against the Scotch was not very prudent; instead of drawing his sword against the "air-drawn dagger," as Garrick always did, he had a dirk, concealed in his bosom, which he drew forth *in propria persona*, and made every thing on the stage as like a scene in Scotland as his intelligence would enable him to make it. Symptoms of war against the reformation were rumoured; but a very great audience was assembled, who waited in silence the rising of the curtain; when that was done, and Macklin with his *Banquo* were seen strutting down the stage clothed in plaid, to the sound of bagpipes, gentle hisses were heard;—"hear him! hear him!" was, as usual, vociferated in a tone that prevented him from being heard; and the confusion proceeded to increase, till the little dirk started from its hiding-place, when the rage of the spectators broke out so outrageously, that whatever merit might have been displayed in the piece was neither understood nor noticed; but the curtain dropped, at the end of the piece, among the most discordant yells that ever disgraced a theatre, till, in after-times, they were exceeded by those which took place in the O. P. row in Covent-Garden theatre.

The next morning the combat was renewed in the newspapers. Macklin boldly charged Garrick, Smith, and Reddish with engaging in a conspiracy to prevent the reception of his improvements by the public, who would willingly acknowledge their superiority. In this he was certainly mistaken, for it is certain that a set of men who called themselves the *town*, in those times arrogated to themselves both the right and the power to prevent any thing which they did not approve from being represented on the stage; and whatever they did not approve, they demolished *vi et armis*. The manager, resolving to have another trial of strength, encountered another representation of the play; a similar audience assembled, and the curtain was drawn up, the actors were not permitted to speak—they were sent on *booing* and *booing*, in hopes of getting an audience, but in vain: at last, the largest board in the house was prepared; upon it was chalked, with very large letters, *Mr. Macklin is discharged from this theatre.* Shouts of applause hailed the apparition, and poor Macklin retired to get his supper wherever it was to be found.

He exerted himself to discover the enemies by whom he was thus wantonly injured—succeeded—brought actions against them, and continued them for almost three years, before he got the redress that

he could obtain, such as it was, losing his employment—of course his salary for three years, besides the continual irritation and loss of property. Such were the blessed effects of liberty in the British theatre!

The next remarkable act of this extraordinary man was to bring his own comedy, the "Man of the World," upon the stage in London, for the first time, when he was more than fourscore years old. He had produced it in Ireland, several years before, with much success and great profit: for several years he never had printed or published it, nor suffered a MS. copy of it to go out of his hands; the consequence was, that when acted it was admired, acquired reputation, and was followed by the public, when it could be seen, for many years, to the author's great emolument. That a man of his age should repeatedly perform so arduous a character, besides his own farce of "Love-à-la-Mode," so continually as he did, during its successful run, demonstrates the wonderful strength of this remarkable man. When he had almost, though not entirely, ceased to act, he still lived in society, in convivial parties, where he was entertained as a wonder, as he certainly was, contributing largely to amuse the society in which he moved. On one occasion, when he was much more than one hundred years old, I heard him make a long speech in a debating society, upon an historical subject of much temporary interest; it is true that he was asked to do so, and prepared himself for the occasion, but still, that a man of his age should command intellect enough to accomplish this, is not the least wonderful part of the transaction.

Henderson was the last eminent actor who sprang from the school of Garrick: remarkable for the disadvantages he overcame before he fixed himself in the station he deserved to hold, and the steadiness with which he maintained himself in it while life remained. His father died young, leaving his widow with two sons, and very little to support them; she did give them what was then thought a tolerable school education, but it was difficult to contrive the means to establish him in life. John Ireland, a remarkable man in those times, took a liking to Henderson, and received him into his house, with a view to support his interest during his entrance into life; being himself intimate with artists, literary men, and actors, and finding his young friend partial to the stage, he did every thing practicable to promote his views in that profession—introduced him to Garrick, and other eminent men of that time, and endeavoured to procure for him an engagement under Garrick. In that he did not succeed, but Garrick gave the youth a recommendation to Palmer, proprietor of the Bath theatre, who engaged him at a low salary, and brought him out there with advantage, and he became the favourite actor of the place.

The most remarkable part of this transaction was, that Ireland, Henderson's only friend, when he learned how the youth was engaged, made a party of friends, filled one of the Bath stages, went to that place, attended the theatre, and by their strenuous exertions contributed greatly to his success. He continued the hero of that theatre, till the elder Colman bought the Haymarket theatre of Foote, for an annuity, which our Aristophanes politely relinquished, by dying out of the way before the first quarter was due. Till then, the per-

formances of Foote had been the principal support of his own theatre, and he had engaged to support it by acting in it *only* as a hired actor: this engagement being terminated by death, Colman had to seek for other assistance. Henderson was not known in London, and Colman engaged him to perform during the whole of the Haymarket season at his theatre, for a salary of one hundred pounds and a benefit. This was not a large salary at that time, but satisfied Henderson, whose principal object was to have an opportunity of being seen, which Garrick had repeatedly and constantly denied him.

The success of Henderson was very great; his performance of *Hamlet* being very superior to any performance of the same that had been seen for many years; and in the course of that summer he performed several other characters with equal excellence, which had, for want of proper representatives, been kept many years out of sight, greatly to the increase of his own reputation and the public entertainment. At the end of that season Sheridan engaged him at the highest salary then given to performers at Drury-lane for three years: at the end of that term he removed to Covent-garden, obtaining an increase of salary as well as reputation, and continued to do so as long as he lived.

I regret to say, he did not requite the services he received from Ireland in the manner they deserved. Ireland was largely engaged in the trade of a watch-maker, in which he had extensive engagements: he lived in a wide circle of artists, literati, and professional men of various kinds. Into a house thus arranged he received Henderson, a poor boy, then in distress—supported him—promoted his interests according to his own inclinations—went to Bath to see him fixed there—and when Henderson was engaged to perform at the Haymarket, received him into his house as a friend, as he always had done, without any expense, where he continued to live in the same manner, till a change in poor Ireland's circumstances unfortunately took place.

Ireland received a large order for watches to be exported to Turkey: to enable him to execute it, as his own funds were inadequate, he borrowed money from several friends; among others, he borrowed one hundred pounds from Henderson. The person for whom the order was executed did not make good his payments—Ireland became distressed, and was made bankrupt. His affairs, upon investigation, proved to be quite fair, and honourable to himself, as well as satisfactory to all his creditors. It was determined to give him his certificate at once; and, I regret to say, that *Henderson was the only individual* WHO REFUSED TO SIGN IT. My old acquaintance, Jesse Foot, who was intimate with all, as well as myself, was engaged to solicit him. They had many meetings for that purpose, in which Jesse could not prevail: the only reason Henderson alleged for refusing was, that he *could not afford to lose the money.* After many fruitless attempts, Jesse obtained his signature in a very ungracious manner, and the parties were reconciled to each other, though the reconciliation was never very cordial.

Henderson deserved very high consideration as an actor, and certainly not an actor *who copied others.* In the silence of obscurity he

observed the practice of Garrick, analyzed the principles upon which Garrick conducted his practice, and finding he did not possess the same, merely physical principles as Garrick did in the same degree, he wisely combined the same principles of science that were used by Garrick with his own physical principles, and by this judicious combination produced characters that were quite as perfect as what had then been produced by any other character whatever. *Hamlet* is, perhaps, the character in which Henderson may be more justly compared with all other actors. I never saw Garrick act *Hamlet;* therefore cannot compare Henderson with him; but I saw Henderson in that character frequently, and all other actors who have since that time performed it in the London theatres, and do not hesitate to say, that, where nature did not oppose physical disabilities, Henderson was greatly superior in that character to every other actor I have seen; in several particulars, but, more than all others, in affecting sensibility becoming the character, in which I have, more frequently than in others, seen other actors fail. Of this I will give one example, which, notwithstanding the time that has elapsed since I saw it, has still retained its seat in my memory.

In the scene with the grave-diggers, when *Hamlet* and *Horatio* walked on the stage, while Parsons was digging, singing, and tumbling the bones about, *Hamlet* and his companion, after looking at him with a mixture of curiosity and attention, till Parsons lifted the skull to him; he held his hand to receive it—there it lay, *Hamlet* looking with some curiosity to learn what was next to be said; as the grave-diggers went on with their description in their own way, *Hamlet*'s curiosity visibly increasing till the man said it belonged to "YORICK, THE KING'S JESTER;" without starting, *Hamlet* became motionless in every part, except, without visible effort, his right hand fell gradually upon the skull; he exclaimed, "*Alas! poor Yorick!*" then, without other motion, directing his eyes to his companion, he continued, "I knew him *well, Horatio,*" &c, &c., his hand remaining upon the skull, as if unconscious of its being there, while his eyes were silently observing the grave-digger, who was speaking; at last, as if recalled to think of what he held by its offensive smell, looking at his companion, he exclaimed,—

"Shall we look so when *we* are dead?"

Horatio. Aye, my lord.

Hamlet. And smell so?

Horatio. Aye, my lord.

Hamlet. (putting it towards the person who was to take it) Get thee to my lady's chamber; tell her this, though she paint an inch thick, *to this complexion* SHE MUST COME AT LAST!

This description is poor, as every thing called back by memory after a long period has elapsed, must be; but those who saw it were electrified by it, as the beginning of a long and admirable scene, that went on with energy continually increasing to its end.

Henderson was a most excellent and original actor in the best sense of the word: he had much talent for mimicry, which Garrick said that no man who was a good actor could be without; but though, in establishing his own reputation, he took pains to show

that he possessed it, when that reputation was established, knowing how injurious the practice might be made to those professional persons who were mimicked, he abandoned it for ever. In his latter days, when Henderson was endeavouring to make himself remarkable, he imitated Garrick in this way. Garrick himself was accustomed to treat his own friends with a ludicrous imitation of a certain nobleman who had some whimsical peculiarities in his manner. Our Roscius did this by repeating an imaginary dialogue supposed to be passing between the nobleman and himself, which contained much matter that was both ludicrous and humorous, and an exaggerated likeness of the noble lord. Garrick frequently amused his own friends with this exhibition to their great entertainment. Henderson being frequently present at these amusements, resolved to try his own powers at a similar exhibition. He got up a dialogue tripartite, in which the interlocutors were supposed to be the noble lord, the great Roscius, and the humble John Henderson, speaking in his own character. The audience was as much diverted by this as by Garrick's duet; he soon ascertained what had been done, and expressed much indignation at the rivalship, without very exactly remembering the simple maxim, "you should do as you would be done by."

Henderson revived the comedy of "The Chances," which never had been acted since Garrick laid it down. Henderson played *Don John*, making that character a lively, elegant libertine; and it became as lasting a character in the public favour as it was while Garrick played it. The piece being within the compass of ordinary understandings, became a favourite with many actors, in many places, but in the hands of Henderson it was unique. John Palmer played the character at the other house very well indeed after his fashion; but he was a mere Covent-garden buck—very different from an elegant libertine of rank indulging his propensities in an Italian city, which was, in those times, by long prescription, thought to be the native land of refined though libertine pleasure: the admirers of John Palmer would neither see nor understand the difference.

Henderson's representation of *Comus* can never be forgotten by those who fortunately saw it. Milton's ideal creation was completely realized, without the admixture of any thing degrading, as other performers who undertook to represent it, gave continually. Before Henderson undertook it, it had always been represented by a mere singer, who, when he had sung the songs as well as he could, thought he had nothing more to do than wait for the catch-word of the prompter, inducted what he was to sing or say next; Henderson turned all that over to the singers, to whose representations he left it, but felt himself charged, as agent to the author of Paradise Lost, to deliver his poetry with all the advantages his powers could give it. There was nothing to remind the spectators of John Henderson; the accomplished enchanter, endued with every luxurious blandishment to captivate most human beings, though the *Lady* fortunately resisted them, was the only thing thought of by the audience while he was on the stage. Here, again, John Palmer put himself in competition with Henderson, and failed completely. Palmer was an actor of great talents in a particular way: he had as much confidence, and as little

modesty or feeling, as ever fell to the lot of an actor. He had a much better figure and face, as well as manner, where manner *only* was concerned, but had no comprehension of the feelings of a gentleman when they were wanted, or other superior qualities connected with beings of a higher order; his representation of *Comus* resembled the manners of a dashing journeyman linen-draper in his cups. Mrs. Inchbald, I think, played the *Lady* with advantage; and, as far as they were seen together, Miss Catley supported Henderson with great advantage, by her performance of *Euphrosyne*. This was one of the most remarkable females on the stage during her time: she deserves to be remembered, besides her professional performances, because, in her early days, she had committed many female errors: as she proceeded in her career she reformed them all, and ended her days in the highest respectability.

She was daughter of a hachney-coachman. Possessing a remarkably fine voice and pure musical feelings, she was found by one of the great musicians of the day (I think Dr. Arne), who brought her on the stage with much advantage; being very young she was seduced by Sir Francis Blake Delaval, one of the great Lotharios of that day: lawsuits were instituted between the baronet, the father, and the master; these were so conducted that a habeas was obtained to bring the body of the infant into court; when there, she was asked by the judge, which of the then contending parties she would willingly consent to live with as her accredited guardian; she quietly took the baronet by the arm, curtsied, and walked out of court. When these parties were satiated with each other, they separated; the lady preserving her great popularity with the public, and, as a female, living a life that can only be described as the most regularly irregular that could possibly be. At last she attached herself to a gentleman of large fortune in Yorkshire; they lived together several years, then married and had a large family; she quitted the stage, remained in private life several years, but was induced to return to it by the temptation of a very large salary offered her by Harris, principally it was believed to get her to play with Henderson in *Comus*, which contrary to the usual practice was acted at full length as a first, instead of being given as an after piece as it usually had been.

The performance of *Euphrosyne* was most remarkable; without any of the *grossiértées* which the habits of her early life might be supposed to fix upon her, it was every thing spirited and elegant, as well as comic, that would make a fit companion for Henderson's *Comus*. At the end of this season she left the stage, and was seen no more by the public though she lived many years afterwards in the full eujoyment of that happiness in private life to which her praiseworthy conduct so fairly entitled her.

"Sir Giles Overreach," may be called almost an original creation of Henderson's, the "New Way to Pay Old Debts" having never been acted in the memory of any one living. Henderson revived the piece, took the character of *Sir Giles* to himself, and stamped a character upon it that will never, in all probability, be lost, while any good taste and feeling remain upon the British stage. *Captain Bobadil* was another character of the old English drama, in which he shewed

himself to advantage, and so he did in *Maskwell,* in the "Double Dealer," making it, as it deserves to be, a character of the first importance to display the talents of an actor of high order, though in its circumstances quite disagreeable to the spectator, But that for which he deserves to be remembered with the greatest reputation was *Falstaff,* which had been for many years only known by the renown of Quin. That actor, if he was truly represented, was a great mannerist; incapable of varying his style of representation of any character from that of his own natural feelings, however different the character to be represented actually was. Thus, being naturally sarcastic almost to brutality, he converted every passage in the character of *Falstaff,* that could be so converted, into bitter-biting satire; as enjoying the audity of his own reflections. This is not certainly in the character of *Falstaff;* Henderson, with better taste and more truth, made him a gentleman, degraded indeed by all the necessities that his profligate society drew him into, was conscious of his own meanness, and the situations into which it had sunk him, yet had not resolution to reform, but continued his practices, at the same time laughing at himself as well as his associates. This was more consistent with truth than the version of Quin, and certainly more pleasing to the spectators; the hilarity, the jocundity, with which he uttered his jokes upon his associates, and the visible delight with which he said that he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, was equalled by nothing that I have seen, but some passages in his representations of *Comus,* and made this the truest as well as most delightful representation of *Sir John Falstaff* that ever was seen by me, or, I believe, by any other person.

Henderson was the last representative of *Bayes* in the "Rehearsal," a character first brought forward to burlesque the peculiarities of old John Dryden; then, by succeeding representatives, made a vehicle in the hands of several eminent actors to ridicule the peculiarities of their cotemporary tragedian, who gave opportunities for making them ridiculous: in that light Garrick used it, to make it a pleasant entertainment; and Henderson followed his steps without indulging in personal imitations, and yet made it a diverting entertainment to those who were familiar with the absurdities of the tragedies of Dryden and Lea; but when Henderson was removed from it, it was seen no more, and, as it is now obsolete, it may be said to be lost to the stage.

Captain Bodabil, a Ben Johnsonian double to ancient *Pistol,* was as admirably represented by Henderson as a character passing into the shades of antiquity could be. The delight experienced by the older frequenters of the theatre in Garrick's time consisted in the perfect resemblance of the play in all its parts to the manners of the city in the time of Elizabeth; Garrick, the *Kitely*—to a certain extent a counterpart to the *Ford* of Shakespeare, but more serious and earnest in his jealousy—and every character in the play, the decided well-drawn character of some distinct species of citizen, cotemporary with *Kitely;* Garrick, by his authority as well as his example, kept all to their duty, and made that play the most correct imitation of old city manners that could then be seen, at the same time that it was

admirable comedy without the mixture of farce, that has been in later times too frequently substituted for it.

Woodward had been a favourite in *Bobadil,* but giving it more the extravaganza of ancient *Pistol,* became a favourite with the public, by departing from a true representation of the character. Henderson made it the serious character the author intended it to be, while the audience was delighted with the gravity he gave to his most absurd pretensions, which ended with the complete detection and exposure of his cowardice. I am not aware that any one has attempted to perform thecharacter of *Bobadil,* since Henderson left it; so far as I know it died with him. The public taste no longer patronizes attempts to revive *Maskwell,* in Congreve's "Double Dealer." I know not if Garrick ever performed that character; but Betterton, the original performer of it, was greatly eminent in it, and if Garrick did not take it up, it passed into inferior hands, and it was seldom acted; for when Henderson first shewed himself in it, it came forward with all the lustre of an important new character; the Iago-like villany of it was displayed by him in the most interesting light; but after his death it again sunk and was neglected—principally, I believe, because no actor since his time, who had a chance of succeeding, ventured to attempt it.

Many other characters represented by this really great actor might be described; but it will here be sufficient to say, that no two characters represented by him were alike. He had a fixed and well settled opinion that no two human beings exactly resembled each other, or that when he represented any established character that had been acted by others, he still gave his own version of them; so that though he and Garrick, for example, represented *Macbeth, Richard the Third,* or any other character equally well known, though there might be some general resemblance between them, no one could imagine that either was copied from the other. Had Henderson lived to the full extent of human life, we should have seen on the English stage greater variety of characters, as well as greater degrees of merit than have since been shown; but he was, unfortunately, cut off unexpectedly at the early age of thirty-six years; his illness was at first not believed to be dangerous, but he sunk under it; and when the body was examined after death, the disease that destroyed him was found to be palsy of the heart, for which it is certain there was no remedy. Cruikshank, the well-known anatomist performed the melancholy examination; and happening to dine with me after he had done it, in describing what he saw, though he had nothing but a mere anatomist mind, could not refrain from tears when he described the state in which he found the remains of that accomplished man, who had contributed so largely to the enlightened pleasures of the public, as well as of the private circle in which he lived.

Two excellent portraits of Henderson were painted, and are believed to exist: by one he is represented reading; the action in which this represents him indicates that he is studying something in which he appears to be much interested—this was painted by Gainsborough. The other may be called an historical portrait, representing him as *Macbeth,* when stopped by the Witches on the heath; this is an admi-

rable picture, painted by Romney. The figures are half-lengths the size of life, and painted on a whole-length cloth, turned with its side downwards; this picture admirably represents both the character and the man, and it shews that his good sense induced this accomplished actor to adopt a dress nearly approaching to the actual dress of the times in which the scene is supposed to take place, long before John Kemble reformed the costume of the different pieces in which he performed; indeed, Henderson began this practice long before Kemble appeared upon the stage in London.

THE TRIAL SCENE, FROM QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN;

AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

Act IV. Scene IV.

The King's Hall in the Tower; at the extremity an elevated Platform, on which is seated the Duke of Norfolk, under a Canopy of State; in front, beneath him, the Earl of Surry in his Robes of Office, as Earl Marshal; at the sides the Lord Chancellor Audely, the Duke of Northumberland, and other Peers; the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, &c. &c.

Enter, from opposite sides, Queen Anne Boleyn and Lord Rochford, guarded by Sir William Kingston, &c. &c.

Surry. Madam, my duty bids me pray your grace
To put off straight, and with my lords deposit
Your livery, and ensign of the throne,
Which should not bear the shame of accusation.

Anne. Earl Marshal, cheerfully I do your pleasure,
Agreed—it prejudice me not anon.

[*Takes off her crown and mantle, and giving them to an attendant,*

These are my right, in purity and faith,
By nought disparaged, but the wrongs heaped on me;
And I yield them and me to faithful justice,
Content her hands should hold them, or restore,
As truth and honor claim. So Heaven deliver us!

Surry. (*Receiving the crown and mantle, which he lays on the table.*)
Will it please your Highness to be seated?

[*The Queen bows, but declines the chair placed for her.*

Norf. Anne, Queen of England, George Viscount Rochford,
Ye are accused before your Peers of crimes
Most hateful to the searching eye of Heaven,
And to our sovereign Lord (whom angels help,
By those he dearest loved, so deeply wounded),
Of treasons, damnable beyond record;
Whereat true men, with one complaining voice,
Exclaim your lives are forfeits to your scandal.

Anne. My Lords, my Lords, I claim some interference.
Am I for judgment only here—not trial?
And are ye creatures of a plot arranged—

Men of all estimation reckless—
That my kind uncle, his good Grace of Norfolk,
(Whose love for me and mine was never questioned),
Condemns us, yet unpleaded and unheard,
Crimping the noble span of British justice
To a pent form, whereon to daub a warrant?
Audely. Madam, your pardon; by the King's commission,
To which no choice of ours, but featly binds,
You are here summoned to my Lords, your Peers,
To answer, as best may be, certain charges;
Which, not directly met, and clear rebutted,
Demonstrably entail severest penalties.
May I invite your patience to the cause?
Anne. Sir Chancellor, I thank ye. [*Sits.*
Norf. Read o'er the depositions. [*Clerk of the council reads.*
Clerk. Anne Boleyn, Marchioness of Pembroke, Queen,
And you, George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford,
Stand charged, that you, Anne, by base allurements,
Have oft affected the King's daily servants,
And their familiar intercourse incited;
Whereof are evidence Sir Henry Norris—
Anne. (*Starting forward.*) Norris against me! then 'tis concluded.
Clerk. Sir William Brereton and Sir Thomas Weston,
Knights, of high treason severally convict;
Together with Mark Smeaton, groom of chamber—
Anne. What! that mean boy, scarce known or spoken with,
Endured for some light skill upon the virginals,
That tuned an hour or so of stately solitude!
The' indecent gossip overcomes my patience!
Clerk. With whom, on certain days hereafter named,
You did commit your person unreserved;
And—by the' advice of Lady Rochford, sworn to—
That with her husband, your said Brother George,
Incontinent—
Anne. Ha! Thou devil of corruption infinite!
Arch minister of hell—down, down, I bid thee, down!
Or, lo! my desperate and unyoked phrenzy
Wrests from the' accursed some never-taxed revenge,
To sear thy rebel tongue to ashes,
Choak up thy' insatiate throat with its own filth,
Search thy dark soul, seal up the fount of thought,
And spurn thee, drivelling, felon, deep in hell,
A wretch abhorrent to the blackest damned!
My very soul is shuddering within me!
My Lords, my Lords, command his instant silence;
And would ye save this o'erwrought brain from madness,
Oh, read no more, those horrid fabrications,
That shock my sex, and outrage modest nature.
You cannot prove, you will not dare attach
Enormities so monstrous 'gainst my virtue,
Which, though it haply lack the high repute

And standard pitch your excellence describes,
Hath never taken evil to its core—
Ne'er felt a passion that 'twas sin to love,
And never, never shamed the mother and the wife.
Tell me—beseech ye, speak—unsay those libels,
That curdle sickening fevers thro' my blood;
Assure me I am quit of their oppression,
And I will pray—Oh! fervent, constant pray for ye,
Morning and night on earth, and when life's o'er,
Climb with an orison for you to Heaven,
And bear the grateful burthen thro' eternity!

Audely. Madam, we much commiserate your distress,
But these things are all duly sworn to,
And unrefuted by sound testimony;
My Lords are loyally constrained to judgment.

North. I could desire a more distinct impeachment;
Can we not have the men to test this guilt,
Or what they would make such—here face to face
Before the accused, which I take to be
Our common law, and birthright in this land?

Norf. My Lords, I take it to be clear, that men
Of capital offences now convicted
Can bear no witness.

Audely. Such is the law.

Norf. You hear the head and oracle of the law;
We bring not those bad men before you—
That were unlawful—but we bring ye proofs,
The verdicts and records of other Courts,
That they were tried and lawfully attainted
Of the very treasons which the Queen is called
To answer for.—Duke of Northumberland,
When she was fairest, you would have taken her
For yourself; now she is blown upon,
Would your Grace fasten her upon the throne?
Methought not I should have to learn from you,
How the King's peers, protectors of the Crown,
Can stand out, and create new difficulties,
To bar the sove'reign Prince from justice.

North. Lord Duke, I thank you for that hint. My presence
Shall create no difficulties in your cause.
Heaven help our homes, when loyalty divides
Our hearts so keenly, we can hardly say
Which way our duty lies. [*Exit Northumberland.*

Anne. Oh God, reward him!

Norf. How say you to this charge, George Viscount Rochford—

Rochf. I am bound to speak, howe'er it help me little.
I see I am to die—for what plain reason,
Save that the King desires it should be so,
None can advance; for sure the monstrous bent
And fashion of your inquisition here,
The' unlikely bulk, and malice palpable

Of stretch'd invention, and conjectures wrested,
Shall, by reflecting men, be rated earnests
Of inveterate falsehood. How much death's my due,
For manifold offences to my Maker,
My soul being honest, I dare not deny.
Yet am I bold to say, nor this, nor other
Bond, chastisement, or vengeance, should fall on me
From the King. Him I have diligently served,
Loved with an earnest heart, and never slighted—
And thus I lose my head. Here's my requital:
Favours and grace his Highness oft hath done me—
I own them freely; and holding thankfulness
A solemn debt, no time can wholly pay;
Even at this crisis I vent no reproaches.
Could I have my wish—long, long the King should live,
And, for the weal of this our merry land,
I'd pray that life should always be a good one.

Norf. Now hath your Highness further point to urge,
Why these oath-laden proofs should not decide us?

Anne. Is it even so, and must I only turn
For justice or for mercy to my God?
Amen, so be'it,—man's wrath hath spit its venom.
Here, unbefriended, in extremest need—
Prejudg'd to death on most unworthy slander—
Confronted nowhere with the accuser,—
But—on the frighted oaths of dying men,
Amidst the conflict of despair and hope,
Prone to give voice to any tale of fear,—
Surrendered to the craft of hooded villains;
I leave the iniquity this day completes
Less on my wiltlessness than on your Lordship's;
I leave the shame of English law this hour,
A quest for better times to vindicate,
And hold defence herein beneath my honour!
Cold and forbidding as the miser's look,
Denying charity, your eyes bespeak
The stern undoing by this ordeal sought.
But if yet honesty remains, as sure it doth,
The wickedness of this day shall be measured
On ye, proud Lords—deep, deep, on ye and yours!
I have done—you are but mortal men, bear not
A more than mortal hatred. I am innocent!
Judge on—a patient sufferer waits your sentence.

Norf. Thus far the nature of this stubborn guilt,
The evidence in form to bring it home,
And, what the accused durst for themselves put forth,
Have duly by my Lords been entertained.
'Tis left that one and all we now pronounce
What sentence 'tis the premises demand.

Audely. My Lords, I move that we retire.

Peers. Aye, aye.

[*Norfolk and Peers retire to consult together on their verdict.*

Rochf. Sister!
Anne. My brother!
[*They rush into each other's arms, continuing the dialogue in a quick, suppressed, and anxious tone, as if communing with each other by stealth.*
Rochf. Cheer thee, love.
Anne. And wherefore?
Rochf. We yet may live.
Anne. 'Tis all alike:
We do know nothing or of life or death.
A feather in the air, by each wind played with,
An atom of that dust to which all crumble,
Hath as just weight, and is as fully valid.
Here is the lot and measure of existence—
To-day erect in our full height and vigour,
Tomorrow down th' abyss shall swallow all,
And even by our enemies forgotten.
Rochf. 'Tis that uncertainty that gives us scope,
And justifies the prospect of release.
Anne. We'll be more just; no eyes may pierce the mist
That hides the windings of our travel here,
And its dread ending; 'tis yet plain our task
Is daily meted; and their pain is greatest,
Who, shunning instant toil, o'erload futurity.
Rochf. Then there's a secret policy of life
In every bosom, which, or good or bad,
No touchstone moves so quick, and clear reveals,
As our deportment, when death's straight upon us.
And so the world, to its own frailties tender,
When life's discreetly render'd up, esteem
It hath been honest.
Anne. This were well heeded.
Rochf. Let's be decided then, nor hang i'the balance,
Stirred by all breaths, and yet not swayed by one.
Anne. Even so: God aid us!
Rochf. Amen, sweet soul, amen!
Crier. Silence in the Court. [*Norfolk and Peers return to their seats.*
Norf. Prisoners give ear.
Ye have had deliberate trial for acts,
Of which resentful conscience should condemn ye
More loudly than the living voice of justice;
Which, by my lips, for these most noble peers,
Doth here present ye capitally guilty,
Sentencing both your bodies to be burned,
Till the quick fire consume ye into ashes.
Anne. (*Falling on her knees.*) Father, Creator, imminent, supreme,
All felt, unseen; eternal, and immense!
Thou know'st I have not merited this death!
Oh! weigh not now, that thro' my high career,
Meekness and piety have been expressed
So feebly. I take this judgment humanly.
Do thou accept the victim, and remit her foes! G.L.S.

THE CRYSTAL: A RECORD OF 1665.

It vertue had to shew in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heven's hight,
So that it to the looker appertaynd;
Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
He ought in secret from the same remaynd:
Forthy it round and hollow shaped was.
Like to the world itselfe and seem'd a world of glas.
Spencer's Faery Queene, B. III., Canto II., St. 19.

To Master Thomas Dinford, Gent., at his house in South-street, over against Trinity Church, Oxon.

London, August 25th, 1665.

WELL-BELOVED BROTHER,—Up to this time I have, from week to week, sent you a full account of poor Louden's calamities and sorrows. I am now exceedingly weary of the fearful tale, and am glad to feel that this present is the last letter I shall write to you or any other man—the last earthly business I have to do. I must die, Thomas—I must die soon. I am as sure of this as that I now live; and, were it in my choice, I would not that it should be otherwise: for I have nothing left unto me now to live for—nothing to make life a pleasant thing.

If I were disposed to accept your brotherly invitation, and, leaving all these horrible scenes, come down to Oxon, there would be nothing *now* to prevent me. The houses, where doors have the death-mark, are no longer guarded; persons from all parts of the city meet together again, and the streets abound in people passing to and fro without any care to guard themselves against infection. Great numbers also crowd together in the churches, and others assemble to eat, drink, and concert together once more.

"Is the plague then over or decreasing?" you will ask. Oh, no, no, no! Never before was its rage so deadly as at this moment. Thousands die daily. The carts are no longer sufficient to convey the uncoffined, unshrouded, and often unclothed dead to their general and unhonoured grave. Hundreds lie dead and dying in the streets; and the living citizens have witnessed so many dolorous things of late, that they pass along heedless of sights now become common with them, but the bare report of which from a land far off would a little while ago have filled every heart with horror.

When this calamity first came upon us, loud were the cries of lamentation as one or two of a family were taken. All kinds of precautions against the contagion were *then* adopted, and the people willingly submitted to all the restrictions which the Lords of the Council in their wisdom saw fit to impose. But as the affliction became more common and general, the voice of wailing was hushed.

The living sat down in silence among their dead, and silently, without a groan or tear, brought them forth and laid them down before their doors, when the rumbling dead-cart drew nigh, and the cry was heard of "*Bring out your dead—your dead!*" Call not this hardened feeling, Thomas. It was the mere stupor of despair. When that is over—when the survivors awake to the feeling of common life, and look around on their desolate homes, *then* will the choking sigh arise at the thought of their dead ones, and then will the hot tear fall down for them.

And again, speaking of that cry to which we are now so accustomed, I know nothing more horrible than the coolness and indifference which these cartmen have, from use, obtained in their fearful occupation. They have all *now* got a knack of singing forth that dreadful song, in much the same tone as that in which the common cries of fish and milk are muttered—"*Bring out your dead—your dead!*" That horrible cry, and the more horrible manner in which it is sent forth, would tingle in my ears were I to live to eternity. Thank God, I shall not! My little portion of life is nearly expended now.

We are now in the next stage of general feeling. The people have awakened in part from the stupor in which they lay. They have awakened, not to lamentation, but to despair, in form more reckless and active than the foregoing. They seemed to think all at once, as the opinion of one man, "There is no hope, no mercy—none; we must all die soon. What boots, then, these restraints—this seclusion of man from his friends and fellows, since there is no redemption from the fixed and certain doom." Those, therefore, who were shut up, with the death-mark on their doors, broke forth; and many of the wretches were slain in attempting to prevent them. The same sort of reasoning led those who were still free to concert willingly in the offices of society, friendship, and religion, with those in whose houses the plague was known to have been, or still to be. But men in their salutations are no longer wont to ask of each other's health. They neither say, "How are you?" I ask not, nor say how I am. It is certain we must all go; so it matters not who is sick or who is sound.

Oh, what a preacher is calamity, my brother! The first impulse of most, however scoffing, or vain, or profligate before, was to go to the churches. They went in crowds; and to thousands whom the churches could not hold, the *silenced*, and other Puritan ministers, preached in the open air to the living, often with the unburied dead around. Great numbers of the regular clergy having fled or died, many of these ministers preached also in the churches, often by invitation from the proper officers, and always without opposition or hindrance from them. In these congregations the people mingle without discrimination. No man seems much to care if he knows the person next him has the plague; and no man stirs from his place if, as often happens, his next neighbour falls down dying or dead beside him. May God grant that these terrible visitations, and the tears and groans with which they listen to the strong words of these holy and devoted men, may have an abidingly useful effect on the minds of the sur-

vivors; but it is to be feared that the feelings of the time will pass away with the sorrows thereof, and be lost in the returning cares and bustle of life.

The gay Jack Dinford went forth like the rest, and, for the first time since the Restoration, designed to go to church; but St. Giles's was full to the threshold, so was St. Clement's, and so were St. Dunstan's and St. Bride's. Going on, I beheld, near Fleet-ditch, a crowd listening to a man who held forth to them from the highest step before the door of a house. I afterwards learned that this was Master Ephraim Jenkin, the silenced minister of St. Stephen's. His text was, "*I will plead against him with pestilence!*" and while he considered the plague as the Lord's strong and awakening plea with us as a notoriously sinful people, he in conclusion spoke in such a manner as doth, I trust, make my own prospect beyond that grave in which I must soon lie down, more cheerful than they were before I heard him. During this sermon three men and two women fell down dead, or dying, but no stir took place in consequence thereof.

Yes, my well-beloved Thomas, I *might* certainly come to you if I would, but it would be of no use; and as I feel *my* time now drawing very near, I will wind up all my communications to you by stating the grounds on which this conviction is founded.

In the month of May, last year, I went with some friends to spend a jovial evening at the Pied Bull, in Islington. Among the company was the famous Doctor Henwick, who is never loth to be of such parties, to the entertainment of which, by his wit, and the amusing tales he hath to tell, no man knows better how to contribute. His convivial powers makes his company highly acceptable on such occasions, and we all thought ourselves very happy in having secured him for the evening. He did not disappoint us in the expectations by which we had been induced to invite him, so that I do not recollect any evening, unless such as were spent with Margaret, in which I have enjoyed more harmless satisfaction.

At last, when the conversation began to flag a little, as it will sometimes do in the best and most amusing company, Ralph Wingley began to banter the Doctor on the subject of his occult pretensions and pursuits, and, among other things, inquired whether he had performed his journey to Battersea on terra firma, or on a dragon or broom-stick through the air. The Doctor parried these attacks with good humour and much spirit; but at last remarked with some seriousness—"Nevertheless, you do not question my power, gentlemen!"

I was infinitely astonished, my dear brother, to see my gay and jocular friends quite damped by this observation. They looked stealthily at one another, and were silent. Provoked at this, I briskly exclaimed, "I do, Doctor, if no one else does!"

"Do you so, Master Dinford? Well, I will engage to satisfy you ere this day seven-night, if you are willing to be convinced. But as there is fasting in the business, to which I am not partial, you must on your part, if satisfied, agree to feast this good company again next Thursday—no, Friday."

"Done, Doctor."

"And done, Master Dinford. And now we will end this subject; but favour me with a call ere noon to-morrow."

I accordingly did call, and found him employed in his garden. He received me with his usual urbanity and warmth, and walked with me up and down the garden—"for my dame Alice," said he, "is a curious body, and will be listening if we go into the house."

He inquired when I should like the experiment to be made? And when I had answered, "The sooner the better."—He added, "Then it may be very conveniently to-morrow evening at six. *You* have nothing to do but to fast the three preceding hours, and remain, during that period, in one place till you come to me. *I* must fast longer; but for this and my other trouble I intend to repay myself abundantly at your feast next Friday."

I followed his directions, and the next evening at the appointed hour called upon him, and found his horse ready saddled at the door. He received me with more solemnity than usual. He spoke not a word; but motioning me to remount my horse, he also mounted his. We rode briskly till we reached the Pied Bull, where we left our beasts, and proceeded on foot to Barnsbury-park, and there sat down under a large elm out of observation.

Dr. Henwick remained silent several minutes. He then said—"Master Dinford, the experiment I have selected as the most fitting and easiest to satisfy you is one which may be useful to you in other respects, and happy, too, or perhaps unhappy. I hope not; but this will entirely depend on the nature of that proof which you require. I have no instrument with me [and here he took from his pocket a globular object, enclosed in a black velvet case]—the CHRYSAT of which you have doubtless heard. (I nodded assent). It will in living pictures exhibit an answer to any question you may ask, whether it relate to past, present, or future time. You can only ask *three* questions; and that your conviction may be the stronger, I would advise you to let the *best* refer to some past transaction known only to yourself. To show you there is no false contrivance or trickery in the matter do not ask *me* your questions, but simply form the wish in your own mind, and utter it not. It shall then be satisfied. Now, Sir, are you prepared?"

"Quite."

He then uncovered the globe. It was of very fine glass, and, from its weight, seemed to be somewhat hollow, but too thick for objects to be seen through it with any distinctness. In one part there was a very small perforation, not larger than the hole made by a pin, but there was no other. He shewed the glass to me, and made me remark that it presented no objects whatever. It did not even reflect the objects before it, as thick glass is wont to do.

The Doctor placed his left hand on my right, and so holding it, desired me to lean my head forward upon my knees; he did the same himself, so placing the globe, that as he leaned forward his forehead rested on it; and in a low and gentle voice began to speak in a language I did not understand. After about five minutes he lifted himself up and standing with the crystal tightly pressed in both hands, repeated in the English tongue, and in a somewhat louder voice than

before, the verses I enclose, having written them down when I came home that evening so exactly as I could recollect them.*

Notwithstanding the Doctor had disclaimed it, I was disposed to suspect some trickery in this—some intention so to excite my mind as to make it the instrument of its own delusion. Whether so or not, I was certainly much moved—more moved than I have often been by having verse sung or said before me; for the Doctor has a voice astonishingly effectual to move all passion and feeling; and I have not often heard any thing finer than the rise and fall of his voice where the sense or metre required, especially in the passage which I have marked.

After having repeated this invocation, he was for a brief space silent and motionless, still forcibly compressing the globe within his hands, which were a little elevated. Then for a moment a strong convulsion seemed to shake his frame; but it was quickly over, and turning to me he desired me to form my wish. When I told him I had done so, he breathed gently on the Crystal, near the perforation mentioned before, and saying aloud and distinctly, "*Tehi chemedath lebu lo,*" † placed it in my hands.

My first question was—"*What is Margaret doing now?*"

Margaret had then been three weeks with her aunt Grace, at Winchester, and this was naturally the first question that occurred to me. I looked in the glass, and, to my inexpressible astonishment, the house and garden of her aunt appeared before me. In the garden, seated on a bench under that old sycamore tree which you wot of, I saw Margaret with her lute. As if this were but the reflection of an external and living object, her delicate fingers actually *moved* over the strings; her lips also moved, and her head, with that graceful motion peculiar to her when singing. I seemed almost to hear her voice; a voice mute now, my brother, in all its silver tones, but which has been all the music my heart delighted in. On one side of her sat her aunt, and on the other that fine youth, her cousin. I sat watching till the song was over; and then the young man took the lute from her, and as he did so, laid his hand upon her wrist, and pressed it a little too tenderly I thought.

"Pish!" said I.

The Doctor, who was watching me keenly, said, "You are not pleased, Master Dinford."

"Not altogether, Doctor."

"But are you *convinced?*"

"I confess, Sir, that I am surprised, very much surprised; but till some weeks have passed I shall not know whether the scene now represented be true or not. I am not therefore *convinced,* though I admit my incredulity is shaken. But do you know the lady?"

"What lady?"

"What! don't you see!"

"No: I have no wish, Master Dinford, to pry into your secrets.

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* The verses are not in the MS.

† This would seem to be Hebrew: if so, לבו לו תהי חמדת, would appear to signify "*let him have the desire of his mind (or heart).*"

I see nothing; but I might have done so, if I had taken the proper measures for that purpose. We will try again."

"First let me see a little more of this."

I looked, but saw nothing.

"The images only remain," said the Doctor, "while the first impulse of your attention is directed to them."

He took the Crystal from me, breathing on it as before, and returning it to me with the same words. I looked again, but with as bad success as the last time.

The Doctor said my wish could not have been sufficiently definitive. It was, "*What is the principal event of the next year?*" I now changed it to—"*What will be the principal event of the next year in England?*" I know not by what singular fatality *I*, who had as little care or thought about public affairs as any man under the sun, was led to put a question of this general nature.

This form of interrogation produced the imaged reply. The scene was the street in which I now live, as I did then. But it was represented as overgrown with grass; and though the beams of the sun indicated late morning, the busy feet of accustomed thousands passed not by like a river, and coaches, chairs, and drays went no longer to and fro. Before many doors, and by the way-side, lay many human forms of man and woman, of old and young, but mostly of the beautiful and the strong. Some were dead, some dying, some asleep; and as I looked, some of the sleepers fell, without awaking, into the postures of death. Some of the bodies were naked, others nearly so; a few were very well clothed; but of the clothed those in mean attire were the most common, because their clothes were not deemed by their friends worth taking off, or considered worth stealing by the heartless scoundrels who made it a trade.

As I sat looking with a most heavy heart, a few stragglers appeared in the street. Some walked as men in sorrow, with their eyes bent towards the ground; many ran as one runs who is drunken, and many reeled and staggered in their walk, as also the drunken are wont to do. Of these many fell down and and rose not again. Other men then appeared, different from all these. *They* looked keenly about them to the right hand and the left, and when they saw one who lay dead in good attire, they drew near and stripped it of all that was pleasing in their sight. Miserable, hardened wretches! But, ah! more horrible than this!—if the dying or comatose were well apparelled they drew nigh also unto them, and laying their most villanous hands upon their throats, put out quite the flickering embers of life, and then made spoil of their raiment:—and these were things which none of the passers-by prevented or seemed to heed.

Then appeared a dray coming slowly up the street; and as it approached, many doors were opened, and bodies brought out and placed on the steps or under the windows—sometimes thrown carelessly down, and at others laid softly and gently on the stones, as one lays down a sleeping child lest he should be hurt or awakened. Of the draymen, some had pipes in their mouths, through which they drew smoke from the strong weed of Virginia; some had the lower part of their faces covered; one wore a mask; and all bore in their

hands long forks, with which, when they came to a body, they lifted it up and threw it into the cart as one throws dung. If the body were naked, or so slightly clothed as to afford no external hold to the instrument, they found hold for it by thrusting it, without hesitation, into the body itself: and it is a fearful thing to feel, that many of the sleeping* and the dying were probably thrown in with the dead, and with them buried.

When these objects of horror were removed, I saw a dray, heavily laden, coming up the street. O, my God! my God! who in calamity hath spoken to my heart the unutterable secrets of thy love and of thy kingdom, let me die—let me die, I pray thee, since I have *now* seen in truth what I saw in image *then!* The dray approached, and I saw—be still, my heart!—I saw among the uppermost of the youths, the virgins, the parents, the children, mingled in one heap of death and horror—I saw, in the coarse charge of human brutes, exposed to the rude eye of day, in only one simple inner garment, and with her long bright hair spread wildly around, over grim and tender countenances—I saw MARGARET! Oh, Thomas! my heart has been since then a withered leaf—but now it matters not what I have seen and have felt. There is no remedy but the grave before me, and *that* is open, and I am ready, quite ready for it.

When the dray had passed from my sight, I started upon my feet, and threw the Crystal with violence from me, cursing both it and its owner. The Doctor went quietly and picked it up, and having returned it to its case, came and sat down by my side without speaking.

When I became a little more composed, I apologized for my rudeness, and told him what I had seen.

He replied simply, "I know there is to be a great plague next year—but I shall not live to see it.—But now I hope you are satisfied?"

"*Satisfied!* Doctor, satisfied!! The greatest blessing you can wish me is, that I may *not* be convinced that the things shall be which I have seen; and which, whether convinced or not, will allow me no peace or joy till the next year is over."

"Well, Master Dinford, I certainly will not press you to establish a conviction which may make you unhappy; but you will at least admit that the fault is not mine, if full conviction is not attained. Now, then, we will go."

"Not so, Doctor. Though conviction would make me wretched, after what I have seen, I must have it—or, rather, I must find, by some strong test, that the things are false which have been brought before me."

The Doctor smiled gravely.

"But there is another thing, Sir, besides such a question of proof," I continued: "I would also know what would be the result of the event to *me* personally, if this be true. Shall I survive—shall I live?

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* From the frequent mention of *sleep*, the reader should be informed that, under an attack of plague in its worst form, most of the time of illness is passed in sleep. This fact is known to the writer from *personal* observation.

Survive!—live!—need I ask *that* which I can answer. I could not, I would not live."

"Well, Master Dinford, though you could ask but three questions, and two have already been asked, yet, as what you now wish is but a continuation of the preceding, you may put the question, reserving still your final *proof*. Indeed, had you been patient, you would have had, ere this, an answer to your present inquiry, as it is the nature of this glass to exhibit a general event in all the details most interesting to the seeker himself. But, Sir, let me warn you that serious consequences may follow if you again cast the Crystal from you. The spirit which through its instrumentality condescends to satisfy your demands, though gentle as morning sun-beams, *may* be displeased."

"Oh, fear it not, Doctor. Nothing more can so strongly affect me as that which I have already seen."

The same ceremonies as before were repeated, the invocations excepted, which had only been used in the *first* instance.

On looking into the glass, the scene before me was a large field. In one part of it was a great pit, filled nearly to the surface with dead bodies; and, not far off, men were digging another, apparently to receive a vast heap of corpses which lay at hand, thrown indiscriminately on one another. This pile of death was infinitely more shocking viewed laterally than superficially, as in the carts; and the heart rose high and chokingly in the throat to see, protruding from the general face of this horrid hill, the brawn, hairy, and thick limbs of the labourer and artisan, contrasted with the small, white, and velvet ones of the youth and little child; and the white heads of the aged and venerable, or rough, grim, and masculine countenances, terrible in death, intermingled with those of the tender and delicate woman and the new-born child, whilst the bodies to which these heads and limbs belonged, were concealed from view by the superincumbrance of other corpses. I did not at first comprehend how this afforded an answer to my question; but when I had heart to look with some attention, I saw, among the many protruding heads—*my own!*

"Enough, Dr. Henwick;" I said as I gave him the glass. "Now for the *proof*."

The fact which occurred to me as most fit to found a question of proof upon, was indeed a most vile circumstance in my past life, and which now pains me greatly to recollect. But as only *one* other person was a party in it, who certainly *could not* have communicated it to any breathing soul, it was the first that occurred to me at the moment. Therefore I asked, "*How was I engaged on the 28th of January, in the year* 1663, *at eight in the evening?*" The pictured reply represented the scene with such accuracy as made me altogether loathe myself—and with such minuteness of detail as even an eye-witne ss could not, at such a distance of time, have supplied.

"Doctor," I said, rising and returning the glass; "Doctor, you shall have your feast; and I must admit, *generally*, my conviction of your skill and power in the things you pretend to. Nevertheless, I must endeavour to hope that the predictions of the glass are in this particular instance untrue, and that the scenes I have witnessed will never be fulfilled."

Dr Henwick shook his head, and said, feelingly, "that so far as I had seen any thing unpleasant, he wished to hope the same."

We returned to the Pied Bull, and there, leaving the Doctor to make what arrangements and orders he pleased for the feast of the nsuing Friday, I mounted my horse and rode slowly home.

From that time the scenes of the Crystal were never absent from my mind; no, not even in sleep—in which dreams brought them again before me with circumstances of aggravated horror. I had no peace; and I felt that I never should have any, till the lapse of the fatal year should prove the images of the Crystal illusive. This, in my secret mind, I hardly hoped, though I sometimes fancied that I had laughed and mocked my heart out of its fears; but the evidence of the truth of these images was so strong, and circumstances were so often arising to confirm them, that in any abiding incredulity the mind could not possibly settle down. But the keen achings of the heart were all within. No eye saw them. I became more gay, more noisy, more boisterously dissipated than ever; for I sought in variety of active enjoyment to drown for a time the memory of the things I had seen, and the prospect of the things I feared. I dreaded the lapse of time; yet I sought to accelerate its march, because I thought the presence of evil less terrible than its anxious and feverish expectation, and because perhaps I had a glimmering hope that, however true in other things, the Crystal had untruly prophesied in the things I dreaded.

Oh, with what feelings did I meet my dear Margaret on her return, and consort with her after. I never viewed her slim and graceful form—I never looked upon her happy and smiling countenance—I never beheld her with that peculiarly graceful motion of her head toss back the bright ringlets of her silken hair,—I never saw all this; but that form, as exposed to view in open day, and dragged carelessly through the streets, recumbent on a heap of death and plague—that sweet countenance ghastly, silent, and unheeding—and that most lovely hair dishevelled, and spread wildly and wide around on other faces in the *cart*, was ever present to me, frenzied all my feelings, and drove me for relief to the stupefactions of wine, and the excitements of play. Often, often did I bitterly curse the hour when vain curiosity and idle bravo brought all this misery upon me. If the Crystal had indeed truly represented the things which must be, still for fourteen months I might have been happy in my ignorance of approaching evil, and have gone on hoping to the last; still all these agonies and fears, which far exceed all I can imagine of hell, might have been spared me, and my pathway to the grave—to hers—to mine, might have been pregnant with delights, and strewed with all the flowers which grow only in that garden which love hath planted.

Meanwhile, as time went on, not hastened by my impatience or retarded by my fears, circumstances arose one after another, till now, to tell me that the Crystal had not lied; and now, my brother, only *one* thing—the last—the least—remains to be accomplished.

First, then;—one evening my dear Margaret was singing to her lute a song, which I had myself written and set to music. When

she had done she smiled, in her own sweet manner, and said, "The last time I sung this was when with my Aunt Eleanor, at Winchester, to her and my cousin in the garden. Poor Hal, who is passionately fond of music, used to be a little tender to me on these occasions, and I often smiled as I thought to myself, 'how would jealous-pated Jack look if he were present?'"

I made no remark, but, it seems, turned very pale; which she observing, I complained of a sudden head-ache, and went home.

Next, Dr. Henwick himself died, as he had himself foretold to me in Barnsbury Park. It is true this had no connection with the Crystal; but it confirmed, generally, the conviction of his power, and of the truth of his predictions, and had therefore a tendency to strengthen my fears. To this the *manner* of his death not a little conduced.

His "curious Dame Alice" used often to teaze him, by inquiring of him the time of his own death. At first he would generally answer, "Ah, Alice, Alice! have but a little patience, and thou'lt bury thy old man soon enough." But at last he yielded to her importunities, and told her the day and hour. As the time approached, she, seeing him well and hearty as ever, was accustomed to taunt him, as now at last detected in an erroneous prediction. This he quietly bore till the appointed day came, in the morning of which he was quite well and cheerful. At breakfast, his wife sneeringly remarked, that the 12th of October was come. "Ah, Alice, Alice!" he replied, "the ides of March are come, but not over." He shut himself up in his closet till about twenty minutes to twelve, when he went to the river and took a boat to go to Greenwich. Whilst on the way up, and as St. Paul's was striking twelve, he suddenly clapped both his hands to his forehead, and shouting forth, "Now! now!" expired.

Then came the plague in all its horrid circumstances; and how much these agreed with the awful scenes exhibited by the Crystal you already know. My hopes, which had been continually on the decline from the beginning of this visitation, were very low indeed, when it became necessary that all personal intercourse between Margaret's family and ours should be suspended, though we still endeavoured to keep each other informed of our respective circumstances. I soon heard, in rapid succession, of the deaths of her brother, elder sister, and mother; and had to communicate, in return, the loss of our venerable father, and of our dear sisters, Grace and Melicant.

Last Wednesday I had been two days without hearing from Margaret; and I rose early in the morning, after a night more than usually disturbed by the scenes of the Crystal, aggravated as usual. The head and limbs of each corpse in the carts, which seemed to roll unceasingly before me, and in the heaps for which the grave was preparing, and which in my dreams appeared great mountains—higher than Ætna or Ararat, seemed to possess a most active principle of life, whilst the *bodies* lay motionless and dead. Their limbs they threw about in air, and pointed at me the finger of scorn; and their eyes were fixed like those of basilisks on mine, while they

grinned and gnashed with their teeth against me, or made most horrid contortions, mocking and mowing with their mouths.

After breakfast I took a volume of Edmund Spenser, and drew a chair near to the window, at which, from some hidden impulse, I usually sat. My eyes ran mechanically over the pages, with little cognizance of their contents; and the partial attention I gave was drawn away by every noise in the streets. Now, as at other times, whenever a cart appeared, my heart beat quick, and swelled as if it would burst. But when it had passed I felt relieved, and the heart's wild throbbings would for a while subside.

The day grew high, and I was about to go down to our dear old mother's room, when I heard the rumble of another cart, and remained. It was heavily laden, and on the top I saw——

I ran—I flew, and stood before the cart, and drawing my sword commanded the men, in the voice of one that would be obeyed, to stop. I needed not have been so fierce—they did so. I mounted on the wheels, and with a strong arm lifted up my loved—my lost one. I leaped to the ground with the dear burden, and bore it off—ran with it through the solitary streets, as one pursued, till I came—I know not whither, into the country—the open fields. There, under a tree, I laid her down on my cloak, and wrapped it about her: I disposed her hair—I wiped the dust from her face, and then, sitting down by her side, I took her cold hand in mine. I then first perceived—let the villain's heart wither like mine who did the deed!—that the finger on which she had worn an emerald ring I gave her had been cut off! I bound my handkerchief around the wounded hand and took the other, but it returned not my pressure. I kissed her lips where the rose was faded, and I called to her aloud—"Awake, Margaret, awake!"—but she woke not. Hours—hours, till the morning moon arose, I sat thus by her side, speaking to her all the tender things she had been accustomed to hear from me, but she gave no answer.

At last cooler reason came again, and told me she had ceased to live. Then I arose, and with my sword scooped out a grave—a work which took me till the sun shone smilingly forth, as if he had no sympathy for the mourning world he looked upon. It was long, then, before I could consign her blessed body to its final dwelling-place. At last I took one farewell kiss—one last desperate embrace, and, shrouded in my cloak, laid her on the wild flowers I had gathered and thrown in. Then I covered her with more, and disposing green branches over these, at last filled up the grave with soil, and replaced the turf I had dug up; and all this I did, pleased amidst my agony to think that she at least was saved from that horrid common grave intended for her. Oh, Margaret, Margaret! in that grave my heart, with all its affections and hopes, lies buried with thee.

Well-beloved Thomas, my task is timely done—I feel the symptoms of plague—the weariness, the lassitude which I have noted in others, comes rapidly and conqueringly upon me. I must lie down, to rise no more. Well, God bless you, Thomas; *he* is all my blessing

now. Farewell—you only are left; therefore, I charge you, take care of our dear mother, and cherish her well.

In death, thy loving brother, JOHN DINFORD.

*** Any degree of interest this little narrative may possess, will not be diminished by the information that our correspondent who forwarded this MS. is himself one of the survivors of a plague in the East, far more destructive, and not less awful than that of London, in its scenes and circumstances. ED.

THE BRIDAL.

SHE stood beside the altar, but I saw her cheek was pale,
When the summer breezes wafted back her snow-white bridal veil;
And listlessly she gazed upon the bright throng gather'd there,
As though in all that glitt'ring scene her heart had little share.

Her youthful form was such an one as painters love to trace,
With raven hair, and deep dark eyes, and steps so full of grace;
A flow'r just op'ning into bloom, and yet a blight was there,
And on her gentle brow she bore the marks of woe and care.

The bridegroom's mien was stern and dark, and with an air of pride
He rais'd the trembling hand of that young victim at his side;
And prouder still the father look'd as near he took his stand,
And hail'd his lovely daughter there—a peeress of the land!

O what a glance she gave him then! it was so full of woe,
There needed not the power of words her wretchedness to show,
But quickly with a quiv'ring lip and one deep mournful sigh,
She turn'd away to hide the tears that gather'd in her eye.

Full brightly flash'd the costly gems amidst her glossy hair,
And oriental pearls were twin'd around her arms so fair;
But love will not be bought and sold—ye may bring golden chains,
And hearts ye fain would fetter thus still mock at all your pains.

And well do I remember now a frank and gallant youth,
Who pledg'd unto that lovely one a vow of endless truth;
But their fond dream of tenderness full soon has pass'd away,
And hopes that once seem'd fresh and bright have turn'd unto decay.

Heav'n help thee noble lady! for full bitter it will be
When he thou lovest shall return, but not return for thee;
And thou must deck thy face in smiles and strive to seem at peace,
Albeit the pangs that rend thine heart will never, never cease.

O thou hast learn'd that happiness on earth is never known,
But in the azure courts of heav'n it flourishes alone;
And ere its ever verdant leaves can greet the weary eye,
We must toil through a wilderness, and then lie down to die!

E. C. H.

THE TUSKAR ROCK.

About nine miles from the point of Greenore, which forms the south-eastern boundary of the bay of Wexford, stands the Tuskar, a large steep rock rising almost perpendicular from the bosom of the deep. Its top is flat, and is of about a quarter of an acre in extent. The rock is environed by many others, several of which do not appear above the surface, indeed from the Tuskar to the Saltees, the south-east coast of Wexford is thickly and dangerously studded with rocks. A lighthouse has been erected on the Tuskar, exhibiting a revolving light of three different colours, and in foggy weather a bell is tolled to warn mariners of their dangerous proximity.

In the summer of 1828, I made an excursion with some friends from the little bathing depôt, the village of Churchtown, to the Tuskar. We went in one of the fishing-cots, that is, a long, narrow, flat-bottomed boat, capable of holding twenty persons, very like a coffin in figure.

The morning was lovely, scarce a breath moved the surface of the water, all was smooth and polished as a looking-glass, except where our oars on each side broke it into circles, or the puffin, with its young brood upon its back, dived to avoid our nearer approach.

As we rowed along the shore to avoid the tide, the houses, the trees at St. Margaret's, the whole shore, were represented with the most correct fidelity, and looked like a moving panorama. We landed on the Tuskar, and having inspected the machinery of the revolving light, which is very simple, and kept in capital order, we re-embarked. There was a gentle breeze in our favour, which our men availed themselves of, and, drawing their oars across, they indulged in that of all pleasures most sweet to a sailor, the *far niente*. I happened to remark the dangerous appearance of the Tuskar.

"Troth, and you may say that, Sir," replied the steersman of the cot; "and bad sess to them that put it there, and all the rest of them for rocks."

"Put them there! How do you mean put them there? Sure they were there from the deluge at least, if not before it."

"Well, may be so," said he; "but the country people here tell a different story of them; may be your honour has heard of it, and of the ghost-ship that haunts the rock."

"Indeed I never did."

"Well, your honour, then I'll try any how to tell it ye," said he, though I'm a morthual bad hand at telling a story. Now, if I was ould Paddy Rossiter, of Notherton—he's the boy would spin a long yarn for you; but Nicky, honey, (addressing one of the men forward,) take in a small taste of that foresail, the win' is heading-in so; steady that, belay naw." Then turning round to me, and removing the quid of tobacco from his cheek, he began.

"'Long ever ago, when the Danes lived in these parts, 'twas they, your honour, builded all the ould castles about the country, and big cowards they were to build such strong houses to live in. Well,

then, in the time of the Danes there was a great mischievous big ould witch lived up in a cave on the top of the mountain of Forth—there, your honour, you may see it, look right foreninst you, over the arms of the mill of Brig. Well, she was a terrible witch entirely—nothing could pass her. She had one son, and he was out with the rest of the boys fighting the Danes; well, one day the Danes pretended to be walking afther a funeral like, and never a sword could be seen with them at all, and the boys never suspecting nothing joined the crowd like christens, till it gathered up to four or five hundred, and more nor half of 'em were Irish; well, they were going decently and quietly till one of the Danes picked a quarrel wid one of them, an', well become him, he ups wid his fist an' knocks him down, for, you know, he thought he'd a power of his own faction to back him to the fore, well, 'pon that the Danes threw down the coffin, an' 'twas filled wid swords ond pistols, and they helped themselves and 'tacked them, but the Irish bet them, 'spite of the swords, back to the ships; however, they took Connor, the witch's son, prisoner, an' brought him a' ship-board, and then they did all they could to kill him, but his mother charmed him, and they broke all the swords they had, and couldn't hurt him, but at last they drowned him. Well, to be sure, and the witch was in a passion when she heard of it, and she came out and helped the Irish boys till they bet the Danes away; and they sailed, for help, to Bagaubun, where more of them were in camp. Well, Nora, the witch, knew very well that the ships of the Danes couldn't be racked by any land, rock, or strand, for when they were launched, a Norway witch used to christen them, and charm them with a rime, part of which was—

" 'Vessel, I charm thee,
No tempest shall harm thee;
Go fearless on land,
On rock, or on strand,
And be not afraid
Of aught that God made.'

And a great deal more, but I forget it. Well, while they were away, well become Nora; but she went about and borrowed all the geese she could from the neighbours, up and down, and drew 'em all into the sea in flocks, and they were all swimming after a shoal of herrings from Greenoor to Connybeg and the Kerogh Islands, when Nora clapped her hands, and they were all turned into rocks just as they were at the very moment. The Saltees, and Keeraghs, and Tuskar were the ould ones, and the Carricks, and Barrels, and all them were the goslings; Splough and Fundale were just diving after fish, and so they remained ever since under water. Well, when the Danes came back it was at night, and they 'scaped till they came to Splough, and there they struck, and Nora blew a great storm, and racked 'em, and they were every soul lost; but that wouldn't satisfy the witch, and bad luck to her, for she got 'em leave to haunt that rock and shore ever till, as the song goes,

" 'Till to their tired sight,
A star at night
Shall first be red and then be white,
And then be lost unto them quite;'

and that means the lighthouse. But at all events it's certain they used to haunt it, for Mickle Devereux, of Facumshaw, saw them one night, and was never the same man since. But, boys, you must pull a lee oar or we'll never get in, you see the tide is dragging us round the forlorn.'"

* * * * * * *

I left the Wexford day coach at the foot of Ballyneslaney Hill, and whilst it pursued its way into Wexford I turned off to the right, and entered the vale or glen which runs from the road down to the river Slaney. The evening was falling very quickly, but as I knew every inch of my way, I had no fears of not getting safely down to the river side, where, although there is no regular ferry (a thing, by the way, very much wanted), I knew I should be able to get some fisherman to launch his cot and put me across. I walked on lost in admiration of the lovely landscape around me, and, although I had frequently seen it before, yet as it is one of the properties of the beauties of nature that they never tire, the scenery that now presented itself to my sight came with all the freshness and novelty of a first view. Before and to my right appeared the high, sharp, clearly-defined tops of that range of hills which separate the counties Carlow and Wexford, the sun had been some time sunk behind them, but still a rich rosy hue tinged some large patches of clouds over their lofty summits, indicating the place of his retreat, and

"Giving promise of a goodly day to-morrow."

To my left were the plantations of Kyle, whose leafy branches afforded resting-place to myriads of rooks and wood-pigeons, on all sides winging their flight in countless numbers towards their lodging place, and filling the air with ceaseless clamour; farther on, the woods of Belleview appeared, with their own throngs of feathered guests vieing in noise with their opposite neighbours of Kyle. Behind me was the little hamlet of Ballynaslaney, which I had just left, gradually becoming more and more indistinct, until at last the hoarse murmur of the ceaselessly revolving mill-wheel, or an occasional spark and train of bright light from the open door of the forge, alone remained to point out its situation. Troops of young men and girls were returning from the corn-fields, with all the mirth and soul-felt enjoyment of the present moment sparkling in their eyes, or bursting in loud and unrestrained laughter from their lips. The seniors of the party followed at a more slow and measured pace, some engaged in deep calculation as to the probable price of corn during the ensuing winter, whilst many an anxious mother's eye fondly followed her daughter's figure as she beheld her walking with the chosen one of her heart, and listening, with blushing cheek and mingled feelings of fear and delight, to the perhaps rustic and homely, but not on that account less sincere, and genuine pourtrayal of hopes and wishes, common to both the noble born and the peasant. Whilst I stood gazing on this scene, with something like a wish at my heart that I had been born to no higher a lot than that of those happy villagers, I saw three men with spades and shovels on their shoulders approach the group, which stopped them, and though I was at too great a distance to hear any-

thing of their conversation, I could observe that the younger members of it jeered and bantered them without mercy, whilst the older seemed to look more thoughtful and serious; and one old woman in particular seemed by her gestures to entreat them to return with the party. With one of the trio, and the youngest too, she succeeded, but the other two remained obstinate, and finding they could not regain their companion turned on their heels and walked away, pursued by a general shout from the whole party. As I saw they were directing their steps towards the gap in which I stood, curiosity induced me to wait for them to come up, which they very quickly did, and saluted me with "God save you; a fine evening, God bless it." God save you kindly, I replied, and we entered into conversation; but I found them very anxious to get rid of me, and could learn nothing from them of their late meeting, or where they were going; besides, they walked so fast that I could with very great difficulty keep up with them, though I prided myself in being a good walker. We therefore very soon wished good evening and parted; and by the time I got to the river's bank they were nearly across. I was obliged to wait until the cot returned, so sat down in an old fisherman's cabin, and very soon learned all I wanted to know about my late companions, it was a very curious story, and I shall give it in the words, as nearly as I can recollect, of the old woman, the fisherman's wife, who told it.

Jack Devereux and his brother Bill lived in the town of Oylegate; they were very poor, and worked as day-labourers up and down the country, and they were mighty hard set to live at all. Jack was always a lively rattling *bolium skeeogh* * kind of a fellow; nothing could cow him, at least if you'd believe himself. Bill Devereux was a great deal steadier and soberer, and signs by it; Bill was always clean and decent in the chapel-yard of a Sunday: and Jack used to be flying, almost in rags, but never a mind Jack minded it, so as he got the sup now and then, 'twas all one to him. Well, some time ago Jack had been up at Mr. Percival's, of Currant-tree, over the water, where he got his dinner and a glass of whiskey, and set off home just at nightfall. Well, his short cut was through Arkandridge; 'twasn't very dark, nor very light, but there was a little moon, and when he got among the trees it got mighty dark entirely. Well, Jack was a little frightened, and by the time he got into the middle of the church-yard his heart failed him, and he turned back to go round it. Well, just as he was leaping off the ditch into the field outside, a beautiful white greyhound, with a great gold collar round his neck, stood just by his side, and seemed to wait for him. Well, Jack walked up towards it, and when he got within two or three perch of it, the dog ran on a little, and stopped again with his eyes fixed on Jack; and when he whistled, the greyhouud wagged his tail to encourage him like, but wouldn't let him get nearer than before. Jack began to think it was one of Capt. Percival's hounds that had followed him down from the big house, and began to shout

* *Bolium skeeogh* means a kind of devil-may-care sort of fellow.

at him to try to drive him home; but all wouldn't do, bad cess to the inch he'd move, but just kept a perch before him, walking when Jack walked, and stopping when Jack stopped! 'till at last he got very frightened, and sat down, and so did the dog; and what was mighty odd was, that he grew bigger and bigger every minute, 'till he was almost as big as a calf. Well, you may be sure, Jack was frightened when he seen that; and so he was, and he jumped up and ran back, but the dog got before him, and began to growl and snarl at him, till at last he went on. Well, they went on till they came to a great ould oak tree just near the avenue, and there the dog stopped, and began so scratch among the roots for the very barelife; and every now and then he'd look up to try if Jack was there, and then he got smaller and smaller when he saw Jack standing quite quiet by his side, and looking on mighty curious to know what the dog was scraping for. Well, to make a long story short, Jack's curiosity got the better of his fright, and he up and he says to him, "Musha, the cross of Christ betune us and any harm, if it a'nt making too bould to ax, Mr. Dog what the devil are you scratching for there any how?" When Jack began speaking, the dog very genteelly and civilly stopped scratching not to interrupt him; and when he was done, he turned round, and looking him full in the face, he says in a mighty nice purty voice, "What would you give to know, Jack Devereux?"

"Musha, not a great deal," says Jack, looking on; he didn't care about it, though the life was a'most frightened out of him, when he heard him call him by his name. "Musha, not a great deal," says he, "your honour, o'ny may be I could help you."

"Oh, Bedershin," says the dog, winking mighty knowing like at Jack; "but come, Jack," says he, "you seem a civil obliging sort of gorsoon, and a stout gorsoon too; dig, away, and it sha'n't be the worse for you."

"Wid a heart and a half, sir," says Jack, on'y I left my feck up at the big house."

"Don't let that stop you, Jack," says he, "look behind the tree;" and there sure enough he found a bran new fork, and shovel, and pick. So when he found he was fairly catched, he put the best heart he could on it, and to work they set, the dog scratching and Jack picking and shoveling, and digging for the bare life, till they were quite tired; and the dog had his tongue out, Jack says, a foot and a half out of his mouth. Well, they sat down to rest, and Jack says,—

"I wish," says he, "we'd something to drink, for troth I'm as dry as wisps of hay."

"What would you like to drink, Jack?" says he.

"Myself doesn't care," says Jack; "any thing at all to take the cobwebs out of one's throat."

"Would you like some of the mountain-dew, Jack?" says he.

"It will do mighty well entirely, your honour," says Jack, smaking his lips when he heard it talked of.

"Well, go and get it," says the greyhound.

"The devil a rap I'm owner of this blessed and holy night," says Jack; "and if I'd lashins and leavings of money, I couldn't get potteen now, for since the bloody guagers took up the still in Coole-

amaine, devil a sup's to be got for love or money, barrin' some gentleman keeps a little for his own use, or to treat his friends wid."

"Jack," says the greyhound, looking mighty sober and grave, "you are too fond of cursing and potteen; that's three times you said devil since we met, and I don't like it: you don't know who may be listening to you; but look behind the tree, and you'll find a jar; bring it here."

And there he found an ilegant jar, and a nice big glass; and he brought 'em out, and filled the glass, and gev it to the dog.

"Help yourself, Jack," says he.

"After you's manners, sir," says Jack; "and besides myself doesn't know what's in it; may be it wouldn't be good for me, your honour."

"I pledge you my honour, Jack," says he, quite serious; "it will do you no harm; but if you suspect me, give me the glass:" and taking it in his paw, he tossed it off, and made all the faces after it just like a Christian.

Well, Jack, when he saw that, didn't wait to be tould twice, and they drank two or three glasses a-piece; and the greyhound sang a mighty fine song for Jack, but he couldn't remember it; but it was something about an old woman flying over the moon, and a nice sweet voice he had of his own too. Well, they fell to work again like mad, and they hadn't dug long when they hot upon a great stone.

"Put your hand down, Jack," says the dog, "and take up that stone."

And so he did, a great flat flag wid a ring in it, and under it there was a big hole full of crocks of money.

"By my soul," says Jack to himself, "I might have easy guessed what you were scraping for; but I'll fix you, 'cute as you are."

So when they got the crocks up, Jack would only take the smallest piece in 'em, just, as he said, for the price of his labour. Well, the dog tould him he might take what he liked; coaxed him and threatened him, but all wouldn't do. Jack used always to say,

"What would the likes of me do with so much money, your honour?"

"Jack," says the dog, "for a fellow that thinks himself so 'cute, you're the biggest fool I ever met; but I have taken a great fancy to you for your being so obleeging in helping me; and now listen to me. Mark this spot well. You may come every Friday night, and take out of these crocks just one of the pieces of money like what you have in your hand. You may tell your story to any body, but you must not show the tree, nor take any one with you on the Friday nights; if you do, mark my words, it will be worse for you; and now good night, Jack; if you use my money properly it will prosper with you, if not, I'll meet you again, that's all. So good bye, Jack."

"Good bye, sir," says Jack.

So they shook hands and parted! the dog turned back to the ould church-yard, and Jack went down to the water-side, and launched his cot, and came across the river, and so got home. Well, the first

thing Jack did was to light a rush to look at his money, and it was a bran new gold guinea. So Jack thought his fortune was made, and next day he tould Bill of his good luck, and divided his guinea with him; and they went on very well for some time 'till Jack took to drink twice as bad as ever, and the money used to be always spent before he got it out of the hole; but latterly he found the hole stopped up, and a broken crock used to be there every Friday night with the gold guinea in it. Jack was very cross at the dog's suspecting him, so partly out of revenge and partly from devilment, and to get all the money, he persuaded Bill to go with him and take it all away. Well, Bill, when he determined to go, bethought himself of going to a wise woman that lives at Carrigmanna for her advice, and he gave her two of the guineas; and she tould him "that the dog was on the watch every night, and would certainly tear him or any body that would attempt it, except between twelve and two o'clock of the third night from new moon; that they must have three persons with them, or at least three picks must be used in the digging; that the dog would not be there then, but that he would be very close to them, and that if a single word was spoken he'd fly at whoever spoke and tear him to pieces." Well, Bill thanked her for the advice, and went home and tould Jack, and they overpersuaded their sister's son to go with them; but I see they are gone alone, for this is the night, and I'm glad the young boy didn't go with them, for I mistrust something not right will happen. It a'nt proper, your honour, to have any dealings with the good people; but if your honour wants to get across, I see the cot's come back. Upon which I gave my story-teller many thanks for her narrative, accompanied with something more substantial, and wishing her good night, entered the little cot, and have never heard any thing since of Jack Devereux or his brother Bill.

THE MOSLEM.

The morn but dimly lit the Nile,
And half the earth was night the while,
When by the mystic river, stood
A Moslem dripping from the flood;
Eastward he fixed his stern black eye,
And raised his voice in prayer on high.
Praise Allah! praise! Mahommed grace!
Lo, Destiny arrests my race!
Cold dreams come on me in the night,
With labouring sorrow and affright.
I rode o'er endless realms of snow—
The air so keen, yet Heaven all glow.
My rampant steed had eyes of fire,
A sleek coat, black as Saturn's ire;
Three arrowed forks of flame his tongue,
In lambent flakes the loose main hung,
While, like a burning serpent, swung
Behind in coils a blood-red tail,
And hissed o'er the ice through mount and vale.
Unnumbered deserts shot we by,
Far faster than the winds can fly;

But still we sped o'er realms of snow,—
Heaven, blue above,—Earth, white below!
Anon dark clouds the sky bestride,
And torrents rush on every side.
One roving deluge sweeps the land,
And deadening thunders roll command!
One moment on the watery waste
My helpless steed was whirled in haste;
And instant eddies sucked us low!
My drowning soul would prayers bestow.
But heads of demons to the chin
Rose o'er the dreary waves to grin;
And as the gulph yawned with its own,
Shrieked to the winds—and sense was gone!
I stood upon a sunny shore—
The ample sea was glittering o'er,
The wave upon its bosom slept,
The stealthy breezes silent swept,
And beautifully over all,
An azure sky spread out its pall.
Supreme upon the bright expanse
Spirits in coral barks advance.
Fair maids they seem, and thinly clad
In gauzes, from the rainbow had,
That half each sacred charm conceal,
And half to ecstacy reveal.
Their angel lips chimed forth a strain
Of love and joy, and love again,
So moving sweet, that nature thrilled
Through every vein, to transport filled.
A noble bull, whose golden horns
With roses harnessed, youth adorns;
Roars as he plunges through the tide,
And tows each fairy freight with pride.
Never upon the ravished sight
Did forms so fair, or scene so bright,
Expand the passions to delight.
Methought great Allah, from on high,
Had given a magic warranty,
That Houris from Heaven's sweetest bower
The loaded realms of earth should scour,
One longing son of earth approve,
And waft him to the realms above.
The song grew loud; each form shone clear;
Praise Allah! praise! for me they steer.
Each maid bends amorous on her bark—
How bright the glance from that eye dark;
They beckon now, and all my soul
Yearns captive to the soft control.
My limbs are sprinkled by the spray
That leaps before their radiant way.
Mine are these maids, and mine the sky,
And Allah's proud eternity!
I seized the foremost by the hand,
And shivering fell upon the sand.
That moment vanished all the scene,
And utter darkness came between,

The darkness of despair, profound
And horrible. One great throe round
Heav'd the deep void, and forth a sprite,
A writhing corse of yellow light,
Was headlong flung athwart the gloom—
I woke, and wept to read my doom.
Allah! the spirit thou hast given,
By no reverse from thee is riven.
In unread letters on each brow
The destinies of mortals grow;
But thine is still the mystic soul
Unhurt, unseen by thy control!
Devouring earth can ne'er consume
That portion in the watery tomb;
The wind can never waft away
That essence of our mouldering clay;
The fire may blanch the flesh and bone,
But high the spirit soars alone;
Afar the deluge desolate,
Wrecks all but *its* empyrean state;
Each element, and place and time,
All war in vain, 'tis e'er sublime;
E'er true to thee, and leal to fate,
The bond and seal of Heaven's estate!
Allah! upon this votive spot
Be every recreant hope forgot,
The witching eye, and that soft lip
That whispered here of bliss to sip;
And if, in sooth, my fate is sealed,
And half eternity revealed—
If all my weary risks are run,
And these my last views of the sun,
Back be my sinking spirit sped
Like breeze worn out on roses' bed.
Oh! grant my dying breath may rise
In secret to thy deathless skies!
E'en as the note of desert lyre,
May I unwatched, unheard expire!
For thine is all I have to give,
What boots my charge to those who live?
He bowed him lowly to the ground,
And moody turned. The piercing sound
Of battle, bugle, and the shot
Of instant war pealed o'er the spot;
And forth th'invading arms of France
Opened before his desperate glance.
Up on the instant flew his lance;
But ere it left the steady hand,
Three bullets stretched him on the sand;—
Praise Allah! praise! Mahommed grace!
Lo, Destiny arrests my race!
He feebly cried, and eastward turn'd.
The writhing frame th' invader spurned
With gibes. On marched the death-leagued train,
And soon grew dim upon the plain,
While he expired unheeded there,
Even as his spirit craved in prayer!

G. L. S.

FRAGMENT OF A FARCE.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

SCENE I.—Coventry-street.

Enter Mountgarrett.

Mount. Confound this *shooling!* 'Tis perfect porter's work! Four hours have I been upon the *pavé*, till, like a lazy Alexandrine, I can scarce drag my slow length along—and no invitation. I had my hat *à la Hanger* too,* and fished in all the likely places, but in vain—not a nibble. Even that chap from the city fought shy, and his lordship—yes—yes—I'm done in that quarter. My enormous half-pay appetite has ruined me—'tis *cut*, but *not* come again, I suspect. Curse that whiff from George's. It comes over me like the sweet south, and mocks my misery. Something must be done. I've a sixty-alderman power, and could digest an elephant. Long's is entirely out of the question, and as for the club, I've held my head so very high among 'em lately, that they have forgotten my face. Yes, I must e'en prevail on my landlady to let me have a chop at home, 'tis my only resource (*going*). Let me be sure though that nobody is looking. I wouldn't have it known that I lodge in Windmill-street. No—all's right, so—(*steals off.*)

Enter Chipchase, Magennis, Stanley and Doctor

Stan. I'm afraid he saw us.

Mag. The deuce a bit. We were covered by the corner.

Chip. Follow cautiously. He certainly holds out hereabouts; and if we follow him to earth—

Doc. Egad, why we'll dig him out.—(*They follow.*)

SCENE II.—A Shabby Attic.

Enter Mountgarrett.

Mount. An old devil! to deny me the *vivres*. If I didn't owe her three weeks' rent— a matter of fifteen shillings—I'd quit her infernal house this instant. Why, I shall starve—die of inanition. There will be a coroner's inquest upon me, and the parish must bury me. Oh! that I were a snipe and could live by suction! or a dormouse, ye gods! to sleep six months at a stretch. Well, if I can't dine, I must e'en take tea, I suppose (*Arranges cups and saucers, blows fire, puts on kettle, &c. &c.*) "How are the mighty fallen!" That I, now, Florian Augustus Mountgarrett, late of the crack lancers, and sixteenth cousin to a Scotch Earl, should be in a miserable attic here, toasting my own muffin. 'Sdeath, I wouldn't be discovered in such a situation for all—.

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* The late eccentric George Hanger was at one period of his evenful life a noted diner-out, and is said t have worn his hat with a particular cock when disengaged, as a hint to his friends to invite him.

Enter Chipchase and party.

Confusion seize 'em (*rises in great confusion, and tries to conceal the muffin*).

Chip. I fear we intrude.

Mount. Not at all. I'm devilish glad to—The fact is, I'm just up. I was rather late last night, you must know. After Almack's we adjourned to the Clarendon, and there—ha! ha! ha! I told his lordship how it would be—heigho! I presume you have breakfasted?

Mag. Ay, and dined too, my jewel.

Mont. (*aside*). Lucky dogs!

Mag. But what elegant quarters he has! (*Looking round*). Oh! murder—murder!

Doc. So airy too. No doctor wanted!

Chip. And, then, the situation!

Stan. Ay, that butcher's opposite.

Mount. Curse your quizzing. I'm a contemptible ass, and there's an end on't. It's no use humbugging you. 'Tis an evil, I grant you—a very serious one, and causes much mischief. So much so indeed, that at this present moment—hem—that is—I mean—damn it, the truth's the truth. I have had no dinner—none of the Dons invited me. My poverty kept me from Long's—my pride from an eating-house—my shame from the club. I'm as hungry as an Esquimaux, and as empty as a poor's-box, and unless I contrive to masticate this particularly tough muffin immediately, I shall die omniverous, like poor Tom Otway, and go to the devil fasting.—(*Eats greedily*).

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Mount. I'm sorry I've nothing but cat-lap to offer you.

Doc. Don't mention it.

Chip. We're already provided.—(*Pulls out segars*).

Mag. Tip us a live coal, Doctor.—(*They smoke*).

Stan. This smacks of the Peninsula.

Mag. Faith, we'd seldom such quarters. An English garret, let me tell you—.

Mount. Attic, you might say, if you were civil.

Mag. Sure it beats a Spanish palace any way, at least in comfort. I was quartered in one once at Cadiz—a great gloomy place, Sir, just like a gaol; and by this same token I might as well have been in one, for I was eat up by the dismals all day, and the fleas by night. You may talk of Damien's bed, my darlings, but by my soul it was down to mine.

Chip. Ay, there's no country like England.

Stan. And no city like London.

Doc. And no street like Windmill-street.

Stan. And no place in it like No. 13, fourth pair, front attic.

Mount. Ay, and you may add, no dinner like a cup of cat-lap and a salted muffin!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Mount. Ay, you may laugh; however, I have had no reason to complain. I have east, west, north and south, run the gauntlet through all grades, and feasted upon the million. Three hundred thousand dinners are daily provided here, and many of them have

been at my command. Why, Sir, I've ate my way from Westminster to Whitechapel—from the patrician to the *bourgeois*—dined at every hall—and even hob-and-nobbed, Sirs, with Royalty itself. Indeed before my omniverous gastronomical powers began to get so notorious, I've often had six invitations for a day—ay, upwards of six, ye gods! Then have I longed for ubiquity! Then have I envied certain sinecurists, and acknowledged with a sigh the vast advantage of being able to be *in half a dozen places at once.* Ah, those were glorious eating times; but now—heigho! To be sure, in the city sometimes—.

Stan. Ay, that's the place—the real land of fat, Sirs! A citizen has a high respect for the military; and though he may not exactly approve a soldier for his son-in-law, he is generally very willing to admit him to his table, and treat him with every hospitality. Of course, I mean your real service-boy—your approved *soldado*; one on whose brow the scorching suns of Andalusia have written "SOLDIER," or whose mutilated frame bespeaks him the defender of his country's honour—the champion of her trade!—(*Loud applause.*)

Chip. Pop that into your next farce, Doctor. It will tell famously.

Mount. Your citizen, besides, is mighty curious about battles. Only talk to him of sieges, and skrimmages, and such like, and by the powers he'll listen to you for ever, especially if you have been concerned in them yourself; and then he looks upon you as a greater Count than the Recorder, and treats you accordingly. Sure I'll never forget an ould bald-pated *citoyen,* whom I encountered for the first time at a man's in Coleman-street. He was sitting opposite, shovelling away at double-quick time at a plate of Birch's *real,* "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Our host happened to address me with—"Well, captain, I suppose this is a better dinner than you had at Waterloo?" Waterloo! The word was electric. It acted upon the ould gentleman like a rocket. Down went the spoon. With eyes distended and open mouth, the soup at the same time running down in two distinct streams from each corner of it, he sat gazing upon me in speechless admiration, and at length exclaimed—"Lord have mercy upon us, sir! were you at Waterloo?" then seizing my hand from across the table, and shaking it violently in the butter-boat, he told me I was an honour to my country, and he should be happy to see me at Camberwell next day, when he had a few friends to turtle and venison, to whom he should be proud to introduce me.—I lived three years on the battle of Waterloo!

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Chip. I was cruising off Flushing about three weeks before that grand affair, I remember, and on boarding one of our transports at the mouth of the Scheldt, whom should I see among the passengers but Master Gussy here. We agreed there would be broken heads before long, and were not mistaken.

Stan. I thought you landed at Ostend?

Mount. The regiment did. I was on leave, however, whan it sailed, and so joined as I could, and a precious passage I had of it! Pent up in that tub of a transport, as sick as the devil, and squatting down to salt junk every day, with a damp master, a black table cloth,

and two Caledonian mates, by the lord, who smelt awfully af brimstone—three weeks of it, by the gods! three whole weeks, sir! I was never so sick of any thing in my life, and when the red walls of Flushing hove in sight, I could have cut an *entrechat* upon the deck.

Chip. You recollect the pilot, Gussy? That peculiar old cock, you know, with aforecastle stoop, and nose like the lantern of a light-house.

Mount. Ah! that nose! Methinks I see it now—vast and fiery—pimpled and portentous—denoting "health five fathoms deep," and flaming like another Ætna! 'Tis an era in a man's life, sir, to have seen that nose. Poor old Nosey! I wonder what has become of him? But Chipchow, my boy, you look in capital case. You must have turned Algiers and Navarino to good account.

Chip. You are right, old fellow; they have stood my friend every where but at the Admiralty. I was three whole months in Norfolk, where I fired so many broadsides that my ammunition ran short. The people there can tell you as much about a Turk as if they belonged to the Seraglio, though many believe now they have tails and live upon brimstone.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter the Scotch Landlady.

Landlady (*curtsying*). Gentlemen, ye seem unco merry. Ise just taken the leeberty to bring the captain his sma' account, just to let ye see, as friends, that he's no' charged muckle for his apartments.

Mount. (*reddening.*) Confound you for a grasping old catamaran! how dare you intrude upon gentlemen in this manner. Bring your account in the morning—I've no silver.

Landl. Noo, captain, I do not reckon ye ever had. Ise never seen the colour of it; but maybe your friends can just accommodate ye with the trifle.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Chip. Certainly—certainly. Stanley, lend our friend the trifle.

Stan. By all means; though I don't happen to have so much about me; but Maginnis—

Mag. Oh, with pleasure, if you'll just allow me to step home I'll fetch it instantly; though the Doctor perhaps—

Doctor. By Jasus, my friend, to any amount you please; the sum is nothing out of my pocket—

Mag. (*aside.*) Though a devilish deal in it.

Doctor. Though I forgot I paid a little bill as I came in; perhaps Mistress Mucklethrift, to-morrow—

Landl. Why, ye good-for-nothing parcel of hungry deevils; d'ye reckon to run your rigs on me, Ise—

All. Confusion! this to gentlemen!

Mount. Out of the room, you d—d old cat, or by force I'll pitch you through the window!

Landl. Hout, mon! is that the way ye pay your debts, ye bootless, brogueless, beggarly half-pays, get out o' my house.

All. Pitch her out—tie her to a broomstick, the old witch!

Landl. Say your say; Ise no fear ye or the likes o' ye, though I shoudna like to be a silver spoon in your way—

All. Kick her out!

Landl. Ise tell ye, Captain Mountgarrett, ye owe me a matter of fifteen shillings, so I'll just take the leeberty o' borrowing this till ye pay me. (*She seizes a coat hanging on a chair, and makes off, followed by Mountgarrett. A scuffle ensues. The old woman tumbles down stairs, screaming murder; and Mountgarrett re-enters with his coat torn in half.*)

Mount. Ruined and undone—my only coat!

Mag. Fatal *charge*—Lancers dreadfully punished!

Stan. Baggage captured by the Scotch rifle brigade.

Chip. Capsize of the Scotch smack Beelzebub—cargo saved, but much damaged. But don't look blank, old friend; rig yourself in my great coat, and come along to the club. I can lend you a coat of mine till you can get another fit, and muster you up a few shot to get you clear of this privateersman. You shall dine and be merry to-day—so all hands about ship—Cook to the fore-sheet!

All. Bravo! (*Exeunt omnes, singing in a corresponding happy tone.*)

LAMENT OF THE HALF-PAY CLUB

Reft of rank, and joy cut short all—
Poor, lost Subs!
Each a luckless undone mortal—
Poor, lost Subs!
Ne'er, oh, ne'er the sweets of messing
More to taste, Sirs! How distressing.
Wretched, needy, dank and seedy—
Poor, lost Subs!

Joyous once, we plough'd life's ocean—
Ah, happy Subs!
Bless'd with hope, whole pay, promotion—
Ah, happy Subs!
But fell Peace, our prospects blasting,
Brought us duns, distress and fasting;
Prisons yawning, watches pawning—
Poor, lost Subs!

Depth of woe! *sans* grub or rhino—
Poor, lost Subs!
Where will this all end? Ah! I know—
Poor, lost Subs!
Despairing, we'll cast off life's *onus*—
Suicide—St. Martin's bone-house;
Pale, distended, care all ended—
Poor, lost Subs!

THE BRIGANDS OF APULIA.

On my return from an excursion in Sicily, in the Autumn of 1831, and carried away by some old classical recollections, I resolved to explore that portion of the kingdom of Naples, seldom honoured by the presence of our English tourists. Accordingly, instead of proceeding direct from Palermo to Naples, I crossed over from Messina into Calabria, and after sojourning some weeks amid its savage beauties and lawless inhabitants, I at length reached the object of my wanderings, the ancient Samnium—the grave of old Italian liberty.

The modern province of Molise is the ancient Samnium, and is one of the most neglected and the least known districts of the kingdom of Naples. Confined between La Puglia and Abruzzo, cut in two by the river Biferno, it is commanded on one side by the formidable chain of the Motese, and washed on the other by the Adriatic. The soil is sterile, notwithstanding the Motese is of volcanic formation, and which, although extinguished at a period long anterior to the earliest traditionary records we are in possession of, still reveals its former power by frequent earthquakes. Hence the name of "Terra Tremente," which the province has, in consequence, acquired.

It is here, in this narrow mountain space—on those naked rocks—on those plains, ploughed up by so many catastrophes of nature—that was born, flourished and expired, the republican Confederation of the Samnites. Gifted, like the modern Swiss, with a stern and persevering nature, they alone made head against Rome—they were the true Guerillas of antiquity, who sustained for two hundred years without armies, allies or chiefs, as they themselves told Hannibal, the glorious struggle of Italian independence against Roman centralization. With them perished all that remained of nationality in the ancient Peninsula; the downfall of the Samnite Confederation was for Italy what a later period was for Greece—the dissolution of the Achaian League.

We are acquainted with the great drama of Samnite resistance but through Livy; our knowledge of it is, therefore, most superficial, for the historian of the victories and conquests of the Roman empire dwells but cursorily on a struggle in which the Roman legions cut so frequently a sorry figure.

Full of the glory of the ancient Samnites, I wandered forth to seek the tombs of the brave in the ancient Samnium, after having raised up the shade of Spartacus in the forests of Lucania, and that of the Lucanian Deucotius upon the mountains of Sicily.

But here I was disappointed in my hopes. The Roman empire has passed over Samnium, as she has done over Lucania and Sicily, bearing every where traces of her profound impression. On the ruins is her name alone to be found. In vain did I seek amid the ruins of the heroic Sepinum those of Herenius and of Talesius, I found in their stead the names of Claudius and of Constantine—not a

recollection vouchsafed on the vanquished: every thing, even to their names, was Romanized.

The only truly grand and monumental remains that still exist, are a vast line of walls, called Cyclopæan, buried in the caves of that city of Bœcarium, formerly so rich and flourishing, and which has left its name to the little miserable modern town of Bocæno. These enormous masses, hidden for ages past from the light of day, are the silent records of the powerful architecture of the ancient Samnites. In them alone still lives their fame—on them is written their names.

Baffled in my search of the past, I returned to the present, and strove to discover in the modern Samnites some traces of their forefathers, since I found none among their ruins.

The modern Samnite—poor, and confined in winter in chambers rent by the earthquake, or unroofed by the tempest, speaks with pride of the riches and military glory of his ancestors, and the recollection of former greatness appears to console him for the oppression and degradation of his present condition. Hemmed-in among their mountains, like beasts of prey, these degenerate tribes appear to have inherited from their ancestors but their love of resistance, and, in fact, their whole existence is one continued struggle against the cruel and feeble government which oppresses them. But, degenerate as they are, that public courage, the living wreck of a proud and high-spirited people would still be found among them, did the laws but know how to develope it: but, unfortunately, it is allowed to slumber, or to exhaust itself in scenes of intestine blood and discord.

The manners of the modern Samnites are rude and ferocious, and if they no longer find vent upon the fields, there are forests and mountains, which are but too often the scenes of murder and revenge. That fierce energy which in one age makes a people great, in another reduces it to a nation of bandits. In this country brigandage grows out of the violent order of things that exists; it is the only road left open to independence and individual justice, for every where is independence proscribed as rebellion, and justice enchained at the foot of oppression: and then misery, that powerful counsellor of crime, is there with all her seductions to legalize and finish the work of blood.

When I passed the Motese it was infested by a band, whose chief had been the terror of the whole country for the last twenty years, and is said to have killed forty persons with his own hand, five less than are attributed to the famous Roman brigand, Garbaroni, now confined at Civita Vecchia, where travellers go to visit him as an object of curiosity. This chief had only the evening before stopped a priest on the mountain, and burnt him to death to gratify his revenge. There is no stratagem that human ingenuity has invented that had not been put in practice by this bandit; but the secret of his impunity is as follows:—The inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Cusano, doubtless delighted at having always at their devotion a well-sharpened poniard, in a country, too, where the sword and the eye of justice so often slumber, protected the brigand, and covered him with their mantle. A gentleman to whose hospitality I

was indebted, had just seen his own steward shot dead at his side. In any other country the perpetrator of this atrocious act would have have been delivered over to the tribunals, but here they have no faith in them, and the people invariably take the law into their own hands. My host knew the murderer, but he also knew that his own life depended on his silence.

But in no part were these horrid scenes of such frequent occurrence as in the district of Larino. Larino is a miserable little town, which had greatly suffered from the system of brigandage. Only very recently a famous band had the audacity to push their reconnaisance to its very gates. The following are the means by which the judge, to whom I am indebted for these details, got rid of the scourge.

On assuming office he found the band under the command of a chief of the neighbouring province of Avelleno, and which, although greatly reduced in numbers, still spread terror through the country. Four members of this association belonged to the Albanian colonies of the district. The judge immediately negotiated with their families, and succeeded in sowing dissension in the band; they killed their chief and then murdered each other, and all this at the instigation of the judge. Two only survived this scene of butchery, and presented themselves to receive the price of their perfidy, for absolution had been promised them. They were condemned to death *for form's sake*, as it was said, and their pardon was daily expected; but I should not be surprised if they were subsequently executed, so little sacred are the most solemn promises of the Neapolitan police.

This tragedy was enacted in a neighbouring wood, in the month of August, 1829. The effect of such examples upon public morality may be well conceived.

The judge who related to me these things highly applauded himself for the stratagem, which had procured him a very flattering letter from the Minister. He shewed me upon his bureau the pistols and the poniard of the chief, who was assassinated through his instrumentality. There was still blood upon the blade, and he used these horrible trophies as we use blocks of marble or alabaster, to press down his papers.

It might be imagined that this magistrate was a man of ferocious aspect, and of unsociable disposition, but the reverse was the case. His demeanour was mild and gentlemanly, his manners polished, his mind cultivated. He was a passionate admirer of nature, and a studious collector of antiquities. He commenced his career at Frondi, a downright nest of brigands, and it was there he received his judicial education, which, while it perverted one half of his moral being, left the other untouched.

In fact, this man presented a most singular contrast. He related to me, in the same tone, his bloody stratagems, and the scenes of carnage to which they led, the wonders of the Gulf of Gaeta, the ruins of Amiclæ, and, in speaking of the cavern where Tiberius owed his life to Sejanus, he recited to me whole pages of Tacitus, with whose language he was more familiar than with his morality.

But here is another example, still more extraordinary:—

Three brothers of Larino, named Ruggieri, had by their licentiousness drawn down upon themselves the public detestation; but, brave and resolute, they were more feared than hated. These men would carry off married women with impunity, after half murdering their husbands, and carried so far their insolence as to force open the doors, and make nocturnal irruptions into the houses of the citizens.

At last the patience of the population was exhausted. To entrust to the tribunals the care of avenging them would have been useless; besides, the outrages were personal, and their revenge should be the same. But, not daring openly to attack the Ruggieri, they conspired secretly. One was shot while hunting, and another was murdered in a tavern.

The third took refuge in a cobler's stall, barricaded and defended himself for three days against the whole population, but, betrayed by the cobler, the last of the Ruggieri rushed into the middle of the crowd, and cutting his way through with heroic intrepidity, was on the point of escaping, when he was struck down by a musket shot.

This unheard-of act of private vengeance—this bloody outrage against every principle of society, took place in 1810, under the dynasty of Napoleon.

The habit of taking the law into their own hands is so inveterate that it prevails every where. A wood in litigation between two villages of the province, Compolieto and Repabottoni, spread division among the inhabitants for more than a century. Worn out, at length, by the delays of justice, they came to blows, and fought for a whole day for the right. There is not a town or village which has not some similar page in its annals.

All these scenes were related to me on the spot, by men who had been either actors in them, or eye-witnesses to them. This admixture of law and perfidy seems to indicate in the inhabitants a mind of no ordinary cast. In fact, extremes meet here; for the modern Samnites, so unsophisticated in some respects, are in others spoilt by a corrupt civilization. But I persist in thinking that they possess all the elements of a high-spirited poople, and which only require useful institutions to develope them for the benefit of society. Nature must never be forced – she requires only to be directed. Observing that I took a great interest in these details, my host, all the magistrates and high functionaries of the country, promised to introduce me to a man who had taken the lead in the extermination of the Vardarelli, the most numerous and formidable of all the bands which had devastated the country. The name of this man was Nicola Campofreda; he resides at Porta Canone, a village near Termoli. I accordingly set out for his residence. My road lay across woods of oaks, and paths marked by mountain torrents, till I descended into the plain of Biferno, a profound solitude, where the terror of the brigands still reigns. I walked for several hours; not a vestige of man animated the desert: some herds of wild cattle fled at my approach, and left the desert to its solitude. At last I reached Porta Canone, and repaired to the house of Don Nicholas Campofreda, the victor of the

brigands. He is a man six feet high, strong as Hercules, but quiet as a lamb. Already informed of the object of my journey, he was eager to gratify my curiosity; but I shall allow him to speak for himself.

The Vardarelli were not novices in the work of assassination, for they had been carrying on a system of rapine and murder for ten years. Reinforced by the royalists and the Carbonari, leagued against the French, who were then masters of the capital. Such as they were under the French, were they under the legitimate king, burning and murdering as before: they burnt farms, they sequestered and ransomed the proprietors, as the receiver-general has doubtless told you; for stopped by them in the Val de Bovino, he was carried into the woods, and obliged to pay 5,000 ducats for his ransom.

The government sent out against them a captain at the head of a company of 120 men, the whole of which fell into the hands of the Varodelli. The soldiers were sent back by them with all the honours of war, and a piaster a-head; but their commander was treated with the greatest ignominy.

"It is here that my part in the drama commenced. Some time afterwards they assassinated my father,"—and he twice repeated these words with terrible energy, while his large dark eyes flashed fire,—"they assassinated my father, sir! and our maxim is, that blood must be washed out by blood—'*sangue lava sangue.*' My cause was mine own. I did not refer it to justice; that would have been a baseness; besides, what would such a course have availed me? I mounted my horse, and traversed the public square, crying aloud—'they have murdered my father! revenge!' Several people followed me—we commenced our march.

"This time the band had not to do with Lazaroni, and were afraid. We beat for a length of time the woods to no purpose. The bandits fled before us, and carefully concealed themselves. But revenge was my object: I was resolved to shed their blood who had shed mine. One night we came up with them, but they escaped in the darkness of the forest. Being thus unable to overtake them, we resolved to lay an ambush for them; we in consequence concerted with the inhabitants of Ururi, who had suffered considerably from their depredations. Our cause was theirs, and they eagerly joined us for the purpose of exterminating them.

"This was in the month of April, 1818. We concealed ourselves one very dark night in the village, and the Ururais enticed them into the place. The band arrived on horseback, and dismounted in the square. We immediately surrounded them; the fire commenced amid the darkness: the fusilade was kept up on both sides for some time, but growing impatient, we rushed upon them with our knives. Soon the very women and children of the place took part in the combat. We fought all night knife to knife; and in the morning I pursued the miserable wrecks of the band to the extremity of La Pugilia. The square was strewn with the bodies of the slain—I had enough of blood!

"After this," said he, in conclusion, "I returned to Porta Canone. I was satisfied, for I had revenged my father's murder!"

What is most extraordinary in this great act of social insubordination is, that it went unpunished, and was not even the object of an investigation. The police made little stir at first; but the gold and jewels of the Varadelli distributed among them they were easily silenced. As to Campofreda, he was accused of Carbonarism, and proscribed in 1821; but he has since been restored to favour, and only a few days previous to our acquaintance had been appointed Inspector of Woods.

These are facts of yesterday, and which I obtained from the first sources. It is doubtless deplorable to be obliged to seek amid such scenes for traces of the ancient courage of the nation; but it is among them that it seems to have taken refuge, and shall I confess it? I discover in the very ferocity of their inhabitants a savage grandeur that powerfully appeals to the imagination. When we consider that what I have just related occurred in the nineteenth century, it appears incredible. But such is Italy—so radiant in beauty, so fertile in contrasts, that she appears fated to dispel every idea of progress, and to belie our loftiest hopes of European civilization. All the evils that affect that ill-fated land proceed from a corrupt and feeble government, which, like the poisonous tree, proves fatal to all who repose beneath its shade. Occupied with these reflections, I took the road towards Termoli, which, according to some old tradition, has served Plato as a retreat.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE "DEEP."

She stood lone and deserted on the shore, as the boat flew through the waters to the vessel which was already under weigh. With bitter feelings I watched her on my native strand, till her form was lost in the distance. My eyes were even then rivetted to the spot: the very buildings had a charm, hallowed, if I may use the term, by the presence of one who had baffled with me the storms of life unwearied and affectionate. In a short time I was alongside, and stepped upon the quarter-deck of the good ship Mary, for Barbadoes: the captain gave me his accustomed welcome, and in the same breath desired the helmsman to lay her course to sea. The confusion on board a vessel outward-bound is at all times annoying, but, above all, in a fresh breeze and with a crowded cabin. The bustle of the sailors—the reeling of the novitiates, as the vessel lurches to the wave—the stowing away of boxes, packages, hat-boxes, portmanteaus, &c. &c.—the half-sick faces of some, and complete sickness of others—the squeaking of the pigs, cackling of geese, screaming of the hens, in short, the evident uneasiness of every animal unused to a sea voyages makes so discordant a noise and disagreeable a *mélange*, than Noah's Ark can be nothing to it.

Our *live lumber* (as the sailors call passengers and poultry) was numerous. A young Israelite, two old Scotch civilians, a newly-married clergyman with his young and delicate wife, together with a thick-headed booby Creole, and a bigotted Catholic, formed the principal characters of the cabin. The Jew was too much occupied with prayers and sickness to attend to any other worldly concerns—even a pig-stye, with its abhorred tenant for a companion, would doubtless have been more agreeable to him at this moment, than his berth. The cunning old Scotchmen had been the voyage before, so that while their fellow-passengers were as yet strange, sick and new, they busied themselves in securing the corners of the cabin for their desks, or appropriating to their use sundry convenient pegs for their hats, caps, and cloaks,—in short, to be good and true men fra' the land o' cakes, they secured all they could secure for themselves. The married couple were too ill to help each other; the lady's eyes spoke love and fear, and her husband's were as dull as a bishop's after his feed. The booby Creole, who had been in England for his education, was returning with all the airs and impudence he could export, and banished his nausea by admiring with all due solemnity his legs and boots. While busy scenes were acting in the cabin, and the steward was in high request supplying doses of brandy, various domestic utensils, holding the heads,—in short, while the steward was as busy as a bee in a tar-bucket, acting as wet-nurse to the full-grown babies, there was a scene of bustle among the crew. The hoisting-in of the boats which were to be launched in other climes, the unbending and stowing away of the cables and lashing of the anchors, kept all hands in active employment; while the watchful captain, with his speaking-trumpet, strode the quarter-deck, and tempered his canvas to the gale.

Night crept on,—our native hills became lost in the mist and spray of the angry waves. The winds began to whistle through the rigging, and reefs were set in the topsails. The ship rolled her huge mass among the surges, as the captain paced the deck, now looking anxiously at the binnacle, then at the direction of the wind; his manner appeared to me foreboding, as he said, every now and then, "keep her the course"—"keep her well out." As he gazed anxiously to windward, methought it was ominous of evil.

I retired to my berth with a weary heart. The hasty and unexpected farewell I had uttered in the morning weighed heavily on me. The anxious hours of my lonely wife in a strange town, her last gaze upon me, and her last look upon our sails as we sunk in the horizon,—in short, a host of feelings worked upon me, till I became heart-sore. The sighs and groans of my fellow-passengers in the dead of the night, when all was darkness, together with the dismal creaking of the vessel as she rolled heavily about, added no comfort to my fevered brain. At last a delicious state of fitful sleep came over me. I dreamt and waked in the same minute. Thoughts came and went ere my mind could fix or dwell on any. Phantoms danced before me. Deep red streams shot in long and rapid lines. Showers of light, then darkness, and brilliant beams again. In this state of half-unconsciousness, I was aroused by a sudden and tumultuous sound of

voices on the deck. "A sail a-head—a sail a-head: port your helm—port. She nears! Steady there!—she'll shoot a-head." I rushed up the companion hatchway, and could just discover another vessel right athwart our course. She appeared in the misty darkness of the night as an indistinct mass upon the water. The helmsman had ported his helm to give her time to shoot across us. The gale was driving us rapidly—"Shout! shout, men!" cried the captain; "the crew are asleep, and—She does not move—down with your helm!—By G—d! we are foul!" The next moment there was a crash of horror. Our vessel staggered with the shock, and reeled like a drunken man. Our velocity through the water was suddenly checked; a wave broke over us, and before I could regain my breath, our ship was walking her dreary course *alone!*

The pilot-boat had sunk! The crew, perhaps worn out with toil, were asleep, and had lashed the helm, leaving the boat to drift till dawn. Our vessel pressed onwards—its keel passed over the expiring crew! Our men stood horror-struck—there was an awful silence—not a cry, not a shriek from the sufferers arose from the dark waves that foamed astern!—The billows rolled in white surges over their grave, and the wild winds howled their requiem!

The morning broke at last upon the world, and the sun arose dull and heavy. It was in unison with our own hearts. A sad scene had passed since his last rays beamed upon our topsails.

We buffetted our course, and at night-fall the Start Point was on the starboard bow. A pilot-boat of Cawsand Bay advised us to make for Plymouth, as the night was threatening, and we were on a lee-shore. The little bark then filled her foresail, and danced buoyantly on the waves, as if flying with joy to the shelter of her moorings. A West India man of four hundred tons, compared with a trim pilot-boat, is like the floundering of a huge whale to the swift and elegant dolphin; so that the captain and passengers of the good ship Mary soon lost sight of their little guide, and night again came upon us, and all was looking black and dreary as before. The promontory stood forth on the horizon, dark and undefined, like a bravo wrapped in his gloomy mantle. The world was shrouding itself from us, and our little community, in compliment to the weather, looked very blue, heartily wishing themselves any where but near land with a strong southerly wind. The vessel added to their discomfort by her curvettings and jumpings, as awkward as an elephant's jig on a hot floor.

The pilot's prophecy was coming true, and the sailors anticipated what they emphatically termed a *dirty night*. The captain resolved to make for Plymouth, but the pilot had sailed too far into the surrounding gloom. The elements now broke loose and began their frolic, *velut agmine facto*. The eye of day appeared hitherto to have restrained their madness, and the winds and storms commenced, like wild schoolboys breaking forth in a boisterous clamour when their old pedagogue has turned his back. "Crack on her to overhaul the pilot—shake a reef out if she'll bear it; and now, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I will show you Plymouth."

Hopes are vain, and winds are like courtier's promises—fickle, and

frequently mischievous. We were already within the Bay, when her steersman exclaimed, "She falls from her course." "Keep her full," said the captain; and in a few minutes we were in a rush of eddy winds. The sails were all aback, and it was a query in this dilemma whether we were to sink or swim.

The wind in a short time returned nearly to its former quarter of the compass, but the captain was afraid to venture for the port without a pilot's aid, and orders were given to tack, in order to clear, if possible, the Bay. "Stand by to go about," said the Palinurus.—"Aye, aye, sir," sounded from various parts. Their rough voices from different quarters came loud, then weak, as the wind hurried over us; inspiring a wild idea, as they sounded from the darkness and the storm, like the Red Dæmon's laugh in *Der Freischutz*.

All were ready. "*Helm's a lee!*"—"*Helm's a lee!*" as loudly answered the helmsman. The vessel obeyed the helm. "*Mainsail haul!*" was heard from the trumpet mouth. In the same second the block sheaves creaked as the cordage traversed—the yards moved quickly round, and the good ship was on the larboard tack.

Wind and waves drove us deeper and deeper in the Bay, and we were unable to weather the point. It seemed as if a magic chord was stretched from headland to headland by some tempest god, while a sad enchantment, a destructive fascination, hovered over our native hills and shores, to tempt us to our death. It was an anxious period—the gale increased—the sea was dreadful. "Aloft, my boys, and close keep the fore-topsail," exclaimed the captain, but the crew demurred. A panic had commenced, and the commander instantly threw his hat, as a challenge to the storm, into the wave beneath us as it was passing away with its sheet of foam. "Cowardly lubbers," he cried, "if fear has not unmanned you follow me!" and he sprung up aloft, and was out at the weather yard-arm before a man could overtake him. The Jacks rallied in a moment, and all tried who could reach the cross-trees first. The main yard snapped in the middle like a reed in a giant's hand, and fears were entertained for the masts. The sea became terrific—at times we were engulphed in the valley of waters, and the next minute we were hanging on the summit of the surge; the face of the bravest looked lank with despair. I had remained upon deck, nursing hope, till the bantling expired in my bosom, and I descended the companion-ladder, as if I had been entering my tomb. The sun will rise, thought I, in a few short hours, and the timbers which now bind us to life will be scattered on the wave. My widowed wife may look for my return in vain—my dying words will be breathed to the gale! I entered the fore-cabin—a lamp pendant from the beam shed a dim light upon the faces of my unfortunate companions; they had long since retreated from the deck, and I beheld them now kneeling around, in deep prayer, preparing themselves, each according to his creed, for the dreadful moment of dissolution.

In the hour of peril the fierce hatred arising from religious prejudices is miraculously absorbed. Fear is certainly contagious, like the plague; I could with difficulty resist its influence. Here the panic ruled absolute, and the hymns of one party increased the fer-

vour of the other. In one corner of the cabin, away from Christian prayers, kneeled the devout and wretched Israelite. His quick and active eye, which had often glistened at gain, now darted round the cabin with an expression of despair, as his lips were muttering that in which his mind had no share. Near him were the two Scotch Presbyterians, ejaculating psalms, and almost close to him I beheld the Protestant clergyman and the rigid Catholic. Here I saw men side by side, who, if free, would have persecuted each other to the death, now joining their prayers to the Deity of all. Sad picture of human folly and human frailty. The impression it made upon my mind can never be forgotten. Each after the manner of his fathers was closing his account with the world; and it was to me as an epitome of mankind at the moment of some vast and violent mundane catastrophe! Cold and wet, and almost exhausted with watching, I had recourse to brandy; and poor Levi, who was inclined to try my remedy, rose from his corner, and came staggering towards me, when an unlucky pitch of the vessel threw him upon the Catholic, and in a moment, the shock being communicated to the clergyman, I saw the Jew, the Catholic, and the priest huddled into the vacated corner. The noise increased the fears of the presbyters, and their terror was expressed by the heightened pitch of their voices. The Jew shrieked out a Hebrew ejaculation, as if all was lost. For a moment each expected death, but as the vessel righted, hope resumed her empire. The Jew commenced most humbly begging the *shentleman's* pardons; but his humility recalled all the earthly feelings of the bigot and the priest. He sued for pardon at Christian hands for his unlucky accident, but it was granted in a manner which made me pity the one and respect the other.

The wind changed, and before day-break we had weathered the Point; the spell was broken, and the morning broke upon us clear and unclouded. We ran for Portland Roads to refit, and after a delay of a few days, we once more embarked; we made a fair start, and with as much confidence and spirits as a caravan troop, well armed, enters upon the wide desert of the East. Forgetting our past perils, we steered into the wide waters of the Atlantic.

I would willingly narrate the adventures of my voyage,—of the distresses of poor Levi about his provender—the Jews not being allowed to touch any thing killed by unclean hands,—of our consequent good-nature, in constituting him butcher to the mess,—of the remonstrances of the cook thereupon,—of the Jew's unartist-like incapacity for his office,—of how one day the malicious cook forestalled him, and how his gloomy perspective of a *banyan*-day was achieved, by the circumstance of an inexperienced dolphin speculating upon a piece of pork, wherein was diabolically concealed a stout fish-hook,—of the Hebrew's anxious inquiries whether the dolphin wore scales according to the Levitical law,—of his rapture on finding the flesh of dolphin sanctioned by Moses. All this and much more could I relate, but for the abrupt intimation that my "yarn" is already spun too long. I must, therefore, gentle reader, ere I am well introduced, bid you, reluctantly, farewell!

EVERY MAN HIS OWN STORY-TELLER.

The art of relating stories or anecdotes in a rapid and skilful manner, so as to excite pleasurable sensations in the bosoms of those who hear, requires no mean exertion of taste and humour. You shall meet fifty clever and able men of business in society for one entertaining companion; a circumstance which is to be attributed to the great disinclination which the people of a commercial country have to exert themselves from any other cause than the acquisition of wealth. The mere pleasure of pleasing is an impulse not sufficiently strong to stimulate the powers of men, who think life happy and enviable only in proportion as it is wealthy. Hence we find, in this country at least, that the entertaining and agreeable companions are to be found among those persons, whose life being somewhat irregular and idle, presents them with opportunities of seeing and hearing much variety of adventure, and abundance of time to devote to acquirements, which the more solid, grave, and discreet part of society consider as trivial. The gay soldier, who dines every day at a different table, and changes his quarters every six months; the young man of extensive property and enlarged education, whom no necessity or difficulty enchain; the pliable parasite, the restless author, are the characters which often in society yield us amusement by their convivial qualities and anecdotal skill.

The teller of good stories ought to be a man of the true epic cast, who dashes immediatel, *in medias res,* without any prolixity or long prefacial preparation. He should have the judgment to select the most striking parts of his anecdote, and the art to embellish them. He should be rapid and forcible in narration; and if he have a talent for mimickry, a flexible voice, and a countenance susceptible of variety of expression, he will be able to throw into his story a theatrical effect, and captivate the eyes as well as the ears of his auditors. Horace says, "*Segnier irritant animos demissa per aurer, quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fedelibus.*" The teller of stories or anecdotes should, above all things, avoid an injudicious introduction of them. They should be always told as illustrative of the matter in discussion, and appear to grow out of the conversation. The person relating them should avoid all hesitation, or episode, or a too frequent use of conjunctions, but hasten onward to the pith and marrow of his circumstance, and terminate his anecdote with the peculiar incident or remark which forms the point, the zest, the soul of it. Let him introduce no after observation, no comment on his own anecdote, no moral, but leave the effect entirely to the matter itself, and the manner in which he has related it.—We cannot better explain our opinion on this subject, than by the introduction of a couple of anecdotes. The first was told by a tedious old grocer, who amassed a considerable

fortune by trade, and in the latter part of his life pestered his friends with long stories that were deficient in interest. His anecdotes were like those of *Farmer Flamborough*, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, very tedious, and all about himself. If he happens to push himself into a knot of persons, they all flew off from him, like the radii of a circle from the focus.—"I remember," he would say, "in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-three, or eighty-four, I am not quite certain which, though my wife, who has a good memory, has often assured me, contrary to the opinion of my daughter, that it was in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-four, that I got up at eight o'clock in the morning. I always shave with cold water, because hot water makes the face tender, at least so says Barber Humbug, though I have heard Dr. Graspfee tell quite a different story about that matter. —I rose at eight o'clock in the morning, as I was saying, and looking out of window saw the sun.—It is really a remarkable fine object.— A fine morning so revives one.—I had no sooner put on my inexpressibles, than I said to myself, 'I'll take a good walk to-day; it will do me a pound's worth of service.' Well! we were all up and down to breakfast by nine o'clock. My wife made tea, and I well remember that I ate two eggs, which is a most unusual thing for me to do. Breakfast being over, I said to my servant Thomas, who now lives with me—and probably will live with me till I die—'Thomas,' said I, 'bring me my hat.' My hat was brought. 'Now,' said I, 'fetch my stick and gloves,' which was no sooner said than done.—I then put on one glove, and after that I put on the other.—This is invariably my custom.—I then took up my hat in my left hand, and my stick in my right, and walked towards my hall, but turned round to my wife as I left the room, and said, 'Patty, I shall be home to dinner.' Thomas opened the street door for me, and shut it after me. I walked down the steps until I came into the street (we then lived in Baker-street), when I said to myself, 'shall I go to the right or the left? shall I walk towards Bond-street or the New-road?' I decided on walking to Bond-street, and proceeded down Baker-street until I arrived at the corner of Portman-square, when—now comes the curious part of my story—when I met the Bishop of Cloyne, who, walking up to me, and politely bowing (he really is a gentleman—a fine gentleman), said, 'I hope I see my Lord of Upper Ossory well?' 'My lord,' replied I, with a low bow, I am not my Lord of Upper Ossory.' 'Then, Sir,' said he, with an agreeable smile, 'I am mistaken; but I never saw in my life a gentleman so like his lordship.' Now was not this a very singular incident?"

As a corollary to the above I will subjoin a story told by an officer, a young agreeable fellow, who had an off-hand expeditious way of despatching any matter which his memory delivered over to his tongue. I vouch not for the novelty or authenticity of the circumstance, and desire that the manner of relating it may be only understood as bearing upon the subject.—"A gentleman, a great hypochondriac," he would say, "was ordered to remove into Devonshire for the benefit of his health. While in that county, he made frequent excursions on horseback to different parts, where some novelty of scene offered him momentary recreation. One night, while returning

to his residence, being overtaken by a storm, he sought shelter in a decent but humble public-house. The landlord and his wife did all they could to make him comfortable—prepared him a light supper, and made him up a clean and soft bed. The landlord had given up his own room—mark that! He slept well till after midnight, when he was awakened by the noise of one entering his chamber. Starting up, he beheld approaching his bed a tall and ghastly figure, half naked, conveying in one hand a lamp, in the other an immense knife, with which he beckoned him to follow him, and then drew it across his throat, as if he meant to intimate that he was about to commit a murder, and needed his assistance. The nerves of the gentleman were excessively weak; but he saw it all—the landlord was a murderer, and this his diabolical accomplice. Vainly did he attempt to call for assistance, his tongue refused its aid—he sunk on his pillow. There he lay for a considerable time in a sort of swoon, from which he was roused to the full sense of horror by the rude grasp of a hand, and the glare of a lamp, which some one held close to his eyes. He looked up. The same terrific figure stood before him, but more dreadful than at his first appearance. His shirt-sleeve was stripped up to his elbow, and his right hand and arm deluged in blood! The assassin, as soon as he saw the stranger open his eyes, struck the ground three times with his foot, and by three movements of the arm, intimated that he had exterminated three lives. 'Oh! save me, save me!' cried the stranger; 'do not take my life!' At this moment the guilty landlord rushed into the room,—'Kill thee, Sir!' he exclaimed, 'what be thinking of—this is poor Tom, my pig-killer, who be come to wake me to kill pigs!—I suppose he's done it without me.—The poor fellow be deaf and dumb, and harmless as a babby!'"

SH———.

THE JESUIT GRESSET, AUTHOR OF VERT-VERT.

Amongst the splendid productions of the Augustan age of literature in France, there is probably no work which occasioned greater interest, on its first appearance, or which has to the present day so successfully maintained its claim to the admiration of every class of readers as the Vert-Vert, of the Jesuit Gresset. This poem, written to commemorate the adventures of a favourite parrot, was first printed at Rouen, in 1734. The circumstances under which it appeared, as connected with the private history of its author, added much to its singularity. Jean Baptiste Gresset was born at Amiens, in the year 1709: his family, originally English, settled in France some time in the seventeenth century, and intermarried with some of the most distinguished families of Rouen. Our author commenced his studies with the Jesuits of Amiens. Father Lagneau, provincial of the order at Arras, quickly discovered the talents of his pupil, and took the greatest delight in cultivating them.

For the care and attentions of his preceptor, Gresset preserved through life the liveliest gratitude. In an ode to the city of Arras, written in 1740, we find the good Father thus commemorated by our poet:

> L'un de tes citoyens aux lieux de ma naissance,
> Daigna former, instruire et guider mon enfance.
> Il m'apprit à penser: il m'apprit encore plus;
> En ouvrant le Parnasse à mon jeune courage,
> Il éclairait mes pas du flambeau des vertus.
> *Mon ame enfin est son ouvrage.*

Struck with the promising talents of their young pupil, the Jesuits endeavoured to attach him to their order. Having no fixed views with respect to a profession, Gresset at first exhibited no signs of repugnance, and at the age of sixteen commenced his noviciate; he was, to use his own expression, "carried from the cradle to the altar."* After having completed his studies at the college of Louis le Grand, at Paris, our author, in accordance with the practice of the Order of Jesus, re-commenced the course by becoming "professeur des humanités" at Moulins, Tours, and Rouen; in each of which towns he displayed considerable talents, as well in his sermons as in the public exercises composed by him for the use of their several colleges. But even the grave pursuits of theology were insufficient to obliterate from the breast of the young divine the attachment for the muse which he appeared, like Voltaire, to have nourished from his cradle. His first essay (at least the earliest of which we have any trace), was a poem in Latin elegiac verse, entituled "Charities," or the Graces, which was recited by one of his scholars as a new year's ode, and which appears to have met with the most decided approbation. In 1733, as professor of rhetoric, he himself pronounced a discourse in Latin verse on "Harmony." This work was the foundation of an epocha in his life. From thence may be traced

* Vide Adieux aux Jesuites.

the whole train of those petty cavils and vexations which finally induced him to renounce an engagement contracted without inclination, and to separate for ever from the order of the Jesuits. In a discourse on harmony, it was natural to eulogize every thing connected with the science of music for one in holy orders; and at that time, this was by no means an easy or even a safe task, as we shall find in the sequel. He could not well avoid speaking of the opera, of the ballet, of the vaudeville—all this was voted somewhat more than profane: through the intrigues of cant and hypocrisy, his work was denounced as scandalous, and inimical to religion: Gresset was compelled to screen himself under an apology written with great taste and discretion, but which met with but a cold reception. Shortly after this affair our author made a decisive effort, and, in the words of one of his biographers, "fixed his name on the temple of renown by placing there that of a parrot." Vert-Vert, as we have before remarked, appeared in 1734. "Le poëme," says M. d'Alembert, "n'eût été entre les mains d'un autre qu'une plaisanterie insipide et monotone, destinée à mourir dans l'enceinte du eloître qui l'avoit enfantée. Gresset eut l'art de deviner dans sa rétraite la juste mesure du badinage qui pouvait rendre piquant pour les gens du monde un ouvrage dont le sujet devoit leur paroître si futile: il y répaudit, avec intelligence et avec sagesse, ces graces delicates et légeres qui dans les détails dont il a egayé ses tableaux, empêchent la gaité d'être ignoble et fastidieuse." In a letter addressed to Father Brumsy, Jesuit, Jean Baptiste Rousseau speaks of our author in terms of the greatest admiration. "Parmi les phénomenes littéraires que vous m'indiquez, vous n'avez point voulu m'en citer un qui a été éleve parmi vous, et que vous venez de rendre au monde: vous voyez bien que je veux parler du jeune auteur des Poëmes du Perroquet et de la Chartreuse. Je n'ai vu de lui que ces deux ouvrages, mais en verité, je les aurais admirés, *quand même ils m'auraient été donnés comme le fruit d'une étude consommée du monde et de la langue Françoise.* Je ne crois pas qu'on puisse trouver nulle part plus de richesses jointes à une plus libérale facilité à les prodigeur." Again, in another letter to M. de Lassèré, then counsellor in Parliament, he observes, on the subject of Vert-Vert:—"J'ai lu le poëme que vous m'avez envoyé; je vous avouerai sans flatterie, monsieur, que je n'ai jamais vu production qui m'a autant surpris que celle là. Sans sortir d'un style familier que l'auteur a choisi, il y étale tout ce que la poésie a de plus éclautant, et tout ce q'une connaissance consommé du mondé pourrait fournir à un homme qui y aurait passé toute sa vie: il n'était point fait pour le rôle qu'il a quitté, et je suis ravi de voir ses talents affranchis de l'esclavage d'une profession quì lui convénait aussi peu. Je ne saurois trop vous remercier, monsieur, de la peine que vous avez prise de *me copier vous même une piece si excellente:* quelque longue qu'elle soit je lái trouvée trop courte, quoique je l'ai lu deux fais. Il me tarde l'ai de la pouvoir joindre a celle que vous me promettez de la même main. Je ne sais si tous mes confrères modernes et moi ne ferions pas mieux de rénoncer au métier que de le continuer, aprés l'apparition d'un phénomene aussi surprenant que celui que vous venez de me faire observer, qui nous efface tous des sa nais-

sance, et sur le quel nous n'avons d'autre avantage que l'ancienneté, que nous serions trop heureux de ne pas avoir."

At the time when these brilliant eulogiums were conferred on him by one who was then considered the most refined and classical of the poets of France, and even of Europe, Gresset was but twenty-six years old, and a Jesuit. His poem was a source of equal surprise to the world, to whom he was unknown, and to the order amongst whom he had been educated. Vert-Vert produced the effect of a literary phenomenon; it was translated into Latin verse. Raux, at that time a celebrated artist, represented in enamel the adventures of the travelled parrot. M. Bertin, the Secretary of State, presented Gresset with a magnificent set of china, manufactured at Sevres; on the cups and other pieces of which were traced the chief events in the life of Vert-Vert. "This," the poet would frequently remark, "is the Sevres edition of my poem." But the fame which surrounded the young author proved but a slight defence against a second persecution, more dangerous than the first. Vert-Vert had amused the public at the expense of the nuns: the minister had a sister who was superieure of the Visitaudines,* or Convent of the Visitation, in which the poet had laid the scene of the parrot's history. Her brother, not however from any personal dislike to Gresset, for he ever after continued to remain one of his best friends, took up Vert-Vert on the footing of a state affair. He was not himself a bigot, but he had no choice but to espouse the quarrel of his sister: he accordingly laid a grave complaint before the Jesuits. The fathers, although in secret, greatly flattered by the success of their young brother, dared not risk the displeasure of the Court, and the author of the harmless *badinage* of Vert-Vert was banished to La Fleche.

This state of exile, as may readily be supposed, soon became irksome to our lively poet. He gave vent to his feelings on the subject in a description of his journey from Tours to the village of La Fleche, in a letter, half prose and half verse, addressed to a lady of quality at Tours. This *jeu d'esprit*, which is inserted in all the editions of his works under the title of "My Journey to La Fleche," contains many passages replete with wit and satire; which last, however, he never allows to transgress the bounds of good humour: indeed, the very amiable character of Gresset is apparent through all his works, and one cannot but feel indignant that the petty malice of cant and bigotry should have succeeded in embittering the existence of so mild and inoffensive a being. Speaking of the good Father Superior, who had

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* A Nevers donc chez les Visitaudines
Vivoit naguere un peroquet fameux:
A qui son art et son cœur généreux
Ses vertus même, et ses graces badines,
Auroient aû faire un sort moins rigoreux,
Si les bons cœurs étoient tongours heureux.
VERT-VERT. *Chant.* 1.

Les petits soins, les attentions fines
Sont nés, dit-on, chez les Visitaudines.—IB.

Toutes les soeurs parlent toutes ensemble;
En entandant cet essaim bourdonner
On eût à peine entendu Dieu tonner.—*Chant.* 4.

come expressly from La Fleche to Tours to fetch him, and with whom he travelled to the former place, he says, "Il est ici le geolier de trente-quatre nonnes qui le font eurager à ce qu'il m'assura; mais je brise sur cet article—

Attaquez vous par quelque raillerie
Un regiment d'infanterie?
Mars ne fera q'uen nire: il s'en amusera:
Mai si par malheur, votre muse
A draper les nounes s'amuse,
L'amour propre s'eu veugera;
Dévotement il rougira
Et bientôt il vous poursuivera
Jusqu' à La Flêche, et par-delà . . . . ."

At last, grown weary of his state of exile, he wrote to the Provincial of his order, and the answer he received not being satisfactory, he lost all patience, and demanded his dismissal from the Order of Jesus, wrote them his adieux in verse, and in the year 1735, entered again upon the world.

Our author having published several other poems, the chief of which (La Chartreuse) met with nearly the same success with Vert-Vert. His friends, and indeed the public, looked forward with impatience for his appearance in that career in which Corneille, Molière, and Racine had gained immortal honours: in fact, it was then generally understood in France, that a writer ambitious of the name of poet, could not avoid submitting his talents to this severe ordeal. Gresset accordingly commenced with the tragedy of Edward the Third, which was represented on the 22d of January 1740. He sent it by post to Voltaire, who found "the postage rather expensive, although there were some good lines in it." The reception of this piece, though flattering, was not altogether such as to induce him to persevere in the tragic line, which he appears thenceforward wholly to have forsaken for that of comedy. "Le Méchant," a comedy in five acts, and in verse, is, however, the only production of consequence which entitles him to the rank of a comic poet. Its success, if we may judge from the fact of its having gone through twenty-four representations, at its first appearance, may be said to have been complete, although the journals of the day were violent in their disapprobation. The journals however are forgotten, and the "Méchant" still remains an ornament to the French theatre.

In the year 1740, Gresset addressed to Frederick the Great, an ode on that monarch's accession to the throne of Prussia. The king returned him an answer very different from the usual style of replies from crowned heads in general: the poet received an ode to himself, in elegant French, in the hand-writing of Frederick, concluding thus:—

"Au centre du bon goût c'une nouvelle Athène
Tu moissonnes en paix la gloire des talents,
Taudis que l'univers, envieux de la seine
Applaudit à tes chants.
Berlin en est frappée: a sa voix qui t'appelé
Viens des Muses de l'Elbe animer les soupirs
Et chanter, aux doux sous de ta lyre immortelle
L'amour et les plaisirs."

Frederick, however, did not stop short at poetry and compliment; he made the most flattering and generous offers to Gresset, in order to induce him to fix his abode at Berlin: it was generally supposed that they had been accepted. Voltaire, in several of his letters, seems to have looked upon the thing as settled, and frequently designates our author as "*the Prussian Gresset.*" But too much attached to France, and enamoured of his native Picardy, he contented himself with carrying on with Frederick a respectful correspondence. In the mean time, the success of "Le Méchant" had paved the way for the admission of Gresset to the Academie Française, and on the 14th of April, 1748, he succeeded to the vacancy caused by the death of Dauchet. At this period he was incessantly occupied in amassing materials, and in tracing numerous plans of comedies. Towards the close of 1751, he had just finished two pieces which had been requested by the court (l'Esprit à la mode, and l'Ecole de l'amour propre,) when a new vexation, occasioned by a sentence in an academical discourse, suddenly checked his emulation, damped his genius, and left him an unresisting prey to the religious insinuations of the Bishop of Amiens (d'Orléans de la Motte.) This prelate, a man of exemplary piety, was the intimate friend of Gresset, and possessed over his mind an influence which he ultimately employed to exact from him a sacrifice which the interests of true religion could never have demanded.

On the 14th of December, 1754, d'Alembert was received into the Academy, in the place of M. de Surian, Bishop of Vence. On Gresset, who was then director of the Academy, devolved the duty of pronouncing a panegyric on the deceased academician. We have before had occasion to see the unlucky issue of Gresset's public discourses. In the present instance, he acquitted himself with still greater credit to his reputation as a poet, and with proportionate ill success to his fortune as a courtier. After paying a brilliant tribute to the memory of the prelate, he concludes with the following burst of eloquence, which laid the foundation of his disgrace at court. "Arrivé à l'épiscopat sans brigues, sans bassesses et sans hypocrisie, il y vecut sans faste, sans hauteur, et sans negligence. Ce ne fut point de ces talents qui se taisent dés qu'ils sont récompensés: de ces bouches que la fortune rend muettes, et qui se fermant dés que le rang est obtenu, prouvent trop que l'on ne prêche pas toujours pour des conversions. Devoué tout entier à l'instruction des peuples confiés à son zele, il leur consacra tous ses talents, tous ses soins, tous ses jours; pasteur d'autant plus cher à son troupeau, que ne le quittant jamais, il en était plus connu: louange rarement donnée et bien digne d'être remarquée! Dans le cours de plus de vingt années d'épiscopat. M. l'évêque de veuce ne sortit jamais de son diocese que quand il fut appelé par son devoir à l'assemblée du clergé: *bien différent de ces pontifes agréables et prophanes, crayonnés autrefois par Despréaux, et qui regardant leur devoir comme un ennui, l'oisiveté comme un droit, leur residence naturelle comme un exil, venoient promener leur inutilité parmi les écueils, le luxe et la mollesse de la capitale, ou venoient ramper à la cour et y traîner de l'ambition sans talent, de l'intrigue sans affaires, et de l'importance sans crédit.*"

It is but natural to suppose that Gresset, previously to addressing this fulminating discourse to a court chiefly composed of non-resident prelates, would fully have made up his mind as to the probable consequences. True, he had not in all this transgressed the bounds of truth; but the event proved, that although Boileau, protected by Louis XIV., had been able to point the arrows of his satire against the prelates of the court with impunity, yet Gresset under Louis XV. had not the same privilege: the last phrase especially seemed to close with so discordant a twang, that it was struck out of the "Recueil" of the Academy. When he appeared at Versailles to present his discourse, the king turned his back upon him. Gresset, thunderstruck at this disgrace, forgot all his literary projects, and terrified at the idea of being looked upon at Versailles as a dangerous man, he opened his mind to his friend the bishop of Amiens, and consulted with him on the means of escaping the reputation of a philosopher and an "esprit fort." It was under the combined influence of this prelate, and of the prospect of returning favour at court of the royal patronage, and even of an appointment as tutor to the young Duke of Burgundy, douceurs held out to him in brilliant perspective, that our author, in May 1759, came to a resolution equally strange and unexpected. After having thrown into the fire a number of plays and other productions, the fruit of years of laborious study (amongst which, to the lasting regret of all true lovers of verse, were included the fifth and sixth canto of Vert-Vert), he solemnly abjured the theatre, in a letter which he inserted in the greater part of the public journals of the period. In this production, as may well be supposed, the stage and all its connexions are handled with the severity of an enraged ecclesiastic, embittered by the usual hatred of a renegade partisan—a species of malevolence which, according to ethic writers, is more to be dreaded than any other in the affairs of religion and friendship. Our modern saints cannot fail to be in raptures at the terrific blows therein dealt out, with all the powers of eloquence, on the devoted head of their arch-enemy—the stage. The Rev. (Brunswick theatre) Smith could scarcely desire a more zealous champion against the many-headed monster. By the way, it is not a little amusing to discover, in the letter before us, an almost perfect coincidence, in point of style and argument, between a Jesuit of the year 1759 and the "modern Saints" of our day. In the first place, we have the same unqualified begging of the question as it regards the Christian religion. Gresset remarks—"Je vous avouerai donc que depuis plusieurs années j'avois beaucoup à souffrir intérieurement d'avoir travaillé pour le théâtre, etant convaincu, comme je l'ai toujours été, *des verités lumineuses de notre religion*, la seule," &c. * * * * "*il s'élevoit souvent des nuages dans mon ame sur un art si peu conforme à l'esprit du christianisme*" . . . . . then we find the usual portion of humble, pious vanity.—"Dieu à daigné éclairer entierement *mes* ténebres, et dissiper à *mes* yeux tous les enchantements de l'art et du génie. Guidé par la foi," &c. &c. But, above all, we recognize the sensitiveness to satire, the same dread of ridicule, the same endeavours to turn its edge by being the first to revile the antagonist from whom the attack is most naturally to be expected. Thus, for the information of all whom it may

concern, he declares—" Les gens de bon air, les *demi-raisonneurs,* les *pitoyables incredules,* peuvent à leur aise se moquer de ma démarche : * je serai trop dédommagé de leur froides plaisantéries, si les gens sensés et vertueux (courtiers and ecclesiastics, of course), si les écrivains dignes de servir la religion, si les ames honnêtes et pieuses que j'ai pu scandaliser, voient mon humble désaveu avec cette satisfaction pure

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* Voltaire and Piron, who never liked Gresset, lost no time in profiitng by a permission conveyed in such flattering terms. The latter, vexed perhaps at the success of " Le Méchant," which bade fair to rival his own " Metromanie," had already given vent to his spleen at the reception of Gresset into the Academy, in one of his best epigrams, and which, by the way, seems to have been a species of prophecy :

" En France on fait par un plaisant moyen
Taire un auteur quand d'écrits il assomme ;
Dans un fauteuil d'Acadamicien
Lui quarantieme on fait asseoir mon homme ;
Lors il s'endort, et ne fait plus qu'un somme ;
Plus n'en avez phrase, ni madrigal.
Au bel esprit ce fauteuil est en somme
Ce qu'à l'amour est le lit conjugal."

Upon Gresset's public declaration of repentance for the past, and abjuration of the future, sins of authorship, Piron greeted him with another :

" Gresset pleure sur ses ouvrages
En penitent des plus touchés.
Apprenez à dévenir sages,
Petits écrivains débauchés.
Pour nous qu'il a si bien prêchés,
Prions tous que dans l'autre vie
Dieu veuille oublier ses péchés
Comme en ce monde on les oublie."

Voltaire, on his part, suffered not so favourable an opportunity to escape, and made the following lines a vehicle for the expression of that feeling of jealousy of the fame and impatience at the success of his contempories and literary rivals, of which even the excess of his own glory could not in many instances cure him. These verses, which he has placed in the mouth of his " Pauvre Diable," breathe a spirit of greater bitterness against Gresset, than is to be detected in the lively sallies of Piron :

" Gresset doué du double privilége
D'être au collége un bel esprit mondain,
Et dans le monde un homme de collége ;
Gresset dévot, longtemps petit badin ;
Sanctifié par ses palinodies,
Il prétendait avec compunction
Qu'il avait fait jàdis des comedies
Dont à la Vièrge il demandait pardon.
Gresset se trompe, il n'est pas si coupable ;
Un vers heureux et un tour agréable
Ne suffit pas ; il faut une action,
De l'intérêt, du comique, une fable,
Des mœurs du temps un portrait veritable,
Pour consommer cette œuvre du demon."

In justice, however, to our author, it is necessary to state, that such were the simplicity of his manners, the amiability of his disposition, and the modesty of his discourse, that his talents (and great they certainly were) procured him no enemies. He was generally beloved by his literary compeers, and the above sarcasms of Voltaire and Piron are the only satirical shafts ever directed either against his person or his writings.

que fait naitre la verité dés qu'elle se montre." Nor does poetry escape the general anathema—it is designated as " cet art si dangereux, dont l'histoire est beaucoup plus la liste des fautes célebres et des regrets tardifs. Que celle des succés sans honte et de la gloire sans remords * * * * * One se laisse entrainer à établir des principes qu'on n'a point; un vers brillant décide d'une maxime hardie, scandaleuse, extravagante; l'idée est téméraire, le trait est impie, n'importe: le vers est heureux, sonore, éblouissant: on ne peut le sacrifier, on ne veut que briller, on parle contre ce qu'on croit, et la vanité des mots l'emporte sur la verité des choses."

After the publication of this letter, Gresset retired to Amiens, where he still continued to cultivate the Muses, and occasionally inserted some light production of his pen in the journals of the period. But no circumstance of importance occurred in his life until the year 1774, when he had the honour of pronouncing, in the name and at the head of the Academy, a discourse before Louis XVI. on his accession to the throne. Shortly afterwards he received a patent of nobility, which was publicly read, by order of the court, in an assembly of the Academy of Amiens, the preamble being highly flattering to our author. In 1777 he was appointed by the king to the post of écuyer, and was subsequently created a knight of the Order of St. Michael, and historiographe of the Order of St. Lazarus. His health, which had been gradually declining for some years, left him not long in the enjoyment of his titles: on the 16th of June, 1777, he sank, aged sixty-eight years, under the combined attacks of a violent fever and of an abcess in his breast. He left no children; the mention of which, by the way, reminds us of a circumstance in our author's life which we had well nigh passed over in silence, an act of biographical remissness, for which we might perhaps hereafter be justly called to account, at least by the fair portion of our readers; namely, that in 1751, Gresset obtained the hand of Charlotte Gallaud, a young lady of great wit, and withal of a sweet and amiable disposition. She was the daughter of a merchant of Amiens, and a relation of Antoine Gallaud, celebrated by his translation or imitation of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

Several anecdotes of Gresset's wit and *bonhommie* are related, and he appears to have been a favourite companion of the wits of the age. He was member of a society or club, consisting, amongst others, of l'Abbe de Chauvelin, a counsellor in parliament; a little deformed man, but extremely witty, and famous for his denunciation of the Jesuits—de Vallier, president of the parliament, captain of the regiment de Champagne, and celebrated for his strange and romantic adventures—La Place, the translator of Tom Jones—De Lafantiere, counsellor in parliament—and the Marquis of Chauvelin, brother to the Abbe, formerly ambassador at the court of Savoy. Their meetings were held at the hotel de Chaulnes. Amongst other humourous anecdotes of this coterie, Gresset was fond of relating the following:

After one of their suppers at the hotel de Chaulnes, these gentlemen were walking home in company at about two o'clock in the morning; passing down the rue Dauphine, Vallier perceived on the door of a house of very respectable appearance, a notice stating,

"This house to be let, with immediate possession," (maison à louer présentement.) He knocks twice at the door—the porter at last gets up, and asks the gentleman's pleasure.—"We wish to see the house."—"How, sir, at this hour?"—"To be sure; and why not? read—'This house to let, *with immediate possession.*'" The porter wakes his master, a light is brought, and our pitiless wags dance the landlord, half asleep and half awake, through every room in the house, from the garrets to the cellar: at last, Vallier exclaims, "I have seldom met with a house better built or more commodious; but," addressing himself to the landlord, "it certainly has one great defect."—"And what is that, sir?"—"It is very dark."—"Parbleu! and how should it be otherwise?" cried the impatient proprietor, "it is not yet daylight." Seeing, however, that he had to do with men of rank, and humourists, he soon joined in the general laugh.

The society of such friends might well have dictated the verse—

> "Tout ce qui vit n'est fait que pour nous réjouir,
> Et se moquer du monde est tout l'art d'eu jour.
> Ma foi, quand je parcours tout ce qui le compose,
> Je ne trouve que nous qui valions quelque chose."
>
> *Le Méchant*, Acte ii. Sc. 3.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SELF.

> "How am I glutted with conceit of this!
> Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please?
> Resolve me of all ambiguities?
> Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
> I'll have them fly to India for gold;
> Ransack the ocean for orient pearl;
> And search all corners of the new-found world
> For pleasant fruits and princely delicates."
>
> MARLOWE.

"FROM morning to night do I toil," said Hubert, the wood-cutter, as he returned one evening from the forest, "and rags and poverty are my only rewards; but I will endure it no longer; this very night will I betake me to the wizard Grimerius, accept of his terms, and become rich. What care I about having a self? I shall have wealth enough to support a dozen selfs, and my second self will be a companion to my first self."

Grimerius was a learned and skilful magician, and so wonderous were the powers of his art, that the ministers of darkness tremblingly performed his bidding, and the elements were the slaves of his will. He dwelt alone—at least without any earthly companion. He stamped with his foot, and a score of infernal lacquies attended the summons, and were ready to fly, at his command, to the world's verge. If he wished to vent his wrath on man, away rode his spirits on the wings of the wind, and the tall and stately ship was dashed upon the rocks, or whelmed beneath the furious waves. The fierce volcano opened wide its hot and flaming jaws, and fertile villages be-

came heaps of burning ashes. The shuddering earth was rent in twain, and the peasant's cottage and the noble's castle were hurled indiscriminately into its womb. These, and numerous other pranks, were at least ascribed to him by his neighbours, and he would indeed have been deemed a sceptic who had dared to doubt the truth of their assertions. It was also said, amongst the peasantry (and for the veracity of this assertion my tale will vouch), that Grimerius would grant a man any thing he desired, provided he would consent to have a *self;* that is, a figure of the wizard's creation, exactly like the person who acceded to his terms, and animated by the same feelings and impulses. What could be his motive for wishing to indulge this strange whim was beyond his neighbours' comprehension. It is true many explanations were given of the mystery, quite clear and satisfactory to their respective authors; but as they were all different, I shall not trespass upon the reader's patience by stating them. I candidly confess my own inability to throw any light upon the subject, and therefore the mystery is likely to remain one for me. Thus far, however, all accounts agreed:—the wizard was extremely desirous of accomplishing his object, yet could not create the being he wished, without the previous consent of the person in whose likeness it was to appear. Hubert had long pondered over this matter, and had often thought of applying to Grimerius for "further particulars." A tradition existed, that the wizard's terms had once been accepted, and that he who accepted them soon grew so weary of the unearthly companion, who was ever by his side, that, in a fit of despair, he put an end to his existence. This was the principal reason that had hitherto deterred the wood-cutter from making an application to the wizard, though, as will be seen by his preceding soliloquy, he now determined, reckless of consequences, to subscribe to the conditions of the magician, be they what they might.

It was near midnight, and the lamps of heaven burned brightly over the head of Hubert as he knocked at the door of the wizard's habitation. A clear and full-toned voice bade him come in. The room into which he entered was dark and spacious, and a faint light, emitted by a single taper, vainly struggled to dissipate the surrounding gloom, and only served to render "darkness visible." The walls were ornamented, or rather defaced, with drawings of grotesque and hideous forms, whose distended eyes, seen through the imperfect light, seemed to glare fearfully on the intruder, and around were scattered various necromantic implements. The magician was seated at a desk of ebony, intently perusing a ponderous volume, inscribed with strange and mystic characters. Several minutes elapsed, and still he continued his studies, apparently unconscious of his visitor's presence, the wavering of whose purpose began to be indicated by the trembling of his limbs, and his frequent glances towards the closed door. His prolific imagination, aided by the objects around him, had succeeded in conjuring up such a train of terrific fancies that he was just on the point of effecting an escape, when he beheld the wizard raise his head slowly from the book he was perusing, and fix upon him his piercing gaze. He paused ere he spoke, and the wood-cutter had leisure to survey

his singular countenance. He appeared a man little past the middle period of life. His features might be termed faultless, and his raven locks, curled closely round his high and expansive forehead. His eyes were intensely bright, and but for their snake-like expression, and the ashy and almost cadaverous hue of his complexion, he would have been eminently handsome. His dress, which fitted close to his person, was of black velvet. Previous to speaking, he rose from his seat as if to display his towering and majestic stature, and folding his arms over his bosom, he thus addressed his disconcerted guest:—"What would'st thou of me, that thus thou breakest in upon my meditations?" "I come to ask thy aid," said Hubert; "I have long endeavoured to earn a subsistence by honest means, but finding all in vain, I am determined——" "For the future to use dishonest ones," interrupted the magician. "Why, as to that," said the wood-cutter, "if the world lie not, I am not the only person who prefers wealth and power, however obtained, to despised poverty, with all its honesty." "No prating, sirrah!" said the wizard testily, for report said that he himself had in other days been acquainted with want and wretchedness; "I am not to be trifled with; what would'st thou with me, fellow?" "Briefly, then," replied Hubert, "I am poor; and having heard that by fulfilling certain conditions, my poverty might be remedied, I am come here to do your bidding." "Know'st thou the terms on which thou can'st become rich?" said the magician. "In part," said Hubert, "but be they what they may, I will consent to what thou requirest." "Enough," said the magician, and a smile of bitter derision played over his features. He took from his desk the skeleton of a bond, and filling up the blank spaces in a lawyer-like manner, he handed it to the wood-cutter for his signature. As our hero—all chief personages of tales are heroes, be they princes or peasants, warriors or highwaymen—as our hero, therefore, was unacquainted with the profitless art of writing, he was about to make its customary substitute, a sign of the cross, when his hand was suddenly arrested in its progress by the wizard. "Hold!" cried he, in an alarmed and quick voice, "give me some other token of approval, some other mark of thy consent—make not that hated sign, or here our treaty ends." The wood-cutter having made a mark of less obnoxious character, the magician proceeded to business. He opened a closet, and brought forth a number of nameless ingredients, and casting them into a cauldron, under which a fire was previously burning, he began to stir them with a stick or wand. A mist rose slowly from the cauldron. The magician paused in his employment, and the mist instantly dispersed. "Approach," said he, in a low voice, and the wood-cutter obeyed. "Bare thine arm—now let the blood flow into the cauldron," and, as he spoke, with a sharp instrument he dexterously opened a vein. The wood-cutter did as required. The magician resumed his occupation. Again the mist rose slowly from the cauldron. By degrees it gained an appearance somewhat resembling a human being; the ingredients were stirred with redoubled vigour. "'Tis done!" shouted the wizard. The mist vanished, the blood ceased to flow from the arm of the wood-cutter,

and turning his head, he saw by his side a figure his exact counterpart in form and feature. "Away!" cried the magician, "thy wish is accomplished." "Not so fast, good sir," answered Hubert; "I have performed my part of the covenant, and it is but just that you should perform yours. Where is my promised wealth?" "Hie thee," said the wizard, "to the place where thy hut once stood, and thou wilt find wealth in abundance, aye, even to satiety."

As Hubert bent his steps homeward, his heart misgave him. "How," said he ,if the villain should have played me false." "How, if the villain should have played me false," echoed a voice by his side. He turned, and his eyes met those of the newly-created self. "Gadso," said he, "I had forgotten I had a companion, and one, too, of the wizard's creating; suppose, now this fellow should tell him——." He stopped short, for each word he spoke was re-ecoed by the figure. "Thou art a mighty impertinent varlet," said he to the being; but if thou wilt play the echo, thou shalt at least be a musical one, and assist me in the trolling of a ballad. So saying, he chaunted the following ditty, in which he was accompanied by the self:—

THE BARON'S LOVE.

It was Sir Hugh, the baron bold,
Rode out at break of morn,
With hound, as though to chase the deer,
And loud he blew his horn.

He rode o'er hill, he rode o'er dale,
He rode o'er barren moor,
And sprung o'er crags where horse nor hound
Had ever been before.

The morn was fair, the sun shone forth,
The rivers flash'd like gold;
And all was gay that met the eye
Of the joyful baron bold.

Oh, it was not so much to chase the deer,
Or to brush the dew away,
That the baron had left his downy couch,
And saddled his courser gray.

The baron he lov'd a maiden bright,
Yet she was of lowly race,
And he rode to meet her at break of day,
As though he had sought the chase.

The baron he spurr'd his goodly steed,
And rode with might and main;
And when he had ridden a mile or two,
A deer flew o'er the plain.

Then drew the baron his fatal bow,
Swift flew the feathery dart;
The arrow it miss'd the bounding deer,
But it pierc'd his true love's heart!

The knight he sprung from his foaming horse,
And clasp'd unto his breast
The dying form of the lovely maid,
And her cold, cold lips he prest.

"And must thou die my own true love?
And art thou slain by me?
Thou wert my life, my hope, my all,
And I have murdered thee!"

The knight returned unto his hall,
A changed and sorrowing man;
And never, from that hour, a smile
Passed o'er his features wan!

"Well," said Hubert to the self, when the song was finished, "thou wilt not be a quarrelsome companion; actuated by the same impulses as myself, thou wilt be glad when I am gay, and sad when I am sorrowful; and when two persons are of the same opinion, tis odds but both agree." They now arrived at the place where Hubert expected to find his dwelling. Instead of a mean wooden hut, he beheld a large and magnificent mansion; he gazed around him, rubbed his eyes, and stared at it again. Am I awake," said he, "or is this habitation raised by magic? Well, what boots it, whether awake or asleep, magic or not; it seems a goodly place, and I will essay to gain an entrance." Suiting the action to the word, he grasped the handle of a bell, and tugged lustily. His clamourous summons was answered by a porter, who, with a profound obeisance, ushered him into a handsome and brilliantly illuminated apartment, in the middle of which was placed a massy and richly gilt table, spread with a profusion of the most costly viands. The juice of the joyous grape sparkled in goblets of burnished gold, and the plates and dishes were of pure and dazzling silver. At the head of the board were placed two throne-like seats; in short, all the furniture was of a rare and splendid description. Hubert was led, by an attendant, to one of the seats, and the self took possession of the other. The viands were found to be delicious, and the wine, of which the wood-cutter drank plentifully, was pronounced excellent. "This cheer is delightful," said he to his companion, as they rose from the table, after a long carouse, and staggered away arm in arm; "what thinkest thou?" The self merely repeated his words. They were conducted up a wide and lofty stair-case, into a spacious chamber, where stood a couch, the curtains of which were embossed with figures of gold. Hubert's faculties were too much impaired by the revel to let his attention be attracted by any thing which now presented itself, and hastily disrobing himself, he was in a few moments fast asleep.

The morning was far advanced when the wood-cutter awoke, but the draperies of the windows kept the chamber still in darkness. All recollections of the preceding night's adventures had vanished from his memory, and finding he had a bedfellow, he was at a loss how to account for it. He arose, and began to search for his garments, as he thought it must be time for him to proceed to the forest, in order to resume his employment. His search was fruitless, and to heighten his vexation, his companion was following his steps, and imitating all his movements. A dim recollection of the events of the night now recurred to his mind. "Leave me," said he to the figure. "Leave me," it repeated, still keeping close to him. "Curse thy mockery!" said he, aiming a blow at it. The blow fell heavily on the self, and

was as heavily returned. Hubert's patience was now quite exhausted, and foaming with passion, he began to pummel the Self with all his might. The Self was not tardy in repaying his cuffs, and a furious battle ensued. Firmly clasped together, down they went on the floor, and Hubert having before opened the chamber-door, for the purpose of admitting light to aid him in his search for his apparel, in their struggles they dragged each other out of the room, and rolling along the gallery, both tumbled down stairs. Having arrived at the bottom, the fall somewhat cooled their fury, and with a rueful countenance, Hubert loosened his grasp, and managed to lift up his sorely bruised body. "I see," said he to the self, "it is of no use to quarrel, so even give me thy hand, and let us be friends." The self echoed his words, and did as required. On returning to their chamber, they found two rich suits, and whilst donning his new array, Hubert thus communed with himself:—"I now begin to think that an entire similarity of ideas does not always make the truest friends. This companion of mine would be a pleasant fellow enough, if he did not possess this plaguey trick of imitation. I have often wondered why men who professed to agree in opinion, should yet find matter of fierce disputation; and this perchance may be the cause. Those sentiments, which, uttered by our own lips, seem full of wisdom, when made use of by another, and no longer seen through the flattering glass of self-love, lose their claim on our admiration. Thus it is too, that we are often offended at the words of our neighbours, whilst we ourselves, after having made use of language far more offensive, are astonished that offence should have been taken by those to whom it was addressed."

Hubert now resolved to provide a costly banquet, and give an invitation to his friends and neighbours; accordingly he despatched servants to request the attendance, on the following evening, of all those whom he had known in his adversity. The appointed time came, and the largest apartment was thronged with people, principally of the lowest class. When the company had assembled, Hubert entered the room, clad in the most gorgeous apparel, with as much dignity as it was possible for him to assume. The self entered at the same moment, clad in like manner. Both took their seats at the upper end of the table to the admiration and astonishment of their guests; but neither admiration nor astonishment spoiled the appetites of the visitors, and they ate and drank as if for a wager. No sooner, however, had they satisfied the cravings of their stomachs, than the alteration in the circumstances of their host, the sudden appearance of the stately mansion, and the apparition of the two Huberts, formed the subjects of their discourse. They commenced whispering earnestly one with another, and ever and anon cast anxious and inquiring glances towards the head of the board. Hubert perceived their curiosity, and to put a stop to their surmises, spoke as follows: "My friends, I see you are surprised at this change in my situation, but I will explain the cause of it in a few words. The person by my side, is my twin-brother, who left me when young, for a far distant country; and having amassed a vast quantity of wealth, he has returned to share it with his only remaining relative. You no doubt feel astonished at his repetition of my words and actions. Owing to

a wound, received in the vicinity of his brain, he is at times afflicted with fits of temporary derangement; and when I inform you that during these fits he is always seized with this odd whim of imitation, you will no longer feel so much amazed." This speech Hubert had framed, thinking it would obviate all suspicions as to what his companion really was. His address evidently produced little effect. The visitors continued to stare and whisper, and at an early hour, they all slunk away with looks of alarm.

The next day Hubert thought proper to walk abroad, for the first time since he had acquired his riches. As he paced through the streets, the children fled before him, and doors and windows were crowded with people who had gathered together for the purpose of gazing at him. These he imagined were tokens of their deference to wealth and power, and their admiration of his jewels and apparel; but he was soon woefully undeceived. There was a loud and continued cry raised after him of "Behold the double man, behold the wretch who has sold himself to the wizard!" Then followed hootings and imprecations; and a shower of stones, and other offensive missiles fell around him. Some of the boldest and most rancorous of his persecutors, armed themselves with clubs, and ran after him breathing threats, and he was obliged to seek safety in flight. By a circuitous route he contrived to get within his own gate. Trembling from head to foot, he sought refuge in his own chamber, for his pursuers proceeded to shew further demonstrations of their wrath, by demolishing his windows, and vowing they would effect an entrance, and drag him from his hiding-place. The Self was still at his side. "Accursed monster!" he exclaimed, "were it not for thee, I might now be truly happy; and hast thou no comfort to offer me? no voice, save to repeat my own words? Fiend, mocker, can'st thou not answer me?" He hid his face in his hands, and turned from the figure with loathing.

In vain did he try to shun the Self—sleeping or waking, it was ever by his side. If he stirred abroad, the persecutions of the peasantry rendered his life in peril; if he sought to steep his senses into forgetfulness by wine, when about to raise the cup to his lips, his eyes encountered those of the Self, and the draught was turned to bitterness. "Fool, madman, that I was," thought he, "to expect happiness from leaguing myself with the powers of darkness! I am a hermit amongst my fellow-men, a prisoner in my own mansion, despised by those that loved me, hated and avoided by all. I will return to the wizard, and implore him to restore me my poor hut, homely fare, and coarse garments."

When darkness was around, Hubert again bent his steps towards the wizard's dwelling, and found him, as before, occupied in poring over a large volume. "What more dost thou require," said he, "that thou again disturbest my solitude? Have I not supplied thee with all thou didst wish? Art thou not satisfied?" "Thou hast granted to me all, nay, more than I wished," replied Hubert, "and yet I am not satisfied. Take back thy wealth, take back thy monster; and give me in return poverty and content." "Dolt, idiot!" said the magician, "would'st thou again exist in rags and wretched-

ness? Would'st thou relinquish all thy riches, merely because I have given thee a companion in thy good fortune?" "What is wealth and grandeur to me?" said Hubert, "all my friends shun me—no one will share my prosperity, except this hated being, who clings to me as a shadow; whose words are but echoes of mine own, and whose aspect, though like to mine, I regard with disgust and detestation." "Thou wastest breath in vain;" said the wizard, "I have fulfilled thy request, and it were as easy for thee to alter the course of the sun, as to persuade me to alter thy condition. Begone! and trouble me no further." "Demon as thou art," replied the wretched man, "hast thou no compassion? If I *must* retain thy fatal gifts, at least let this creature have words and actions differing from mine, even if it thwart me in all my purposes. Let it be any thing but an echo to myself, and I will bless thee!" "Ha!" cried the wizard, "dost thou taunt me? Thou askest that, and that alone, which it is beyond my skill to accomplish. Hence, miscreant, thy doom is fixed!" So saying, he stamped violently on the ground, and instantly Hubert felt himself seized by invisible hands, and borne away through the air with such incredible swiftness, that his brain grew dizzy, and his senses forsook him. When he recovered from the stupor occasioned by the rapidity of his flight, he was reclining on a couch in one of his own apartments, and the self still was with him. He wept in anguish. "Miserable wretch that I am," exclaimed he; "my happiness and hopes are blasted for ever: sorrow is my portion here, and eternal torture awaits me hereafter!"

A weary year wore away, and each day did the unhappiness of Hubert increase; each day did his hatred of the self wax greater. So miserable, at length, became his existence, that in an agony of passion he drew a knife from his girdle, crying, "There is but one way to rid myself of thee, detested fiend, and I will accomplish the deed, or perish!" Wildly he rushed upon the self, and the glittering steel sunk deep into its bosom; at the same moment its own arm was raised, and with a stroke as true, another weapon clove the heart of the ill-starred Hubert! A loud crash was heard by the surrounding inhabitants, and when they looked to the place where the stately edifice had so lately stood, they beheld nothing but a confused mass of stones, from which clouds of dust, having, they averred, a sulphurous smell, arose in large columns. The heap of stones, says my authority, remains to this day, a record of the frailty of evil possessions.

In the morning, hundreds of people repaired to the spot: no vestige of the dwelling could be traced. The herbage was withered for miles round, and the leaves had fallen from the trees, shrivelled and yellow, as if they had been visited by autumn, though it was then only the commencement of summer.

The above tale was told me by an old grey-headed man, at Hessecassel; and, when he had finished, he read me a long sermon, by way of moral, the gist of which was never to seek that which could only be acquired by dishonesty. "For," said he, stroking his beard, and looking extremely wise, "what is got over the devil's back always goes under his belly."

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The Lord Mayor has been gratified with a nice piece of gossip at Guildhall, which was more particularly sweet from its being entirely out of his jurisdiction. It appears that Mr. Turner, the artist, who by a singular economy has astonished his brethren of the brush by becoming as rich as Dives, has waxed wroth against Mr. Tilt, the publisher, of Fleet-street, for endeavouring to possess himself of some few of the crumbs which have fallen from the rich man's table. The fact was, that Mr. Tilt had purchased certain plates engraved from Mr. Turner's drawings, in which that artist had a share, and thinking these same engravings would sell better on a reduced scale, employed the same gentleman that executed the larger work to effect its faithful transposition on a smaller and more commodious scale. The hysterical feeling which this intimation caused to the artist can only be conceived by the greedy glutton who witnesses the *bouleversement* of the soup tureen before he has secured his second plateful. During the paroxysm of his agony he rushed to the Lord Mayor, imploring the magistrate to secure him a portion of the spoil. Sir Peter was an unlucky referee. The unhappy old gentleman knew as much of artists and publishers as a sow does of saddle-making: had it been a case of leather it would have been a different thing. Mr. Tilt, whose character as a tradesman stands too high for Mr. Turner or Mr. Anybody-else to touch, stood upon his right—that is, his copyright—for which he gave upwards of a hundred pounds. Part of this had already gilded the breeches-pockets of the insatiable Turner; but it had only served to whet his lathe. Industry, however, hath not always its reward. The arguments of the artist were Greek at Guildhall; there was no show of sympathy—only one point told. Mr. Tilt sturdily stood to his right, and challenged him to try its merits. "Sir," said the publisher, "you have not a leg to stand upon, and you know it!"—"Sir," responded the angry man of parts—a gleam of waggery breaking through his distress—"I know no such thing; *I have two!*" The worshippers of Gog grinned. To speak seriously, Mr. Turner calls himself a distinguished man, and certainly with good reason; but we would humbly suggest, that the road to distinction does not lie through Cheapside and the Poultry, neither will he raise his reputation by sketches from Guildhall and the Compter. A word more, and we have done. We once knew a printseller—he is dead now, poor fellow!—who used to relate an anecdote touching our distinguished friend. Mr. Turner one day entered the shop of the tradesman, and inquired for the engraving of a particular picture of Claude's. The tradesman could not possibly understand the exact engraving he was anxious to see, until, to end the matter, he placed a sheet of paper and a pencil before the artist, and desired him to sketch the engraving he could not explain. Turner regarded him with the wary look of one who apprehends the abstraction of his coin by some unsatisfactory process; then thrusting his tongue into his cheek, he significantly ejaculated, "No go!"—"Sir," said the tradesman, "when you were a poor boy and I befriended you, you

promised to give me a drawing; now redeem your promise!" The tradesman might have sought the longitude with success, or the north-west passage, but he found it vain to "Try Turner!"

Whiskers and Glory.—The protracted struggle in Portugal has had the effect of setting the small wits of our martial-minded scapegraces in a ferment for "glory." We want some such philosopher as "Crack," the cobbler, to cool their ardour. Not a few, however, have been effectually cured of their military mania by the smell of powder; and we consequently see in every coffee-house, among the new arrivals, sundry hairy-faced Hectors from Lisbon and Oporto, having retired from the service in "disgust." The numbers of these "elegant extracts" have converted the appearance of our peaceful capital into a huge crimping shop. We cannot turn a corner without riskiug our eyesight from the sharp-pointed moustache of some whiskered Bobadil. The thirst for "glory" has been great beyond all precedent. Undismayed by the return-accounts of the ill-treated Pistols, who are now basking in the glory of their six months' scampering, there appears to be an encreasing rush of the valorous public towards the transports of Donna Maria. The consequence will be, that some few months hence, when the thing will be finished in Portugal, and "valour" consequently at a considerable discount—when, in fact, stabbers and cutters are no longer in demand, and glory at a shilling a-day unattainable—our streets will be crowded with whiskered desperadoes, and our sympathies and purses put into active exercise in favour of "brave men" and "patriots." We would seriously admonish those who have honest callings to pause ere they exchange them for a most precarious livelihood, and one in which it is very probable they will obtain "monkey's allowance" for their services—more kicks than coin.

Of all the crimes which disgrace the metropolis, nothing stands out with so glaring a front as *poverty!*—the perpetrators are positively irreclaimable. Notwithstanding the repeated magisterial denunciations, the guilty wretches still haunt our streets; they seem to exult in their depravity. The station-houses are filled with them every night—every cell in the houses of correction is choked—and the tread-wheel goes merrily round. Felons will never want bread while there is a magisterial purveyance of paupers to grind their corn. The offences of these daring violators of the laws are as follows:—Suspiciously sleeping at night without a shelter; the felonious asking of alms; and the heinous disposition to wander, rather than starve at home. In a recent case at Queen-square, a *criminal* guilty of the latter offence was thus addressed by Mr. White:—"In the course of my experience I have found many such as you, who would *rather starve from home than at home;* but it is my duty to send you to the house of correction for fourteen days." However, our friends the police magistrates are taking efficient means to rid us of these depraved creatures. They are packed all off to prison with thieves and cut-throats, so that when they get out they will have acquired sufficient experience to be able to gain their living indus-

triously, and, as Mr. White has it, by the "sweat of their brow." Their implements of trade will not cost much. A *jemmy*, a *centre-bit*, and a *dark lantern*, doubtless Mrs. Fry can furnish them with, or perhaps Mr. White, or any other philanthropist. The benefit of Mr White's schooling ought not to be lost for lack of encouragement.

This has been a sad month for the Welsh church. The mortality has been awful. We have to lament the loss of the following distinguished members of the profession:—Died at Llandilo, Cardiganshire, the Rev. T. Benyon, Archdeacon of Cardigan! Prebendary of Clirow! Rector of Pamboyr and Llanfihanyd-peh-Cilfargen! Vicar of Llanfihanyd-Aberbythick! Perpetual Curate of Llande-feysant! Commissary-General of the Archdeaconry of Carmarthen! and Rural Dean of Emlyn! &c. &c. &c. The Welsh ponies have good reason to regret the death of a dignitary, for their reverend masters have been mighty active under such a bereavement. It is understood, however, that our noble premier has another nephew anxious to serve his country, who is, moreover, blessed with a singularly religious turn of mind. He is desirous to relieve the Welsh expectants from the heavy responsibility which the situation they vainly seek would force upon their philanthropy, and has nobly resolved upon self sacrifice, by taking upon himself the whole of these onorous duties. Thank heaven! we live in enthusiastic times. Great men do not spare themselves. We find a patriot for every place, and our church is in no want of martyrs.

Tender Mercies of the "Great Unpaid."—We have this month been favoured with several interesting specimens of the blessings of the "Great Unpaid." One, more particularly, relates to the Earl of Guildford, who has permitted a tenant, Mr. Henry Boys, to be proceeded against and fined, under the new Game Act, thereby taking advantage, as he supposed, of a clause in the Act, to invalidate a clause in his granted lease. So paltry a proceeding appears to us not only derogatory to the high bearing which *ought* to characterize a British nobleman, but inconsistent with the duty of an honest man. To grant a lease conferring certain privileges for the consideration of a certain rental, and then attempt to withdraw those rights for which money had been paid, under the shelter of a subsequent Act of Parliament, is a proceeding only worthy of a Staple's Inn attorney. If his Lordship, instead of an Earl, had been a pettifogging lawyer, and plastered his name on the door-post of some obscure inn of court, his reputation would doubtless have secured him an abundant practice. It is greatly to be pitied that nature so unsuits men to the situations they occupy. Mr. Boys appealed against the conviction at the East Kent Session, and succeeded in quashing it, though only by the majority of *one* among the *forty* magistrates present.

A case at the Quarter Sessions at Chichester appears to have been visited with a monstrous penalty, more particularly the as Duke of Richmond, who bears the reputation of a liberal-minded nobleman was in the chair. A Mr. Elliott, a farmer, prosecuted two persons,

one for stealing, and the other for receiving *part of a loaf of bread*, value three-pence! The "crime" was thus:—One of the prisoners, aged eighteen, was an in-door servant, and, returning from work, had his dinner in the kitchen. Part of the loaf, of which he had partaken, he gave to a fellow out-door labourer, which being seen by Elliot, the master, he immediately gave them both into custody, and the magistrates actually committed both to the tread-mill for *three months!*

This is one of the hardest cases we have read of for some time—a case alike disgraceful to the prosecutor, and disreputable to the authorities. A poor fellow is branded as a thief for an act most creditable to his nature—that of sharing his meal with one poorer than himself; and with his accomplice in "crime" is sent to a place from whence he can never return an honest man. If any one wished to select a case of magisterial oppression, here is one to his hand; one which exemplifies the care with which the morals and comforts of the poorer classes are considered by county magistrates. Doubtless it was dinner-time when these poor fellows were brought up, and it behoved the "judges" to be quick in their decision. The tread-mill was the shorter road to the turtle, and the mouths of the reverend magi were watering for the fat haunch from Goodwood Park. What was the good or evil of the after-life of these unfortunate men, in comparison with the culinary glories of mine host of the White Hart? When was the clamour of a clerical paunch ever quieted by the cries of the miserable? However, thanks to the increasing intelligence of the country, the glories of the "Great Unpaid" are fast fading away. The law still sanctions their oppressions, but their moral power is defunct. The great wealth and limited intelligence of these men make them forget themselves; but we hope yet to see the day when the arrogance of the greedy landholder is checked by an equitable property-tax, and free trade in corn, and the overgrown wealth of a pampered hierarchy equalized by Act of Parliament.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Mental Culture; or the Means of Developing the Human Faculties. By J. L. Levison.

"What a piece of work is man!" exclaims the philosophic Hamlet, filled with admiration of that goodly compound, of which we ourselves are a right worthy specimen; and well indeed might he say so, if the "piece of work" continually made of him, happened to be present, at that moment, to his mental vision. Shakspeare, however, was little aware of the high perfection to which we were to be brought at a later day, when he put these words into the mouth of the noble Dane; indeed, we have every reason to believe, that his organ of vaticination (by whatever phrenological term it may be

known) was lamentably deficient. With the science of phrenology itself, he was undoubtedly and indisputably familiar. As for instance, in the very play, the name of which we have had occasion to mention, we find something to this effect—

> " For murder, though it hath no tongue,
> Doth speak with most miraculous *organ*,"

fully, and by a bold defiance of prejudice and ignoraace, meanness of spirit, presumption, arrogance, and folly, substantiating and confirming the whole principle of phrenological research; particularly the conspicuousness, and enlarged developement of the organ of destructiveness in cases of homicide, and that sort of thing, by the demonstratively sanguinary caput of the usurper king. We have no hesitation in stating, that this passage has hitherto been most grossly misapprehended and misread. That Hamlet had opportunities most ample, to settle his mind as to the state of his uncle's cranium, cannot for a moment be questioned; and, moreover, the result of Hamlet's unwearied investigation, deserves our more especial attention, from the fact of the extraordinary facility he experienced in the pursuit of his enquiry, from the absence of an ordinary impediment—for his facinerous relative indulged in the costly comfort of a wig. We think it necessary to make our opinions public upon this question; nothing can be more proper; and considering the very eminent authority the bump-philosophers have now discovered, for the first time, in support of their system, nothing can be more just.

Our own sconce we fear, had, up to the epoch of the perusal of Mr. Levison's book, maintained a most unaccountable hostility to the application of all phrenological rule; in fact, it was candidly admitted, by a very celebrated professor, that a more discouraging pate had never been submitted to his inspection. Mr. Levison, however, has effected a strange revolution in our " distracted globe." Our cranium has been in a state of commotion all the morning. We had scarcely began to warm in Mr. Levison's company, before a change, a vital change came over us; our senses rose at once against the unmethodical state of things; confusion, for a time, ran wildly through the streets of our mental metropolis;—the genius of phrenology has come upon us;—the hitherto plain surface of our upper-story has become ornamented with sundry mysterious mole-hills. Our skull has been like unto a sea in trouble, with the restless undulation of our organs, rising and sinking on their passage to their appointed localities. " Change sides, and down the middle," has been the order of the day. Peace is now restored, and a more phrenologically-orthodox pate, we dare to say, is not to be found among the factitious images in the shop of Mr. De Ville himself. Our hat, however, refuses to environ our temples, so changed is the size and fashion of its late occupant; our tresses have been strangely cast about in the irruption. We know not what our friends will say, for we are absolutely ignorant of ourselves when we look in the glass. Our wife looks sulky, and likes us not in such a head. She would fain give the command, " as you were." Our children run away from us; and we have not yet convinced them, though plentifully bribed with sweetmeats, that we are

their true and exemplary parent. Meanwhile we have taken good care to post an overpowering array of virtues and amiable qualities in the places usually allotted to them, "very fine and well-grown;" while the vices and evil tendencies cut but a poor figure in our idiosyncrasy. We have "modesty" staring in the face of every one; "gentleness" occupies a strong position; "judgment" throws "prejudice" quite into the shade; "charity" looks down upon "folly;" and "benevolence" and "tenderness" press so hard upon "ferocity," that it is doubtful if it will ever hold up its head again. Our "valour" lords it over "timidity" most hectoringly; and as for "power," it crushes "weakness" into mere oblivion. In short, we have an economy of skull, quite as satisfactory to ourselves—and ministering quite as largely to our own vanity—as any convert to the creed, or any disciple of the noble science of phrenology, can or does possess, in this thronging metropolis. We query if any one has ever heard of a phrenologist who has not most ingeniously helped himself to a tolerable slice from the joint of genius, with a plentiful supply, also, from the side-dishes of sweet-temper and morality.

There is some merit, however, in Mr. Levison's book, although his views, now and then, are rather impaired (unintentionally no doubt) by the arguments he advances to enforce them. Mr. Levison complains at full of the folly of filling the rising youth exclusively with the classics. Where such a system is in operation, we have not the pleasure of knowing. "Men of words," it appears, is to be the title of scholars hereafter;—very well, sir, as you please; but if you will give us a reason, we shall be quite as much obliged. You don't mean to apply it to philologists, but to those who learn Latin and Greek like parrots—something of that kind is your meaning. Then to about ninety-nine hundredths of those who do learn Latin and Greek, you do mean it to apply, if not to be a philologist is to be a parrot. And, moreover, while wasting their time over a foolish arrangement of letters, which, their thoughts being English, they can't understand, how might they be improving their minds by a study of outward nature, and (we think we hear Mr. Levison add) phrenology. Now, is Mr. Levison a Latin or Greek scholar? if not, he knows nothing of the matter; and would have shewn infinitely more sense if he had confined himself to those subjects upon which he is better informed:—but if he lays claim to the consideration of "a man of words," we are quite willing to take up his opinion, and consider the pursuit "waste of time," in his case at least, and this with as much sincerity as he appears to have adopted, in a general sense, that low and vulgar error.

Our space will only allow us to drop a hint or two to Mr. Levison, with reference to the phrenologic foundation upon which he erects himself to take his observations. If phrenology be good for anything it is good for a good deal. Let Mr. Levison write a work upon the advantages likely to be effected by its universal adoption. It strikes us great things might be done; for instance, let us have a college to which all mortals, when arrived at the proper stage, may be sent for examination. There will the individual tastes and tendencies be decided, with a view to his settlement in the world, as a contented

labourer in that vocation to which his mind is disposed. This, we think, would effectually rid the world of the peevish complaints and petulant murmurings we are almost daily doomed to hear. Again, if the subject shall exhibit upon his young cranium such signs as indicate a blood-thirsty or a treacherous spirit, let the professor be invested with powers to hang the murderous wretch at once, upon that principle in jurisprudence that justifies strong measures where criminality is to be prevented; and what more efficacious to that end, seeing that the monster bears, in phrenologic letters written, "a thousand mortal murders on his head," than to prevent the horrid deeds by hanging him before they are committed! We have often wondered that, in cases of a doubtful kind, even in the present barbarous state of things, a professor of phrenology has not been called in to settle the point, as in every case of murder, within our memory, it has been infallibly determined, after the death of the culprit, that the crime, as well as the punishment, was "on his own head," as plain as a pike-staff. This could surely have been determined before the rope had done its office; and, therefore, may be considered an unfailing resource in doubtful cases and complicated homicides.

We would suggest also, a reform in our mode of conferring honours upon genius and learning, especially at our colleges. There is no doubt that interest supplies the place of capacity in many of the appointments. What would we do? Would we idle away our time in putting questions to the candidates to fathom the depth of their knowledge?—No, submit them to a phrenologic examination, as in the first case we have mentioned. Then would corruption receive such a blow on the organ of sensitiveness (if such it have), as to make it an invalid for life. Further, we would have no degree of M. A. and D. D., and D. L. L., and so forth, but, according to the organic power of the party, confer upon him the honours, either of doctor of a bump of the first degree, master of a full mathematical development, bachelor of a bump of the second degree, and so on. We leave these suggestions to the consideration of Mr. Levison, with the full persuasion that, however the plan may become matured under his hands, the credit of the invention, and the honour of its philanthropic service to humanity, will conscienciously and cheerfully be acknowledged due to the heart and to the efforts of the "Monthly Magazine.

LIBRARY OF ROMANCE. EDITED BY LEITCH RITCHIE. WALDEMAR. VOL. VIII. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

ANOTHER of these very excellent and interesting tales, forming the eighth of that fund of fiction, the Library of Romance, which, under the management of its accomplished and gifted editor, gives earnest of a long life to come of amusement and edifying interest.

Waldemar is a story of the thirty years war, written at once with the boldness of history and the imaginative fervour of romance. Schiller's pen has lent a lustre to this period, which, playing upon the stirring and exciting incidents of the time, gives an imposing grandeur to the scene, with which our minds can never for a moment dispense or part. Love, of course (the urchin's ubiquity is

marvellous) has his accustomed part in the plot; for it would appear that the saucy fellow is as requisite to the construction of a tale as the bodily presence of the hare to the exercise of Mrs. Glass' method of Cookery, and, accordingly, we find him busying himself, with all his might, in the following scene:—

"Waldemar was a man of quick feelings, but he was not a puling sentimentalist; and, therefore, instead of bowing his energies to the melancholy, into which the discovery of Bertha's fickleness had thrown him, sought to divert his mind in the bustle of his military duties; but there were, nevertheless, intervals, in which he could not help thinking of the high hopes he had once cherished, and when the anguish of his disappointment wrung from his bosom many a bitter sigh.

"The leisure, which he was wont to spend in the house of Schlaukopf, was now passed, for the most part, in solitude. It occurred that he was, one evening, walking thoughtfully, in a retired spot, in the vicinity of the electoral residence, when the approach of steps awakened his attention; and, looking up, he beheld the form of Bertha within a few paces of him.

"Taken by surprise, he uttered her name in the tone of tenderness with which he had been accustomed to address her: indeed, however keenly he might have felt his wrongs at the moment, he could not gaze upon those lovely and yet loved features, arrayed, as they were, in the expression of the most bitter dejection, and have accosted her in any other than the language of kindness. 'Bertha!' he repeated; 'dear Bertha!'

"The mention of her name, and the well-remembered tones in which it was breathed, startled her: she looked up, and a momentary expression of delight irradiated her countenance, but as quickly subsided; and she exclaimed, in a voice of deep melancholy, 'And is Bertha, after all that you have lately seen and must have thought of her, still dear to you? O, Waldemar! Waldemar! could you but read my heart?'

"'There was a time, Bertha,' he answered, 'when I fondly deemed I could; and that I saw my name inscribed upon its stainless tablets in characters which neither time, nor change, nor sorrow, could efface: but, I have been deceived—bitterly deceived!'

"'Bitterly, indeed, Waldemar,' was Bertha's reply, 'and I have been the tool, because I am the slave of the deceiver; and yet, as Heaven is my witness, am guiltless of the deceit.'

"'And Heaven knows,' rejoined Waldemar, with equal fervour, 'how gladly I would believe you innocent of it, Bertha; and, O! were I, even now, to hear from those lips that you still love me—that I am not the despised, rejected being I have deemed myself—all that I have suffered would pass from my memory as an idle dream, and I should be happy.'

"'Of what avail were it,' continued the gentle girl, 'to tell you that the love which has been the cherished jewel of my heart hath never known aught of change, since it would be but to raise hopes which I must blight by the assurance that I never can be yours?'

"'Not mine, Bertha! wherefore not?' exclaimed Waldemar.

"'Because,' replied the maiden, 'one, whose power it were madness and ruin to resist, hath decreed me to another!'

"'The traitor Schwartzheim?' asked her lover.

"'You have named the most hated of human beings, and yet I am his destined bride,' said Bertha.

"'And against your will!' exclaimed Waldemar: 'never! the villain dies first!'

"'O, Waldemar!' cried Bertha, imploringly, 'meddle not with that fearful man: you know not the extent of his malice or his power. He hates you

with the malignity of a fiend; and will not hesitate on the means of effecting your ruin, whenever it becomes necessary to his purposes.'

"'Bertha,' said Waldemar, 'you speak in riddles.'

"'Question me no further, dearest Waldemar,' pursued the damsel; "my lips are sealed; nay, were even this our interview discovered, the penalty would be dreadful. But, hist! I hear footsteps! leave me, I implore you—for my sake, if not for your own, leave me instantly!'

"Before, however, he could reply, a rustling was heard in an adjacent thicket, and, immediately after, baron Spitzvogel stood before the lovers.

"'It grieves me,' he said, with his usual sardonic smile, 'to interrupt so interesting a tête-à-tête, and so admirably contrived, both as to time and place; but, unless you especially desire the participation of the young lady's father in the conference, I would counsel an immediate adjournment. I marked the old gentleman coming up the avenue, and looking marvellously as if he snuffed a plot. Nay, not that way, or you will walk into the lion's mouth. There is but one path for you both—through the arch yonder. Haste! he approaches; I will endeavour to keep the ground until you have put the ruins between you and him, and then you are safe.'

"The young pair had scarcely disappeared through the arch, which the cynic had pointed out, than Schlaukopf stood on the spot which they had just occupied.

"'Good evening to you, baron' was the minister's salutation: 'have you seen my daughter?'

"'Very possibly I have,' was the answer; 'but I do not keep a register of all the butterflies which flit about my path.'

"'Nay, baron,' rejoined the other, 'you misapprehend me: I mean, have you seen her in the park here within these last few minutes?'

"'Had she on a green mantle?' inquired Spitzvogel.

"'No,' replied the minister.

"'O, then' pursued the cynic, with the most provoking simplicity, 'it was the scarlet one; I do remember me——'

"'Baron!' exalaimed Schlaukopf, 'you are trifling with me. I could swear I heard my daughter's voice proceeding from about this spot, a few minutes since.'

"'Nay,' observed Spitzvogel, 'if thou knowest not the voice of thine own child, I know not who should; and, methinks, it were scarcely worthy thy senatorial wisdom, to waste words and time, in questioning me upon a subject, on which thou hadst been previously satisfied by the evidence of thine own senses.'

"'Thou compound of knave and fool!' exclaimed the minister, losing his patience, and laying his hand upon his sword, 'tell me instantly by which way she passed hence, or I will stab thee to the heart!'

"'Truly,' said the imperturbable Spitzvogel, 'that weapon of thine is an awkward instrument for worming out a secret, seeing that dead men are not given to telling tales.'

"'Villain!' roared the other, 'know you to whom you speak?'

"'Ay, that do I, sir councillor,' was the calm reply; 'I know thee for an unnatural parent, and a bribed traitor; for one who hath sold his child to a robber, and his prince to a tyrant.'

"'Thy knowledge perish with thee, then!' vociferated Schlaukopf, unsheathing his weapon, and attacking Spitzvogel.

"'Nay, there go two words to that bargain;' returned the latter, preserving his equanimity, but, at the same instant, drawing his sword with equal celerity, and using it with so much coolness and address, that, after a few passes, by a manœuvre, which savoured of sleight of hand, he struck the weapon from his antagonist's grasp, whence it sprang upwards into a tree, and hung, glittering in the sunlight, on a branch.

"'Slave!' said the cynic, dropping his point, which was at the throat of his vanquished adversary, 'I had well nigh stained my good sword with the blood of a felon; but a glance at thy dangling weapon yonder, which hath reached the goal somewhat before its master, reminds me that I may not cheat the hangman of his fee.'

"Having thus spoken, Spitzvogel turned upon his heel, and left the minister to digest his discomfiture on his way home as he best might."

We cannot conclude our necessarily brief notice of this volume without congratulating the public on the facility afforded to intellectual culture and amusement, by the exceeding cheapness of this publication.

THE USE AND ADVANTAGES OF PEARSON'S DRAINING PLOUGH. BY THOMAS LAW HODGES, ESQ. M. P.

WE have referred this pamphlet to one of our country friends for an opinion as to its merits, and also for information touching the particular use and advantages of Pearson's draining plough; for we must conscientiously confess, that we know as much about Mr. Pearson or his plough as we do about the birth, habits, and connexions oft he man in the moon. The plate descriptive of the construction of this instrument appears very well engraved, and the drawing may be to the very plough for ought we know. Certainly, the machine at the bottom of the page, with fig. 1 affixed, appears, as far as our judgment serves, to resemble the idea we have formed of a plough as much as any thing we ever saw. The truth is, looking amid this metropolitan smoke and clatter, from month's end to month's end, in our own vocation, we have little opportunity of extending our observation to the uses and improvements of the art of husbandry. We therefore (and our country friends will be satisfied) must content ourselves with condensing simply the account Mr. Hodges gives of Mr. Pearson, and the use and advantages of his improved machine.

It appears, about six years since, Mr. Pearson hired a farm in the parish of Frittenden, in Kent, and, after the first year's occupation, discovered that the soil generally was wet and stiff, having throughout, with very partial exceptions, a strong clay subsoil. Having but a very limited capital, to undertake the draining of his farm was not in his power. Mr. Pearson, nevertheless, applied his mind to the discovery of some cheaper method than that hitherto practiced, and succeeded ultimately in forming this plough, the use and advantages of which Mr. Hodges, pointing out in his communication to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, submits to their notice. When Pearson first entered upon his farm, the produce of the wheat crops varied from two to three quarters per acre; since it has been underdrained by the plough in question, his average has exceeded four quarters per acre—not unfrequently getting five.

"This invention consists in having applied to the common foot-plough a certain share, which he calls a torn share, together with certain other irons, by which he cuts out the drain to a sufficient depth, with an accuracy and celerity hitherto unattained, and gives a principle of duration and effect to the drain, when finished, equal to the best work of the same kind hitherto entirely performed, and at so great a-cost, by hand labour; thereby ac-

complishing what has been so long and so much desired by all who are interested in improving wet and stiff soils—namely, a method of effectually and permanently draining such lands, and at a charge not exceeding one-sixth of the price which the best underdraining of such land has hitherto cost."

HORTUS WOBURNENSIS. BY JAMES FORBES, GARDENER TO THE DUKE OF BEDFORD. JAMES RIDGWAY, 1833.

THIS volume, in the words of the indefatigable compiler, is a descriptive catalogue of upwards of six thousand ornamental plants cultivated at Woburn Abbey; and gratified, indeed, are we, to find so valuable and elaborate a work introduced to the public with the patronage of such highly distinguished individuals as appear in the subscription list.

Botany and horticulture, the most pleasing of pursuits, have become more generally cultivated than others, for various reasons; and not in the country alone, amid their natural green and freshness, but in the city and the populous town—the haunts of trade and of commerce. Whatever a man's "hobby" may be, the inner pride of skilfulness is usually his first stimulus; you never find a man attached, really attached, to any sport, or any particular art or science, who is not admittedly "*chose*," or, at least, "very well" in its exercise. A gentleman rarely becomes extravagant in the praise of hunting who has been discharged over the head of his quadruped as often as he has mounted him; nor does another frantically eulogize the art of fishing, who, having served his terms of patience, enlivened by some most orthodox duckings, and a touch of the ague, discovers, at last, that all are *not* fish that come to his net, though he has had his eye to his hook most diligently. The "good shot," also, counting over the slain, rejoices in the sport, while the unhappy wretch, just emerged from a neck-deep slough, birdless and full of grief, turns from the sorry pastime sick and sorrowful, while, to complete his misery, some feathered wag perches on his gun-barrel and chirps away in provoking ridicule and defiance of him.

Botany (of course we are not speaking of it now with reference to its chemical importance) possesses more extensive and varied means of gratifying this inner pride; and, accordingly, we find, while the peer enriches his green-houses with foreign shrubs and exotic flowers, the peasant, in his cottage garden, and the artisan in his suburban plat, indulges alike in its pursuit. Indeed, as though to prove the power of nature in us, even when apparently shut in and barred to her approach, we very much question whether there are any more ardent lovers of flowers than the working people in and about London; and this we fearlessly state in the very teeth of those who pretend to ridicule "cockney tastes," as they call them, and who seem to consider the perfection of stupidity to be involved in the hypothesis, that there *might* be found a less delightful prospect than from Richmond Hill; and the further enormity, that a rose *may* have blown once, by accident, at Hampstead or at Blackheath.

The first part of the work before us contains a descriptive catalogue of the *generic* and *specific* character of several thousands of plants such as are adapted for the green-house. It gives, in the plainest and most

perspicuous manner, the systematic and the English name, form of the leaves, and other particulars; colour, and month of flower; native country; the year of introduction; sort, and propagation of each plant; the class and order. The second part illustrates the general arrangement of the pleasure-ground, &c.; and the concluding part treats, and admirably, of the kitchen-garden department. Such a work, we should consider, would be invaluable to the gardener and seedsman, besides furnishing a ready book of reference to the amateur botanist. We could scarce refrain, on looking over this ample volume, to exclaim, with the author of "Phytologia," or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening:—

"Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales,
Nor chill the bosom of the happy vales;
Hence, in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve,
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists dissolve!
Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botannic Goddess! bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora, in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner, starr'd with gold."

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

Pheasants and pop-guns still occupy the industry of statesmen. Gentlemen speak with much satisfaction of the number of birds they have bagged; and look askance at the slightest hint of returning to business. However, it is supposed that Parliament will meet for a short time previous to Christmas, in consequence of the unsettled state of our foreign relations,

The safe return of Captain Ross, and his band of intrepid adventurers, has been hailed with much satisfaction and good feeling. Although unsuccessful in the grand object of their expedition, they have settled some points in the navigation of those inhospitable seas, which are extremely satisfactory. The result is as follows:—"The discovery of the gulf of Boothia Felix, and a vast number of islands, rivers, and lakes; the undeniable establishment that the north-east point of America extends to the 74th degree of north latitude; valuable observations of every kind, but particularly on the magnet; and, to crown all, have had the honour of placing the illustrious name of William the Fourth on the true position of the magnetic pole." Captain Ross, for all this, will of course be the lion of London for the next six months; he will divide the fame of the Chippewa chief and the man that eats fire. The Lord Mayor intends to open the exhibition by "showing him up," at his dinner on the 9th of November, when his various qualities and propensities will be fully made known to a feasting public.

Tithe arrests still go on in the county of Tipperary. A few days since Messrs. Cleary and M'Grath were marched through Clonmel at the Vicar's suit—the *Hon.* and *Rev.* Mr. Cavendish, Vicar of Cahir—escorted by a large body of police, and lodged in the county gaol. Our English clergymen have seen the absurdity of the late hostile proceedings, and have, it is understood, generally relinquished them.

There is an universal outcry against the assessed taxes.—The metropolis has been quite in a ferment concerning their enforcement. It is a pity that those in authority do not manifest some sign or token touching these odious imposts. People suppose they will be discontinued next session—why not say so?

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

POLITICAL events have this year taken an extensive range; the North and South, the East and West, have successively been the theatres of their operation. At its dawn our attention was fixed upon Antwerp—that appeared to be thrown into the arena of politics, like the apple of discord, to kindle the slumbering animosity of the two great parties that divide the European continent. Still the storm burst not, but eastward took its course; and even there, when the lowering tempest threatened to pour desolation, and "let slip the dogs of war" on those fair regions, the lightning-conductors of our diplomacy directed the electric fluid from the tapering minarets of Josambole. More recently, it is on the pigmy war in Portugal, and on the congress of Kings and Emperors at Munchen-Gratz, that the ardent gaze of Europe has rested,—on that congress which has fully proved that the object of the military Sovereigns is not war, but to preserve peace till war is inevitable. And now it is on Spain that we anxiously turn our regards; the death of whose Monarch has rendered still more complicated the embroglio of European politics. The phraseology of politics grew up in times that are no longer ours; to their application, therefore, the words it employs have a sense relative to the manners and customs of every nation,—this should be kept in view in considering the contemporary events of Portugal and Spain. In France we have seen a revolution accomplished in three days, and regularized in less than a week. But what is at present passing in Spain and Portugal cannot be called a revolution,—it is a civil war, such as the annals of absolute monarchies offer so many examples of. Princes dispute the crown—their subjects espouse their cause, according as it may administer to their passions and prejudices. Foreign governments interfere either openly or by intrigue, and when the country is exhausted the two contending chiefs effect a reconciliation to their own profit, while the nation is more oppressed than ever. From the difference that exists, therefore, between a revolution effected by popular movement, and a dynastical civil war, we shall easily feel that the results cannot be produced with the same rapidity in two situations, the tendency of which is not towards the same object. In Portugal the mass of the people, even in spite of the late success that has attended the operations of the Queen's cause, still remain neutral; for the truth is, that the civil war of Portugal has been prepared in England and France by Jew bankers and stock-jobbers, and carried into execution by foreign condottiere from every part of Europe; hence the inertio—the political apathy of the nation generally.

A similar game will, we now predict, be played in Spain. Already a part of the country is in arms in favour of Don Carlos, and his proclamation has dispelled any lingering doubt of his disinclination to strike for the Crown. Spain is therefore on the eve of a bloody civil war, such as no other country affords such a scope for; but while we draw this gloomy political horoscope for the Iberian Peninsular, we have no fears of the peace of Europe being disturbed by the Spanish contest, which is, after all, not one between liberalism and absolutism, but between the Queen and Don Carlos—between the Salic law, as established by Phillip V., and the fundamental laws of Castille, re-established by the will of Ferdinand—in which not one cry for the ancient liberties of Spain will be heard. But, as if the Sovereigns of Europe mistrusted the astute combinations of that very diplomacy which for the last three years past have preserved peace, they are, during this interval of armed tranquillity, preparing for war. In the meantime, Germany is in the iron grasp of Prussia and of Austria; Poland extinct; Italy bristling with Austrian bayonets; while the Russian eagle, gloating on prostrate Turkey, is already directing its fiery glance towards the rich plains of Hindostan. When the storm does burst, let us hope our India government will be found at bay.

Baylis and Leighton, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street.

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THE OPERATION OF MONOPOLIES.

English Indifference—Corporate Abuses the result of the Aristocracy—Strong-hold of Toryism—Literary and Medical Corporations—Literature of the Ancients not upheld by Charter—Charters granted in the barbarism of the Middle Ages—Result in the Conduct of the University of Oxford to Erasmus—Remarks on the Ancients—Sparta—Opinion of Adam Smith on privileged Literary Bodies—Medical Monopoly—College of Physicians—Monstrous Privileges — By-laws — Fellowships and Licentiates — Their Qualifications—Advantage of the College to the Public—Bigotry and Barbarism of Fellows—Quotation from Orations of Dr. Pemberton, Dr. Powell, and Dr. Latham—Unjust Practices of the College—Conclusion.

IT is a peculiar feature in the English character to disregard the operation of monoplies which do not glaringly affect their personal liberties as freemen, or their commercial glory as a nation; although, if ever they took the pains to look into their workings, they would be found inimical to the interests of the community in every particular. Absorbed in the improvement of his own individual condition, the Englishman overlooks the abuses of his own institutions, until that which first commenced in fraud obtains the sanction of custom, and is claimed as a right.

The abuses in corporate bodies and monopolies, are the result of the aristocratical tone of our government, which has been the curse of our country for so many years. England has long been the genial soil in which the aristocratical tree has taken such deep root, and flourished so exceedingly, that its huge, rank branches have overtopped and smothered every thing useful. The veriest despots of the Continent, subjected as they have been to the occasional violent ebullition of an abused people, have cast the glance of envy and covetousness towards England, as the place wherein they could exercise their accursed fancies, by means of her *free* institutions, without control and without danger. England has long presented the anomaly of a professedly free country bound by worse than feudal fetters: and such has been the duration of her slavery, that her rulers have been astonished when she ceased to hug her fetters. Like the overburthened brute, she has now kicked off her panniers: it is yet to be seen whether her new pack-saddle will sit easier.

The strong-holds of the aristocracy, we may rather say Toryism, are the corporate bo ies, which have been so fostered, and for such a time, that an entire social system is paralyzed by them. It is this evil that has rendered us so comparatively slow to improvement, and which acts as a continual check to advancement; when the advantage of any great discovery becomes so apparent to the nation that prejudice is beaten down, th t instant it is seized upon by speculators, and so formed into mo opo ies, and fenced by acts of parliaments—all in unison with the great system of Toryism, that any further improvement becomes a work of infinite difficulty, merely because of its interference with the private interests of one or two of the corporate body. This great system of monopoly has interwoven itself amongst us to the prejudice of our arts, our science, our literature, and our commerce. It is but justice to say of our present ministry that, in accordance with the spirit of the times, they have commenced the attack upon this hydra, which will surely end in its destruction. It needs but to be held up to the light, that its native deformity may become apparent.

There are some few points connected with the monopolies of literature and medicine, which the late disgraceful scenes of medical jobbing lately brought before the public have given rise to, on which we have a few words to say.

To estimate fairly the merits of any system, it would be necessary to consider the times, and the means by whom it may have been proposed. If we find the growth of an enlightened age supported by the talents and learning of its day, there is much in its favour; on the contrary, if it appear the produce of a barbarous era, fostered by ignorance, and its natural deformities perverted by design, we cannot hesitate to condemn it as unfitted for the interests of society. Let us look back upon corporate institutions: the ancients were unacquainted with them, though some learned Thebans would have the world believe that they existed with the Greeks and Romans, and allude to the union of the Sabines with the Romans as a corporate body; but the union of two savage tribes for mutual interest has but little in it analagous to corporate institutions. Athens owed her literary reputation to her exemption from them. As we descend from those bright days to the darker ones of the middle ages, when feudal and ecclesiastical misrule crushed in the bud the very germs of freedom, we find them peeping from beneath the cowl of the crafty monk, and the public interest the last feature in their organization. Kings patronizing universities for the accidental circumstance of being born there; Elizabeth, for the equivocal credit of proselyting youth at the shrine of protestant prejudice. The conduct of the univerity of Oxford to Erasmus, when he came to unfold to them the stores of Grecian literature, affords an unanswerable proof of the evils of such corporate bodies—the arrogance of pretenders, the insolence of mere book-worms! Whatever we have seen of prejudice, of bigotry, of ignorance, in the progress of the world's knowledge, have we not ever witnessed it most rife in the cloisters of our universities? When did Toryism ever make so strong a stand as when begirt by a phalanx of our chartered monks?

There are in society, however, some good-natured simpletons o

much attached, by habit, to corporations of every kind, who really believe, that were these institutions destroyed, darkness would instantly succeed—chaos would come again. Amongst these we are sorry to find some who, at one time, held an honourable place in their profession. Sir A. Carlisle says, "I do not believe that any subversive change in our English colleges would amend the profession, or benefit the public." Strange, that the ancients, with all their wisdom, could not devise such measures for instructing youth! and yet we do not find that they were wanting in any of the learning of their day which could render them good and useful citizens. Athens had no colleges, corporate or chartered bodies—she rose to pre-eminence by her free institutions alone. There was nobody to compel the attendance of students. Solon's law, which released the child from the obligation of supporting its parent, if it was not brought up to some profession, obliged all to be educated: further than this the state never interfered. Salaries were first granted to professors in the reign of Antoninus: Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, received none. The medical schools of Italy and Sicily were without charters; Egypt was a stranger to them;—but look at their effects on Sparta, where the government regulated the education—learning never flourished. The history of the world affords no instance of the prosperity of literary institutions under the withering influence of corporate charters.

The learned Adam Smith has brought the influence of his great mind to bear happily upon this subject. "Have public endowments," he says, "contributed to approve the abilities, and encourage the diligence, of the teacher? Have they directed the course of education to objects more useful, both to the individual and the public, than those to which it would have gone of its own accord?" The answer to this is not difficult;—but he proceeds: "In every profession, the exertions of those who exercise it is always in proportion to the necessity they are under of making it." The endowments of colleges have denominated this necessity, more or less, in the attention of the teachers;—and why? "Their subsistence, so far as it arises from their salaries, is evidently derived from a fund altogether independent of their success and reputation in their several professions." Again, he says, "Whatever forces a set of students, of any college, independent of the merit of their teacher, tends to diminish the necessity of that merit."

The abuse of medical monopolies in this city is a most monstrous and crying evil. We shall begin with the College of Physicians, and in so doing we enter not upon it as a question involving merely the rights of fellows and licentiates, but, more correctly speaking, one between the public and a medical monopoly, and which is of the deepest interest to all.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, a chapter was granted to this college, securing to it the medical practice of London and seven miles around. The charter was granted with the laudable view of checking mountebank practice, without intending to interfere with the regularly-educated physician, or limiting the number of physicians in the metropolis and its suburbs to the small number of *six*, which at one time was all that this chartered body would admit to practise

But the college found that all the practice must necessarily devolve upon them, could they but prevent other physicians from exercising their profession without their sanction. Accordingly, clubbing their sagacity, they framed some by-laws, by which they compel all physicians, no matter of what rank, talent, or genius, to solicit their permission to practise—this is obtained by an examination. Not content with this, they framed another by-law, reserving the right of *fellowship* for the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge alone. This right of making by-laws is the distinguishing feature of all corporations, and for which they are not amenable to any power. Experience has shown, that wherever this power has existed, it has been abused. But it has been alleged that by-laws cannot interfere with general statutes; and where they do, an action obtains a remedy. This is generally worse than the disease; for what individual can maintain an action against a joint-stock company of jobbers leagued against the rights of individuals? The conduct of this college, in thus degrading the members of every other university by the subordinate title of *licentiate*, is the more surprising, as we find them, down to the days of Head, proposing a foreign education as best fitted for physicians. The only wonder is, that whilst this fit of making by-laws was on them, they did not make some one, by which fellows and licentiates could, at a *coup d'œil*, perceive who were, and who were not, their own especial prey; for this distinction into fellows and licentiates would lead to the belief of an inferiority of talent in the latter: possibly the fellows may say, with the man in Moliere, "*Vous n'etes pas obligé d'être aussi habile que nous*"— whilst in truth it is but an effort to introduce into medicine a Tory aristocracy.

Let us examine the qualifications of licentiates aud physicians in general, to participate in a share of the practice of this great city, as also to a share in college honours, if any such there be. All have graduated in physic, and the majority in arts, in some of the first universities of the world—as Vienna, Leyden, Milan, Bologna, Paris, Dublin, Edinburgh, whilst those *soi-dissant* fellows graduated in Oxford in Cambridge, acknowledged the very worst possible medical schools. With what justice, then, can these men proclaim, from their seventh mile-stone (for thus far their jurisdiction from the metropolis extends) to the medical literature of Europe, like Canute to the waves: "Thus far you may come, but no further!" Conscious of the little interest which medical subjects possess for the general reader, they are convinced that the assumed superiority which they arrogate to themselves will lead to the general conclusion of a superiority of talent. Hitherto, unhappily, this has been the tendency of the unthinking part of mankind; but the wide spread of education and spirit of inquiry now abroad has led, of late, to other conclusions, and the aristocracy of birth is fast approaching the limit of its tether.

The existence of this corporate body, yclept a college, in the metropolis of the world, with the powers which it arrogates to itself, in the nineteenth century, is not only a libel on the wisdom of the nation, but an insult to humanity. Is the public aware, that no physician who is not a member of this corporation, dares, except at the

risk of prosecution and fine, afford them the benefit of his valuable experience. Even the Fellows are visited with the severest mark of collegiate displeasure, should they *meet in consultation* an unlicensed physician, whom they denominate by the barbarous epithet of an *alienus homo!* And what return does the College make for the privileges which it enjoys? Alas! there is not one redeeming virtue to be found. *Not a single branch of the profession is taught here ex cathedra.* No lectures upon Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Practice of Physic, &c. There are about fifteen orations delivered in the course of the year, but of their tone, temper, or importance to society or the literary world, a few brief quotations will suffice. The Harveian Oration, which should embrace the wide field of literature and science, is made the vehicle of rancour and animosity against all physicians who presume to practise in London without soliciting a licence from the College, through the degrading ordeal of an examination by their inferiors. On one of these occasions Dr. Pemberton uttered the following philippic against men with whom he would have fraternized under the seal of an examination: "Quis vestrum ignorat, alienum hominum concessum habitum esse, novis conciliis, nova audacia erectum, ad reformandum ut aiunt, sed potius ad evertendum eam medicam disciplinam quæ in hac nostra domo *per tria seculæ* feliciter constituta est, immo eo processit hœcce rerum novarum cupiditas, ut consulerunt de petitione Senatui referenda ad in ceptum suum lege sanciendum. *In tuli casu ubi is vestrum qui non ad arma currat? quis non clamat* stet fortuna domus." Upon another anniversary of this oration, Dr. Powell applies the following expressions to the same body of men: "Immi subsellii viri et criminum graviorum vix insontes, certamen auda cissimum et turpissimum, velut agmine instructi movirunt." In 1794, when the licentiates demanded admission into the fellowship, Dr. Latham dared apply to them the following epithets: "We are attacked by *ferocious, daring, and obstinate enemies, regardless of the faith which they have pledged for the observance of our statutes.*" Thus it is, that men clothed in a chartered panoply, would narrow the operation of talents which were intended for mankind. There is, in the organization of this College, something so directly opposed to sense and reason, that, to be corrected, it only requires to be generally known. To refuse the right of practice to men who may have graduated with honour in some of the first universities of the world, and to grant it to men who have never graduated in any university, and upon whom this College cannot confer a degree, is the climax of corporate jobbing. Yet such is the fact: Not long ago this College admitted to practice ten men who had never graduated in any university, whilst they, at the same time, were persecuting some of the first physicians of the day.

Let us hope, however, that it will not be long ere talent will be freed from Tory trammels, fit only for an ignorant and barbarous age, and that medicine, of all commodities, may not long be administered through the medium of party prejudice.

STRANGE COMPANIE.

A LITTLE child, a little child,
Upon its mother's knee,
With dimpled cheek, and laughing eye,
A holy sight to see.

A thoughtless boy, a thoughtless boy,
A truant from the school,
Urging his tiny wooden sloop
On through the glassy pool.

A musing youth, a musing youth,
With eyes fixed on a book,
Where he but sees his mistress' face
In her last farewell look.

A gay gallant, a gay gallant,
Hero of club and ball;
His father's pride, his mother's joy,
Admired and loved of all.

A traveller, a traveller,
Returned from foreign strand,
With store of wisdom, culled with care,
For use in his own land.

A happy man, a happy man,
With wife and children round;
And smiling friends, and cheerful home,
Where all pure joys abound.

A patriot, a patriot,
Intent on public good;
Who, in a court's ordeal tried,
Corruption's bait withstood.

A man of woe, a man of woe,
Bankrupt in heart and wealth—
Wife, children, hopes, all in the grave,
A bankrupt, too, in health.

A misanthrope, a misanthrope,
Disgusted with mankind;
Deserted by deceitful friends,
Whom favours could not bind.

A lunatic, a lunatic,
In melancholy mood,
Shrinking from every living thing—
Sighing in solitude.

A burial, a burial,
With none of kin to weep,
And lay the old man 'neath the sod,
To take his last long sleep.

Strange Companie, strange Companie,
Are these to meet, I ween!
Alas! they are but life's changes,
That in ONE MAN are seen!

W. B. H.

THE SANCTUARY; A TALE OF 1415.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BONDMAN."

THE Breton merchants had acquired so much influence and so much profit in their traffic with the English, that the native merchants took the alarm, and to so great a degree, that even *then* the Commons possessed sufficient influence to obtain the passing of an Act (under the pretext that the strangers were to be regarded as French spies), ordaining that all Bretons, not denizens, should, under pain of death, leave England before the then 24th of June, 1415. This was in the reign of Henry V. Expostulation, and then gold, was resorted to by the more wealthy individuals, to purchase exemption from the arbitrary decree. But gold, though omnipotent in cases of greater moment, was here unavailing. The fifth Harry deemed it expedient, at this juncture, to conciliate the native traders, and more especially those of the good city of London, by the expulsion of the adventurers. As the Bretons one by one withdrew from the land where they had so long lived and flourished, there might have been seen young wives weeping tears, which they vainly strove to conceal from their foreign husbands, and young maidens plighting troth with those who might never again set foot in England.

It was on the evening of the 23d of June, that a young Harwich maiden was seated at a window, opening upon a delicious garden, just within the eastern wall of the town. The casement was thrown back, so that the perfume from the evening flowers could in no wise be impeded. But the flowers might as well have wasted their sweetness on the desert air as beneath the window of this maiden. Her left elbow rested on the window-sill, and the upraised palm of her left hand supported a soft glowing cheek. Her right hand rested upon a missal that lay upon the window-ledge, and her eyes were cast down; but it could scarcely have been to read, for the sun had long set, and besides, for the last hour, not a leaf of the missal had been stirred. She raised her eyes, and the action of raising the lids caused tears, which had been unheedingly surcharging the lashes, to fall in round drops down the cheek. At this moment a whispered "Mary!" caused the maiden to start; and even in the darkness of the hour her face might have been seen to crimson.

"Mary!" repeated a tall figure, in a dark green tunic, beneath the window, "Mary, this is almost the last hour I may abide in England."

The stranger paused. The maiden's bosom rose, as she listened to this brief address, but she did not speak. Man, in his love, is often unreasonable, and there might have been detected something of disappointment, if not of anger, in the contraction of the brow, as he looked up at the bending figure of his silent mistress.

"Will you not answer me?" he abruptly asked: "Is this to be the end of all I had striven for and hoped?"

"What may I answer?" replied Mary, in a subdued voice; "Alas! Henri, I thought you had been far from England before this."

"Aye," returned the young man, in a bitterness of tone that ill accorded with the received notions of a lover's courtesy, "aye, that I might not intrude upon an hour which should be given to *him*."

He paused, and from the relaxing of the brow, and the drawing in of the breath, it might have been inferred that the bitterness of feeling which had dictated his language had passed away, and that he now awaited, rather with the feelings of a criminal than an accuser, the fiat which might be pronounced. During this Mary had seated herself as before, within the casement, but bending her head forward as Henri ceased speaking—

"I have not deserved this," she said, with a more firm intonation than she had used before. "Mary Woodman is not wont to boast; but—but"—her voice softened as she went on, "it is hard to be suspected by him, for whom I have borne the reproaches of one whom my own heart tells me truly loves; and have borne, too, the daily upbraidings of a fond father, who had a right to my obedience."

She bent her face on her hands, as she tremulously pronounced the last words; and Henri, who had stood while she spoke with the downcast look of a culprit, caught by the branch of an oak that partly shaded the window, and, with one bold spring, was instantly in the maiden's apartment.

Mary uttered a faint scream; but terror and resentment soon fled before the magical influence of love. All was forgiven and forgotten, except the well-grounded fear for her lover's safety.

"Is not your bark freighted, and does not the light breeze that has wafted away so many vessels this day blow direct for Brittany?"

"My vessel is freighted, and the breeze is favourable; but, Mary, I go not unless with *you*."

"I dare not, Henri—I dare not call upon myself the curse of the disobedient. But hark! the bell of Saint Nicholas chimes—in another hour it will be midnight. Oh! Henri," she added, with convulsive eagerness, "go this moment to your bark; there is not, I swear, at this hour, one Breton stranger in all England except yourself. There is yet time to escape the felon's death. Hush!" she continued, breaking from his arms, "was not that a foot-fall? Do you not hear a rustling among the bushes yonder?"

"It is only the beating of your own little heart."

"There again. Hush!"

"If the leaves do rustle, love, it is because the breeze is freshening."

"Then, Henri, if the breeze does freshen, surely it is a warning to depart. If you will not hearken to my voice, hearken, at least, to the voice of the winds of Heaven."

There was that imploring earnestness in her speech, and that agonizing entreaty in her countenance, revealed by the moonlight, that Henri could not but swerve from his fixed purpose; however, he essayed a last attempt;—

"Would you have me go alone, Mary? Shall no smile of thine gladden my far-off home?"

"It is too late!"

"Say not so, dearest! The first air we breathe in Brittany shall waft our marriage-vow to Heaven—and 'till then I swear——"

"Swear not, Henri: a maiden's fame is of higher price than even her love. Were I your wife—but it is too late—besides, my father—Oh! fly while there is yet time!"

And Henri did, at length, retire with only the promise of an early meeting, at a point where a stranger might land with little fear of detection. Mary breathed freer as he dropped from the window, and when she saw him pass the clustering shrubs which concealed the gate by which he had entered, her heart felt an indescribable relief. But just at this point, the burthen which had been taken from Mary seemed transferred, with all its oppression, to the young merchant. It was in vain that he raised the wooden latch, which had ever been the only fastening to the gate—it was in vain that he exerted all his strength, it would not open. He could easily have broken the door to splinters, and so have forced a passage; but the noise would alarm Mary, and in all probability her father, and that was a thing by no means to be desired. His next impulse was to scale the garden-wall; but he felt that Mary was at her casement, and so could not fail to observe him, as he rose above the bushes which at present concealed his figure. He tried another tug at the gate, but to as little effect. What was to be done? He sprung across the garden. Mary, in the confidence that he had departed, was leaning her head on her arm, weeping the bitter tears of desolation.

"Mercy—Henri! why are you here?" she asked, starting up, and bending out of the window in a perfect agony.

"The gate is fastened, Mary, and I came to tell you, lest you might be alarmed if you saw me scaling the wall."

"The gate fastened!—then you are lost!" said Mary, clasping her hands. "Robert Halton is as bitter in his hate as he is——but fly, any how! Regain your vessel before the hour strikes. Oh! that I might accompany you, or at least share in whatever befals."

"And why not, Mary?" asked Henri, eagerly; "was it not in that hope I have lingered even until this last hour?"

"No, no!" answered Mary, impatiently, "it cannot be; but fly! for mercy's sake lose not a moment!"

Henri, after gazing an instant, darted away, and she saw him climb the ivy-covered wall, and saw him wave his hand as he stood on the summit. He dropped from her sight, and then she heard the sounds of man's wrath, and the words "craven-liar!" and then the clash of weapons smote as a death-knell upon her ear. But the clang of strife which at other times would have chilled her heart, seemed now but to lend fresh energy to her frame. The blood mantled upon her cheek, and the retiring maiden, at this late hour, swung from the window-sill and dropped into the garden. The obstruction, of whatever nature it might have been, was removed. Mary, with the slightest possible effort, opened the garden-gate, and, in the shadow of the moonlight, looked out upon the fearful scene. She had just noted that, besides the two whose weapons were flashing,

there were other armed men, standing stealthily apart, when the church-bell chimed.

"Henri—to sanctuary!—you are betrayed!" shrieked out Mary, as she perceived the satellites of her rejected lover about to surround their intended victim. At the sound of her voice the young merchant turned round, and, at the instant, received a wound on his shoulder; a second, more deadly, would have followed, had not a female hand arrested the blow.

"Away, Henri!" again shrieked out the heroic girl, as she stood between the combatants; "the way to the church is yet open." And Henri, who saw at a glance his peril, fled, and, lacerated and bleeding, at length gained the porch.

It was then that Mary, who had followed with a swift foot and a beating heart, gave the first evidence of *woman's* feeling. An hysterical sob burst from her lips—her eyes closed—and she would have fallen to the ground, had not one who with a demon's malice had marked her daring, sprang forward and caught her in his arms. But it was merely the body that had been exhausted—the spirit was yet awake; and this contact with one, whom she never could have loved, and whom, at this moment, she regarded with every feeling of dislike of which her nature was susceptible, aroused her dormant energies. She disengaged herself, and was turning, with a faltering step, away, when Robert Halton's deep voice arrested her.

"Mary Woodman! why are you thus, at midnight, following the steps of a felon?"

"My purpose is honest, Master Halton. Had your's been so, Mary Woodman would not have been witnessing ruffian hirelings besetting the stranger."

"Your father would hardly call your purpose honest, Mistress Mary," replied Halton, in a sarcastic tone. "Methinks it is enough to put honesty to the blush to see a discreet maiden periling life and good name for the robber who drops from her father's walls!"

"*Robber!*" repeated Mary, with indignation. "Did *you* not basely secure the gate?"

"And what did *he* within that gate?—and what did he within your chamber?—and what *said* he as you lay upon his bosom?" fiercely interrogated Halton.

"If you saw him in my chamber, you heard his words—they were not said in a whisper. Let me pass!"

"I *did* hear his words—and you shall hear mine. Did I not swear to you, on the eve of the last blessed Christmas, that he for whom I was rejected should, before six months, be branded as a felon! You laughed at me, and has it not come to pass? And I here swear again, that if the craven, who hugs himself in his sanctuary, *does* leave unharmed the shores of England, he goes *alone*. The air of Brittany shall never waft thy marriage-vow to Heaven—no smile of thine shall ever gladden *his* home!"

He turned away, in the bitterness of his soul; and Mary, whose steps were no longer impeded, fled tremblingly towards her home, and regained her garden-chamber in safety.

It was at midnight, the fortieth from his seeking the sanctuary of the church, that the young Breton merchant, having passed the customary period of penance, and having abjured the realm, and vowed to hasten with all convenient speed on shipboard, received from the priest the farewell benediction, and the symbol which was to protect him until his foot should rest on the deck of his own bark.

With a large wooden cross in his hand, and attended by a priest, the young man issued from the church-porch. A broad moon was shedding almost the light of day upon the silent town; and, as his conductor led the way to the eastern gate, beyond which, upon the waters of the German Ocean, his little vessel was riding at anchor, he cast a yearning anxious look at the stone house, and the enclosed garden, which held his heart's treasure—her for whom he had thus subjected himself to this degradation. He paused and looked across, with the determination of attempting a parting interview; but, as he looked again, and saw that his guide had gone steadily forward, and was now considerably in advance, he remembered that his protection lay only upon the high road. After a momentary inward struggle, and one farewell glance, he quickened his pace, and presently gained upon his conductor. Being arrived at the east gate, the priest, commanding the watchman to allow the penitent to pass, bestowed a benediction and an injunction, and turned to retrace his steps. Henri, having bent his head to the ecclesiastic, passed through the gates, which were hastily closed after him.

Grasping firmly the cross, he went on silent and solitary, until an abrupt turning in the road brought the sound of the splashing waves like the welcome voice of a friend, distinctly to his ear. At this moment, when his heart beat high with a feeling of security, he heard, or fancied he heard, the whisper of a human voice. He stopped, and looked around. On one side was a high straggling hedge—on the other an old ash tree; and some clustering underwood was thrown partly in the shadow by the sharp projection of an overhanging crag. As his eye rested upon the ill-defined space beneath the crag, a figure enveloped in a cloak, and wearing a broad-brimmed slouching hat, moved from beneath the ash.

A suspicion of treachery crossed Henri's mind. He clasped his only protective weapon closer to his breast, and was moving rapidly away, when a scarcely murmured "Henri!" fell on his ear. He turned, and flinging down the cross, caught the trembling, loving Mary to his bosom.

"My sweetest love!" and "I was afraid even *you* would condemn me!" were the only words distinguishable, ere regardless of life or limb, a man jumped from the crag above, and, with a giant-grasp, seized Henri, and dragging him from the terrified maiden, they struggled and strove until they both rolled in the dust. At the same instant a shrill whistle, and a snapping asunder of the twigs of the opposite hedge, told Mary that her lover was now indeed betrayed, and under this conviction she fled towards the harbour.

"Felon!—craven!" thundered Halton, as the ruffians had overpowered Henri; "I could, with a good stomach, stab you to the

heart with this (brandishing a dagger), and feast my eyes with your dying throes! but I will not: No—had you kept your cross, such might have been—and now, on the gallows-tree, you will learn something of what I felt when thy coward-gripe was on my throat!—Ye can swear," he continued, addressing his myrmidons, "that this felon flung away his cross—for the rest I will answer to the Mayor. Look out the strongest arm of that ash—aye, that will do: now fasten this round his throat!" throwing a cord to the most powerful of the accomplices.

The conflict was short, and fearful, and desperate, even as might be the strife when *one* was struggling for life, and numbers were seeking to earn gold; but the many prevailed, and Halton gave a short demoniacal laugh as the writhing body of his rival was suspended from the tree. But scarcely had the ruffians secured the gold that was flung among them, ere advancing footsteps were suddenly heard.

Halton's quick eye caught the glimpse of men. They rushed on, and a wild female shriek burst from the midst. The mariners struck right and left, and the foremost springing upon the tree, the next moment Henri's swollen face was pressed to the hot, tearful cheek, of her who loved him.

The suspension had been, as it were, but momentary, but the young man's perceptions were strangely deadened. He was conscious that he was hurried on by one whose arm was around his waist, and whose moist burning cheek sustained his own throbbing temples. He was conscious, too, that there was a parrying—a thrusting—a sort of running fight; but he was conscious of little else until his feet were bathed in the cooling waves. It was then that sensation really returned, and, in endeavouring to shake off the incumbrance that kept him from joining in the strife, he heard a shriek and a splash, and a sudden hush of the clashing weapons. His eyes were opened, and he looked around; he saw his bark and his mariners, but he saw not Mary! Was it she who had dropped in the surge? Before the thought could flash across his brain, one, whom he knew to be Halton, flung down his weapon, and leaped into the sea. This brought conviction, and with a shout of agony he sprung in also.

But the dreadful excitement overpowered his gathering senses; unconsciously he was borne by his faithful mariners to his bark, and *alone* the Breton merchant departed from England.

The spot is still pointed out where the greedy waves swallowed the devoted girl, and there is a rocky point from which it is said the Mayor's son leaped when he sought an ocean-grave!

A DINNER AT POPLAR WALK.

Mr. Minns was a bachelor of *about* forty, as he said—of about eight and forty, as his friends said. He was always exceedingly clean, precise, and *tidy*, perhaps somewhat priggish, and the most "retiring man in the world." He usually wore a brown frock-coat without a wrinkle, light inexplicables without a spot, a neat neckerchief with a remarkably neat tie, and boots without a fault; moreover, he always carried a brown silk umbrella with an ivory handle. He was a clerk in Somerset House, or, as he said, he held "a responsible situation under Government." He had a good and increasing salary, in addition to some 10,000*l.* of his own (invested in the funds), and he occupied a first floor in Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, where he had resided for twenty years, having been in the habit of quarrelling with his landlord the whole time, regularly giving notice of his intention to quit on the first day of every quarter, and as regularly countermanding it on the second. He had but two particular horrors in the world, and those were dogs and children. His prejudice arose from no unamiability of disposition, but that the habits of the animals were continually at variance with his love of order, which might be said to be equally as powerful as his love of life. Mr. Augustus Minns had no relation in or near London, with the exception of his cousin, Mr. Octavius Bagshaw, to whose son, whom he had never seen (for he disliked the father), he had consented to become godfather by proxy. Mr. Bagshaw having realized a moderate fortune by exercising "the trade or calling" of a corn-chandler, and having a great predilection for *the country*, had purchased a cottage in the vicinity of Stamford Hill, whither he retired with the wife of his bosom and his only son, Master Alexander Augustus Bagshaw. One evening, as Mr. and Mrs. B. were admiring their son, discussing his various merits, talking over his education, and disputing whether the classics should be made an essential part thereof, the lady pressed so strongly upon her husband the propriety of cultivating the friendship of Mr. Minns in behalf of their son, that Mr. Bagshaw at last made up his mind that it should not be his fault if he and his cousin were not in future more intimate.

"I'll break the ice, my love," said Mr. Bagshaw, stirring up the sugar at the bottom of his glass of brandy-and-water, and casting a sidelong look at his spouse to see the effect of the annoucement of his determination—"by asking Minns down to dine with us on Sunday."

"Then, pray, Bagshaw, write to your cousin at once," replied his spouse; "who knows, if we could only get him down here, but that he might take a fancy to our Alexander, and leave him his property? —Alick, my dear, take your legs off the rail of the chair."

"Very true," said Mr. Bagshaw, musing; "very true indeed, my love."

On the following morning, as Mr. Minns was sitting at his breakfast table, alternately biting his dry toast and casting a look upon the columns of the *Times*, which he always read from the title to the

printer's name, he heard a loud knock at the street door, which was shortly afterwards followed by the entrance of his servant, who put into his hand a particularly small card, on which was engraved, in immense letters, "Mr. Octavius Bagshaw, Amelia Cottage (Mrs. B.'s name was Amelia), Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill."

"Bagshaw!" ejaculated Minns, "what the deuce can bring that vulgar fellow here?—Say I am asleep—say I've broken my leg—any thing."

"But, please, Sir, the gentleman 's coming up," replied the servant:—and the fact was made perfectly evident by an appalling creaking of boots on the staircase, accompanied by a pattering noise, the cause of which Minns could not for the life of him divine.

"Hem! show the gentleman in," said he, in a state of desperation.—Exit servant, and enter Octavius, preceded by a large white dog, dressed in a suit of fleecy-hosiery, with pink eyes, large ears, and no perceptible tail. The cause of the pattering on the stairs was now but too plain.—If it be possible for a man to entertain a feeling of the most deep-rooted and unconquerable aversion to any one thing, Minns entertained this feeling towards an animal of the canine species. This, by the way, was hinted before.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said Mr. Bagshaw, as he entered. (He always spoke at the top of his voice, and always said the same thing half-a-dozen times.)—"How are you, my hearty?"

"How do you do, Mr. Bagshaw?—Pray, take a chair," politely stammered the discomfited Minns.

"Thank you, thank you. Well, how are you, eh?"

"Uncommonly well, thank ye," said Minns, casting a diabolical look at the dog, who, with his hind-legs on the floor, and his fore-paws resting on the table, was dragging a bit of bread-and-butter out of a plate, which, in the ordinary course of things, it was natural to suppose he would eat with the buttered side next the carpet.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Bagshaw to his dog.—"You see, Minns, he's like me, always at home: eh, my boy!—Egad, I'm precious hot and hungry! I've walked all the way from Stamford Hill, this morning."

"Have you breakfasted?" ejaculated Minns.

"Oh, no!" returned Bagshaw. "Oh, no!—Came to town to breakfast with you; so, ring the bell, my dear fellow, will you? and let's have another cup and saucer, and the cold ham.—Make myself at home, you see!" he continued, dusting his boots with a table napkin. "Ha! ha! ha!—'Pon my life, I'm hungry!"

Minns rang the bell, and tried to smile, but looked as merry as a farthing rushlight in a fog.

"I decidedly never was so hot in my life," continued Octavius, wiping his forehead.—"Well, but how are you, Minns? 'Pon my soul, you wear capitally!"

"Humph! 'dye think so?"

"'Pon my life, I do!"

"Mrs. B. and—what 's his name—quite well?"

"Alick, my son, you mean. Never better—never better. But such a place as we've got at Poplar Walk! you know. It certainly is

a most capital place—beautiful! I'll trouble you for another cup of tea. Let 's see—what was I saying? Oh! I know. Such a beautiful place! When I first saw it, by Jove! it looked so knowing, with the front garden like, and the green railings, and the brass knocker, and all that—I really thought it was a cut above me."

"Don't you think you'd like the ham better," interrupted Minns, "if you cut it the other way?" as he saw, with feelings which it is impossible to describe, that his visitor was cutting, or rather maiming, the ham, in utter violation of all established rules.

"No, thank ye," returned Bagshaw, with the most barbarous indifference to crime; "I prefer it this way—it eats short. But, I say, Minns, when will you come down and see us? You'll be delighted with the place; I know you will. Amelia and I were talking about you the other night, and Amelia said——another lump of sugar, please: thank ye——she said, 'Don't you think you could contrive, my dear, to say to Mr. Minns, in a friendly way'——Come down, Sir—damn the dog! He's spoiling your curtains, Minns—Ha! ha! ha!"—Minns leaped from his seat as though he had received the discharge from a galvanic battery.

"Come out, Sir!—go out, hoo!" cried poor Augustus, keeping, nevertheless, at a very respectful distance from the dog, having read of a case of hydrophobia in the paper of that morning. By dint of great exertion, much shouting, and a marvellous deal of poking under the tables with a stick and umbrella, the dog was at last dislodged, and placed on the landing, outside the door, where he immediately commenced a most appalling howling; at the same time vehemently scratching the paint off the too-nicely varnished bottom pannels of the door, until they resembled the interior of a backgammon-board.

"A good dog for the country, that!" coolly observed Bagshaw to to the distracted Minns,—"he's not much used to confinement, though. But now, Minns, when will you come down? I'll take no denial, positively. Let 's see—to-day 's Thursday;—will you come on Sunday? We dine at five. Don't say no—do." After a great deal of pressing, Mr. Augustus Minns, driven to despair, and finding that if the dog, remained in the house much longer, he, Mr. Augustus Minns, might just as well lodge in the Zoological Gardens, accepted the invitation, and promised to be at Poplar Walk on the ensuing Sunday, at a quarter before five, to the minute.

"Now, mind the direction," said Bagshaw: "the coach goes from the Flower-pot, in Bishopsgate-street, every half hour. When the coach stops at the Swan, you'll see, immediately opposite you, a white house——"

"Which is your house—I understand," said Minns, wishing to cut the story and the visit at the same time.

"No, no, that 's not mine; that's Grogus's, the great ironmonger's. I was going to say, you turn down by the side of the white house till you can't go another step further—mind that; and then you turn to your right, by some stables—well; close to you you'll see a wall with 'BEWARE OF THE DOG,' written upon it in large letters—[Minns shuddered]—go along by the side of that wall for about a quarter of a mile, and anybody will show you which is my place."

"Very well—thank ye—good bye."

"Be punctual."

"Certainly: good morning."

"I say, Minns, you've got a card?"

"Yes, I have: thank ye." And Mr. Octavius Bagshaw departed, leaving his cousin looking forward to his visit of the following Sunday with the feelings of a pennyless poet to the weekly visit of his Scotch landlady.

Sunday arrived; the sky was bright and clear; crowds of clean, decently-dressed people were hurrying along the streets, intent on their different schemes of pleasure for the day; and every thing, and every body, looked cheerful and happy but Mr. Augustus Minns.

The day was fine, but the heat was considerable; and, by the time Mr. Minns had fagged up the shady side of Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Threadneedle Street, he had become pretty warm, tolerably dusty, and it was getting late into the bargain. By the most extraordinary good fortune, however, a coach was waiting at the Flower Pot, into which Mr. Augustus Minn's got, on the solemn assurance of the cad that the coach would start in three minutes—that being the time the coach was allowed to wait "by act of Parliament." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and there were no signs of moving. Minns looked at his watch for the sixth time.

"Coachman, *are* you going or not?" bawled Mr. Minns (with his head and half his body out of the coach-window).

"Di—rectly, Sir," said the coachman, with his hands in his pockets, looking as much unlike a man in a hurry as possible.—"Bill, take them cloths off." Five minutes more elapsed; at the end of which time the coachman mounted the box, from whence he looked down the street, and up the street, and hailed all the pedestrians for another five minutes.

"Coachman! If you don't go this moment I shall get out," said Mr. Minns, rendered desperate by the lateness of the hour, and the impossibility of being in Poplar Walk at the appointed time.

"Going this minute, Sir," was the reply;—and, accordingly, the coach trundled on for a couple of hundred yards, and then stopped again. Minns doubled himself up into a corner of the coach, and abandoned himself to fate.

"Tell your missis to make haste, my dear—'cause here's a gentleman inside vich is in a desperate hurry." In about five minutes more missis appeared, with a child and two band-boxes, and then they set off.

"Be quiet, love!" said the mother—who saw the agony of Minns, as the child rubbed its shoes on his new drab trowsers—"be quiet, dear! Here, play with this parasol—don't kick the gentleman."

The interesting infant, however, with its agreeable plaything, contrived to tax Mr. Minns's ingenuity, in the "art of self-defence," during the ride; and amidst these infantile assaults, and the mother's apologies, the distracted gentleman arrived at the Swan, when, on referring to his watch, to his great dismay he discovered that it was a quarter past five. The white house, the stables, the "Beware of the Dog,"—every landmark was passed, with a rapidity not unusual

to a gentleman of a certain age when too late for dinner. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. Minns found himself opposite a yellow brick house, with a green door, brass knocker, and door-plate, green window-frames, and ditto railings, with "a garden" in front, that is to say, a small, loose bit of gravelled ground, with one round and two scalene triangular beds, containing a fir-tree, twenty or thirty bulbs, and an unlimited number of marigolds. The taste of Mr. or Mrs. Bagshaw were further displayed by the appearance of a Cupid on each side of the door, perched upon a heap of large chalk flints, variegated with pink conc-shells. His knock at the door was answered by a stumpy boy, in drab-livery with a parsley-and-butter border, cotton stockings and high-lows, who, after hanging his hat on one of the dozen brass-pegs which ornamented the passage, denominated by courtesy 'The Hall,' ushered him into a front drawing-room, commanding a very extensive view of the backs of the neighbouring houses. The usual ceremony of introduction, and so forth, over, Mr. Minns took his seat, not a little agitated at feeling that he was the last comer, and, somehow or other, the Lion of a dozen people, sitting together in a small drawing-room, getting rid of that most tedious of all time, the time preceding dinner.

"Well, Brogson," said Bagshaw, addressing an elderly gentleman in a black coat, drab knee-breeches, and long gaiters, who, under pretence of inspecting the prints in an Annual, had heen engaged in satisfying himself upon the subject of Minns' general appearance, by looking at him over the top of the leaves—"well, Brogson, what do ministers mean to do? Will they go out, or what?"

"Oh—why—really, you know, I'm the last person in the world to ask for news. Your cousin, from *his situation*, is the most likely person to answer the question."

Mr. Minns having assured the last speaker, that, although he was in Somerset House, he possessed no official communication relative to the projects of his Majesty's Ministers. His remark was evidently received incredulously; and no further conjectures being hazarded on the subject, a long pause ensued, during which the company occupied themselves in coughing and blowing their noses, until the entrance of Mrs. Bagshaw caused a general rise.

The ceremony of introduction being over, dinner was announced, and down stairs the party proceeded accordingly: Mr. Minns escorting Mrs. Bagshaw as far as the drawing-room door, but being prevented, by the narrowness of the stair-case, from extending his gallantry any further. The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do. Ever and anon, amidst the clatter of knives and forks, and the hum of conversation, Mr. Bagshaw's voice might be heard asking a friend to take wine, and assuring him he was glad to see him; and a good deal of by-play took place between Mrs. Bagshaw and the servants respecting the removal of the dishes, during which her countenance assumed the variations of a weather-glass, sometimes "stormy" and occasionally "set fair." Upon the dessert and wine being placed on the table, the servant, in compliance with a significant look from Mrs. Bagshaw, brought down "Master Alexander," habited in a sky-blue suit with silver buttons, and with hair of nearly the same colour

as the metal. After sundry praises from his mother, and various admonitions as to his behaviour from his pa, he was introduced to his godfather.

"Well, my little fellow—you're a fine boy, an't you?" said Minns, as happy as a tom-tit upon bird-lime.

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Eight, next We'nsday. How old are *you?*"

"Alexander," interrupted his mother, "how dare you ask Mr. Minns how old he is?"

"He asked me how old *I* was," said the precocious darling, to whom Minns had, from that moment, internally resolved he never would bequeath one shilling. As soon as the titter occasioned by the observation had subsided, a little smirking man with red whiskers, sitting at the bottom of the table, who, during the whole of dinner, had been endeavouring to obtain a listener to some stories about Sheridan, called out, with a very patronizing air—"Alick, what part of speech is *be?*'

"A verb."

"That's a good boy," said Mrs. Bagshaw, with all a mother's pride. "Now, you know what a verb is?"

"A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; as, I am—I rule—I am ruled. Give me an apple, Ma."

"I'll give you an apple," replied the story-teller, who was clearly one of those bores who are commonly called 'friends of the family,' "if you'll tell me what is the meaning of, *be.*"

"Be?" said the prodigy, after a little hesitation—"an insect that gathers honey."

"No, dear," frowned Mrs. B.,—"B double E is the substantive."

"I don't think he knows much yet about *common* substantives," said the smirking gentleman, who thought this an admirable opportunity for letting off a joke: "It's clear he's not very well acquainted with *proper names.* He! he! he!"

"Gentlemen," called out Mr. Bagshaw, from the end of the table, in a stentorian voice, and with a very important air, "will you have the goodness to charge your glasses? I have a toast to propose."

"Hear! hear!" cried the gentlemen, passing the decanters. After they had made the round of the table, Mr. Bagshaw proceeded—"Gentlemen: there is an individual present——"

"Hear! hear!" said the little man with the red whiskers.

"*Pray* be quiet, Jones!" remonstrated Bagshaw, *sotto voce.*

"I say, gentlemen, there is an individual present," resumed the host, "in whose society, I am sure, we must take great delight—and —and—the conversation of that individual must have afforded to every individual present the utmost pleasure."—["Thank Heaven he does not mean me!" thought Minns, conscious that his diffidence and exclusiveness had prevented his saying above a dozen words since he entered the house.]—"Gentlemen, I am but a humble individual myself, and I perhaps ought to apologize for allowing any individual feelings of friendship and affection for the person I allude to, to induce me to venture to rise to propose the health of that person—a

person that, I am sure—that is to say, a person whose virtues must endear him to those who know him—and those who have not the pleasure of knowing him, cannot dislike him."

"Hear! hear!" said the company, in a tone of encouragement and approval.

"Gentlemen," continued Bagshaw, "my cousin is a man who—who is a relation of my own."—(Hear! hear!)—Minns groaned audibly—"who I am most happy to see here, and who, if he were not here, would certainly have deprived us of the great pleasure we all feel in seeing him. (Loud cries of hear!)—Gentlemen: I feel that I have already trespassed on your attention for too long a time. With every feeling of—of——with every sentiment of—of——

"Gratification"—suggested the friend of the family.

"—Of gratification, I beg to propose the health of Mr. Minns."

"Standing, gentlemen!" shouted the indefatigable little man with the whiskers—"and with the honours. Take your time from me, if you please. Hip! hip! hip!—Za—Hip! hip! hip!—Za!—Hip! hip! hip!—Za—a—a!"

All eyes were now fixed on the subject of the toast, who, by gulping down port-wine at the imminent hazard of suffocation, endeavoured to conceal his confusion. After as long a pause as decency would admit, with a face as red as a flamingo, he rose; but, as the newspapers sometimes say in their reports of the debates, "we regret that we are quite unable to give even the substance of the honourable gentleman's observations." The words "present company—honour—present occasion," and "great happiness"—heard occasionally, and repeated at intervals, with a countenance expressive of the utmost misery, convinced the company that he was making an excellent speech; and, accordingly, on his resuming his seat, they cried "Bravo!" and manifested tumultuous applause. Jones, who had been long watching his opportunity, then darted up.

"Bagshaw," said he, will you allow *me* to propose a toast?"

"Certainly," replied Bagshaw, adding in an under tone to Minns right across the table—"Devilish sharp fellow that: you'll be very much pleased with his speech. He talks equally well on any subject." Minns bowed, and Mr. Jones proceeded:

"It has on several occasions, in various instances, under many circumstances, and in different companies, fallen to my lot to propose a toast to those by whom, at the time, I have had the honour to be surrounded. I have sometimes, I will cheerfully own—for why should I deny it—felt the overwhelming nature of the task I have undertaken, and my own utter incapability to do justice to the subject. If such have been my feelings, however, on former occasions, what must they be now—now—under the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed. (Hear! hear!)—To describe my feelings accurately would be impossible; but I cannot give you a better idea of them, gentlemen, than by referring to a circumstance which happens, oddly enough, to occur to my mind at the moment. On one occasion, when that truly great and illustrious man, Sheridan was——"

"Please, Sir," said the boy, entering hastily, and addressing Bag-

shaw, "as it's a *very* wet ev'ning, the nine o'clock stage has come round to know, whether any one's going to town. There's room for *one* inside."

Minns, who had some time meditated suicide, now, with a courage heretofore unknown, started up to secure the chance of escape.

Many were the expressions of surprise, and numerous the entreaties to stay, when Minns persisted in his determination to accept the offer of the vacant inside place. It was useless to press him further; so, after detaining the coach for the purpose of looking for his umbrella, and then making the pleasant discovery that he had left it in the other coach coming down. Minns was informed by the parsley-and-butter coated boy that the coachman "could'nt wait no longer; but if the gentleman would make haste, he might catch him at the Swan." Minns muttered, for the first time in his life, a diabolical ejaculation. It was of no use that fresh entreaties poured upon him. Quite as effective was the appeal of Master Alick, who, after dabbling half-an-hour in raspberry jam and custard, and fixing the print of his paws on Minns' trowsers, cried out—"Do stop, godpa'—I like you—Ma' says I am to coax you to leave me all your money!"—Had Minns been stung by an electric eel, he could not have made a more hysteric spring through the door-way; nor did he relax his speed until, arriving at the Swan, he saw the coach drive off—full inside and out.

It was half-past three in the morning ere Mr. Augustus Minns knocked faintly at No. 11, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. He had footed it every step of the way from Poplar Walk:—he had not a dry thread about him, and his boots were like pump-suckers. Never from that day could Mr. Minns endure the name of Bagshaw or Poplar Walk. It was to him as the writing on the wall was to Belshazzar. Mr. Minns has removed from Tavistock Street. His residence is at present a secret, as he is determined not to risk another assault from his cousin and his pink-eyed poodle.

THE POLISH "FOURTH OF THE LINE."

On the fall of Napoleon, the Congress of Vienna having re-constituted a *simulacrum* of the kingdom of Poland, Lukasenski passed into the new army that was organizing by order of the Emperor Alexander, and in a short time was appointed major of that Fourth regiment of the line since so famous in the war of independence. This corps had already distinguished itself by the admirable order which Lukasenski had introduced into it. Such was its discipline and splendid appearance, that the Grand Duke Constantine always gave it a marked preference, loved to call it his young guard, and never allowed it to go out of Warsaw. The pro-consul little dreamt, at the time, that in so skilfully organizing his countrymen, the young major was aiming at something higher than the suffrages of a Muscovite; and he was certainly far from foreseeing that this regiment, this ob-

ject of his especial favour, would one day turn their arms against his Russians, and would merit the first place for their patriotism and bravery, even among the brave battalions of Poland.

From the middle of the last century, the Poles, narrowly watched and oppressed by their treacherous neighbours, saw themselves under the necessity of recurring to secret associations, in order to deceive foreign tyranny, and to secure some rallying points against perfidy and violence. It was with this object that were prepared the glorious Confederation of Bar, in 1769, the labours of the Constitutant's Diet, the insurrection of 1794, and those that followed; and, lastly, the organization of the Polish legion in Italy and France. The national patriotism of the Poles lends itself singularly to these mysterious enterprises, but that the character of the people is neither dissimulating or treacherous; on the contrary, their native frankness has rarely or ever been able entirely to conceal a project of insurrection from the *espionage* of their despots. But, in expiation of this over frankness of character, the Poles have constantly exhibited, in the dungeon, so admirable a firmness, that the plot has always survived the arrest of some of the accomplices. In vain have the inquisitors in turn employed *ruse* or violence, pompous promises, or the most refined tortures—never was the secret betrayed; and the loss of some members never prevented the continuation of the work.

Thus the association that prepared, ripened, and accelerated the last revolution was but the continuation of that which, ever since 1819, was continually conducting new victims to prison. Though often frustrated by the persecutions of the Russians, it pursued the object in the face of dungeons and of death, and seemed to grow the greater from the obstacles it had to overcome.

The first conception of this association, of which Lukasenski was the principal founder, is due to the illustrious Dombrowski, general-in-chief of the old Polish legions, in Italy. He bitterly expressed, before his death, his regret at the sad fate of Poland, an heroic nation, whose valour had so often contributed to the glory of her chiefs, without having derived any benefit for herself. "At this time" (1818), said he, "what has she to hope, and what has she not to fear? Ought not the Poles every day to tremble at the fate which awaits them to-morrow? None of the bonds that constituted the force of Poland now unite her children; and thus divided, who can cheer them upon the future chance of events? When Napoleon escaped from the island of Elba, had he even have brought back his eagles in triumph to the banks of the Vistula, what would have been the result for Poland? Rivers of blood, new combats, new victories, but independence and liberty—never! In whoever's cause the Poles have shivered their lances, what has either victory or defeat done for them? Weak, because they are divided and disunited, what conditions can they expect from the conqueror? None but those which policy will advise him to impose. Why," said he, "is it not possible to rekindle the fire that burns at the bottom of the heart of every true friend of his country? Why can I not awaken the former energy of those Poles, who, to be free and powerful as their forefathers, need only believe in their strength, and re-assert their former greatness? Whoever are the men

who direct, whatever the government that rules them, let it be their object to concentrate their opinions, their desires, and their efforts. Let the nation again become herself, and then one day she may recover her ancient independence and her liberty."

Such were the patriotic views of Dombrowski. Whether this general really made use of the words attributed to him, or whether they were placed to his account in order to exculpate others, it is certain that it was Lukasenski who first conceived the idea of carrying them into execution.

Profiting by the toleration of the police towards freemasonry, he organized, in concert with some of his friends, a private association, under the name of national freemasonry. In its external form analagous to the ordinary masonic institutions, the two rites differed in this sense—that, instead of having in view a universal fraternity, the national freemasonry was completely Polish in its operation. All the symbols and ceremonies suggested to the brothers the name of Poland: they wore the national colours; the great historical names served them as pass-words; and the catechism breathed but the love of the country, and the oath inculcated fidelity unto death.

Such an association was certainly of a nature to give umbrage to the government: this the founders felt; and in order to veil the real objects of the association, they skilfully confounded the duties they owed the king with those they owed the country. They dwelt upon the works of benevolence, that to the profane appeared to be the object of the institutions: they thus blinded the public as to its lofty conception. This, in fact, was only revealed to the brothers in the fourth degree—a grade reserved to the founders and their most confidential friends: and this conception was to revive the spirit of nationality throughout all the provinces of the kingdom, and, on the first occasion, to avail themselves of these vast elements to recognize the Polish independence.

From Warsaw the national freemasonry spread through all the provinces. There were few regiments that had not their private lodge, besides the new association formed among the officers of the old army of Poniotowski—a host of apostles. Aware of this rapid progress, Lukasenski thought himself, in 1821, sufficiently strong to raise the country, if Yermolof, destined by the Emperor Alexander, at the head of 100,000 Russians, to support the Austrians, had commenced their march.

Unfortunately, at this period, freemasonry was forbidden in the Russian empire and the kingdom of Poland; and thus the national freemasonry lost all those pretexts that had hitherto lulled the mistrust of the authorities. The most timid among the united spoke already of abandoning a re-union positively forbidden by the laws; the more ardent, on the contrary, persisted in their original views, and undertook to transform the work of the prudent Lukasenski into Carbonarism. In the grand duchy of Posen the associates adopted even the denomination of scythe-bearers. In order to regenerate the ancient association, either by concentrating its direction or by giving it a new form, there was, in 1821, a meeting of several chiefs, who came to Warsaw from the extremities of Poland. Through the influence of

General Umenske, a directing committee, composed of seven members, was established in the Polish capital. Unfortunately, in closing the masonic lodges, the police was put upon the traces of the national freemasonry, and, by that means, on that of the new patriotic association. At the same time, an old officer (Karski), who had gone to Paris in order to establish a correspondence with the foreign lodges, was arrested on his return: his papers, seized on the frontier, implicated several individuals, and Lukasenski was not forgotten in the list. But, already, some months before, he had incurred the hatred of the Grand Duke by the following circumstance. A superior officer was brought before a court-martial, of which Lukasenski was a member; the Grand Duke, as he was always in the habit of doing, sent the *sentence already drawn up* to the court, in order that the members might attach their signatures to it, as a mere formality. "I will not sign," said Lukasenski; "for, as a judge, I have the right of judging the case; and if I am not so, my signature is useless." His firmness awakened the scruples of his colleagues, and the order of the Grand Duke was disregarded; but scarcely had he returned to his quarters than Lukasenski was arrested. Placed upon half-pay, he was exiled to Krasrystaw, under the surveillance of Prince Adam, of Wurtemberg.

Some other indiscreet revelations soon aggravated the position of the chiefs of the plot. Colonel Szneyder, who had been initiated by Captain Schrobecki, made use of it to gain Lukasenski's confidence, and to obtain from him a secret mission to Kolisz; but arrested, at at the same time, upon a charge of bigamy, Szneyder, on condition of being pardoned, promised to make some important discoveries. It has since been suspected that both Szneyder and Skrobecki were in the pay of the police. However it may be, the Grand Duke, put upon the traces of the plot, immediately arrested the individuals compromised.

Placed in solitary confinement, Lukasenski and his companions in misfortune remained upwards of two years in the famous state prison at Warsaw of the Carmelites. It had just been established in the convent of that name, and which depended on the will of the Grand Duke, who administered it through his aide-de-camp, General Kolzokoff. All that the gaolers of the Inquisition and the Bastile have invented in vigilance and severity, formed the rules of this prison, with the exception of torture, to which hunger was substituted. The prisoners, confined in cells eight feet square, were deprived of light and air; their families, on no pretext whatever, were allowed to communicate with them, and they were rarely or ever allowed the use of writing materials. An extraordinary commission, under the influence, took cognizance of the case of the accused. The examination alone of Lukasenski would fill volumes.

Being unable to deny the existence of the national freemasonry, he assumed upon himself all the responsibility; but he denied its existence after the imperial ukase had forbidden the pure freemasonry. In spite, therefore, of this defence, he was delivered over, with five of his companions, to a military commission presided by the minister of war, Haeke, and in which the famous General Blumer commenced

his Jeffries' career. This commission condemned Lukasenski to nine years' hard labour, Dobrogayski and Dobrzycki to six, and all three to be degraded from their military rank—the rest were acquitted. The Emperor Alexander, in his *inexhaustible clemency*, commuted the sentence of Lukasenski to seven years, and that of his companions to four. The execution of the sentence took place at Warsaw, on the 1st of October of the same year, in the presence of the Russian and Polish armies. The condemned bore it with courage amid the general consternation. Chained to a wheelbarrow, they were afterwards sent to the fortress of Zamock.

The limits of this paper will not permit us to detail the sufferings he underwent in his confinement. Hope never forsook him; and, convinced that it required but a man of head and execution to revolutionize Poland—one ready to sacrifice himself to the cause of independence—he resolved to attempt this, and thought to succeed by seizing the fortress of Zamock; but the indiscretion of one of his accomplices betrayed the existence of this new plot. A court-martial, assembled on the spot, condemned Lukasenski to death. This circumstance reawakened the slumbering hatred of the Grand Duke against Lukasenski: he had long panted for an opportunity of again bringing him to trial, for he was aware that he was yet in the dark respecting the national freemasonry—its object and its ramifications; the unsuccessful attempt at Zamock, therefore, furnished him with a pretext for removing the inquiry. The sentence pronounced against the unfortunate Lukasenski was commuted into imprisonment for life: but what seemed a species of mercy became, in its execution, an atrocious aggravation of the punishment. Once a week the wretched prisoner underwent the punishment of the knout in the presence of a military auditor, who interrogated him at the most poignant moment of his sufferings. Despair, in fact, extracted some indiscreet words from him, which led to the arrest of the members of the ancient directing committee. This was at the moment of the death of the Emperor Alexander, in 1825; and it is too well known how the bloody accession of Nicholas to the throne compromised the celebrated Russian association. This circumstance soon led to the imprisonment of the most distinguished members of that part of Poland who were in correspondence with Pestel, Bestonjiff, and other Muscovite leaders. A commission of inquiry was instituted by Nicholas, under the presidency of Count Haneslon Amoyski, president of the senate. It was composed of half Russians and half Poles. Lukasenski, brought before it, was called upon to juridicially confirm what had escaped from him before the military auditor. Showing his lacerated back, "Behold, gentlemen," said he, "my body, and weigh well the value of a deposition extracted in a moment of excruciating torture." This noble firmness, and the high-minded independence of the Polish senate, led to the acquittal of all the prisoners.

In the glorious night of the 29th Nov., 1830, when the Fourth of the line, the brave regiment of Lukasenski, acceded the first to the revolution, and signalized their adhesion by the capture of the arsenal, the people and the soldiers forced all the prisons, to deliver the victims of foreign tyranny. But it was in vain that they

sought everywhere for Lukasenski, both at Warsaw and at Zamock—no traces, either of his existence or his decease, could be found. Some time afterwards some Russian prisoners deposed that, in their flight, the guards of Constantine had dragged after them, beyond the bay, a man in rags, chained to a gun-carriage, and heavily ironed. His eyes were hollow, his features contracted by suffering, and a long beard blackened his face. This man was Lukasenski—the hero—the patriot—the martyr!

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

In a wild and retired spot, in one of the southern states of North America, there resided, many years ago, on a small plantation which he had purchased, a gentleman of very secluded habits, but of most amiable and prepossessing manners. Nothing was known of him, further than that he was a skilful practitioner of medicine and surgery, whose advice and drugs were always at the service of his neighbours, and their domestics and slaves, whenever other assistance was not at hand. A two-years' residence, however, had procured him, unsought, the whole practice of the extensive district; and, although he had been thus brought into the closest contact with all about him, and was generally known for many miles beyond the precincts of his labours, no one, in all that time, had been able to discover the cause of his seclusion; or, in fact, any thing more of him than appeared on his visiting card, which bore the name of "Mr. Clinton." He was about thirty years old, of a tall and graceful figure, with highly intellectual and dark handsome features, seldom enlivened by a smile, and which were evidently "o'ersicklied" with something beyond the mere "pale cast of thought." His mild and unobtrusive manners and conversation rendered him a favourite with old and young, the whites and the blacks, while they secured him from the open pryings of a curiosity which he seemed, in no one instance, to be desirous to gratify.

About this period Colonel Ashe, a gentleman of large property and of distinguished family in the state, came to reside for a short period on an extensive plantation which he owned in the neighbourhood, and which was situated near to Mr. Clinton's, from which it was divided by about four or five miles of pine forest. He was accompanied by his wife, a lady of great attractions, considerably younger than himself, and two children. As the Colonel was one of the greatest land and slave proprietors in the district, as well as in the country, and was, besides, a senator in the Legislative Assembly of the state, his arrival on this portion of his property was the signal for all kinds of festivities among the planters and their families. Among those invited to his first entertainment was his unknown neighbour, Mr. Clinton, or the Doctor, as he was generally designated; an invitation, however, which, as had been predicted by the neighbours, was most respectfully declined, on the score of ill health—

his usual plea for avoiding parties of pleasure. The same excuse, however, did not prevent him from attending to a subsequent pressing request on the part of Colonel Ashe, the afternoon previous to the entertainment, that he would immediately visit his youngest child, who had been suddenly taken ill.

On Clinton's arrival, he was received, in the absence of the Colonel, who had ridden out with his overseer, by an old grey-headed negro, who immediately conducted him to the door of the nursery, into which he was ushered by a mulatto matron, who, with a young negro wench, immediately retired.

The sun had recently set, and the glow of the evening was just sufficiently excluded from the chamber by the muslin curtains as to shed a soft and mellowed light around. Mrs. Ashe was leaning over the bed, watching the countenance of the little sufferer; but, on hearing the Doctor announced, turned round, and advanced towards him, with her hand extended, to welcome him, for the first time, in her own person, to her husband's mansion. The moment Clinton caught a glimpse of her features, and heard her voice, he started back in consternation, and wildly exclaiming, "God of heaven! Caroline! and alive!" staggered a few paces, and would have fallen to the ground but for the intervention of a couch, upon which he sank, with his hands convulsively pressed over his eyes and brow.

Mrs. Ashe was petrified—for, although her name was indeed Caroline, she had no recollection of ever having seen Mr. Clinton before in her life. The allusion to her being alive, too, was likewise remarkable; as, when about fifteen, in one of her botanical rides, she had been separated from her groom, and, missing her way, was lost in the woods for nearly two days, when she was discovered by her father and his friends. But how this could have so intensely interested a perfect stranger, as she felt Mr. Clinton to be, as to betray him, and at this period, into so strong an expression of feeling, was to her an impenetrable mystery. These reflections passed through her mind like lightning, and were as quickly succeeded by vague feelings that her own destiny, if it had not hitherto been, was about to be, somehow mingled with that of the unhappy and interesting stranger, whose first introduction to her was attended with circumstances so singular and mysterious. For the first time, too, since her marriage, she felt not only the propriety, but the absolute necessity, of concealment from her husband,—the propriety, from a sense of delicacy towards the unhappy gentleman who had thus been, to her, unaccountably led, by her own appearance, into a betrayal of feelings that she understood had been studiously concealed by him from all around him, and which she felt, under the circumstances, ought to be held sacred by her,—the necessity, from a fearful presentiment that the common-place feelings, and rude and irascible temper of the Colonel, would torture the occurrence into a criminal understanding, either past or present, and thereby place both Mr. Clinton and herself in a position of great delicacy, if not danger. Fortunately, for this purpose, her own old nurse, and that of the child, had immediately retired on the entrance of Clinton, and she had been the sole witness to his exclamation and his agony. These

reflections, the work of a moment, and having formed her resolution, she hastily approached the couch, and, placing her hand on Clinton's shoulder, gently attempted to shake him into consciousness.

"Mr. Clinton!" said she, in a hurried tone, in which delicacy, and fear, and sympathy, were touchingly blended—"Mr. Clinton! for heaven's sake, throw off this delusion. We have never met before, believe me; and if this emotion, so strange and unaccountable, continue, we must never meet again—never. You mistake me for some *other—my* maiden name was Duchesne. Look at me again, Mr. Clinton! There! You see I am not the Caroline for whom you took me. Oh, my God! he has fainted again. Sir! sir! unless you instantly throw off this weakness, I must call for assistance. Thank heaven! he revives again. Here, sir, take a glass of wine—another—'twill restore you to yourself. And now, Mr. Clinton, throw off this agitation, and relieve me from this really distressing scene." Clinton strove hard to regain his composure; but his eyes were riveted on the countenance of the lady. "Your emotion, I am convinced," she continued, "was real and irrepressible, on your part; but which, I am assured, as regards myself, is unfounded and impossible."

"Madam," returned Clinton, who had risen on recovering his consciousness, and had listened to the latter part of Mrs. Ashe's address, in great confusion—"Madam, I know not whether I am more astounded at your miraculous resemblance to a young lady, for whose calamitous and untimely loss I am daily and hourly suffering, or at the delicate consideration and fortitude which you have displayed. Yet, believe me, madam, my astonishment falls far short of the feelings of gratitude with which you have inspired me."

Mrs. Ashe having re-assured him of her sympathy in his misfortunes, extended her hand, which he respectfully took in both of his, and, bowing over it until it was touched, for a moment, by his pale and chilly brow, led her to a seat beside her suffering infant, and was soon absorbed in the interesting functions of his profession.

Sensitive persons are ever subject to a morbid fear of having even their most trivial words and actions misconstrued, by those whom they esteem; and, in cases of great moment or delicacy, will oftentimes writhe themselves almost into madness, lest a misconception, or a doubt, should be entertained on any point on which they feel that their honour and veracity might, in the remotest degree, be liable to even the shadow of a suspicion. Under the influence of this latter feeling, Clinton, on his return home that night, sat down, after much tormenting reflection, to pen a more detailed vindication of himself, in the eyes of Mrs. Ashe, than the peculiar circumstances of time and place had allowed him to make. He recounted, unreservedly, the whole progress of his attachment to a beautiful and wealthy young lady, whose mind, disposition, and accomplishments were the full realization of even *his* fastidious conception of the *beau ideal* of feminine perfection. He recited the many unobjectionable offers, from quarters of the highest distinction, that she had rejected; and dwelt, with modest gratitude, on her unhesitating acceptance of his own humble, yet audacious suit. For the rest—he could not trust

his pen with a narrative of the awful and extraordinary catastrophe which deprived him, in a moment, and on a party of pleasure, too, of one in whose existence his whole soul was bound, and in whom was centred all his thoughts, and desires, and hopes of future happiness. He referred to paragraphs from the newspapers, which he enclosed, for an account of the event which had so suddenly hurled him from bliss to misery. In conclusion, he reverted to the almost incredible resemblance of Mrs. Ashe to that unfortunate young lady; in corroboration of which he inclosed her portrait, which she had herself placed in his bosom, on the morning of the day that deprived him of her for ever, and which had never since been removed from his heart.

Having made up the packet, and broken it open a dozen times to gaze yet once again on the portrait, and to press it to his heart and lips, it was sealed for the last time, and Clinton enjoyed a few hours of more refreshing slumber than he had known for a long period. Such is ever the effect of a communication of our sorrows, when we are assured of the sympathy of a fellow-creature!

Early the following morning Clinton rode over to visit his little patient, and availed himself of a favourable opportunity to place his vindication, unseen by a third party, in the hands of Mrs. Ashe, who, fully relying on the honour of her new friend, unhesitatingly received it.

Major, now Colonel Ashe, was in his youth celebrated at college for every thing but application to study, and an observance of the principles and etiquette of polished society. Roving in disposition, fiery and ungovernable in temper, coarse in his manners and pursuits, and slovenly in his appearance, he was the last man that Caroline Duchesne would have chosen, of her own free will, for her lord and master. But she had been betrothed by her father, and he had been peremptory, and the estates were contiguous, and the world—at least the worthy old couple, who formed the only portion of it that she had yet seen—all said it was a fit and proper match—and she strove to be as obedient a wife as she had been a daughter; but she felt that happiness had departed from her for ever with her maiden name. She had since travelled, and mingled with the world at large—which also, however, fully concurred in the opinion of the world of worthy old couple aforesaid, that the marriage of her's and her husband's large properties was a fit and judicious match; and that, with such wealth, and station, and establishments, and equipages, and retinues, she must be the happiest woman on the earth. Alas! what are wealth, and station, and establishments, and equipages, and retinues, and the opinion of the world to boot, to a lovely woman, every day becoming more and more conscious that her heart—that more than all the world to her—had been sacrificed beyond redemption to a mistaken kindness on the part of her parent; and, on her own part, to an exaggerated sense of filial and womanly obedience! It is an old tale—but the court, the city, the cot, in their comparative degree, abound with "modern instances."

Shut up in the retirement of her own chamber, Mrs. Ashe hastened to break the seal of Clinton's packet. The moment the portrait met

her eye, its perfect resemblance to herself entranced her with amazement and consternation. She could not believe, at first, but that it *must* be her own likeness, taken by some skilful artist, employed surreptitiously to portray her, without observation or suspicion. She gradually, however, became convinced that it was indeed, what it assumed to be, the likeness of another; and that the resemblance, however wonderful, was altogether accidental. It was richly set in enamelled gold, encircled with costly diamonds. On the reverse was a small lock of hair, enclosed within a small crystal-covered frame at the top, surrounded with smaller diamonds; beneath which was engraved, within a wreath of rosebuds, beautifully raised, and studded with various coloured precious stones, "The gift of Caroline de la Warre, to Henry Clinton." At the bottom was the date. It was appended to a massy plain gold guard-chain, constructed without clasp or locket, and a cord, somewhat longer, entirely composed of thick plaits of hair, of the same description as the lock at the back, and ingeniously woven in a continuous circle.

So absorbed was Mrs. Ashe in her contemplation of the portrait, and the reflections, profound and mysterious, with which its magic-like resemblance to her own features suggested, that it was some time before she could sufficiently collect her thoughts to enable her to peruse Clinton's M.S., and the paragraph recounting the dreadful catastrophe which deprived the unfortunate Caroline de la Warre of her life, and Henry Clinton of a bride. The perusal was at length accomplished, and Mrs. Ashe sank back on her couch, dissolved in tears. Her first emotions were purely those of sympathy for the unhappy Clinton. But these imperceptibly giving way to reflections on her own ungenial marriage—how different, alas! to that which had awaited that other image of herself!—were succeeded by feelings of admiration at Clinton's constancy to the memory of his betrothed, in flying from those bright scenes of refinement which he was so well calculated to enjoy and to adorn, and, in concealing himself and his sufferings in the gloomy recesses of the forest—a living monument to his unhappy passion. She dwelt upon his sensibility, his affection, his affliction—the goodness and gentleness of his heart and disposition, as described by her neighbours and domestics—the superior qualities of his mind, evident from her own observation, during their short acquaintance—the refinement of his manners, the quiet loftiness of his demeanour, the noble beauty of his countenance—and thought, had

"Heaven made *her* such a man,"

how different, how blissful had been her lot! The equal of Caroline de la Warre, in station and in wealth, and so closely resembling her in personal appearance as to be mistaken for her, and under such circumstances, by Clinton himself, she thought that she, too, might have inspired him with an equal love, had fortune but brought them earlier together. Never before had the whole extent of her misery been so apparent as in that dangerous reverie—for never had she before been so fully conscious of the boundless capabilities of her own heart for the enjoyment of mutual love and happiness. From that

moment the passive langour of resignation was changed with her into an active principle of grief and despair.

Clinton, to the astonishment of all his old friends, was easily persuaded, by Colonel Ashe, to join the party at dinner; and, to their still greater surprise, participated more freely in general conversation than he was ever known by them to have done before. The pent-up sorrows of his bosom had, for the first time since the date of his affliction, found relief, in his vindication to Mrs. Ashe; and in her assured and evident sympathy, and in her features and form, he had discovered, without seeking it, a living link in the chain that bound him to the tomb of his lost Caroline.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream;"

but it was not until some time subsequently, that he felt how unequal upon the heart are the holds of the living and the dead!

Under all these complicated feelings and relations, on the part of Clinton and Mrs. Ashe, added to their perfect congeniality of minds and dispositions, and the dangerous facilities which the professional attendance of the former afforded, to a constant personal interchange of sentiments, it would be matter of surprise to the philosopher, or the man of the world, no less than to the lovers of romance and the sentimental, that a mutual affection should not simultaneously, however unconsciously, have taken root in their hearts; and, in due course of time, sprung up, and ripened into a passion deep and dangerous. The fact, indeed, was soon fully apparent to themselves; but the Rubicon, although not criminally, yet morally, in the consciences of the wife and the widower of the tomb, was passed. To return was impossible—to go farther was equally repugnant to the intentions or hopes of either—for theirs was an intercourse of hearts and affections, which had its origin in virtue, through accidental and mysterious agency, and recoiled at the bare supposition of criminality and degradation. They felt that an irresistible destiny had bound them, in which, as yet, their earthly feelings and infirmities had no participation.

Such sentiments and principles, however refined, and although mutually confident of their own inherent honour, they felt were neither compatible with their relations to each other, nor their individual position in society, and that such a mode of reasoning would neither be understood nor sanctioned by the world, nor did they desire that it should. But they felt, at the same time, that separation, although the only step dictated by prudence and propriety, could neither weaken nor destroy a passion, originated, and founded, and established under such peculiar circumstances and influences; and that it would be infinitely more desirable to cease at once to be, than to exist apart from each other. The high sense of honour, and superior strength of mind of Clinton, would have impelled him, on the first discovery of their mutual passion, to have torn himself at once, and for ever, from the presence of Mrs. Ashe and from the country; but the instinctive penetration of that lady had anticipated such a resolution, and she had bound him, by the most sacred obligations, not to abandon her to her misery and despair, without her

knowledge and consent. The destiny, however, which had so unaccountably brought them together, accelerated the *denouement*.

The sittings of the legislative assembly being at hand, Colonel Ashe, finding that the ill state of health of his wife would not allow of her present removal from the plantation, was compelled to take his departure alone, to resume his duties in the senate, leaving Clinton, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, in charge of his family, and empowering him to superintend the management of the estate.

About a month after his departure, he received an anonymous communication, advising him to an immediate return to his domestic duties, unless he was disposed calmly to submit to an usurpation of his rights by one in whom he had placed too unlimited a confidence; and concluding with a hint, that probably a change of air might be found as beneficial to his wife's soul as to her body.

It has been already stated that the Colonel had a fiery and ungovernable temper; in fact, he was continually subject to the most violent orgasms of passion, which were as frightful as they were pitiable. The effect, then, of such a communication, unauthenticated and anonymous as it was, may be easily conceived. The moment he had run it over, he threw his shooting apparatus over his shoulders, and loading a favourite double-barrelled gun, his inseparable companion, with a double charge of buck-shot, mounted his horse, without saying a word to any one, and galloped off in the direction of the estate, to which his return was thus unexpectedly hastened by at least two months. After foundering two horses and riding one to death, he was entering the borders of the plantation, which was the goal of his fury, when, meeting one of his negroes, his wife's favourite groom, he threatened instantly to shoot him through the head, unless he disclosed every thing he knew relative to the intimacy between Mrs. Ashe and Mr. Clinton. The poor fellow, frightened out of his wits, threw himself on his knees, and made the most solemn asseverations of his total ignorance of any thing that could possibly lead him to suspect the infidelity of his mistress. On being further questioned, he readily acknowledged, that early that morning, for the first time in his life, he had been dispatched by his mistress with a note to Mr. Clinton, who had returned an immediate answer, and almost immediately followed him to the mansion, where he then was.

Disappointed in his inquiries, the unhappy man dashed on into a bridle-path through the woods leading to the back of the house, on arriving near to which he dismounted, and securing the horse where it could not be seen, proceeded at a rapid pace, concealing his approach by keeping the out-houses between him and the mansion. Finding no one about likely to announce his unexpected arrival, he passed on with the intention of at once entering the dwelling, when, being about to turn the corner of the front piazza, he saw in it his wife and Clinton, with their backs towards him, the former sitting on a chair, with her head bent back upon the breast of the latter, who was leaning over her, with his arms around her neck, and his face close to hers. The unfortunate husband stood for a moment perfectly stupified; but, recovering himself, levelled his gun with the

most deliberate aim, and, without a word or an exclamation, pulled both triggers at once. The report was followed by a groan and a shriek, and Clinton and Mrs. Ashe fell heavily on the floor of the piazza at the same moment.

Without stopping to ascertain whether life animated either of the prostrate bodies, Colonel Ashe walked hurriedly past them into his wife's chamber, and, forcing open every drawer and cabinet, secured every paper he could find, and rushed out through the back of the house without exchanging a look or a word with the terrified domestics, who were flocking from every direction to the scene of the disaster.

The unfortunate sufferers lay weltering in their own and each other's blood. Life was extinct in both. An open lancet lay beside them, with the remains of a basin which had been broken by their fall. On the outward sill of the piazza-window nearest to where they lay, was an instrument for drawing teeth, with a white cambric pocket-handkerchief wound around it as for immediate use. On examination, the gum about one of Mrs. Ashe's teeth, on the lower row, was found to be partially lacerated preparatory to extraction.

What the unhappy husband had mistaken for amorous dalliance, was merely the ordinary position in a dental operation!

The writer of this melancholy narrative being in the neighbourhood at the time, and well acquainted with the parties, and also with both the counsel for Colonel Ashe on his trial, and the law-officers of the state appointed to arrange the affairs of all persons dying intestate, was allowed to inspect the letters and papers found in Mrs. Ashe's chamber, and those left by the unfortunate Clinton. Among the latter, the only one in the handwriting of Mrs. Ashe, the first and last ever addressed to him by her, was the note he had received on the morning of the catastrophe, and alluded to by that lady's groom. It ran as follows:

"For God's sake, come to me as soon as possible. I have had a dream which has filled me with the most melancholy forebodings. I fear something dreadful is impending over one or both of us. I never was so thoroughly wretched in my life. That tormenting tooth, too, is considerably worse, but the pain it occasions is rest and serenity compared with my mental agonies. I have made up my mind at last to allow you to take it out—so do not forgot the necessary instruments. Again and again—come to me without a moment's delay, or I shall go mad—if it be possible to be more so than I am already. Is it not singular that these croaking and complaining lines should be the first I ever penned to you?—Will they be the last?—Oh! come to me without a moment's delay."

The following extraordinary answer was found among Mrs. Ashe's papers:

"I should have been inclined to have smiled at the seriousness of your apprehensions about your dream, had I not myself had one last night, that has made an impression upon me that dream never did before. But we will smile over the matter together when I join you,

which will be almost immediately. So question not I shall subdue your forebodings as speedily as your tooth-ache. God in heaven bless you!

"I had thrown my dream into doggrel after I awoke, and as it will save the time of telling, I inclose it. Pray don't consider it a specimen of my muse. I shall be with you shortly after the time you have conned it over. It is worth two of your's; for you'll see I dreamt that you told me *you* had dreamed a dream, and that I told you of my having dreamt one, too. God for ever bless you!

"I dreamt I was a little bird
Up-springing to the sky,
With anxious haste, as on I whirl'd,
Thy presence to be nigh.

"I dreamt I lit on that dear tree
Which near thy casement grows,
And that I sang a song to thee
Warning impending woes.

"I dreamt thou cam'st in haste, and threw'st
The casement open wide,
And said'st that, thro' a dream, thou knew'st
That evil would betide.

"I dreamt I said, that I too dream'd
A dream resembling thine,
In which some threaten'd evil seem'd
To blend thy fate with mine.

"I dreamt I flew upon the sill
At thine own sweet command,
And lost all thought of coming ill
While perch'd upon thy hand.

"I dreamt while thus in bliss entranced
Thou gav'st me crumbs of bread,
And while I peck'd—HE quick advanced
And shot thy poor bird dead!"

This remarkable dream, shadowing out, as it were, the fatal catastrophe which took place in the course of the day, was considered not the least singular feature in the development of this extraordinary case.

Among Mrs. Ashe's papers were also a great many other notes, letters, and poems, addressed to her by Clinton, forming the data upon which this hasty and imperfect sketch has been drawn. In the packet containing his vindication was found the portrait of Caroline de la Warre, which it is surprising he had never requested to have returned to him. The incredible exactness of its resemblance to Mrs. Ashe filled every one with astonishment; and, in connection with all the concurrent circumstances of the case, went far to palliate the conduct of both in the minds of even the most fastidious in moral propriety; while many, from a consideration of all the facts that were ascertained, and the inferences to be derived from them, were inclined to regard the whole affair as the result of a particular over-ruling

destiny, by which both parties were irresistibly led for some end inscrutable to human penetration.

The author of the anonymous letter was discovered to be a wretched empiric, who had but lately found his way into the district, and who had hoped, by bringing Clinton into disgrace, to have supplanted him in his practice. Appalled at the fatal and unthought-of result of his villany, he was found suspended from a bed-post in his apartment, having previously forwarded a confession to the injured husband.

Colonel Ashe having thrown himself upon the laws of his country, was, after a minute investigation, acquitted by an intelligent and sympathizing jury, who every where expressed their conviction that no evidence of guilt attached to the memories of the deceased sufferers, further than the indiscretion of having, under very extraordinory circumstances, cherished a romantic passion, however refined and exalted, which it was their duty to have crushed and exterminated—an opinion that found its echo in the minds and hearts of every one acquainted with the parties and their melancholy fate.

W. B. H.

A DAY ON THE MOORS.

" The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt; the young because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like, after play and fruit."—*Don Juan*, c. 13.

GROUSE shooting may be had in many parts of England, but it is a very different affair from the same amusement in the Highland hills of Scotland, holding nearly the same relation to each other as angling in a well-protected fish-pond and the same sport on the banks of a river, amid the wild and beautiful scenery it frequently exhibits. One great charm of the muir is its entire novelty, its obvious and irreconcileable difference from our every-day experience. There is a feeling something similar to that produced by gazing on the ocean, excited by looking over the boundless waste of heather. We are like monarchs, in those solitudes, where we meet no one to dispute our pretensions, and seem to breathe more freely in a region where we are discharged from the ordinary trammels of society. Even in the game which is the object of our pursuit, there is a peculiarity of character: no one, for the first time, ever heard the bold, proud *call* of the grouse, amid the imposing stillness of an extended muir, without being struck by it: it is the note of alarm and defiance by the lord of the soil.

No wonder that an amusement capable of producing such excitements should be purchased by so many sacrifices of time and solicitation, that the relish should be poignant, when the gratifications are so unusual in their kind. A day in the muir has something of the air of an enterprise: we take the field with at least as much of preparation as of expectation; every thing essential to the sport must be

provided, for nothing that has been omitted can be supplied in the lonely glens or mountains. A number of contingencies may interrupt it altogether: the want of a flint, the loss of a screw-driver, a deficiency of wadding, all, or any in this dismal train of evils, are fatal; for there is no means of repairing them, save by returning to your cot; and some of these mishaps, even there, may not admit of remedy. For some, or all of these reasons, every one feels the difference between grouse and partridge shooting. The latter amusement is merely an affair of walking; varied only from the highway to the fields, pursued amidst lanes and farm-yards; conveyed to the ground in the well-hung tilbury, refreshed by sandwiches and noyeau, directed to the game by a keeper, who assists to pass the enclosures, and, occasionally, with a more dexterous hand than our own, to fill the ample bag. All this is but the work of a few hours, we have changed nothing except our dress; fustain takes the place of our morning coat, and water-proof shoes, that too frequently keep in the water they cannot keep out, displace our ordinary walking boots. We see from our windows, perhaps, the very fields we mean to beat; we are familiar, from their first flight, with the covies we seek to destroy; we do not leave the bustle of society, by withdrawing from it for a short space; we quit the breakfast table, and join the dinner table in the evening. In a word, there is no interruption to the ordinary current of our ideas, nor any thing in the scenery to suggest new trains of thinking, or awaken unfelt associations, by the powerful magic of nature, in her wild and solitary modes of existence. I well recollect my first campaigns on the Highland hills of Scotland; I had fixed my quarters in a small inn by the road side, occasionally frequented by a few travellers, and at this season of the year by one or two sportsmen. Two beds, in the only apartment, were occupied by myself and friend; the walls showed some symptoms of a taste for the Arts, by the display of most valiant-looking portraits, arranged with as little regard to chronology as to history. His late Majesty was stuck beneath the Pope, and Bonaparte pranced most manfully beside King William; stucco parrots, and wax birds'-nests, with gum-flower roses, that seemed sadly out of place amid the surrounding heather, completed the pendant ornaments of the chamber; and bare benches, to accommodate the meetings of the country people on Sundays, when returning from the kirk, eked out the furnishing of the apartment. A square of glass was wanting to the window, which had been supplied by a hat, pushed into the aperture from the inside; and the landlady, from a love of order, as I presume, had put aside into it several small articles, so that the spectacles of the gudeman, a Gaelic Bible, a string of muir-fowl eggs, and a night-cap, might be seen arranged in this unassuming bureau. In spite of all this *garniture*, the look of the room was abundantly waste and cheerless. The chimney was filled (I could not say decorated) with a piece of hawthorn, whose withered flowers recorded the time when it was separated from the parent stem, to conceal the unscoured grate; and the floor sanded over, made a grating noise, while we bustled about disposing of our luggage, listening to the landlady's apologies, but, in reality, coqueting with her bonnie daughter, who had followed her

into the room, with a lighted piece of peet (turf), and was blowing the fire with both good will and dexterity. Of all cheap comforts, a fire is at once the cheapest and the best; a glow, that seemed like warmth, spread through the chamber; its walls looked less sad, and pictures, parrots, and flowers were all improved by the blazing fire; even the atrabilious countenance of the emperor of the French was brightened by the reflection from his majesty's scarlet coat, and the god of Orange idolatry was less grim and phlegmatic, while the landlord pledged us in a welcome to Glen——h. We were soon fairly established in our quarters; the guns were unlocked from their travelling case; shot-pouches filled, and powder-flasks replenished; dog-whips untied, and dog-calls sounded, till the pointers yelled out a response. All this delightful labour of preparation was not soon accomplished; some tale was attached to every part of the process; anticipations of the result of next day's sport occasionally occupied us; we levelled our gun at the old hat in the window, and felt confident of success; but when we recollected we had never seen a muir-fowl on his own hills, we almost doubted the efficacy of a *Manton*. It was a tedious interval till dinner; we guessed our bill of fare, from the screaming and alarm among the poultry, and the disappearance of a piece of hung-beef from a smoky corner of the kitchen; our journey had given us an interest in these proceedings; but our anxieties would neither pluck the chickens, nor hasten the after-stages of their cooking. The muir, indeed, was at no great distance, and we might walk there with our dogs, to try their steadiness on new game; but we were too highly excited to brook such trifling; we could not endure the mimic sport, when the reality would so soon be within our reach. It was some amusement to mark the various parties who were travelling to further stages on the road, for similar purposes with ourselves; each gig furnished, like the discovery ships, with every conceivable requisite to comfort, in a region which, by English sportsmen, is supposed to be little better than that of Del Fuego. Cloaks, coats, and caps were hung all around these vehicles; our pointers held a kind of *tête-à-tête* with the dogs of the strangers, which commenced with congratulation, and generally ended with worrying. The first symptoms of dinner were discovered by the *collie* dog, who now left us to take his station in the kitchen; the hat in the shattered window was removed, and a leaf, torn from the school writing-book of the landlord's son, supplied its place; but whether from an ambition of greater neatness, or the vanity of showing the family accomplishments, we could not decide. But all our enjoyments on this uncomfortable evening were in the future tense; even dinner, that diurnal festival, to which we recur at short intervals, with all the regularity of Moslem devotions, and much more than their fervour, had little that could please on its own account, but as finishing some part of the business of the day, and leaving less in the perspective of bed-time.

We could not as yet drink whiskey toddy, for we tasted it at first as if it had been laudanum, and the *genius loci* would not be propitiated by any other libation. The whole inmates of the family were on watch to announce the appearances of the evening, and the very

dogs, I believe, would have barked an alarum had a cloud darkened the sky, or threatened the sun-shine of the morrow. To so mercurial a state of existence even a bad bed is a good drop-scene; the landlord and his son were to act as our guides to the muir, at a very early hour, and had promised (good easy souls) to awake us, when God knows, they would have done a greater favour, could they have taught us how to sleep. A confused restless slumber, every now and then broken by the fear least something had been forgotten in our arrangements, was at length succeeded by something like sleep; when we were at once aroused by the crowing of a cock, and a most unusual stir above head; and our eyes, which we had very unadvisedly opened, were instantly filled with dust. An open loft above our bed was the roost of the poultry, and was formed of loose timber, covered with dry turf; the fire had unexpectedly kindled into a transient blaze, and the lord of the dunghill, mistaking its gleams for the first smiles of morning, begun his carol, and, in his coqueting with the beauties of his harem, had produced all this *tourbillon*.

Nor did the mischief rest here; for we now heard a number of voices from the opposite side of the partition, in that provoking kind of whisper which sets the devil, Curiosity, on edge to ascertain its purport; a chink in the boards tempted a look beyond, and we discovered our host, with the partner of his cares, lying in the midst of half-a-dozen children (who we had displaced), with much more the appearance of state than of comfort, and suggesting a tolerable resemblance to the *hen*-and-*chicken* daisy. All was soon hushed again, and my neighbours might be said to sleep audibly around me. Even chanticleer was in repose, and his favourites, no longer roused by his *minanderies*, had again pillowed their heads within the wing. Not the lightest noise was heard over the whole house; the old crazy clock clicked harshly and disagreeably; I would willingly have shut my ears to its interruption; but in attempting not to listen to the progress of seconds, I only found that I was watching them more anxiously. Besides, why lose more time? I had travelled far to enjoy the day which would soon break, and in the mean time more alert sportsmen might get the start of me, and take my intended *beat* on the muir. Inspired by the valiant purposes which those considerations suggested, I left my bed very quietly, dressed myself *par hazard*, collected my sporting articles, and slipped, with cat-like step, out of the apartment, to rouse the young man who was to be my *gilly*;* I passed into the kitchen, and wishing to know the hour, approached the fire-place, before which stood a screen, on which my travelling-cloak was hung. I drew it a little apart, and putting my head forward to look at my watch, was alarmed by a scream from the opposite side; "Gude God, sir, is it you?" said my landlord's son, "thae morning sights are no that canny; but if it's just yoursel, it's the less matter." I satisfied him on this point, by explaining my errand, and having removed the eggs from the pan, which he had been watching while they boiled hard, we were both ready in a few minutes, and left the house together. If the truth was told, my en-

* Gilly—attendant, or servant.

thusiasm abated before we had proceeded far: the morning had not dawned, and the stars were provokingly clear and beautiful, and gave rather too much of the air of midnight adventure to my purpose.

The grey, doubtful light which precedes sun-rise, had just begun to appear when we reached the muir; the dogs gamboled round as if they understood my business, and occasionally darted across the ground when led off by the fresh scent of grouse, but almost immediately returned, as if they feared a hoax, and were *questing* owls in place of higher game. Daylight was now advancing fast: on every side was heard the crowing of the muir-fowl, which was answered by the different families of the feathered tribe, like sentinels passing the *reveil* from watch to watch, over the muir. Now and then a flutter of wings caught our ear; and we could see, between the heavy mist, which hung, canopy-like, all around, and the dark heath with which it almost mingled, a pack of grouse taking a low flight, and settling at no great distance, and then, with head erect and some appearance of alarm, running about under the direction of their parent leader. The effect of the mist in magnifying the few objects presented to it was very singular, and gave a romantic colouring to my feelings in that lonely spot. A few sheep feeding near me had the bulk of oxen; but their difference of shape, though it puzzled me how to reconcile it with their size, did not unravel the mystery; and Archy Fraser had some difficulty to persuade me that I laboured under a deception, which, as he was insensible to it, appeared to him the more remarkable. Occasionally we could hear voices, though we could not distinguish the speakers in the dense fog, and the sounds felt harsh and unmellowed on the ear; they were evidently sportsmen, from their hurried, impatient progress. Again the grouse were alarmed; and I shall never forget the effect upon me, when five fine birds settled close beside where I sat, and for the first time I saw them strutting among the heather, could mark their eye turning within its scarlet fringe, and observe their motions.

The mists now rolled slowly and heavily from the sides of the hills, and spread over the low grounds like a vast lake; the level sun could not penetrate them, but gave a rich yellow glow to the whole medium. In the partial glimpses which were afforded by the dispersion of the vapours, I could see sportsmen in different directions, and this was sufficient to disturb and break the apathy which the gloom of my situation had at first produced, and to kindle anew my zeal by emulation and competition. At this moment the dogs were *drawing* with the impetuosity inseparable from new game: "Take care, Ranger—Why so fast, Juno?—Hold, there;" at once they set off, their noses nearly breast high, and an old cock was sprung at some distance. "Thrash them weel," was the remedy which Archy Fraser suggested for their fault; and at that time I thought they deserved it, although better experience has shown me that solitary birds are generally a severe trial to the temper of the best bred pointer; and if they are improved by the whip, the steadiness of the master's nerves is generally hurt in a tenfold degree. "Steady, steady, Juno!"—she had now settled to fresh game, and looking round to me with eyes flaming, and tail erected, sunk down among the heather. Ranger was in an-

other direction, but missing his partner, was coming down at speed: he instantly backed, his body forming a curve, obeying the direction of his course, and of the quarter from whence he received the scent. I panted with breathless expectation, and wished to give the dogs leisure to enjoy their point; but I was teazed with the importunities of my *gilly*, who, not understanding either the niceties or flutter of spirits in the presence of a muir fowl, was urging me to go on and take my shot. I did so, and missed my bird, which, under such circumstances, was less wonderful than if I had bagged him. Archy had lost confidence in me by this specimen of my address, but I had gained some in myself; I could depend on my dogs, and I knew what he did not, that I could depend on myself when the first impressions, inseparable from young sportsmen, had been dissipated. There was no want of game: we returned to the grey stone from whence we had first started in the morning, and giving the dogs the wind, passed through the low grounds, which were full of hags, in some places separated by water, or wet, miry turf. In passing over to one of these detached masses, a pack of grouse rose before me: I had not expected them; but, on the other hand, neither was I flurried with the suspense and *awful pause* which, more or less, besets a sportsman to the last, in the interval between the point and the shot;—I killed the old cock with my favourite left-hand barrel, and a bird which rose nearer to me shared the same fate with the second discharge. The dogs had instantly dropped, and the game was fluttering on the spot where it had fallen, when I called Archy in a tone which sufficiently marked how I felt after this exploit, and asked him for a charge of shot. I would not condescend to make any remarks on it myself; that would have looked too much as if such feats had been new to me: no, it must come from him only.—"Had I not better pick up the bird, Sir?"—"Not till I have done, and then you will find two grouse, or I mistake;" which, I believe, was pronounced with an air of great dignity; for Archy, who seemed to freeze under the chillness of my aspect, attempted to cajole me, by saying, while he lifted them, "Lord, Sir, if ye gang on that gait till gloaming, what will the bag say till't?" While I am writing this I have almost a repetition of the wild joy and pleasure I had when these beautiful birds, my first trophies, were brought to me; not a feather ruffled; their eyes nearly closed, and the big, thick drops of blood bursting convulsively from the mouth. I smoothed the plumage, and laid them, with something like tenderness and pride, into my bag, and encouraging the dogs to go out, was again on the alert. Before eight o'clock I had counted seven brace; a wide track of excellent heath lay before me, and my hopes were not unreasonably high of my day's sport: now and then an anxious thought would come across me, of jealousy of my companion's success, but on the whole I was delighted and satisfied. I learned there was a shepherd's cot at no great distance, and feeling it was breakfast time, proceeded in that direction to get some milk. It was a wretched hovel, no bad resemblance to an Indian wig-wam, seated at the foot of a high hill, with a stream running close beside. A little kail-yard, with a patch of corn, completed the whole appearance of this simple man's provision for the winter: a heap of peats piled to the end of his house, and a hovel for his cow at the other,

showed the value he attached to both of these necessaries, by having them so close at hand.

Altogether, there was something imposing in the still sequestered look of this place; the short velvet turf near it looked greener by its contrast with the adjoining heather, and the rill was crystalline when compared with the brown sluggish streams I had seen passing through the mosses. But how did they fare in sickness or in trouble, separated by many miles from any human habitation, a pathless muir intervening to render access difficult in summer, and in winter almost impassable? I had no time to resolve this question, for my hand was on the latchet of the door, and I was about to draw it, when arrested by hearing a voice, as if in prayer. I instantly drew back, very much to the astonishment of Archy, who had given more than one indication of a wish to lighten the stock of provisions; but in spite of his impatience, I would not disturb the devotions of this humble worshipper.

I caught a portion of the feeling which the act, as well as the place, was calculated to inspire, and sitting down, waited till the door was opened. We were beckoned, rather than invited to enter; for, as Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare's learning, he had but *small English;* a huge chest was at once our table and our seat; and our wallet, when spread, and displaying its contents, gave the look of a feast in this lowly cabin. Archy produced his eggs, and cast a significant glance to me, in allusion to the adventure of the morning; but they were put aside for an after refreshment; but the roasted fowl and smoked tongue did not pass so easily. Boiled milk was the only beverage; and a little whiskey, which was under the special charge of my gilly, served to complete the repast, and to pledge our host. I could not prevail on him to accept of money, till I made him understand, it was as a present not as payment it was offered; a slender distinction, one would suppose, but evincing a pride of feeling which was, perhaps, a solace under many heavy privations. The day was now delightful: a soft, warm breeze made the dogs true to their point, and vigorous in their travel; the birds were broken into smaller packs, and sat close on the bask, as the sun heightened. I was passing a soft, green quagmire, covered with short moss and larger tufts of the same kind of stuff, raised above the surrounding surface, when one of the dogs made a point where I could not have expected game. His look was unusual; his head was turned to one side, and was evidently bent downwards at the object which arrested him immediately beneath: he was in the act of watching the animal, and eager to spring: he did not couch to it, as was usual with him; and though Juno backed, it was apparently not in compliance with her own nose, but in deference to her companion. I supposed it might be dead game, and gave the word to "fetch;" but Ranger was still fixed; when, on approaching nearer, I saw a large adder coiled within its circles, its head in the centre, with a singular kind of motion, as if watching attack, and ready to punish it. I blew the reptile to pieces: there was a horrible tenacity of life about it; every atom seemed to retain a portion, which gave an uncomfortable idea of its power of doing mischief.

There is a part of the day, between one and three o'clock, when it

is well known to be almost impossible to find game: it seems the natural hour of the *siesta* on the muir. We sat down on a sweet spot, green and beautiful, such as sometimes are to be met, like oases in the desart, where we fancy we could live our lives out; although I have thought, on after reflection, that the fascination of these little islands, as they seem, owes a good deal to the wearied limbs they serve to repose.

Here we rested in delightful, careless indolence: every thing was still around; the few sportsmen, over the wide extent of muir were enjoying, like ourselves, the recreation of that interval. At times, the howl of a dog under the whip broke the prevailing silence of the hour; then, perhaps, a shot would follow, and again low murmurs and complaints from the bungling cur, who most probably had plunged among the birds without giving warning, and was beat to save his master's character, as well as to atone for his own offence. Then would come some idle speculation about the success of our friends—some affectation of blame on our own doings, and a strenuous vindication of our dexterity from the flattering and obsequious *gilly*, who soon learns the weak side of the sportsman, and plants himself there as in a strong-hold. In this way the hour of resting was easily passed away. There was a piece of ground still before me which I had reserved for my return in the afternoon; it was much broken into hags, but was noted for the sport it generally afforded. Juno very soon began to draw on game, and at length stood fast: now she went on; now halted; then moved cautiously forward; at once she rushed in a different direction, and taking the wind with her, came down again, as if she had got new instructions how to act in this dilemma, and disappearing among the hags, remained concealed by the inequalities of the ground. It was evident that this was an old cock who thus tried Juno's patience. I moved forward without knowing exactly where she was set; and at this moment the bird rose, and made a low, struggling-kind of flight along the surface of the heather. Poor Juno could not resist the temptation of springing to seize him as he passed the spot where she lay quietly couched, and at this unlucky crisis a few pellets of my shot were lodged in the back of the faithful spaniel. Juno howled, and looked reproachfully at her reckless master; even the dead bird that had wrought this trouble, had lost its power to soothe. I coaxed, caressed, nay threatened, by turns, but she would not quit the spot. She was but slightly grazed, but it was evident my sport was over for this day. I do not choose to use harsh words of my favourite, but, to say the least of it, she was both sulky and wayward, and would not even follow me, but watched till I disappeared, then would run forward till she caught a view, and again lie down. Archy, more than once, suggested the application of his nostrum for all canine perversities, and was loosing the whip from his shoulders with a look and action very significant of his meaning, but I did not choose to understand him; so that he was at length forced, most unwillingly, to adopt a much more disagreeable expedient, and carry her on his own shoulders till we reached our quarters.

I had bagged fifteen brace before this accident: it would have been difficult to speculate upon what might have been the full amount of the *returns* of *killed*, had it not been for the casualty to which I have alluded.

THE FRENCH CONVULSIVES.*

This is a very cleverly executed work, and, though bearing the name of one of the stronger, is now known to be the production of one of the gentler sex. Certain it is, that it is a performance which the author of "Matilda, or Yes and No," might not be ashamed to acknowledge. The ground-work of this novel is substantially old and hackneyed. It has formed the subject of several thousand romances and novels of fashionable life. The embarrassing situations arising out of the conflict of the affections and feelings of our nature with the laws of society that would regulate and control them, have been pathetically set forth with every colouring of sentiment, from Helen of Troy down to the Corinne of Madame de Staël.

We are still travelling over the same ground, though the characters of our companions may vary, and the incidents of the way be different and differently related. In the work before us, the materials may at first sight be taken to be of the commonest description: A West Indian planter, with his wife and friend, are almost the only characters that figure in it! but they are so naturally and skilfully developed, so successfully laboured and wrought into the incidents and circumstances of the tale, that they seize upon the attention and awaken a strong feeling of interest. If we are disposed to receive cleverness of execution as a compensation for the want of a moral tendency; or if we are to suppose, as in the case of the heroes of the Greek drama, that her personages are urged on by inevitable destiny, and not by the force of wit, passions, and a depraved will, we may appreciate the character of our author's heroine and sympathize in her afflictions. Certain it is, that there is no want of sympathy between the author and her heroine, and, consequently, she has written what all who are capable of entering into the same feelings must recognize as truth.

Indiana was the daughter of an opulent West Indian, who made a considerable figure in the Parisian circles, during the temporary ascendency of Josephine. On the fate of Napoleon he retired to his estate in the Isle of Bourbon, where Indiana, a little time previous to his death, became the wife of Colonel Delmare, a soldier of fortune, bred up in the camp of Napoleon, and passionately attached to that general and his system. Nothing could be more ill assorted than this union. To say nothing of the age of the colonel, which more than trebled that of his young bride, there was nothing congenial in their tastes or dispositions. Indiana, brought up by a father of a whimsical and violent temper, had never known the happiness which is to be found in the affection of others. She had long endured the morose temper of her father, who, soured by political passions and baffled schemes of ambition, had become the severest task-master and the most troublesome neighbour of his settlement. But while contemplating the continual picture of the miseries of slavery in bearing up against the *ennui* of solitude and dependence, she had acquired a degree of patience

* Indiana, a Novel. By Sandes. Paris, 1832.

capable of triumphing over every trial—a gentleness and sweetness of disposition that gained her the adoration of her inferiors, and at the same time an incalculable power of resistance against every thing tending to oppress her. By marrying Delmare she only changed masters, by being transferred from the Isle of Bourbon to her husband's estate in Brie, she only changed her prison and her solitude. Reared in the desert—neglected by her father—surrounded by slaves for whom she had no other succour or consolation but her compassion or her tears, she had been accustomed to say to herself, "A day will come when every thing in my existence shall undergo an alteration—a day, when I shall be loved—when I shall give my whole heart to him who will give me his. In the mean time let me bear it; let me be silent, and keep my love for the man who shall come to deliver me." But this Messiah came not. Colonel Delmare was a man of iron—captious, jealous, vindictive, morose. The brilliant day had passed when, as Lieutenant Delmare, he breathed triumph in the air of camps forgotten by his ungrateful country, the retired officer saw himself condemned to endure all the consequences of marriage; that is to say, to be the husband of a young and lovely woman, the owner of a comfortable estate and of a flourishing manufactory. The consequence was, that the Colonel was peevish and irritable, an excellent master before whom every body trembled—wife, servants, horses, and dogs. Such was the husband of the gentle and delicate Indiana; and the stranger who beheld her frail and sylph-like figure—so young, so beautiful, and so melancholy in the midst of her old fashioned house, and by the side of her old husband, would have pitied the wife of Colonel Delmare, and perhaps Colonel Delmare more than his wife.

The next personage is the fox-hunting baronet, Sir Ralph Brown, or as he is sometimes called, Sir Brown; and this character is the most laboured and original of the set. He is cousin to Indiana, and had been brought up with her in the Isle of Bourbon. Nature, in giving Sir Ralph a heart exquisitely susceptible and warm, had denied him the power of expressing his sensations, either by looks or words. He was slow, heavy, phlegmatic, and cold; and as the interior man was judged of by the exterior, Sir Ralph was despised and overlooked both by his parents and by the world. Thus thrown upon himself, he became an egotist—a lonely, musing, melancholy being. Indiana, equally forlorn as himself, became his only resource; and during ten years she was every thing to him—his occupations, his joy, his riches; a young flower, whose blooming he watched with impatience, in the hope of her one day becoming his bride. But his eldest brother, who monopolized the affection of his parents, happening to die, Sir Ralph was, much to his own surprise, taken to supply his place, and, in spite of his passion for Indiana, was married to the betrothed of his deceased brother. This lady died in England, and on Sir Ralph's return to the Isle of Bourbon, he found Indiana married to Delmare: and as he could not live without her, he became domesticated with them, with the husband's plenary consent. So complete was the restraint which he exercised over himself, that neither Delmare nor Indiana herself were ever aware of the real nature of his passion, and

he appeared to both to be nothing more than what he assumed to be; as a disguise—a confirmed egotist, who had outlived all passion, and whose philosophy was, in one word, ease. This is the man of probity. As a contrast to him we have the man of society, the man of the world, with all its selfishness, hypocrisy, and tinsel virtues, in the person of the young and noble Raymon de Ramure, whose estate adjoined that of the Delmares.

Patronized by the court for his powerful advocacy of the cause of the restoration, gifted with mental and personal endowments of the highest order, he had acquired unbounded influence over mens' minds, and complete success in society. This species of Mirabeau had become enamoured of the creole maid of Madame Delmare, who almost equalled her mistress in beauty. He was struck with admiration of her large black eyes at a rustic festival, and had the glory of triumphing over a host of rivals. He paid his addresses to her at first from mere idleness, and success had awakened his passion; while the creole, on her part, loved with all the wild fervour and headlong devotedness of passion that characterizes the children of the tropics. The circumstances of romance attending their stolen interviews lent a charm to the affair which was pleasing for awhile. But Raymon was not long in being awakened to the difficulty and embarrassment of the consequences attending it. He had been surprised into a holiday amour; what was to be done? To marry her was to entail misery on both parties; so he took the resolution of forgetting her; he left his country-seat, and once more mingled in the gay world, the scene of his triumphs and success. Accident here brought him in contact with Indiana at a public ball, and he no sooner saw her than he conceived a strong attachment for her. With a man of his consummate skill and experience in the art of winning hearts, all resistance was vain. Indiana felt the effect of his impassioned declarations; she thought not of the duties which had been imposed upon her, nor on the prudence which had been recommended to her, nor to the futurity which had been predicted to her; she only recalled the odious past, her long sufferings, her despotic masters. Neither did she think that this man might be a deceiver or a trifler. She saw him as she desired him, as she had dreamed of him; and Raymon might have deceived her, if he had not been sincere. Raymon had loved Noun with the senses; he loved Madame Delmare with his whole soul. So far he had not deceived either of them; the point was, to effect the removal of Noun before a secret, which must bring despair to her heart as well as that of her mistress, should be mutually communicated. To make her an offer of half his fortune was nothing to the difficulty in being obliged to confess to her that he did not love her. With this view of adjusting matters, he appoints an interview with her in the park of Lagny, during her mistress' absence. Noun lead him into the house, and into the cabinet of Indiana. She used all her arts, and tried all the force of her charms, to win back his estranged affections. But when he made her his proposals with regard to her future disposal, she burst into a transport of rage, and sought to destroy herself. She rejected them with scorn, and said she would throw herself at the feet of Madame Delmare, and confess

all. Madame Delmare suddenly returns from Paris, and entered the house at this identical moment, before Raymon could make his escape from her apartment. He has only time to withdraw behind the curtain, in the hopes that Noun may find him an opportunity of escaping. As this scene is one of the best and most dramatic of the work, we shall give it at full length, as a specimen of our author's style and manner:—

"Indiana entered in haste, threw her bonnet upon the bed, and embraced Noun with the familiarity of a sister. There was so little light in the apartment that she did not remark the agitation of her companion.

"'Then you expected me?' said she, as she approached the fire; 'how did you know I was coming?' And, without waiting for an answer, 'Mr. Delmare,' said she, 'will be here to-morrow—I set out the moment I received his letter—I have my reasons for receiving him here rather than at Paris. But do speak to me—you don't seem as pleased to see me as you are wont to be.'

"'I am sad,' said Noun, kneeling beside her mistress to remove her shoes. —'I, too, have something to communicate to you, but not at present—perhaps you will step into the saloon.'

"'What an idea!—why, 'tis bitter cold there.'

"'No: there is a good fire.'

"'You are dreaming—I have just crossed it.'

"'But your supper is served there.'

"'I don't want supper:—besides, there is nothing ready. Go fetch my boa, which I left in the carriage.'

"'Presently.'

"'Why not immediately?—Nay, go now—go now.' And as she spoke she pushed Noun with a playful air; and the latter, seeing that firmness and presence of mind were requisite, left the room for a few moments. She had not gone a moment when Madame Delmare latched the door, and unclasping her pelerine, laid it on the bed beside her hat. At this moment she approached Raymon so closely that he made a motion to draw back: but the bed being set upon very light castors, yielded with a slight noise. Madame Delmare, astonished, but not alarmed—for she might have fancied that the bed had been pushed by herself—nevertheless advanced her head, drew aside the curtain a little, and discovered, by the uncertain light cast by the fire, the outline of a man's head upon the wall. Startled, she screamed aloud, and sprung towards the bell to give the alarm. Raymon would prefer to be again taken for a robber (he had been fired at by Mr. Delmare, on a former occasion, as a robber) than to be discovered in this situation. But if he did not adopt this latter part, Madame Delmare would summon her attendants and compromise herself. He had hopes in the love with which he had inspired her, and, springing towards her, he attempted to silence her exclamations and to withdraw her from the bell, by saying to her, in an under tone, for fear of being heard by Noun, who, doubtless, was not far off,—

"'It is I, Indiana; recognize me, and forgive me. Indiana, forgive a wretch whose reason you have bewildered, and who could not prevail upon himself to restore you to your husband until he had seen you once more.' While pressing her in his arms, as well to soothe her as to prevent her from ringing, he perceived that she was almost undressed. Noun knocked at the door in a fit of agony. Madame Delmare, then disengaging herself from the grasp of Raymon, ran to open the door, and again sunk into an arm-chair. Pale, and almost expiring, Noun placed herself against the door of the corridore to prevent the domestics, who passed to and fro, from stumbling upon this strange scene. More deadly pale even than her mistress, her knees trembling, her back applied to the door, she awaited her fate in agony. Raymon

felt that it only required address to deceive both these women at the same time.—'Madame,' said he, falling on his knees before Indiana, 'my presence here must appear to you an outrage; behold me at your feet to implore your pardon. Grant me a moment's hearing alone, and I will explain'—— 'Hold, Sir, and begone from here!' cried Madame Delmare, resuming all the dignity of her part. 'Leave this openly. Noun, open that door, and let this gentleman go forth, that all my servants may see him, and that the shame of such a proceeding may fall upon him alone.' Noun believing herself detected, threw herself on her knees beside Raymon. Madame Delmare gazed at her with surprise, without uttering a word. Raymon tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it with indignation. Flushed with anger, she rose, and pointing to the door,—

"'Begone! I tell you,' cried she, 'begone! for your conduct is infamous. These are the means which you have chosen to employ. You, Sir, concealed in my chamber, like a robber! So, then, it is customary with you to introduce yourself thus into families! This is the attachment you swore to me yesterday evening! It is thus you would protect me, respect me, defend me; this is the homage you render me! You see a woman who has assisted you with her own hands, who for this has braved the anger of her husband; you abuse her by a feigned gratitude; you swear to her a love worthy of her; and in recompence for her cares, for her credulity, you would surprise her sleep, and insure your success by an indescribable baseness. You bribe her maid; you almost steal to her bed; you do not fear to make her servants privy to an intimacy which does not exist. Go, Sir! you have taken care to disabuse me very soon. Go! I tell you: stay not a moment under my roof.—And you, abject girl, who have so little respect for the honour of your mistress, leave my sight!' Noun, half dead with surprise and despair, had her eyes fixed upon Raymon, as if to ask an explanation of this unexpected mystery; then, with a haggard air and choked utterance, she staggered towards Indiana, and, grasping her arm with energy,—

"'What have you said?' cried she; 'her teeth set with anger—'did this man declare himself your lover?'

"'Oh, doubtless you know he did,' said Madame Delmare, repelling her with disdain; 'you know full well what must be the motives of a man who conceals himself behind the curtains of a woman's bed. Ah, Noun!' said she, as she witnessed the despair of the girl, 'it was an unheard-of perfidy, and one of which I did not think you capable. You would have sold the honour of her who had taken such care of thee!' Madame Delmare wept, but as well from passion as from grief. Never had she appeared so beautiful to Raymon; but he scarce dared to look upon her, for she was almost naked; and her outraged pride compelled him to cast down his eyes. He stood rivetted to the spot with consternation at the presence of Noun—for, alone with Madame Delmare, he felt he possessed the power of soothing her. But the expression of Noun was terrible: rage and hatred had discomposed her features."

But the arrival of Sir Ralph Brown compels our hero to make a precipitate retreat by the private door of the garden, to which he is conducted by the wretched Noun. She spoke not, but abruptly disappeared; and, the next morning, as Madame Delmare walked forth by the bank of the stream that fed the mill of her husband's factory, she was horror-struck at beholding the body of her beloved Noun floating on the surface. She had drowned herself in one of those moments of a violent crisis when extreme resolutions are so easy of accomplishment. Her death was attributed to accident by every one

but Raymon and the gardener of Lagny, who was privy to her intimacy with Raymon. Although Sir Ralph Brown had sufficient penetration to assign it to its right cause, he consdered him sufficiently punished by remorse, and remained silent on the subject. Madame Delmare was thus kept in ignorance of the facts, and continued so to the end. As for Raymon, he at first meditated suicide, but resolved to live for the sake of his aged and helpless mother, to consecrate his existence to her happiness, as the best reparation for his crime. He returned to Paris, plunged again into the world, and soon felt its vital and exciting influences. He felt, in his young heart, in his active brain, in his whole vivacious and robust being, life overflow at every pore. Destiny made him happy in his own despite; and he asked pardon of an angry ghost, which sometimes would wait in his dreams, for having sought in the attachment of the living a support against the terrors of the tomb. His thoughts reverted to Indiana, to the treasure he had lost; he still retained hopes, and he set about repairing that loss. He made himself useful to Colonel Delmare, and by degrees gained the confidence of the Colonel, who, provided a man was what is called honest, never inquired further into his character.

Though Madame Delmare refused again to meet Raymon, his arts and assiduity triumphed over her determination, and, in a short time, he was fully established in the intimacy of the Colonel and Sir Ralph Brown, and the love of Indiana. The latter abandoned herself to her passion with an intensity that startled Raymon. He was hurried along by the charms of a woman so frail and so impassioned, so delicate in body and so resolute in heart. Six months passed away in this mutual intercourse of soul, when, at length, the Colonel was obliged to absent himself on business that threatened the ruin of his fortune. Indiana was confided to the care of Sir Ralph. Raymon seized the opportunity of pressing for a proof of her love. It was granted as readily as it was asked. He entered the park at midnight, by the same door through which he had so often passed to visit Noun —crossed the bridge that spanned the stream where she had perished —eluded the vigilance of Sir Ralph, who was posted there to intercept him, as he had a suspicion of his intention—and, with a light heart, mounted the stairs leading to his mistress's chamber. But he was little prepared for the scene that there awaited him.

Seeing that she was fast approaching the crisis of her fate, Sir Ralph had attempted to reveal to her the real causes of the death of Noun. Her impatience prevented her from giving ear to it, but she heard sufficient to awaken her reflections. To satisfy the doubts of her mind she resorted to an experiment such as the weak and unhappy alone are capable of conceiving. She resolved to practise on the conscience of her lover, and collected around her all the memorials of the departed Noun. On entering the chamber, Raymon started at finding it furnished with objects of remorse. Indiana had imitated the dress of Noun so closely, and resembled her so much, that for an instant he thought his superstitious ideas were realized. He recovered himself, however, to undergo a fresh shock. Indiana put into his

hands a mass of long, black hair. At first he took it to be her own; but death was in its dimness and heaviness. He saw it all:—his irritable nerves yielded to the shock—he shuddered and fell senseless.

"'You have done me a dreadful wrong,' cried he, 'a wrong which it is not in your power to repair; you can never restore me the confidence I placed in your heart. You have just showed me how much revenge and cruelty it contains. Poor Noun! poor unfortunate girl! it is her I have wronged, and not you; it is she who had the right of revenging herself, and who did not do it. She destroyed herself to leave me a futurity. She sacrificed her life to my repose. You had not done as much.'"

After proceeding at great length in this strain, which we are forced to give in order to exhibit the fluxes and refluxes of sentiment, the vicissitudes and rapid transitions of feeling, and the play of the affections, on which the whole interest of the work depends, and which are delineated with singular force and accuracy, he is interrupted by the sudden arrival of Colonel Delmare. He retreats by the garden door, and finds Sir Ralph posted there to receive him. Perhaps you will anticipate a duel as the natural consequence of this rencontre; and such was the idea of Raymon; but the calm and inflexibly stoical demeanour of Sir Ralph betrayed not the slightest impatience, and he contents himself with asking for the key of the gate, as a precaution in favour of Madame Delmare. Such was the all-absorbing passion of Sir Ralph for Indiana, so entirely did it fill his whole soul, and so completely had he learnt to compress his feelings and emotions by the long discipline of years, that he only thought of her happiness. To have killed Raymon were to make her unhappy; and to such a pitch of madness was he transported by this sentiment, that when he beheld the sufferings of Indiana he felt almost tempted to betray his friend Delmare, and assist the success of his enemy. The return of the Colonel brought with it the news of the utter ruin of his affairs by the failure of a banker in Brussels. He was compelled to sell his estate and to repair to a remnant of property in the Isle of Bourbon, again to set about rebuilding his fortune. He confided his projects to Raymon, and deputed him to break the matter to Indiana. She had taken the resolution of hazarding every thing rather than leave Raymon. This declaration by no means accorded with the disposition of Raymon: he saw, with satisfaction, that events were taking a course which would preserve him from the troublesome and inevitable consequences of a worn-out intrigue. He only thought of profiting by the last moments of passion of Madame Delmare, and then of leaving to his benevolent destiny the care of ridding him of her tears and her reproaches. Besides, he had grown so virtuous by the confidence reposed in him by Colonel Delmare, that he would not deprive him of his wife—he would only seduce her. Meantime the period of departure approached. The temper of the Colonel grew every day more insupportable. Indiana openly declared her determination not to accompany him, and in this she was encouraged by her aunt. The violence of her husband was carried so far as to confine her to her chamber: she escaped, and fled to Raymon; but his passion had reached the last degree of disgust, it had descended to *ennui*. He received her with every studied demonstration of

passion, but, in the end, called a coach to reconduct her to her husband. Indiana was stupified—she quitted the house, and—

"At the first few paces in the street, she felt her trembling limbs ready to refuse their service—she fancied every moment she felt the rude grasp of her furious husband seizing her and dragging her into the stream. But very soon the bustle around her, the carelessness of the figures that passed her, and the penetrating cold of the morning, restored her strength and tranquillity; but 'twas a painful strength, and an awful tranquillity, similar to that which spreads itself upon the waters of the sea, alarming the sagacious seaman more than the commotions of the tempest. She descended the quay, from the Institute to the Corps Legislatif, but she forgot to cross the bridge, and continued to follow the course of the river, absorbed in a stupid reverie—a meditation without ideas, and continued to walk forwards without any fixed object. Insensibly she found herself by the margin of the river, with the icicles at her feet, and broke them with a dry, cold noise, upon the stone-work that bounded its waters. The greenish and sounding waters exercised an attractive power upon the senses of Indiana. We become accustomed to terrible ideas; by entertaining them we are led to take a pleasure in them. The example of the suicide of Noun had long soothed her moments of despair—she had long made suicide a sort of fascinating temptation. One thought alone—one religious thought, had prevented her from fixing definitively upon it; but at this moment her exhausted brain was under the dominion of no complete thought. Scarce did she recollect there was a God—that there was such a person as Raymon, and she continued to walk, still approaching the river, obeying the instinct of misfortune, and the magnetism of suffering. When she felt the piercing cold of the water, which already bathed her feet, she awoke, as from a fit of somnambulism; and, looking around to discover where she was, she beheld Paris behind her, and the Seine flying beside her feet, bearing upon its oily mass the white reflection of the houses, and the greyish blue of the sky. This continuous motion of the river, and the immobility of the bank, became confounded in her confused perceptions, and it appeared to her that the waters were still, and that the land was careering along. She leant against a wall, and bent forward, fascinated towards what she took to be a solid mass."

This is as it should be; a French novel, descriptive of the wild play of overmastering passion, would be as incomplete without a picture of suicide—real or projected—as an English novel would be without a duel. The interposition of Sir Ralph, who had been indefatigable in his search after her, rescues her from her perilous situation. By him she is reconducted to her house; an explanation of the causes of her absence partially satisfies her husband, and they set sail for the Isle of Bourbon. Notwithstanding their repugnance to such a step, Sir Ralph insists on accompanying them. He disposes of his property, and settles with them in their villa, in the mountains above St. Paul. Though he watched over Indiana with the most tender and unremitting vigilance, in the excess of his delicate reserve he continued to wear the appearance of coldness and egotism. Meantime the heart of Indiana was a prey to all the violence of disappointed love. Raymon had sought her forgiveness before her departure, and her passion had returned with fresh violence. After spending the sultry hours in her hamac—

"When, as evening advanced, the sea breeze began to bring with it the perfume of the rice flowers, she plunged into the savannah, leaving Delmare and Sir Ralph to inhale the aromatic infusion of the *taham*, and slowly to

distil the smoke of their cigantos. Then would she climb some accessible height, the extinguished crater of some old volcano, to gaze upon the setting sun, which fired the red vapour of the atmosphere, and spread, as it were, a dust—half-gold, half-ruby, upon the murmuring edges of the sugar-canes. She fancied that, beyond those waves and those distant vapours, the magical apparition of another land would be unrolled to her eyes. And, in truth, the clouds of the coast presented to her view fantastic shapes. Sometimes she beheld a white sheet rise above the waves, and describe a fantastic line, which she took for the façade of the Louvre. At times it was two square sails, which, suddenly emerging from the haze, reminded her of the towers of Notre Dame, when the Seine exhales a thick fog, which embraces their base, and give them the appearance of being suspended in the heavens; at other times it was large flakes of rosy clouds, whose changing forms presented all the caprices of architecture—of an immense city. The mind of that woman was wrapped in the recollection of the past, and she felt her heart palpitate with joy at the sight of this imaginary Paris, whose realities had signalized the most miserable periods of her existence. Poor creature! she lived for weeks and months beneath a tropical sky—knowing, loving, caressing nothing but a shadow."

In these wanderings she was ever guarded by the vigilant tenderness of Sir Ralph, though all familiarity between them had almost ceased.

"He never absented himself from the house but during the hours when the heat confined her to her home; but when she went forth in the evening he dexterously withdrew from Delmare, and repaired to wait for her, at the foot of the rocks, upon which she was in the habit of seating herself. He remained there whole hours, gazing at her at times through the branches, blanched by the moon, but respecting the short space that separated her from him, and never daring to shorten, by an instant, her melancholy reverie. When she descended into the valley, she always found him on the bank of the little rivulet, whose course was parallel with the path leading to the house; he gave her his arm, and conducted her to the house without uttering a word, unless, being more melancholy than usual, she began the conversation."

Meantime Raymon, disappointed in his ambitious views by the revolution of July, had retired to the country. He was seized with a severe illness, which brought back his feelings to their former course. His heart softened at the recollection of Indiana, and he repented of his rejection of her sacrifice. Under the influence of these ideas he wrote to her to say he was unhappy, and gently insinuating the remedy for his afflictions. This letter, added to the effect of a violent outbreak of her husband's temper, determined Indiana to quit the Isle of Bourbon, and fly to Raymon. Difficulties and sufferings of the most appalling nature were surmounted by her energy and address. She arrives in France, and finds her lover married to the heiress of the rich manufacturer who had purchased her husband's property. The scene in which this *eclaircissement* takes place is so spirited, that we are tempted to extract it.

She had intended to surprise him, and had given him no intimation of her presence:—

"At the foot of the stairs she again paused to take breath—she felt herself less able to bear joy than grief. She stooped and looked through the key-hole; Raymon was alone—he was reading. It was, indeed, himself; it was

Raymon, full of strength and life; vexations had not made him look older, political tempests had not deprived him of a single hair; he was there, calm and beautiful, his brow resting on his white hand, which was lost in his black hair. Indiana pushed the door with a brisk motion—it opened without resistance.

"'You have been waiting for me,' cried she, falling on her knees, and leaning her drooping head upon his bosom. 'You counted the months, the days—you knew that the time was passed—but you knew, too, that I could not fail to answer your call; it is you that have summoned me—I am come, I am come, I am dying.' Her ideas became confused in her brain, she remained for a time silent, sobbing, incapable of speaking, thinking,—absorbed, overwhelmed by their sensation. And then she again opened her eyes, recognized Raymon, as if awaking from a dream, uttered a cry of joy and frenzy, and clung to him with the wildness of delight. He was pale, mute, motionless, thunder-stricken.

"'Recognize me,' cried she; 'it is I—it is your Indiana—it is your slave, whom you have recalled from exile, and who has come from a distance of three thousand leagues to love and serve you—it is the companion of your choice, who has quitted every thing, risked every thing, braved every thing, to bring you this hour of joy. Are you happy? are you satisfied with her?—Speak, I await my recompence—a word—a kiss; I shall be repaid an hundredfold.' But Raymon replied not—his admirable presence of mind had abandoned him; he was overwhelmed with surprise, remorse, and terror, on beholding that woman at his feet—he covered his face with his hands, and wished for death.

"'My God—my God! you speak not to me, you do not embrace me!' cried Madam Delmare, grasping his knees—'you are unable, then—happiness is overcoming—it destroys—I know it does. Ah, you suffer—you are choking—I have surprised you too unexpectedly.'

"'I would weep,' said Raymon, in a smothered voice.—'And I, too,' said she, while she covered his hands with kisses. 'Ah, yes—'twill do you good—weep, weep upon my bosom, I will dry your tears with my kisses; for, mind, Raymon, I have come to make you happy—to be all that you can wish. Hitherto I have been very cruel, very silly, very selfish; I have caused you much suffering, and I would not understand that I tasked you beyond your strength. But, see, I have reflected on it since, and as you do not fear to brave public opinion for me, I have no longer a right to refuse you any sacrifice. Dispose of me, of my blood, of my life—I am thine, body and soul. I have traversed a space of three thousand leagues to be thine—to tell you this; take me—I am your property—you are my master.' Some infernal idea crossed the mind of Raymon, he withdrew his countenance from his contracted hands, and gazed upon Indiana with a diabolical coolness: a fearful smile then strayed upon his lips, and sparkled in his eyes; for Indiana was still beautiful.

"'At present I must conceal you,' said he, rising.

"'Why conceal me here?' said she, 'are you not at liberty to receive me—to protect me—me, who have nothing but you left upon earth, and who, without you, would be reduced to beg upon the highway? Away! even the world cannot find fault with you for loving me. It is I, who have taken the responsibility on myself—it is I,—but where are you going?' she exclaimed, as she beheld him proceed towards the door.

"It was his intention to shut and secure the door, but he was too late, it opened before he could lay his hand upon it; and Laura de Nangy entered—seemed less astonished than shocked—uttered no exclamation—bent forward a little to view, askant, the lady who had fallen half-fainting upon the floor; then, with a cold, bitter, contemptuous smile—

"'Madame Delmare,' said she, 'it seems it is your pleasure to place

three persons in a strange position; but I thank you for having assigned me the least ridiculous part, and thus do I discharge it. Pray retire.

"Indignation gave strength to Indiana; she rose up, tall and commanding. 'Who is this woman, then?' said she to Raymon, 'and by what righ does she give me orders in your house?'

"'You are in *my* house, Madame,' replied Laura.

"'But do speak,' said Indiana, shaking the arm of the unhappy man in a transport of rage; 'tell me, at once, is this your mistress or your wife?'

"'My wife,' replied Raymon, with a stupified air.

"'I pardon your uncertainty,' said Madame de Ramiere, with a cruel smile. 'If you had remained where your duty placed you, you had received a letter, informing you of this gentleman's marriage.—Come, Raymon,' added she, in a tone of caustic amenity, 'I pity your embarrassment; you are somewhat young, I hope you will learn that a little more prudence is requisite in life. I leave you to conclude this absurd scene; I shall laugh if you look so woe-begone."

Indiana is again on the point of sinking under her misfortunes, and again she is restored by the opportune interference of Sir Ralph Brown. Her husband had died on the night of her departure, without being aware of the circumstance of her flight. But all the assiduity and tenderness of Sir Ralph were insufficient to cure the disease of her mind; so, finding all his efforts unavailable, he coolly proposes one peculiar to himself. And what is that, think you, gentle reader?—why nothing more or less than *suicide*, which he characterizes as the principal superiority of man over the brute. After examining the matter, both parties determine on adopting this remedy. It only remains to fix upon how and when Sir Ralph cuts this matter short, thus—

"'I would die,' said he, 'joyfully, with brow serene, and eyes upturned to heaven; but not here. I will tell you, then, where suicide has appeared to me under its most noble and most solemn aspect; it is on the edge of a precipice in the Isle of Bourbon; it is from the summit of that cascade which leaps forward translucent, and clothed with a glorious prism, in the solitary ravine of Bernica; it is there we have passed the sweetest hours of our infancy; it is there I have learnt to pray—to hope; it is there that I would wish, on a fine night of those climes, to bury myself beneath the clear waters, and to descend into the fresh and flowery tomb presented by the depth of the green gulph.'"

We question if, even in the pages of the most extravagant romances, we could find a passage of similar absurdity; but we must hasten to the conclusion of the drama. This proposal is adopted; they set sail for the Isle of Bourbon, and a three months' voyage has a most decided effect in composing the mind of Indiana. A change equally extraordinary, and equally beneficial, had taken place in the mind of Sir Ralph. But this did not prevent them from proceeding to carry their meditated scheme into effect. Arrayed in their gayest attire, they stand above the fatal cataract, in the moonlight, and, just before taking the leap that is to end their earthly sorrows, Sir Ralph gives vent to his long-compressed feelings, and details the history of his profound attachment, from infancy downwards, of his sufferings and despair, in a strain of such impassioned eloquence, that Indiana beholds him in a new light; and they are, as it were, miraculously preserved, to enjoy a life of the most exquisite domestic felicity.

AN OXFORD-STREET REMINISCENCE.

Some few years ago, a shabby looking gentleman, carrying in his hand a fiddle, enclosed in a green bag, entered the shop of an eminent hosier in Oxford-street.

"I want," said he, addressing himself to the obsequious man of hose, "a pair of silk stockings."

"Here are a dozen pair," replied the shopkeeper, "of such a quality as no other house in London can offer. They are cheaper than dirt, and more durable than iron, and when they are worn out, they will cut down into capital socks; but that will not be for many years."

"Excellent qualities!" replied the shabby gentleman, with the fiddle; "but what is the price?"

"A trifle," returned the seller; "only twelve shillings a pair."

"Then put up one pair for me," said he of the green bag, "and I'll pay for them." At the same moment his right hand dived into the extreme recesses of his breeches pocket, as though he were endeavouring to select something underneath. He was not successful.

"Gracious Heavens!" cried he, "I have either lost my purse, or left it at home, and I know not how I can possibly do without the stockings; for you must understand, that I am going to play at a celebrated concert to-night, and must have them to wear."

"Well, sir," replied the hosier, "that shall not trouble you; we'll send them to your house."

"Unfortunately," whimpered the man of sweet sounds, screwing up his features to the dimension of a dried codling, "I am not going home; but I will, by your kind permission, leave my fiddle as a security for the twelve shillings, only requesting that you be careful of it, and hang it up (for it is a valuable instrument), on that nail, which I see disengaged over the chimney of your back parlour."

"With all my heart," replied the hosier; and immediately conducted the musician into the parlour, where he hung up the fiddle, and having received the stockings, left the shop.

About two days after this event, a person entered the shop, and bought two or three trifling articles. Being suddenly seized with a spasmodic indisposition of stomach, he requested permission to recover himself in an arm-chair of the parlour. The hosier's humanity and civility were equal to his industry. He attended his customer with much assiduity, and by help of a little brandy, rubbing, and chafing, restored the gentleman. As soon as he was well, he began to look about the room; to admire the pictures; to compliment the hosier on his taste, when his eyes rested on the fiddle.

"What! my friend," he exclaimed, "are you a musician?"

"No, sir," said the hosier; "that fiddle belongs to a poor fellow who bought a pair of stockings of me two days back, and probably has not yet been able to raise money enough to pay for them, and redeem his fiddle."

"Allow me," said the gentleman, "to look at it—I am a judge of these matters." The fiddle being delivered to him, he drew it from

the bag, and having examined it said, as though to himself, "This is really a prodigious fine fiddle!" He then placed it to his shoulder, and negligently passing the bow across the strings, produced a few notes, which appeared to the hosier of such exquisite delicacy, that the passion of gain was for a few seconds suspended.

"This fiddle," said the stranger, "appears to be a Cremonæ of the best tune.—Mr. Nottingham," he continued, looking up at the hosier, "I have known you some years, and have dealt always with you—I know you are an honest man—I will not inform you what is my opinion of the worth of this instrument; but here is a thirty pound note, for which you will give me a receipt; and if, when the wretched musician again makes his appearance, you can purchase it for fifty pounds, this note, which I have now put into your hands, shall be your own." When he had thus spoken, he gave him the note, together with his card; and having received an acknowledgment for the note, departed.

He had scarcely been gone from the shop above an hour, when the musician, in a great hurry, and much worse clothed than before, ran hastily into the shop, and, putting down the twelve shillings on the counter, requested to have his fiddle.

"Ah!" quoth the man of yarn, "I'm delighted to see you, I wish to have a few moments' conversation with you;" and, taking him into the back parlour, informed him of the liberal offer which the gentleman had made who had been there in the morning.

"With respect to the fiddle," said the musician, "I am well aware that it even exceeds in value what you have offered; nor would I think of selling it, but that my distresses are great, and customers are difficult to procure. To tell you the truth, I am now under arrest, an officer is with me outside, and I have only been allowed a few moments to fetch my fiddle, in order to carry it to a friend, who is ready to advance me upon it a sum of money sufficient to relieve me from arrest." The hosier saw that such was the fact.

"I will go with you," said he, "to the gentleman's house, and receive the fifty."—"Impossible!" replied the musician. "He may be from home, or otherwise; I cannot take the risk. The person I allude to is waiting my return."

The wily hosier now began to suspect that the fiddle would escape, and that the thirty pounds commission would be lost. He therefore resolved on a bold venture, and added twenty pounds of his own.

"Wait one moment," said he to the musician, "and you shall receive the fifty pounds." The musician hesitated, as if reluctant to part with his fiddle for the price: he surveyed it with tenderness, and said, "'Tis my necessities alone which induce me to part with thee, thou cheerful companion of my life—the better portion of my existence. But we must separate; and having been a long time the delight of thy master, thou must now become his support."

Tears were visible in the eyes of the wretched musician, and, with a trembling hand, he delivered the instrument to the hosier, and having received the fifty pounds, hurried away from the shop in a very distressed state of mind. The hosier almost repented making such a gain from so poor a man. But "business is business."

As soon as the fiddle became the property of the hosier, he ordered a coach, and repaired to the house of the gentleman whose card he possessed. The servants informed him that their master was at home, and he was soon introduced into the library. He found himself in the presence of a gentleman very different in appearance from him whom he had seen in the morning. However, he produced the fiddle, a receipt for the money he had paid, and the card, and begged to know when he could see the owner. The gentleman appeared surprised, and, indeed, the man of stockings very soon became convinced that there must be some mistake. The gentleman acknowledged the card to be his, but declared himself quite ignorant of the transaction. The hosier was struck with dismay, and returned home in a most disconsolate state, yet not without hopes that the person who had advanced the money would soon make his appearance to claim the fiddle he had so much coveted. At all events, the instrument was valuable, and he might, after all, make a handsome profit. He was relieved from all suspense by the arrival of a customer, who was a musical instrument maker; who, having examined the instrument, declared it to be a Dutch fiddle, value about eighteen and sixpence! The sound of a fiddle, ever after, threw the hosier into fits!

TO THE WARRIORS OF POLAND.

Droop not, ye brave! though wide around you scatter'd
The blossoms lie from Freedom's shaken tree;
Though gone that embryo fruit, whose promise flatter'd,
Oh! droop not! soon another spring shall see
The soil, so fed, teem more abundantly:
The trunk, as branch by branch is lopp'd away,
More keenly feels the life-blood bounding free;
So Liberty, concentred thus, will play,
All wildly rushing forth to mock the might of clay!

Blench not, ye brave! although the dastard nations,
Aged, and cold, and callous, *will not* know
The lofty hopes, proud aim, and young impatience,
That nerve your arm to strike th' avenging blow:
Oh! blench not! soon the war-stream's ruddy flow,
Now sinking in your native plains, shall rise
In lands remote, and sweep those cravens low;
Who, from their tott'ring thrones, with coward eyes
Beheld your glorious deeds, yet dare not sympathize!

Yield not, ye brave! far better to be lying,
Gory and gasping, on your thresholds dear;
And blending (as undying with undying)
Your spirits with glad Freedom's spirit clear!
Oh! yield not! though o'erwhelming hosts appear;
Still may the Patriot's sword triumphant wave,
And guard six feet of ground to hold his bier!
And, when oblivion shrouds yon Victor-slave,
Shall pious pilgrims seek the Freeman's holy grave!

J. Marshall.

PROGRESSIVE DEGENERACY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

I HAD often heard my grandmother declare, that the men and women of our time were not what they were in her earlier days. Often, good soul, has she lamented, with tears in her eyes, that we had no actors, no singers—that men were less manly and women less beautiful than in the days of her youth, and wondered what they would come to. I was a foolish boy then, and used to laugh at her prodigiously. I knew very well that Adam himself could not beat me at-pitch-and-hustle, and prison-bars; and I laughed in my sleeve to think, that if I could only get my grandfather at leap-frog, how I would undeceive him touching the degeneracy of the present day in that particular. As I grew in years, the continued asseverations of my elders produced within me a spirit of inquiry. Happy would it be for me had it been otherwise!

> "*Terra malos homines nunc educat atque pusillos.*"—JUV. Sat. 13.
>
> "Earth nurses now on her exhausted face,
> A dwarfish, evil, and degenerate race."

Had the love of wisdom been less firmly imprinted on my nature, what a world of uneasiness and misery would have been spared me; I am convinced that the pursuit of knowledge is a most unsatisfactory career; and my whole life, alas! has been a continued string of painful discoveries.

I will not enumerate the list of tributary groans, sighs, tears, convulsive starts, and even fits of the cholic which attended my first suspicion of the degeneracy of man, and the gradual course of my conviction. Suffice it to say, that I have satisfied myself beyond the intrusion of a doubt that we, the unhappy representatives of humanity in the nineteenth century, are *mere shadows* in comparison with our original species; and further, that I have ascertained the constant ratio of decline from the creation to the present day. I am now actively employed in calculating the exact epoch of futurity, when the mortal substance of man shall be reduced to an infinite decimal. And in all this, I beg to say, I have never once had recourse to Mr Babbage's calculating machine, or any artificial means whatsoever.

I shall begin, *ab initio*, with our first parents, of whom I am in possession of much curious and authentic information, not generally known, which I may, perhaps, one day be induced to publish for the benefit of society; but at present I shall limit myself to the question. M. Heurien, Mem de l'Academie des Belles Lettres, has singularly enough hit upon the same course of study as myself. He has favoured the world, tom. i. p. 125, with a chronological scale of the different stature of the human race in various ages. This ingenious calculator, after surmounting many difficulties, with a patience worthy of one who labours in the cause of his fellow-creatures, at last fixes the average height of mankind at successive periods, as follows:

	Feet.	Inches.		Feet.	In.
Adam	123	9	Moses	13	0
Eve	118	9	Hercules	10	$3\frac{3}{4}$
Noah . . .	103	$6\frac{1}{2}$	Man in the days of Romulus	8	0
Abraham . . .	28	$0\frac{5}{8}$	Ditto at the birth of Christ	7	$2\frac{1}{2}$

Now these calculations agree with my own in a marvellous manner, with the exception of Moses, who I make 13 feet 1⅞ inches, and of which I am so certain, that I boldly challenge M. Heurien to disprove it before any learned society in Europe; but this I know he will not attempt.

In the happy days of the protoplast, the existence of man was proportioned to his size, and extended nearly to one thousand years! Alas! how are we reduced in duration of life and dimensions! From a glorious ten centuries and more than twice sixty feet, to a miserable maximum of threescore and ten, and a beggarly six feet two in our stocking. From the time of the flood the days of man were cut down to nearly one half; from that event to the Trojan war we find our species rapidly decreasing in length of life and fine proportion. Nestor was, accordingly, esteemed old at the moderate age of three hundred, which the sybils, I fancy, did not much exceed. In all times, however, there were extraordinary individuals who overstep the bounds of nature—such a one was Polyphemus, who, as we learn from Lucilius, an author of great accuracy and research, was two hundred feet in height; and this account is strongly corroborated by Boccaccio, in the Fourth Book of his Genealogy, who tells us that the body of this very Cyclop was found in a Sicilian cavern, holding in the left-hand the pine-tree which, in the time of Ulysses, served him as a walking-stick. This shillelah was considerably longer than the mainmast of a man-of-war. The extraordinary height of Polyphemus makes nothing against my argument for the progressive degeneracy of mankind; for this formidable person could hardly be considered of the ordinary race of mortals; but of that larger class—now almost extinct—called giants: of such a race he is usually classed by the historians. None but unreasonable sceptics can doubt the existence of such beings—of what other race were Goliah, Og, king of Basan, and the sons of Anak? I have myself seen the enormous bones of the Læstrygones and Cyclops on the vast excavations in which they resided years ago in various parts of Sicily; nay, I have trod with my feet, and touched with my hands, the identical rocks hurled by the eyeless and enraged Polyphemus at the departing ship of Ulysses, which, in memory of the fact, are to this day called *gli scoglj del Ciclope,* the rocks of the Cyclops. It is hardly necessary to make further proof; but if any should be wanted, I recommend the incredulous to consult the work of the Abbe Bania, as also that of the Abbe Zilladet, where is clearly shewn, that entire cities and populous nations of giants formerly existed.

Let us, however, return to the race from which we are actually descended, and examine a little into the size and prowess of the heroes before Troy—men comparatively of our own times, and the undoubted progenitors of the modern Greeks. Here, then, we are at home—positively at our own threshold; for we have for our guide the unimpeachable testimony of Homer—as veracious an historian as he is an admirable poet. The only style of recording events in those days was in poetry; for it was not until about 550 B.C., that Cadmus of Miletus composed the first history in prose. Homer, it is to be recollected, lived little more than two hundred years after the de-

struction of Troy, and consequently conversed with the descendants, in a very near degree, of the warriors whose exploits he celebrates. He acquaints us that, in his age, two of the strongest men would be unable to raise from the earth the fragments of rock with which Hector, Ajax, and Diomed saluted the heads and skins of their opponents. These fragments, it appears, were flying about in those days as thick and fast as pebbles at a cock-shy. The exact and mathematical Virgil, treating of the same generation, and having before him the exact ratio of the decline down to his own age, allows twelve vigorous athletæ of the Augustan age,

> "*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus*"—Æn. Lib. 12.
>
> "Men of such frame as earth produces now."

For the mere operation of moving the stone with which Turnus proposed to break the head of his adversary Æneas. What but manifest truth could have caused two authors of different ages and nations to coincide with such nicety in their calculations? The mace with which Ajax repelled the Trojans from the Grecian fleet was twenty-two cubits δμοιαι εικοσιπηχυ, or nearly thirty-six English feet in length; and the ordinary spear of Hector, which that hero was accustomed to dart to the full range of a modern rifle-ball, was half as long, or about eighteen feet English. I must here halt, by the way, to animadvert on Pope, who, in his version, does not do justice to the weapon of Ajax, by at least three feet, and to that of Hector in the same proportion—his translation runs thus:

> "A ponderous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,
> Full twenty cubits long, he swings around."—Book 15.

And again,

> "Of full ten cubits was the lance's length."—Book 8.

Whereas the Greek bard assures us it was exactly eleven cubits long. I could quote the original, but least I should be suspected of ostentatiously wishing to display my reading, I shall leave the learned inquirer to refer to the passage himself, and content myself, in the succeeding quotations, with Pope's otherwise admirable performance. But neither the lance of Hector, nor the mace of Ajax, could stand a comparison with the spear of Achilles, which was one of the largest ashes on Mount Pelion:

> "An ash entire
> Great Chiron fell'd, and shap'd it for his sire."

The mass of iron hurled by Polypætes to an enormous distance and won by him as his prize, at the funeral games in honour of Patroclus, was of such size as to suffice for stocking a large farm for the space of five years, with plough-shares, iron tools, and utensils of every description; but he was a remarkably strong man.

The appetite of these renowned Greeks, as it may easily be supposed, was on a par with their prowess, and will serve to illustrate my position. In the present day, I venture to assert, on my own experience and capability, that the aggregate of men, in the fullest enjoyment of health and vigour, will find themselves puzzled to consume, at a single onset, more than three or four pounds of

solid meat, with proportional accompaniments of pudding, bread, and vegetables, to say nothing of porter and gin-and-water; whilst the strongest headed drinker will begin to stagger at his fifth or sixth bottle. Perhaps the most respectable instance of modern mastication on record, is the late feat of a countryman, who, having devoured as much tripe as would by measurement have made him a coat and waistcoat, bargained, in the pride of his heart, for demolishing a whole suit, but was ingloriously obliged to give in at the calf of the left leg. Let us now turn to the ancients, and we shall find all these apparently powerful exhibitions of prowess puerile and insignificant in the extreme. From the Iliad we derive much valuable information respecting the appetites of the age; for though the principal heroes whose table exploits only are commemorated may have had a greater quantum on which to exercise their talents, there is no reasonable ground for maintaining that they excelled more in the exercise than the *ignobile vulgus*. When the single combat between Hector and Ajax is concluded, Iliad, Book 7, the leaders of the Greeks sit down to dinner:—

> "Each takes his seat, and each receives his share;
> The king himself, an honorary sign,
> Before great Ajax placed the mighty chine."

Which entire back of beef, destined for the stomach of one hero, was, as we have been previously informed, late the property of a full-grown ox. Again, in Book 9, the same Ajax, Ulysses, and old Phœnix, are deputed to conciliate Achilles. On their arrival at his tent, the first salutations past, before they proceed to the business of the day—

> "Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
> Heaps, in a brazen vase, three chines entire;
> The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
> Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains."

Which ample provision of pig, mutton, and goat, it must be noted, is to constitute the supplemental repast of five persons who have already dined, and that not half-an-hour before. The frugality of the ancients is well known; they regulated the quantity of their fare to the experienced or supposed appetites of their guests; and such was the nicety of their calculation, that remnants were rarely suffered to leave the table. Several centuries after this, Milo of Crotona killed a bullock of four years old with one blow of his fist, and eat the whole animal in a single day. As late as B.C. 235, the Roman Emperor Maximinus dispatched every day for dinner forty pounds of beef, and five gallons of wine. In short, innumerable examples of a similar nature might be cited to prove the absurd degeneracy of the present age, though these, I trust, will suffice to bear out my argument. Even within this last 500 years our ancestors were much larger and stronger than ourselves. What modern grenadier can sustain, for half-an-hour, a complete suit of the armour which our able-bodied forefathers wore in their daily pastime?

The only consolation that offers itself on the subject is, that instead of repining at what cannot be remedied, we ought rather to

congratulate ourselves that we have appeared on the stage before the human race has dwindled into absolute pigmies, as assuredly they will; and, though we cut but a sorry figure when compared to our ancestors of three thousand years since, posterity, in its turn, will venerate us as very formidable fellows. Let us console, therefore, ourselves with the reflection, that but a few years hence, and some strapping grenadier of two feet six, doing duty at a new Horse Guards, not bigger than a dog-kennel, will behold with wonder the rusty remains of one of our Life Guardsmen's helmets, and turn away, marvelling at the strength of the heroes of those days.

PRISMEGISTUS REDIVIVUS.

TO A TEAR.

FRAIL being! tremulous and clear,
Oft on the cheek do'st thou appear,
To soothe despair, and give the heart relief;
Of life how many a varied feeling,
Pure, glittering drop! art thou revealing?
Alternately the type of joy and grief!

Thou wer't by sin first introduced to man,
When woman's curiosity outran
Discretion, and our race from Eden hurl'd:
Great Alexander shed thee, when no state
Remain'd for his red arm to subjugate—
And his dread sceptre wav'd in triumph o'er the world!

When lovers part—perhaps for ever!
Thou mark'st the moment when they sever;
And when fond plighted bosoms meet,
Their passion pure thou can'st express
More truly than can words confess,
For then thou'rt from the heart, and scorn'st deceit.

'Mid wasting wars, and carnage dread,
When by a hero thou art shed,
Thou add'st a jewel to his crown of fame;
But oh! how different the tear
That speaks the recreant coward's fear—
At once his badge of infamy and shame!

When "dew-eyed Pity" gives thee birth,
There's not a sparkling gem of earth
Can half thy lustre borrow;
And all thy loveliness we see,
When thou art shed by Sympathy
Upon the breast of Sorrow!

THE CATALAN CAPUCHIN.

Few persons who have not been in the country have ever heard the extraordinary traits of individual heroism which characterized the annals of the South American revolution. History has not yet done justice to the memory of those brave men who have shed their best blood for their country, and by whose sacrifices the ultimate happiness and freedom of their posterity will be effected. But this by the way —it is not my intention to treat the matter seriously here. There are instances of humorous incident, and others, of a *mauvaise plaisanterie,* that will suit my present purpose better.

Among the mass of men which the revolution introduced from obscurity, were many whose sole recommendation was their daring intrepidity. Assisted by the influence which such a quality obtained for them among their countrymen, they procured detached commands, where, by dint of valour and vigilance, such extraordinary deeds were achieved as would astonish the modern tactitian, and lead us back to the days of our chivalric forefathers.

Distinguished from many of the minor chiefs of that day, was one who I shall call Llanero. He was by birth a native of Porto-Rico, but had expatriated himself on account of a slight difference he had had with the alcalde of his town. In the short progress of this misunderstanding, the alcalde was left minus a nose; and such was the indignation of the authorities, by this outrage upon justice, that poor Llanero was never able to return. He was a man of no half-measures; —therefore, seeing his proffered friendship treated with the promise of a halter by the Spanish government, he determined on doing his best to earn the distinction. The first proof of his conciliatory intention became manifest by his volunteering into the insurgent forces, commanded by General Miranda, destined to act against the province of Valencia. After the defeat of Miranda, and upon the re-establishment of the royal authority, many individuals belonging to the Independent forces, who had private reasons of their own for not returning into royal bondage, scattered themselves in the immense plains and forests which lie between the Carraccas and the Orinoco, and, collecting a few followers, commenced a small brigand practice on their own account; and really managed to carry on a very pretty stroke of business. They had plenty of wild cattle for food, plenty of good horses to ride, and their hammocks, swung between trees, formed a very comfortable and economical lodging. Their gains were principally devoted to their luxuries, and were spent in ardent spirits and tobacco. Llanero was one of these free-traders, and managed to maintain himself in this respectable position in society till the arrival of General Bolivar, who entered the province of Venezuela at the head of an inconsiderable number of troops, and, after obtaining some successes on the Orinoco, was joined by most of the free companies scattered about. His insignificant armament thus became a formidable corps;—it was then the deadly struggle commenced, which ended in the expulsion of the Spaniards from the land which they had ruled for centuries.

For Bolivar, Llanero had a most profound respect, carried almost to veneration; and he was consequently one of the first to join the Independent standard. The great difficulty the army of the Liberator had to struggle against was the want of provisions. The left bank of the Orinoco had been so ravaged by former wars that little could be expected from its miserable inhabitants. The country on the right bank of the river had been in comparative security; but the people, uncertain of payment, sent such very scanty supplies to the requisitions of the Liberator, that he determined to send Llanero amongst them as a proper person to stimulate their patriotism, and persuade them to their good.

It so happened that, a few days previous to the departure of Llanero on his mission, a French schooner arrived, laden with all manner of things which could not find a market elsewhere,—such as old clothes, rancid oil, sour wine; and, judging the march of mind was progressing at Angostura with the march of Bolivar, many books were sent—translations from the French into the Spanish: and the cabin was adorned with a ballad, then in great vogue among the French, much about the same popularity as "*Cherry Ripe*" once enjoyed with us. This ballad was called "*La Barque à Caron*," and took Llanero's fancy very much. He was at the pains of having it translated to him and learning it by heart. He was soon made to understand that part of the mythology of the ancients which was the gist of the song, and fully comprehended how old Charon was employed to ferry the souls of deceased sinners to await the final order of the infernal judge.—Such was the burthen of "*La Barca de Caroni*," as translated.

Before Llanero had been appointed to the mission, he was raised to the rank of Major in the Independent army; so, thinking it incumbent upon him to do justice to his dignity, he clothed himself from head to foot with the cast-off French military finery,—which, to the unsophisticated taste of the republican soldier, was the climax of splendour; for, it must be understood, the trifling earnings of his former industrious pursuit had not been completely dissipated, and now it enabled him to add lustre to a rank that he little anticpated when his entire military wardrobe consisted of a blanket with a hole cut in the middle, through which he could thrust his head. His appearance was much in the following fashion:—Tall and gaunt; but wiry and muscular. His countenance very dark, and his crispy hair betraying a tinge of the African, or, as the sailors say, "a dip of the tar-brush." The expression of his features would not have been bad had it not been sadly biassed by an irregular exhibition of muscle, extending from the right eye-brow across the eye and cheek and right lip, which was completely separated; this was the consequence of being under the hands of a bungling practitioner in the likeness of a Spanish dragoon, who wantonly dropped his instrument across Llanero's face, just at the moment when he received a cloth-yard or so of lance-wood through his interior: this Llanero would facetiously observe, twisting his grisly features into something like a grin, was the signature of his Spanish correspondent to his last will and testament. We now behold him casting off his former primitive vestments, and clothed in a short hussar jacket of light blue, edged round with

white wool, and decorated with three silver stripes on the right cuff, denoting the rank of its late owner, who had evidently been a small man, as the black bony paws of Llanero protruded at considerable length from beneath the sheep-skin cuffs. His trousers, too, originally of white duck, were stained here and there, and reached half-way down the calves of his legs. This deficiency, however, was pretty well concealed by a pair of wellington boots, which were coaxed into a junction with the *shorts* and laced up tightly round the leg. His costume was completed by a black beaver hat, which, from the circumstance of being distinguished by a broad gold band and buckle, must originally have graced the tympanum of some intelligent functionary of the hall-door or coach-box. This was further distinguished by a huge white feather, late the pride of some French drum-major, which was upreared directly in front, and nodded backward or forward according to the movement of the wearer. In this warlike panoply Llanero took his leave of the Liberator, and pressing a Flechera into the service, set sail from Angostura up the Orinoco, to teach the wilful inhabitants of the upper country a salutary lesson on the duties of freemen. Shortly after, we find our friend comfortably established in a small town, by the river's side, and had pitched his tent at a very respectable domicile, which had heretofore owned some Spaniard as master. But the war had caused more than one house to change proprietors. He had hitherto succeeded wonderfully in his mission; perhaps, by the natural blandness and insinuating manners peculiar to gentlemen of his class; but, wherever he went, he persuaded people to forward large supplies to Angostura, for which they received the written acknowledgment of the Liberator, and his compliments on their distinguished patriotism. The only difficulty he experienced was his entire ignorance of the country;—it was an unknown land to him, as his operation had been confined to the plains and forests on the other side of the river. He was, therefore, occasionally liable to mistakes, which he was often indebted to the natural shrewdness of his character—and of which, by-the-way, he was not a little vain—to escape the consequences.

Late one evening he was sitting alone under his porch, in all the dignity of power, trying the respective merits of a bottle of gin and one of rum, which he had received that day as a present from head-quarters, and enjoying the luxury of knowing he had nothing to do till the next day;—most of the inhabitants had retired to rest, and nothing was heard but the wailing melancholy cry of the Curacoa on the plains, the hoarse croak of the bull-frog, and the tramp of the sentinel of the lance guard that were quartered at his own residence:—Llanero was dozing comfortably over his cigar, and visions of rank and power, conjured up by the potent spirit of gin, were dazzling his excited imagination,—when, suddenly, he bent forward his head, and the fume of his cigar ceased to circulate. His mouth was half-unclosed, and his eyes strained towards a certain point; his attitude and manner betrayed intense interest. The well practised ear of Llanero, cultivated to an extraordinary extent by his former habits of vigilance, had detected in the distance the tramp of a horse as at full speed. He listened until he became assured; then, starting upon his legs, he

turned out the guard, and despatched two patrols to reconnoitre: the remainder stood with their hands on their bridles in the court-yard, their spirited steeds stamping impatiently on the paved enclosure, and champing their heavy bits. It was not long before the patrols returned, and accompanied by another horseman bearing the lance and flag of the Republic. They all drew up at the head-quarters—and the stranger, leaping from his foaming horse, without preamble or ceremony, put into Llanero's hand a sealed packet.

It proved to be an *estafette* from Angostura, bringing despatches from the Liberator himself to the Major Llanero. Eagerly did the Major break the seal, and peruse the document, which he found to be pretty nearly as follows:

"The Liberator is given to understand, that, at the village of San-Luis, or somewhere in its neighbourhood, resides a Catalan Capuchin, called Brother Juan de Dios. As this person has rendered himself obnoxious to the government by misleading the people respecting imaginary successes obtained by the Spanish, and is otherwise a declared enemy to the Republic, you are commanded, on the receipt of this, to arrest the said Catalan Capuchin, Juan de Dios, and cause him immediately to pass the Caroni.

"To Major Llanero,
Commandant of San-Juan."

The Caroni is a small river flowing into the Orinoco, about twenty leagues from Angostura, and was formerly the boundary of the missions, or cultivated farms belonging to the Catalan Capuchins; but Llanero, as we have hinted before, knowing nothing of the geography of this part of the country, had never heard the name of the river in his life. But a luminous idea struck him. He had not forgotten the song he learned at Angostura, nor the lesson he had received touching its poetical though somewhat obscure interpretation. "So, so," thought the major, "I am no longer a mere soldier of the state—I am a confidential agent of the Liberator—he speaks to me in parables; but he knows his man—a word to the wise—I see it all—he wants this fellow to be put out of the way—the despatch might have been intercepted. A word to the wise—yes, yes," muttered the major, quite satisfied with his shrewd interpretation of the Liberator's wishes—"I see—Lieutenant-Colonel—Colonel—and Aide-de-camp is certain.—Hollo!—guard, there!—bring me the alcalde immediately."

"Why, major, he has been in bed these three hours," said a tall, swarthy serjeant.

"Silence, sirrah!—how dare you answer me? Drag him out, then, and bring him within five minutes."

The alcalde, a little, shrivelled old man, arrived within the time, trembling, and pale as death, at such an unusual summons. He was more than suspected of being a royalist himself, and now dreaded some disclosure, perhaps, affecting his life.

"Sennor Alcalde," said the major, without thinking it necessary to apologize to the functionary for so peremptory a summons, "you must provide a guide to take a corporal and four men to San-Luis, to arrest the capuchin that lives somewhere in that quarter. Let him be here in a quarter-of-an-hour."

"But, Senor Major," faltered the little alcalde, "I really have so little knowledge——"

"Silence!—How many leagues is it from here to San-Luis?"

"Four leagues and better; but, really Major——"

"Silence!—Then the people ought to be back here by the middle of the day to-morrow. Now, look ye here, Senor Alcalde; I'm a man of few words: if they are not back by the evening bell, I shall look to you for a fine of three hundred dollars, and shall seize your cattle as security. Now see that you get a safe guide.'

"*Valgami Dios!*" shrieked the poor little functionary; "but' Major, you surely——"

"What, dog of a Goth!" shouted the major, with a furious elevation of voice—"unmannerly vagabond! do you dare to interrupt me? Very well, Sir! we'll cut this matter—you shall be the guide yourself, and if, before twelve to-morrow, you don't bring me the monk, I'll hang you on yonder palm-tree to feed the gallinacio!—Now, then, to horse! to horse! and strap me this will-o'-the-wisp to the saddle, lest the wind should carry him off."

The major had been accustomed to rather a rough will of his own, and it was sometimes dangerous to tamper with him. Nobody, therefore, thought it prudent to hazard a remark; so that, in less than a quarter of an hour, the poor alcalde, well strapped and escorted, was on his route to San-Luis.

That night, thanks to the nature of his potation, the major slept well; but early in the morning, on rising, the contents of the dispatch he had received over-night flashed across his mind. He looked at it, and read it over and over again—something staggered him—it was not as to the actual purport of the order that he was at fault—of that he was quite certain; but there was a little sneaking weakness at his heart touching the sacred office of the minister of the church. The early impressions of his youth arose to his memory—his native village and the church, and the kind old padre who first taught him to read and to pray! but that was many years ago. Had it been the disposal of prisoners—hanging a few contumacious civilians, or any thing else, indeed, in the plain way of business—but the church!—that was a different affair—it did not come within his practice.

"A thousand curses on the fiend that put this into the head of Bolivar!" he muttered, as he strode upan d down his chamber, filling it with smoke, which he puffed vehemently from his cigar. "I wish to God the infernal thing was done, and it was off my mind! They can't be long before they are here." Here he gazed earnestly out upon the plain.—"I would give fifty of the best horses of the savannah, if an earthquake would stumble on the whole lot, and rid me of the job." In vain he tried to persuade himself that the Capuchin was a Spaniard, and, consequently, amenable to military law. It would not do—his conscientious scruples set all his sophistry at defiance. He lighted his cigar and re-lighted it—swallowed brandy, glass after glass—swore at his men in a manner even to astonish them, and stamped about the room like a madman—working himself into a fearful state of excitement.

Before the middle of the day, however, the tri-colored flag of his own lancers was seen at a distance in the plain, and, before the time appointed, the party halted at the major's quarters, bringing with

them the Capuchin and the alcalde:—it was by the merest luck in the world they had captured the monk; for the alcalde had not spoken a word since their departure—he was unmoved by entreaties and threats, and resolved not to betray the Capuchin—he maintained an obstinate silence. The monk, knowing they had just cause of complaint against him, remained concealed at some neighbouring farm, and not supposing but that he was safe when administering the actual duties of his sacred office, he came forth occasionally to administer consolation to his flock. As ill-luck would have it, Llanero's party entered San Luis as the Capuchin entered the church, and the corporal who commanded not being gifted, like his superior, with any scruple at all, arrested him at the very altar. It was of no use to resist; but knowing in his own mind they dare not harm him, the monk vowed the bitter vengeance of Heaven against Llanero and all employed in so sacreligious an outrage.

Llanero had hitherto anxiously awaited the arrival of this Capuchin, but at that moment he cursed the fortune that had betrayed him into their hands. Each moment he became more irresolute, and had almost determined to send him a prisoner to Bolivar, to deal with him as he pleased—when the Capuchin himself caused him to make up his mind quicker then he expected. Dismounting from his horse in a style not unworthy of a professed equestrian, the monk strode haughtily up to the Independent officer: "How long is it, Sir, since the brothers of the holy St. Francis have been amenable to military authority?" Llanero was a little taken aback; but the monk proceeded in a higher tone than was discreet:—"Was there ever a man in the world, except a rascally bandit like you, who would dare put his devilish hand upon a priest at the altar?—but hark'ye, babe of hell! I'll make no compromise with your masters, until you are disgraced like a rascally robber, as you are." This was touching poor Llanero upon a tender subject, and no wonder that his amiable peculiarities should display themselves. Still, however, with an admirable resolution, he did not break out, but his inflamed visage presaged a storm.

"As far as regards my chief," said he, in reply to the monk's tirade, I am quite easy:—"I act under the express order of the Liberator."

"The Liberator!" shouted the monk, clenching his hand in defiance.—"Say, rather, the libertine—the atheist—the accursed of God!—Those are the titles that accord best with a traitor to his King and the Holy Church. But I tell you, hell-dog as you are, neither he nor his will long blind the eyes of honest men. He shall not escape this time as he did before—I swear it—he shall hang like a dog, with you and every brigand that has helped him!"

"*Sangre de Dios!* you shall not live to see it—spawn of the Devil!" shouted Llanero, bursting into uncontrolable fury at this irreverent mention of Boliver. All the fire of the bandit gleamed from his fearfully excited visage;—"for this moment do I consign you to another world!" The Capuchin, full of confidence at the protection of his cloth, treated his threat with contempt.

"Go! miserable wretch," said he; "go! you are even beneath my

pity. Incarnate fiend as you are, with your hands red with innocent blood, and your soul steeped in unmentionable crimes, you dare not cause a hair of my head to fall; reserve your ill-timed pleasantries for your equals, and fall down on your vile knees, miserable! and implore my mercy!" Llanero was absolutely paralyzed with rage—though fury was rending his very vitals. As the monk finished, he burst into a loud hysteric laugh, and, throwing up his right hand, cried in a voice scarcely human—

"Guard! lead forth the prisoner!" The monk was roughly seized by each arm, and led into the court yard.

"Halt!—Prisoner, have you recommended your soul to God?" The monk, full of an absurd confidence, shrugged his shoulders, and did not deign even to turn his head toward Llanero, who was immediately behind him. It was well he did not, it saved his heart a pang; for there he stood—his face livid as a corpse, his features convulsed, and in his right hand trembled his naked blade, stained to the hilt in blood!

"Father! look to your sandals." The monk, thinking some trick had been played him, bent his neck to see, when at that moment he rolled a headless and bloody corpse!

The news of this barbarous execution spread like wildfire throughout the province, where the Capuchin was much respected; and the excitement which it produced against the government, with whom it was supposed to have originated, began to assume an alarming appearance. Numerous armed bodies rose in various parts, and fell upon the detachments belonging to Llanero's corps, which were quartered around, and Llanero himself narrowly escaped being torn to pieces—he only saved himself by leaping upon the bare back of a horse that happened to be pasturing near his dwelling. Thus mounted, he galloped six leagues without halting—supplying the absence of spurs by the point of his poniard, and fancying, in every gust of wind, he heard the shouts of his pursuers.

Things would have gone rather untoward with our friend, had he presented himself before Bolivar at that juncture. The disgrace which he brought upon government, would, in all probability, have been expiated by the gallant major being made to follow the monk. He, therefore, judged it prudent to await a more favourable opportunity for an audience; in which resolution he was quite confirmed, by learning from a comrade, that his interpretation of passing the Caroni was a species of wit not likely to be relished by the parties for whose especial benefit it was intended.

Quite crest-fallen at his unfortunate mistake, and the loss of his detachment, Llanero took refuge among his ancient haunts, only corresponding with one of his old comrades at Angostura, who at last succeeded in appeasing the wrath of Bolivar, and procuring an order for his return. On the day appointed for Llanero's appearance, he presented himself at the palace at Angostura—a large building that occupies one side of the great square, formerly the residence of the Spanish governors—and found the Liberator lolling, according to his custom, in a large white hammock, which was highly ornamented with lace, and amusing himself by conversing with some of the

favourites of his staff. On the major's introduction, the Liberator made him recount the whole transaction, the excessive absurdity of which, added to the *sang-froid* recital, notwithstanding its tragical *denouement*, convulsed them all with laughter. Llanero, mistaking their mirth for approbation, thought he might push his success a little further; so, retreating to a little distance, he drew his sword, and holding it by the point, presented the handle to Bolivar, saying, with as much humility as his nature would allow, "This, your Excellency, is the humble instrument that served me to shave the poor Capuchin's beard. May I beg to be allowed to present to ——"

"*Nom de Dieu!*" exclaimed Bolivar, in French; and, vaulting back from his hammock some two or three yards, "is the fellow drunk, or has he lost his wits, that he takes me for a stabber, by giving me his filthy blade?"

"Pardon, your Excellency!" returned the Major, rather abashed at the success of his experiment; "but I merely meant to call your attention to a curious circumstance connected with the affair. This vagabond monk, you must know, General, always wore a thick padded collar about his neck, as it was supposed, in consequence of some disease. Now, what might your Excellency believe this collar was stuffed with? perhaps you will suppose some aromatic precaution against infection from the sick! No; simply with twenty-five good doubloons of gold, which this saintly brigand had levied upon charity. Now, General, what I wished to say was, that this poor contemptible blade, for which no one would give half a dollar, made a clean sweep of neck, collar, doubloons, and all; and see, sir, not a single notch!"

It is said that Llanero became exceedingly quarrelsome and troublesome after this event, and the least allusion to the river Caroni was certain to excite in him the most violent anger; indeed, he very nearly cut the throat of a Piedmontese officer, who, not knowing the circumstance of his disgrace, politely invited him to share in a feast of maccaroni!

LOVE.

WHERE, shrinking, cowers detected Guilt,
Where blood for blood must soon be spilt;
When RUTH and Mercy shuddering flee,
And Justice sounds its dread decree,
Love, like a star in cloud-stained skies,
Still keeps lone watch with weeping eyes.

Tears, nor tortures, nor dismay,
Can scare that drooping form away;—
All unions may be torn apart
Save those that rivet heart and heart,—
Life and light—and lip and breath—
Love stands alone, defying Death!

W. G. A.

THE ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA.

It is peculiar to the English to lavish more money upon musicians than the whole of Europe besides, and yet to be abused throughout the Continent for having no music themselves, and for knowing little or nothing about it. To be English, according to foreigners, is to be unmusical; and, if we compare English with foreign music, sharp though the satire be, it would seem to be not altogether untrue. Even the Irish and the Scotch, who for centuries have ceased to rank as separate and independent people, have not ceased to make it a reproach to their fellow-countrymen that they have no national music. Friends and foes concur in the censure, and one would suppose that, in so bad a cause, the best course were to keep still and do nothing. Nevertheless, some "Britons bold" there are, who, in the teeth of all disadvantages, have conceived and put forth the project of a National English Opera. Whether they have done this because they believe that the elements of good music lie dormant in the nation, and only require cultivation, and a favourable vent to become conspicuous; or, whether it is that, seeing how the English always have been, and evidently still are, determined to expend hundreds of thousands every year on music, they only think it were just as well for their fellow-countrymen to be put in as a fair situation of obtaining a portion of the outlay, as foreigners, we care not just now to ask: the project has been put forth, and it is our duty to consider it. We confess, if possible, we would do something for our own flesh and blood.

The gentlemen who have been so hardy as to propose an "English National Opera," are Mr. G. Herbert Rodwell and Mr. J. Barnett,—the former, favourably known to the public as the composer of much pleasant music for the little theatre in the Adelphi; and the latter, a highly popular ballad writer, and the author of some successful operas, at what are falsely called the "great" houses. The merit of having originated the plan of a theatre for English music *only*, rests with Mr. Barnett.* Last autumn, in conjunction with Mr. Bishop, he forwarded to his Majesty, a petition on the subject; the King referred the question to the Duke of Devonshire, and his Grace refused the prayer. Mr. Rodwell then took the matter in hand, and laid

* "To His Most Gracious Majesty, &c., &c.

"The Memorial of John Barnett, Musical Composer.

"Humbly shows: That the cultivation of Music, both vocal and instrumental, has greatly increased in England of late years, but that, during such time, neither the character or success of English Music or of English Composers have improved.

"That up to a recent period, English singers and English composers were almost exclusively employed in certain London theatres, but that latterly, the works of foreign musicians, obtained at little or no expense, and foreign singers, hired on very expensive terms, have nearly excluded English music, vocal and instrumental, from the larger London theatres.

"That the continuance of such a state of things seems to threaten the extinction of Music as an original science in England.

"That if a new theatre were to be licensed for the performance of operas, or

before the Royal Society of Musicians, the draft of a memorial (it is rather a curious production as a specimen of reasoning and writing) to the King, for a "New Grand National Opera, whose aim should be science—whose end, charity." We are not informed whether any petition founded upon this document has really been presented, and if so, what was the answer returned. From his pamphlet* we learn, that Mr. Rodwell would form our musicians into a society, for the purpose of obtaining a licence for a "Grand Opera," and raising "forty thousand pounds," to build it, by "donations of any amount down to one penny." Farther into the details of this outline it cannot here be necessary to enter: it would avail nothing were we to explain how Mr. Rodwell would have five directors, a treasurer, and two auditors for this forty thousand pound donation opera; how he would make engagements, how regulate performances, how choose musical pieces, make payments, and bestow all his profits by way of charity upon the "Royal Society of Musicians," the "New Musical Fund," the "Choral Fund," and the "Royal Academy of Music." To explain these various details, we repeat, were idle, and for the strongest reason possible. We have read Mrs. Glass, on Cookery, and bethink us of the maxim—"first catch your hare,"—in other words, first get forty thousand pounds in donations! It is a castle in the air. In so far as it evinces an amiable enthusiasm for the profession, which he practises with a fair and praiseworthy reputation, and shows regard for the distressed condition of his brother musicians, the plan does Mr. Rodwell great credit. But here our approbation must stop; it betrays great weakness; it is impracticable. The "gentle public will not give away a tithe of the sum demanded to English music in pounds or pence.

Mr. Barnett's plan—we speak from report, and are subject to correction, for he has not favoured us by publishing a pamphlet—is more a matter of business. He petitions for a Theatre for English music, and English music *only*, and he proposes to raise a capital to build and furnish such a theatre by joint stock shares. The great object is to create an English school of Music, and both Mr. Barnett and Mr. Rodwell see that the surest way, to effect that great and good end, is to procure for English Musicians a certain market for their productions. Mr. Barnett would vest the property and net profits of this market in those who expend their money to erect it, rightly fore-

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musical dramas, the production of English composers, and if in the construction of such theatre, care were to be had, so to arrange its accommodations and charges as to make them suit the respective tastes and conveniences of the different ranks of society, which may be presumed to be likely to become the supporters of such an establishment, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that an impulse would be given to the musical abilities of Englishmen, which would elevate the English school to a rank gradually approaching, and in time fully equal, to that deservedly enjoyed by the Continental nations.

"That your Memorialist, therefore, ventures with great humility to submit to your Majesty the propriety of having a new theatre licensed, for the cultivation and support of English music only, and your Memorialist solicits that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to become the Patron of such theatre.

"And your Memorialist will ever pray."

* Letter to the Musicians of Great Britain, by G. Herbert Rodwell, &c. 8vo. Frazer.

seeing, that if the musician obtains employment, and the interests of the science are secured by the limitations of the patent, under which he performs, all will have been done that a reasonable man can pretend to ask for. Mr. Rodwell, more generous but less judicious, would not only procure employment for the musician while young and in health, but would devote all the emoluments which that employment might produce to provide charity for him when aged, decayed, and distressed. This were a premium against economy—the conclusive inducement to extravagance and dissipation, in a profession which has always been sufficiently surrounded by temptations to imprudence. The English musician, we believe, will be content (we are sure he ought to be), when he shall be assured of those means and facilities for acquiring fortune and distinction, which the foreigners who carry away thousands from us yearly, enjoy in their native homes, and by which, fostered and improved, they are enabled to surpass and overcome the unsupported Englishman beneath his own roof. The English musician wants, and he has every title to, a certain theatre for the exhibition of his talents: give him that, and, like other men, he will take care of his own fortune—give him that, and should he, notwithstanding, come a creeping beggar-man to our doors in old age, it will at least be a consolation to reflect that he will not have a claim upon our charity. We shall already have done our duty to him.

In looking forward to such a state of things, our eyes are steadily fixed upon Mr. Barnett's plan. In all the Arts and Sciences, useful and liberal, we stand, with the exception of music alone, if not superior, at least equal, to the present generation of our fellow-men. A theatre for the sole encouragement of English music would go far to remove this solitary stain upon the national character, and, if prudently devised, such a theatre would certainly be obtained. The object is one for which every educated Englishman must feel an interest. In that capacity we recommend Messrs. Barnett, and Bishop, and Rodwell to unite together, and select a good committee to forward their designs. But let not men of rank and influence only be sought for. Their's is a matter of business; and practical men are indispensable to its success. Let the scheme of a joint stock company, with a capital of sixty thousand pounds, in shares of fifty pounds each, be laid before the public. Petitions to the King may be easily obtained in its favour, and should his Majesty be advised to reject its prayer, let the committee apply for an Act of Parliament. A cause at once so popular and so just, could hardly fail, we should imagine, of the desired success.

COCKNEY AND CORYDON.

CORYDON.

MARCH! march! Bread-street, and Cannon-street,
Aldermanbury, march forward in state!
March Austin Friars! while crooked Threadneedle-street,
Limps on her crutches thro' Temple-bar gate!

Come from the land of the brick manufactories!
Piled, like old Babylon, street over square!
Fly from the scene, where Old Nick the chief actor is!
From the Jews of St. James's, and eke of Rag Fair!

March from your Mansion House, lord of the city!
Start for the country, ye lovers of fun!
Up, Gog and Magog, for once—'twere a pity
To live all your lives without seeing the sun!

Oh! think, gentle Cockney, how lovely the roses,
And violets, and lilies, that perfume the air!
Oh! rusticate instantly—follow your noses
Through Highgate and Hampstead—cut Finsbury-square!

Think, think, of the moonbeam that sleeps on the river,
Of the rock, and the ocean, the mountain, and dell—
Of the foliage so bright, and the aspens that quiver,
And the fountain that plays in its own mossy cell!

Oh! think of these loveable sentimentalities!
Your convict-like drudging *must* make a man spare;
Then quit the base scene of life's sordid realities—
Haste, haste to our hills and vales—*try* the fresh air!

COCKNEY.

Truce, truce to your dreaming! you move but my pity,—
Grave Magog e'en laughs, till he's heard by St. Paul:
'Tis the gas, not the moon, that enlightens the city,
D'ye think your Dame Nature could build our Guildhall?

Lord love your fine sentiment!—Utilitarians
Can't admit such false maxims on any pretence,
With Maculloch, and Mill, so completely at variance;—
All sense is Utility!—give me the pence!

Saving only to painters, and poets, and dreamers,
Your rocks are a nuisance that every one blames;
Say—what were your rivers, deprived of our steamers?
And what is your ocean, compared with our Thames?

Sweet, sweet bloom our bowpots, in balconies blowing!
Resplendent is Holborn, with bright gaslights starred!
Oh! dear is Cheapside, with its human tide flowing,
And pensive the poplars in Monument-yard!

How soothing the hum of the busy crowd swarming,
Harmonious on Sunday the cry of "mack'rel!"
With its musical falls, and its cadences—charming,
And touching the tone of the deep dustman's bell!

What have you that we have not, sad sentimentalist?
We've Short's-gardens, Field-lane--aye, and Green-yards to range,
And compare all the creatures, of which you have sent a list,
With our grasshopper gilt, on the Royal Exchange.

But what are your roses and lilies, so sickly,
Your ague-ish fountains, that cracked poets love—
Your quivering aspens, and furze-bushes prickly,
Say, chopstick philosopher! what do they *prove?*

Cease, then, somnambulist, cease your monotony!
'Twere pity, perchance, from your dreams to disturb ye!
Still dose in your cottage, and stick to your botany!
Leave me at peace in my own *rus in urbe!*

Penzance. H.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

BY CAPTAIN CRAM, H.P. R.H.M.

I DETEST popping at partridges, and should consider it a disgrace to gallop after even the most stinking fox that ever was cubbed: let it stink ever so attractively to the sense of a British sportsman, it has no charms for me. No; I have been accustomed to a more extensive field; I have hunted elephants and bagged buffaloes; my taste, therefore, for such "small deer" as Britain boasts, has dwindled into contempt. Time was, however, when I was a great man in the "small way." Few could boast of more extrordinary leaps; and as to bagging game—it is no use to mince the matter—I was a devil of a shot! I could relate some anecdotes of sporting in those days which would amuse as well as astonish you,—but my object is now to be serious.

During my experience in foreign countries I have been taught the fallacy of many received rules in sporting, which are here followed with implicit faith. As a sincere and general reformer I wish much to alter all these, although I anticipate the difficulty; for England is so wedded to prejudices and old customs, that it is lucky for us our forefathers did not practise walking upon their heads in a general way, or

we should certainly have contended for the propriety of it. However, I think the advantage of adopting my new rules will be so self-evident, that the most bigoted Tory sportsman will hardly refuse to conform. In the first place, then, contrary to the received maxim—

RULE 1.—*Always load your gun when on the cock,* by which you lose no time in bringing your piece to your shoulder, a great advantage; and if you possess *common caution,* you run no risk of blowing your head off while ramming down your charge.

RULE 2.—*When a covey gets up, always fire bang into the middle of it.*—It is all nonsense about singling out a particular bird; take my word, it is easier to miss one bird than to miss a dozen.

RULE 3.—*When you are very desirous of game, instead of shot, fire your ramrod.*—By this plan you may spit three brace at one shot. I have known it done.

RULE 4.—*When you scramble through a hedge, by all means let your gun be at the full cock.*—Caution should be the characteristic of a good sportsman; if you shoot your friend, you will be cautious for life.

RULE 5.—*If a single bird gets up on your friend's side, shoot at it by all means.*—The old system is only to fire at those on your own side, which I hold to be a losing game; for if your friend brings down his bird, *he bags it;* whereas, if you fire also, you have the benefit of the doubt, which is settled by tossing up. Never mind the old gag of it being unfair—the *ardour* of a sportsman is a good excuse.

RULE 6.—*When you meet with a hare on her form, kill it if you can.*—It is all stuff about being *unsportsmanlike*—don't attend to such rubbish. My advice is, *fill your bag.*

RULE 7.—*Never brag of being a good shot.* Hold this as a maxim; if, for example, you have leave to shoot over a gentleman's grounds, and are successful, which you are pretty sure to be, if you follow my rules, and are anything of a shot, send your man home with the game, then call at the house and leave a brace of birds, being the *whole contents of your bag*—you will be condoled with, and have unlimited leave to shoot.

RULE 8.—*When you enter a field, holloa and bawl as loud as you can.* It will save you much trouble, for you will see at once whether there are any birds there.

RULE 9.—*Always train your dog to chop his bird from each covey.* With a good brace of dogs, so trained, and a double-barrelled gun, I would bag more game than any man in England.

RULE 10.—*Choose your dogs of the highest possible courage.* By this precaution you can gratify yourself by thrashing your dog whenever you miss, without fear of spoiling him.

RULE 11.—*The instant a pheasant rises blaze away at him.* My reason for this innovation, is, that if you miss, you wil have time to pitch your hat at him.

RULE 12.—*Never omit to prime your piece;* this is a most important point, and involves consequences not at first apparent. I once remember, in ancient days, to have accompanied two gentlemen from the land of Cockaine, on a shooting excursion; one was the head clerk at Cox and Greenwood's, the army agents, and the other belonged to Dolan's house, the army tailor. They were both pupils of

mine, though from want of practice they had made but indifferent progress. Well, up got a fine cock pheasant, and, according to my system, both pieces were levelled, and down came the bird, though, I verily believe, such was the eagerness of both sportsmen to have the start, that neither had time to bring his gun to his shoulder. Then came on the dispute; the tailor swore he covered the bird, while the other declared he could tell the spot where he touched him. It was referred to me, and without tossing up, I gave it against the tailor. The fact was that I did not carry a gun that day, thinking I should have enough to do to take care of myself, which, indeed, the sequel proved, for I went home minus the skirt of my coat; I was, therefore, the better enabled to watch the proceedings. The tailor demurred at my promptness, and proposed the toss; I, however, referred him to the pan of his piece, which, on examination, he found he had forgotten *to prime!* He lost his chance of his friends bird: therefore, I would say, however you manage about the charge, *never forget the priming.*

I could illustrate my rules by examples; but I intend publishing a few sporting reminiscences soon, in which I shall embody them. Till when, I should advise you to study what I have laid down. Before the season closes you will have plenty of time for practice, and any inquiries touching what I have said, the Editor of the "*Monthly*" will be good enough to forward to me. My dear brother sportsmen, believe me to be your friend, CRAM.

HEAD CLERK AT *Cocks* AND GREENWOOD'S.

TO IZONIA.

Fair girl—farewell! and with that word receive
All—all a heart, like mine by sorrow torn,
Can wish to thee! Think on me ever—not to grieve
That I am tortured with a hope forlorn—
But that, by thine example led, my soul will smile
Serenely on the fate that bids us part,
And tell me in my solitude the while,
That still my memory lives within thy heart—
That pure and secret sanctuary—free
From the intrusive world's malignant eye,
To which my troubled spirit still would flee,
To woo the solace of thy gentle sigh.

Ye powers of fancy, than can still display,
To meditation's rapt and loving hour,
The living charm of beauty far away—
Oh! cheer my musings in my leafless bower;
Pour on mine ear the accents of her tongue,
The airy likeness of her form reveal,
With bright deceit refresh a heart unstrung,
And o'er my charmed sense illusive steal.

Izonia! idol of a wayward breast!
Will not the fountain of thine own repay
The fitful anguish of my broken rest,
The waning hope of each desponding day?

Lost and forsaken as my lot may seem,
I fondly woo illusion's spell, to chase
Despair and sorrow from a feverish dream,
And help inventive fancy still to trace
Tears on thy cheek—within thy pensive mind
A softened thought of all I wished to be—
A chastened captive to thy breast confined,
A soul reclaimed, and yet allured by thee.

But if a kindlier destiny should wave
One wandering ray across its cold eclipse,
And give me once again the joy it gave,
The sunny smile, the music of thy lips,
Thy young heart's gladness mantling on thy brow—
Oh! let me find thy breast the same pure shrine!
Oh! may I meet thee, as I leave thee now,
Free from all bonds—though never, never, mine.

Misgiving fear! should sterner fate ordain
A long, a last farewell—should that cold doom
That withers hope and love, and staunches pain,
Decree my anxious heart a distant tomb,
Remember me! believe that, fondly true,
Receding life was hallowed as it passed;
Affection perished—still adoring you—
And breathed its prayer—the holiest, as the last!

THE PHENOMENA OF MAGNETISM.

In the year 1778, Mesmer, a German physician, who had already published some fanciful opinions, broached the doctrine of the power of magnetism over the living body. Not finding his ideas to meet with that support in his native country to which he conceived they were entitled, he repaired to Paris, then considered the centre of science and civilization, boldly relying upon the confidence of his assertions, and the credulity of the inhabitants of the French metropolis. Nor was his audacity disappointed; for he had no sooner declared his pretensions, than he met with some zealous adherents, if not among the most eminent men of letters, at least among some who possessed so much reputation as to produce a great effect upon the public mind. The object which Mesmer professed was to cure diseases of various kinds, by a certain application of magnetism to the human body; or by exciting the magnetic influence which previously existed in it, although in a latent or insensible state. After he had resided about a year in France, he published an account of his new system. Some of the leading positions are as follows:— Magnetism is a fluid of the greatest tensity, so as to approach to an immaterial or ethereal nature, which pervades all the universe, and fills all the pores or vacancies that are not occupied by grosser matter. It is supposed to be the primary cause of many of the active properties that we observe in the universe, and especially to communicate to them the original impulses of motion and sensation. The human body is capable of receiving the magnetic influence, and the nerves appear to be the media by which it is transmitted through the different organs. This animal magnetism, when excited or liberated, is capable of being communicated from one body to another, and accumulated in them, analogous to what we observe with respect to the electric fluid. It has, however, many peculiarities in which it differs from this agent; of which one of the most remarkable is, that it may be transported to a considerable distance without the intervention of any other substance; and it has, also, the peculiarity of affecting certain individuals alone, while it has no perceptible effect upon others, a difference of constitution which can only be ascertained by actual experiment. But the most important property of animal magnetism is its power in curing diseases, which it possesses in a degree that could not have been previously conceived, but of the actual existence of which we have the most undoubted evidence: its operation upon the body being through the medium of the nervous system, it follows that what we usually style nervous diseases are those that come more immediately under its influence. In proof of his hypothesis, and of the power of magnetism over the human body, Mesmer and his adherents confidently appealed to their success in the cure of diseases; and so great did this appear, and so unquestionable was the evidence on which it seemed to be founded, that for some time scarcely any opposition was made to it, and it was regarded as the most unreasonable scepticism to doubt of its reality.

Mesmer, whether we consider him as an impostor or an enthusiast—a point which is now, perhaps, not very easy to determine—did not lose the opportunity which was offered him of improving his fortune; so that, in the short space of two years, he accumulated a very large property. It was, perhaps, more to this circumstance than to the pure love of truth, or a genuine zeal for science, that we are indebted for the investigation which took place into the merits of the new practice. The established faculty of Paris, finding themselves completely eclipsed by this foreign empiric, made a remonstrance on the subject to the Court; and this application fortunately produced the appointment of a set of eight Commissioner, of whom the most effective were five members of the Academy of Sciences, Bailly—Le Noy, De Boey, Lavoiner, and Franklin. This last philosopher took the lead in the inquiry, for which he was peculiarly adapted, by his acute and powerful understanding; and to him, in conjunction with his colleagues, we are indebted for one of the most valuable specimens of scientific research that is to be met with in the history of philosophy. We cannot, at present, enter into this most interesting report, which we may, however, be tempted to refer to upon another occasion; but the address drawn up by Franklin concludes with the following just reflections:—"Man possesses the power of acting upon his fellow-creatures, of agitating their nerves, and of even throwing them into convulsions; but this action is not to be considered as of a physical nature. We cannot perceive that it depends upon any communicated fluid; but it appears to be entirely of a moral nature, and to operate through the medium of the imagination. It is an action which is almost always productive of dangerous consequences, which can never be admitted into philosophy, and which it is useful to be acquainted with, merely for the purpose of being able to guard against its effects. Magnetism will not, however, be without its advantages to that philosophy which condemns it, as it furnishes us with an additional fact in the history of the errors of the human mind, and exhibits a most interesting example of the powers of the imagination."

The great supporters of animal magnetism have recently been Kieser in Jena, and Wolfart in Berlin; the former explains the phenomena by the striking difference between life by day and life by night, both in the case of animals and vegetables—the latter adopts the mysticism of Mesmer. In 1820 the Prussian Government caused a prize to be offered for the best treatise on the subject, but it was subsequently withdrawn. In Germany, a country so fertile in mysticism, both physical and metaphysical, animal magnetism has still its adherents, and these not merely among the vulgar, but even among men of learning. In some of the German universities, so renowned for their indefatigable research and profound erudition, animal magnetism takes its place with the other sciences, and has its professors and lecturers; journals are devoted to recording the cures that are performed by it, and the cures stand upon the same evidence, and are received with the same degree of confidence with other medical facts. The following extracts from letters written by the Marquis de Puysegur, a conscientious believer in Mesmerism, are

extremely curious. The translator was acquainted in Paris with this gentleman, and the following is a brief sketch of this staunch adherent to the doctrines of Mesmer :—

Armand de Chastenet, Marquis de Puysêgur, was a General of Artillery, before the Revolution; he was born in 1752—is the grandson of a marshal of France. His extensive knowledge, amiable manners, and strict probity caused him to be beloved by the whole army. He served at the siege of Gibraltar, where he distinguished himself, and was particularly noticed by the Comte d'Artois (Charles X.), who gave him the command of the regiment of Strasburg. He was kept two years in prison at Soissons, during the reign of terror, and had a narrow escape from the guillotine. In 1799 he was appointed Mayor of Soissons, and in this situation he rendered immense services to the poorer class of the inhabitants. In 1805 he returned to his estate of Busancy, and has, until 1816, devoted his time to the pursuit of his favourite study, Mesmerism. The public papers have continually mentioned the extraordinary cures effected by him on numerous patients. He is the author of a great number of scientific works.

I.

Au Château de Busancy, near Soissons, 8th May, 1784,

While pleading the cause of Animal Magnetism, I am merely pleading that of its celebrated discoverer; and if I attempt to impart a few notions upon the subject you will easily perceive how enthusiastically devoted I am to Mr. Mesmer.

I do not pretend giving you the theory of *Animal Magnetism,* nor enter into a discussion respecting its analogy with the whole system of the world —Mr. Mesmer alone can undertake so great a task; I merely wish to inform you what method I pursue to cure maladies, and to relate a few surprising and unexpected effects produced by a science which the world is now beginning to appreciate.

I can scarcely flatter myself that I am sufficiently enlightened not to make some slight errors in entering into this brief explanation; the inferences that I draw from facts may be called in question, and even refuted, for aught I know, but you may place *implicit reliance* upon my averments respecting the cures that have been performed—I am incapable, as all who know me can testify, of uttering a falsehood.

My firm belief is, that there exists an *universal fluid* vivifying the whole world, and that this is not an ancient error, but an ancient truth which ignorance has caused to be rejected. My opinion is, that this fluid is continually moving about the universe, and that this fact is now upon the point of being credited. The only *palpable* idea we have hitherto had respecting the motion of this fluid, is that which electricity has given us. Mineral magnetism had also given us an idea, less *palpable,* but more positive; for how can a magnetized needle, a body without motion, be moved by any other power from its place. I am convinced that medical men, by making use of these two discoveries for the relief of the sick, have evinced their ignorance respecting the cause of these phenomena.

Animal magnetism now gives us a convincing proof of the existence of an universal fluid continually in motion, and presents to mankind the certain means of curing all the maladies from which we suffer.

If we admit that this universal fluid is spread through all nature, we may

thus be able to understand the phenomenon of rotatory movement ascribed to the planetary system.

The earth, as well as all the other celestial bodies, are continually revolving in the midst of this fluid, and this perpetual rotation produces an effect analogous to electric motion. As no angle (*pointe*) ever disturbs this continual motion, the consequence is that the universe is absolutely charged and saturated with the fluid.—*Cætera desunt.*

(Signed) Le Marquis de Puysegur.

II.

Busancy.

I hasten to communicate to you the result of a number of experiments I have recently been performing at this place. I am so agitated with pleasure, so filled with enthusiasm, that I feel I require some tranquillity of body and mind, and this will be promoted in communicating my thoughts to one who can understand me. I hope that by my exertions, and by those of others who occupy themselves in the study of animal magnetism, we shall at length succeed in tranquillizing the feelings of every individual, and destroying the scepticism that still exists upon this subject.

After residing ten days at this place, having laid aside all mental occupations, and only amusing myself with horticultural pursuits, I paid a visit to my bailiff. His daughter was suffering extreme pain from the tooth-ache; I asked her in a jocose manner whether she would like to be cured. You may easily suppose that she answered in the affirmative. I immediately *magnetized* her, and in less than *ten minutes* she was perfectly free from pain, and has not since had any attack.

My gamekeeper's wife was, on the following day, relieved from a similar pain, and by the same means, in as short a space of time.

This success emboldened me to proceed with my experiments, and I called upon a peasant, a man about twenty-three years of age, who had been confined to his bed for four days, in consequence of an attack of pleurisy, accompanied with spitting of blood; this was last Tuesday, the fourth of this month, at eight o'clock in the evening: his fever had in some degree subsided. I desired him to get out of bed, and I magnetized him. My surprise was extreme on beholding this man fall gently asleep in my arms within about a quarter of an hour, without any convulsive movement. I continued the *crisis*, which produced vertigo; he began to talk, and spoke about his affairs. When I perceived that his ideas appeared to affect him in a disagreeable way, I endeavoured to divert them to a more pleasing subject, and to produce the effect no great efforts were required on my part; he then began to evince great delight, fancying that he was shooting for a prize, dancing at a ball, &c. &c. At the expiration of two days he was completely restored to health.

The cure I had effected in this case induced other peasants to call at the château to consult me about their complaints. In order to relieve these poor people in a simultaneous manner, and to save great exertions on my part, I came to the resolution of *magnetizing a tree*, according to the plan laid down by Mr. Mesmer; and after attaching a rope to it, I tried its effects upon my patients, and last night I made the experiment for the first time. I sent for the first patient, and as soon as the rope had been put round him, he looked up at the *tree*, and exclaimed, with an air of astonishment, which I cannot describe, "What do I see yonder!" He then bent his head and entered into a state of perfect somnambulism. At the expiration of an hour I conducted him to his house, when I restored him the use of his senses. Several persons told him what had happened, but he maintained that they were imposing upon him, that in the weak state to which he had been reduced,

scarcely being able to move about his bed-room, it was ridiculous to suppose that he could walk down stairs and proceed to the tree near the fountain. I desired these inquisitive people not to disturb him with questions, and this day I repeated the operation with the same success.

A female, twenty-six years of age, residing at a short distance from my château, had been labouring for nine months under an attack of fever, pains in her loins and chest; she came to see me while I was at the house of the patient of whom I have been speaking, and as she expressed great confidence in my power, I led her to the tree. I encircled her and the other patient with the rope, and she received immediate relief, all her disorders having left her with the exception of the fever. I acknowledge to you, my friends, that my head almost turns with the delight I experience in witnessing the benefits my tenants and neighbours are receiving.

Madame de P., all the company who are residing at her château, and my servants, are in ecstacies of admiration, which I am unable to describe, and I can assure you that they do not feel half the satisfaction I experience. If I had not had recourse to *my tree*, which enables me to get some rest, I should be in a continual agitation. I believe that my health is improved (*je crois à l'harmonie de ma santé*). I have *too much existence*, if I may be allowed to make use of such an expression.—*Cætera desunt.*

LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

III.

Busancy, 17th May, 1784.

If you do not arrive here, my dear brother, before Sunday next, you will not have an opportunity of seeing my extraordinary patient, as his health is nearly re-established, and he is able to attend to his affairs. He told me, however, while in the *crisis*, that he would again require to be *touched*, and indicated the days, which are Thursday, Saturday, and Monday, for the last time; he added, that my task was a difficult one, but, that in order to succeed, it was absolutely necessary to *touch* him.

I continue to make use of the power which I have acquired through Mr. Mesmer, and I daily offer up my prayers to Heaven for his happiness, for I am of immense service to my sick neighbours; they flock in great numbers around my tree, and this morning there had assembled around it as many as a hundred and thirty. It is a continual procession throughout the country; they crowd around my tree, and I spend two hours near it every morning. My tree is the best *baquet** possible; every leaf communicates health—every individual experiences, more or less, beneficial effects from it, and you would be delighted in witnessing these wonders. I have but one regret, and that is, I cannot touch every body; but my *patient*, or rather he from whom my acquired knowledge proceeds, tranquillizes me with respect to the conduct I am to pursue; according to him, it is not necessary that I should *touch* every one—a *look*, a *motion*, a WISH is sufficient; and it is an ignorant peasant who teaches me that. When he is in a *crisis*, I do not know any body more *profound*, more *prudent*, and more *circumspect*. There are several other men and women who approach in some degree to his state, but none can be compared with him; and this is a painful reflection, for next Tuesday I must bid farewell to my council, as this man will not require being *touched* any more, and I shall not be prevailed upon, through motives of pure curiosity, to make use of him, except to cure him and do him good. If you wish to see and hear him, do not fail arriving here, at latest, on Sunday.

Adieu! my dear brother: I invite you, in the most pressing manner, to come and participate my pleasure; when you will have seen all these worthy

* A kind of trough, around which those who were magnetized were obliged to sit.

people around my tree, filled with confidence and delight, pouring forth prayers for my welfare, you will, I am persuaded, experience the highest satisfaction. LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

Another extract.—The Marquis continues to speak of Victor, the extraordinary patient, whom he mentions in his last letter:—

IV.

It is with this simple peasant, a tall, robust man, twenty-three years old, at present in a state of weakness, caused by indisposition, or rather by affliction, and on that very account more easily susceptible of being moved by *nature's agent*—it is through this man, I say, that I receive instruction. When he is in a magnetic state he is no longer a silly peasant, scarcely able to express himself in common language, but he becomes a being I am quite unable to describe. There is no necessity for my speaking to him; I *think* in his presence, and he comprehends and answers me. Should any one enter his room—he sees him, if such be *my will*; he speaks to him, and says what *I wish* him to say, not always in the way *I dictate* to him, but in the way that truth requires. You will easily understand that this poor man is penetrated with gratitude for the attentions paid to him by Madame P——, and by me; he would not venture to express his feelings when in his usual state, but the moment he enters into a magnetic crisis, his mind becomes expanded; he then wishes that his very interior might be seen, and it would become manifest how much gratitude he feels towards his benefactors. We are absolutely moved to tears on hearing the voice of nature expressing itself with candour: it affords me such infinite pleasure that I frequently leave him in that state longer, perhaps, than is necessary for the benefit of his health.

In order not to tire your patience, you must know that this poor man has a cause of great vexation, in consequence of the ill-treatment he experiences from a sister at whose house he is residing, and who wishes to get possession of a sum of money bequeathed to him by his mother. This woman is the vilest creature in the country, and she teazes him from morn till night. I have learnt all these particulars from himself, without his recollecting any thing about the circumstance. I endeavoured to offer him consolation, by promising to attend to his affairs, and to do every thing in my power to prevent him suffering from his sister's injustice. This morning a woman came in just as I had commenced magnetizing him: I wished him to know that the woman was present, and that she entertained a feeling of friendship towards him. He then addressed her: "Good morning, Angélique; may I ask you to do me a favour?"—"With great pleasure."—(I requested this woman to answer him just as she would have done, if he had been in his natural state).—"The Marquis," continued Victor, "has been extremely kind to me, he visits me, and takes care of my health; he must know that I am suffering under great affliction and I trust that he will relieve me. Do you know, Angélique, that my sister is the cause of all my misery?"—"Only take patience, and every thing will be settled in a comfortable manner."—"Now, I wish you to deliver something to the Marquis; will you undertake to place it in his hands? I should never think of taking so great a liberty myself."—"What is it?"—"You will find in the cupboard, in such a drawer, a bundle of papers of such a shape; it is a lease of this house, which my mother gave to me a short time before her death, in order to reward me for the care I had taken of her in her old age."—Angélique having looked in the cupboard finds the document mentioned, and showing it to Victor, asks him if that is what he wishes to give me (you must remark that his eyes continued closed during this conversation, and I took care to keep him in the crisis in order not to fatigue his eyes), he replied, "That is the parchment;" he then par-

ticularly enjoined her to keep the secret from her sister, who would certainly have burnt this deed, had she known it was in his possession, and again requests her to place it within my hands. I took the deed from the hand of this woman, and I had no sooner obtained possession of it and put it into my pocket, when the countenance of my patient was lighted up with animation and delight. I went out a few minutes afterwards, taking the usual precautions, and I have not yet told him what he has done.*

I will not add any reflections concerning the fact I have just communicated; they must naturally crowd upon your mind. Here is an individual *compelled* to give me a deed, the most valuable article of which he is possessed, and that because *I wished, with all my soul,* to render him happy: he procured the means to enable me to effect this, as you must know that, according to the terms of the deed, the person holding possession of it, becomes the guardian of the old woman's son. I do not know whether it is possible to *desire to do evil* as well as to do good, in a similar circumstance; should that be the case, how much misery would arise from the power of animal magnetism, if made use of by wicked persons! I have not yet been able to solve this question, namely, whether one can wish *evil* to ensue, as well as *good:* My uneasiness has been considerably increased upon this subject in consequence of the remarks made by those persons who have witnessed the above-mentioned fact. The greatest misfortunes, they assert, may spring from the power obtained through Animal Magnetism over the minds of rich persons. A villain may, they add, penetrate into the secrets of families, abuse the confidence of his friends, and revenge himself with impunity. My only answer is—that I was incapable of solving this problem *myself,* for it is impossible, said I, to wish *evil* and *good* at the same time. If I wish to obtain information by putting indiscreet questions, my conscience tells me I am doing wrong, and the answers that would then be returned, would not bring me to a satisfactory conclusion. All I could do was to ask my patients (in a state of magnetic crisis) what they thought upon this subject, and all of them assured me, that when in this state they retained their full reason and power of discrimination, and that they would soon perceive any *bad intentions;* that their health would immediately suffer, and that they would awake at the very moment. I cannot, however, place much confidence in the solution of this difficulty, and unless I am borne out in my conjectures by experiments made by other persons, I shall continue to feel great uneasiness as to the abuse that may be made of the most wonderful and useful science that ever existed.

However, it will be with this, as with *Gunpowder,* which in the hands of villains is used for every base purpose, but in the hands of good men is only employed for beneficial effects. There is, moreover, this advantage in Animal Magnetism; a person cannot be taken by surprise: you cannot be magnetized *against your will,* and the confidence placed in the man who magnetizes must always be a preliminary to the relief he is to experience.

LE MARQUIS DE PUYSEGUR.

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* It was only on the following day that, finding him worse than before, and extremely low spirited, and as he told me that his sorrow arose from the uneasiness he experienced concerning the deed, and that he had been looking for it during the whole day, I informed him in what manner he had disposed of it: he felt great pleasure on learning this circumstance, and having again been magnetized for two hours, he is now quite well again.

AN AUTHOR'S RENT-DAY.

My lodging is not in the most fashionable part of town, as it approximates much more closely to Fleet Street, than Mr. Croker would deem desirable; yet I have a partiality for it, because it was in it that I located on my first arrival from the country; and it is, moreover, in the neighbourhood of some chosen friends, who, after evidencing their capabilities in truly English fashion, by a quarterly display of their appetites, had been deemed worthy to be permitted to advocate and defend his Majesty's lieges. My landlady, from long intimacy, has for many years regarded me as a familiar, and has frequently made me the depository of her confidence. On the occasion of the stay I am speaking of, she had been complaining to me of the pecuniary irregularities of one of her lodgers, a young gentleman, who had adventured upon the perilous trade of authorship, and who seemed to be sharing plentifully the most usual earnings of his calling.

"Seven weeks' rent of that handsome airy attic due, Sir," said Mrs. Jones, "and nothing but promises, for he's mighty fair spoken; but fine words don't butter no bread, you know, Sir, as my old man, poor dear soul, used to say. T'other day, that's a week ago, says he to me, says he, 'Mrs. Jones, I expects daily to see a relation, what will put me in a way to settle with you;' and more nor that, says he, 'Mrs. Jones, I've just got a play nigh ready, as is to be acted at Drury Lane, and I expects a hundred pounds for it;' and then you know, Sir, when this here hundred pounds comes, I'm to be paid, supposing this here relation don't give him the money? But I an't got much faith in any thing as depends on the players."

"Well, but, Mrs. Jones," I said "this young gentleman is very young, and money you know, is very scarce in all quarters; his representations, probably, are true, and yet he may be pushed for cash; in the mean time—I am sure it is not your disposition to be harsh with any body—suppose you try another week, and see what patience will do."

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Jones, "that's exactly what he says; but, as I said afore, you know, Sir, 'Patience don't butter no bread no more nor fair words does,' as my poor old man used to say; but howsomever, Sir, as you advises it, I'll wait another week; it an't in my nature to hurt nobody; but then I'm a lone widdy 'oman, and I don't like to be taken advantage of."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Jones," I said; "but, however, you'll see what the next week will do, and, I hope, it will favour both you and the young gentleman."

"Well, Sir," answered Mrs. Jones; "I'll tell him in the morning, as I'll wait another week, and no longer—nor I won't, neither, Sir;" and after taking a thimble-full of whiskey, the old lady left me, happy to think that I had won a respite for my fellow-lodger.

In the morning Mrs. Jones informed me that she had intimated to her attic friend the determination she had come to, and I heard no more of the affair until a week afterwards. I had been out late, and came in about five in the morning. As I was entering my bed-room,

the old lady accosted me in great haste, and in a deshabille that would hardly have become one of her sex of less holy years, and tlod me in manifest trepidation that her lodger above had been stirring all night, and that from some words spoken to himself, but overheard by her, she thought it was his intention to *bolt*, as she elegantly expressed it.

"Eight weeks, Sir; two pounds sixteen, besides four and threepence for postages, seven shillings for firing, and three-and-sixpence for cleaning o' shoes; altogether three-pun-ten and ninepence. As I'm an honest 'oman," said Mrs. Jones, "I can't afford it, Sir—I can't—indeed, Mister."

"But," I said, "you have only to look sharp after the door."

"Ah, but then them ere rumpuses, I can't abear 'em; think o' the other lodgers, Sir. There—there he goes again—I knows he's arter summat. Just come up, Sir; you know Sir," she added, in a coaxing protection-seeking tone—": you know, Sir, there an't nobody as I can ax assistance on but you." There was no resisting this appeal to my chivalry, and so I followed my fair guide to the landing-place of the fourth story, when she disposed me and herself so that we could overhear a portion, at least, of what passed in the room occupied by her defaulter. We had not long remained thus sentinelled, when we heard the youth exclaim—

"Yes! I must try my uncle!"

"There's a villain!" cried Mrs. Jones, whom I could scarcely restrain—"I knowed it—he's going to pledge my property, he's got none himself but an ink-bottle." I motioned her imperatively to be silent, and he continued:

"These sheets will surely bring me something?"

"A pair o' my best Russia—the swindler!" observed Mrs. J. in agony; "only think o' that, Sir, I'll never give them chaps in the garrets anything nor calico again."

"But how to proceed," cried the lodger; "the pillows have been too often used—they are common;—no, the blankets are the thing."

"Real Whitney!" exclaimed my companion, horror-struck—"cost me five-and-forty shillings last Midsummer was a twelvemonth, as I'm a living 'oman!"

"And then I must manage the sacking!" continued the author.

"Lord Almighty!" cried the old lady, "he's going to pledge sacking and all."

"If I should succeed," he continued, "it's three to one."

"Ah, three to one, indeed," said Mrs. Jones, "to me; but we'll take care he don't get 'em to that shop, howsumever." Here some words, spoken in a lower tone, escaped us; the next we heard was—

"But how to manage the escape!—ay, the window—the window—they can go through the window, and be received below, and so borne off in safety."

"Oh, the infernal robber!" groaned Mrs. Jones; "my Whitney blankets and Russia sheets to be pitched out o' window, like so much rubbishing books; but I'll have all them 'ere garret windows nailed down arter this."

"It's resolved," said the youth, "I shall have a run; and then how I'll astonish Mother Jones!"

"Mother Jones! indeed," said mine hostess, indignantly, "Mother Jones!—but Mother Jones will put a stop to your run, young gentleman." The soliloquy ceased—we listened, and heard the window thrown up.—"There goes my goods into the yard," said the old lady; "but he shall take a voyage for it, the rascal; I'll teach him to call me, Mother Jones, and chuck my Whitney blankets into the mud!" A rustling noise was heard, and my landlady, in a guise that would have become a great grandmama bacchante, rushed forward, as her lodger, opening his door, exultingly exclaimed, "And now I'm off!"

"No you a'nt, tho'—no you a'nt!" she vociferated, catching him fast in an embrace, that her prisoner would have pitched himself from his window to obtain from one of the sex gifted with an inverse ratio of temptation.—"Where's my rent, mister? and where's my bedding? them ere good Russia sheets, and Whitney blankets!—Oh, you willain! you willain!"

"Your sheets and blankets!" cried the youngster, evidently taken aback, and endeavouring to escape from her bear-like hug.—"What do you mean, woman? let me go."

"Not till I gets my property," said Mrs. Jones,

"If you mean your rent," answered her prisoner, "I promise you——"

"Ah, I've had promises enough," replied the inexorable dame; "where's my property, you willain?"

"Damn your property; let me go," rejoined the lodger, as he shook her off. I then made my appearance—"I'm happy to see a reasonable being," said the young gentleman, as he approached me; "pray, can you explain to me, what is meant by this strange conduct?"

"Why, sir," I said, after quieting Mrs. Jones, "this good lady has some idea, not altogether unwarranted, it seems, that you were about to leave her house, and in company with her bedding."

"To leave her house, and in company with her bedding!" he said, in evident amazement, "I don't understand you, sir—I certainly was about to go out, as she knows I always do at this time; but what, for God's sake, was I to do with her bedding?"

"Do with it!" cried Mr. Jones, "why, what did we hear you just now say about your uncle? eh! what, you're diskivered, are you?"

"My uncle! why, I believe, I said I should apply to him, to enable me to satisfy you."

"Oh, then, you confesses it!" said Mrs. Jones, "didn't you say, sir, as my sheets would fetch sommat?"

"Good God! is it possible," cried the young man, "that you can suppose I meant to rob you of your sheets? I meant my own sheets, the sheets of the work I am engaged on."

"Oh! ah, I dare say," answered she; "but we knows the work you was engaged on—didn't you say you'd take the blankets, 'cause the pillows were too much used? I knows they warn't new; but they

was too good for such varmint as you." The young man burst into an immoderate fit of laughing.

"I did say so;" said he; "I meant to have smothered my heroine with the pillows; but recollecting Shakspeare had used them in two plays, I chose the blankets."

"That won't do, mister," answered the unpoetical fair; "didn't we hear you say you'd do summat with the sacking?"

"Why, damn it, woman, my play ends with the sacking of a town!"

"Ah, I an't no doubt as you'd take the sacking of all the town, if you could get it; and didn't you say, you'd have a run for it, and astonish Mother Jones?—There, sir!"

"Confound your stupidity!" he answered; "I meant my piece would have a run; in which case I should have astonished you, by paying you your bill."

"Don't believe a word of it, as I'm a living 'oman—where's my property?" she cried, rushing into the room; when, to her surprise, she found sheets, blankets, and sacking in *statu quo.* I now saw the absurd mistake; and having appeased the old woman *pro tempore,* I tendered to my new acquaintance an explanation and apology for her, which were received in good part; and I commenced a friendship with an amiable and talented man that has lasted now some years; and often, when we while away a winter's evening, under the very roof beneath which this occurred, we laugh over our toddy, as we drink success to Mother Jones, and safety to her sacking.

A FEW CHIRPS FROM THE GRESHAM GRASSHOPPER.

"Some meet about affairs
Of consequence and profit, bargain, sale,
And to confer with chapmen: some for pleasure,
To match their horses, wager on their dogs,
Or try their hawks; some to no other end
But only to meet good company, discourse,
Dine, drink, and spend their money."

HEYWOOD'S *English Traveller.*

COME hither, curious reader, take thy stand with me; I will quit my pinnacle for once, and be thy *cicerone* through this golgotha. Let us place ourselves where thou seest yon time-killer spelling over the play-bills of the day, under the southern arch entrance to the Royal Exchange. I will use my experience before thy eyes, and bring two or three of these creatures in review before thee. We will pass an hour in the heart of the busiest haunts, where Mammon sits enthroned in tyrannic state, and deals out favours to those who grovel round his footstool in willing, though degraded, homage. I like to watch the countenances of the various votaries thronging round the throne of their idol. There they go—there they go! Their whole hearts, hopes, wishes, powers, faculties, all—all cast upon the same object. From the petty dealer in the pettiest article of merchandize, to the

most important speculator in the greatest, all are alike—their pulses beat to the self-same time.

We must not confound business-men with men of business, for between the two there is a very wide distinction. The latter are a most useful and important race of men; the former are those who give up their whole faculties to the mere love of business, and the golden results which it brings in its train: men who cry "*cui bono*" to every thing out of their daily routine. I have seen a man of this kind persuaded to look at a fine picture or statue, or examine some splendid effort of human genius and invention. "Aha!" said he, "this must have been an expensive affair. Do you know how much it cost? Is it a marketable commodity? I know there is a great deal of humbug about pictures, and statues, and such like; for a friend of mine lost thirty per cent. upon some he was fool enough to speculate in when he yielded to the vagaries of his wife, in taking a trip to what is called the land of genius—Italy."

This is the sort of man who rises in the morning before the November fogs have mingled their dense masses with the London smoke, to perform his morning devotions over his ledger! who sits down to his hasty breakfast with a better appetite after a favourable statement of market-prices in the morning newspaper. One would imagine that such a man was born with a pen behind his ear, within a near view of the Gresham grasshopper: his early food must have had gold-dust mingled with it. If he was not born to this, surely he must have been bitten, in his younger days, by the fangs of a greedy plodder from t'other side of the Tweed. It is a monstrously infectious disease under which he labours, and no medicine can stem the torrent of it.

Mark that cadaverous, wizen-faced reptile, dressed in a suit of shabby black: you would not give him a pound for his whole wardrobe;—he rolls in wealth. For forty years he has sailed down the commercial stream, with cent. per cent. swelling his sails—hope has stowed his cargoes, and caution has swayed the helm. Observe his stealthy step—slow—steady,—fearful "lest the very stones should prate of his whereabout." His eye is bent upon the earth—he needs no eyes to guide him—he moves mechanically to and from this, his daily haunt. He bends forward to the earth, as if the weight of his cargoes were upon his shoulders. He is a ticket-porter—a beast of burthen to his own schemes and fancies. He was made to bear great weights—he is a weighty man in his way. He looks like one of those before whom the uncertificated bankrupt might cringe in vain. Sooner would he give a drop of his heart's blood, or see the bankrupt's heart shed its last drop, than waste one drop of his ink in signing the necessary document of emancipation to the forlorn and broken trader. Happy for this man if he does not hear a widow's cry mingled with his death knell, and feel an orphan's tear mingled with the death-dew on his forehead at his last hour. That cry would sound keener than the loudest bell; that tear strike colder than the touch of death. That sallow cheek knows not the tender touch of fond emotion's tear tracing its channel downwards, drawn forth from the inward recesses of the heart:—his heart is dry. Thus has he lived—thus will he live; and when his bones shall be carried to their last

home will the mourning of his followers go deeper than the colour of the clothes they wear!

Yonder goes another: his eye wanders abroad; he distributes a nod to one, an how-d'ye-do to another; a shake by the hand to a third, which would be agreeable enough if the heart went with it, but even that he mimics so that many would be deceived. This man is a speculator, whose pulse beats to the tune of the present moment. He is not content with the dull, crooked, plodding ways of ordinary thrift, but breaks out into new channels, catches at new objects, devises new schemes. Like the devil, he is always busy stirring up a storm, and then proudly rides in the midst of it. He was in poverty and distress a week ago; to-day he is master of every thing. He rules the market in the commodity he buys; he will be a beggar next Saturday, and on Monday he will begin again, and play the golden ass once more. Look at him: his cheek is flushed, and his eye speaks of hope and expectation. When the 'Change bell has rung he will go and swallow his hasty dinner with a feverish appetite, and then, after seeing all his doings fairly registered in his diary, home he goes, and in the delusive dreams of to-morrow consumes those hours of repose in which the heart should beat tranquilly to acquire a renovated strength for the efforts of the day that is to come.

How different from these is that man now advancing with a broken, tremulous step; he has been the plodding business man all his days. He is the child of misfortune, the dupe of the designing; he has borne poverty's keen touch, and disappointment's destroying blow; still he clings to the delusive scene of all he has done and all he has been, in hopes, upon the fragment of credit which yet remains to build up something out of the wrecks of former years. Yet he goes on as if a spell followed him: he dreams of profits never to be realized, and sighs for riches, but finds still that their proverbial wings waft them from him. From day to day his mind wanders over these things, and the hard labours of his daily round are rewarded only by that slender pittance which barely keeps him from the bitterest ills of poverty. His hair is white with the frost of years. The night will, ere long, close over him; the thread of his long life will soon be spun; and not one record of happy feeling will be left upon the shore of his memory (unwashed by the briny waves of sorrow) to console him in his last days. I'll tell you a story touching pelf.

Yew-tree Lodge is a moderate-sized, square-built erection, standing in all the majesty of white plaster, within two dozen paces of the high road from London to Dover. I never could ascertain that it was celebrated for any thing before it became the residence of its present owner, Sir Crab Numberwell, knight and retired merchant—save the trees, whence it derived its name. The fantastical shapes, into which it had been cut, proved the unconscious cause of a re-christening—to wit, "The Dog and Duck!" and nothing could sooner arouse the irritability of the rich and respected citizen than to allude, even in the most indirect manner, to this appellation.

Although Yew-tree Lodge was situated within two miles of London-bridge, our night could never be argued out of the persuasion that he lived in the country. And why should any one have attempted to banish the illusion? As he was pleased with the idea, why not let him enjoy his harmless fancy in peace and quietness? But in every neighbourhood there are occupationless spirits to be met with, who must needs intermeddle with what in no way concerns them, and lavish on an unfortunate neighbour such a share of attention as the forest-fly bestows on the generous steed. One or two of this class were domiciled near Yew-tree Lodge; and, while engaged in commercial pursuits, were the knights most intimate friends. In fact, his country-house had been selected on account of its proximity to these very friends. And sorely did he now repent it. They joked the good man about his "dog and duck;" and he understood, not joking; they plagued him with ill-timed complaints; and, quizzing some of his intimates, would often fairly exhaust the small portion of forbearance wherewith he was gifted. A long career of prosperity magnifies the most trivial thwartings into unparalleled disappointments. Sir Crab, however, though often urged to a display of ungentle and uncourtly bearing, was so enamoured of the charms of divine poesy, that the muses frequently interposed a shield between his anger and its object. In short, though abominating authors, and all that class, he was an inveterate quoter.

Our retired merchant was blest with a wife, a son, and a daughter, in addition to his "plum." The lady-mother, once her lord and master's housemaid, was 'fat, fair,' and something more than 'forty;' and, to use Sir Crab's quotation, when once ruminating on the charms of his better half, she was

> "A ton of flesh, with gold hoops bound,
> Just four feet high, and six feet round."

His son was a sickly youth, called Sensitive, much given to the muse, consequently considered by the father a lost young man; but his daughter was the hope of the family; the worthy citizen had negotiated a marriage for her that would set all Walworth in an uproar, and Newington Butts to boot. Here, then, is the family party assembled—Sir Crab, her Ladyship, and the two juniors.

But we will quit our friend Numberwell awhile, in favour of his daughter, the bright-eyed Fanny; wherefore it behoves us to lay before the inquiring reader a sketch of the bridegroom.

"Only conceive, now, what may be realized from a trifle by frugality and perseverance! When I set out in life—'tis fifty years ago—my whole fortune did not exceed two hundred pounds, a single suit of clothes, and sundry old hats and aged pairs of stockings. Add an 0 to the 200*l.*! even so, 2000*l.* Bless me! Well, that's something. Two thousand pounds, snugly deposited in this house; twenty thousand in the firm of Sterling and Co.; and eighty thousand secured on certain entailed estates—thanks to extravagance!—all safe—safe as the Bank of England. Well, that makes altogether 100,000*l.*, with an odd two thousand over—the result of my own persevering industry, and the fictitious wants of others. Yes, yes, my

old friend Numberwell was in his right senses, when, to the exclusion of young Harrowby, he selected me for his intended son-in-law, though I have never heard anything against the prudence of Harrowby, I must say that. But then he *is* young; and, when we have youthful blood to deal with, there is no answering for contingencies. I lent Lord Creighton, the Duke of Nottingham's son, 5000*l.* this very morning. Yet the clear-sighted world esteems him a *prudent* young man! Ah, ah, ah!"

In this strain soliloquized the usurer Argent, a tall, gaunt personage, in his sixty-eighth year, with a quizzical, care-worn visage, peering from beneath a russity scratch wig, as great an antiquity as its owner; and very probably picked up—like that of old Elwes, out of a rut—the disdained and despised of a beggar. His clothes were of dark material, and seemed too large for him, and he wore a long spencer, which appeared to lie upon him by accident.

Such was the man, appointed by the paternal solicitude of Sir Crab to watch over and promote the happiness of a pretty girl of eighteen, with the endearing title of husband; and it was with the intention of "doing a little billing and cooing," that the day after he had enjoyed the pleasing reverie, just chronicled, he repaired, per coach, to the seat of his friend Numberwell; where, however, we will take the liberty of preceding him.

As the sun yet lingered on the tops of the highest neighbouring hills—Nunhead-hill, Dulwich-hill, and others—gilding their stately crests, with the glories of departing day, a travelling carriage drove up to Yew-tree Lodge; whence descended Wilmot Bolland—Sir Crab's nephew—and his friend, Clayton.

Heir to considerable wealth, there were not wanting rogues and sycophants enough to take advantage of youth. Prominent among these worthies stood forth Mr. Philip Clayton, by whose counsel, young Bolland, ruined by folly, plunged into crime. His fortune was anticipated; and, before twenty-five summers had passed over him, his ingenuity was his only portion. Returning to Paris, after a successful campaign in London, he called on his uncle, Sir Crab, with the intention of extracting, in one way or other, some of the contents of his strong box. But, although Sir Crab had not seen his nephew for years, he was well acquainted with his propensities and conduct; and was therefore hastening into the room, where he had been shown, with the determination of instantly dismissing the young reprobate from his house, as his friend Argent made his usual unceremonious *entrée*.

"What can have brought Lord Creighton here?" asked the usurer, the moment he perceived Sir Crab. "I knew not you were acquainted with him."

"Lord Creighton! there's no Lord Creighton here."

"No Lord Creighton here! I saw him enter but now. Perhaps, however, his rank may have found favour with Fanny? If so, what need of mystery? I am neither young nor noble; yet I did hope——"

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed Sir Crab. "Excuse me, Argent, excuse me. Fit for St. Luke's, eh? where certain

'——— brazen, brainless brothers stand.'"

And he peered up at the rigid features of his intended son-in-law, who replied, with more of sorrow than of anger.

"Be it so, be is so;" and was about to take his departure, when stopped by the knight.

"Think you I would so use an old friend, Argent? But I could not help smiling, when you wanted to persuade me I knew not my own nephew—the profligate!"

Hereupon Argent began to wax wroth, and smote his thigh, as he exclaimed—

"I can tell you one thing, Sir Crab, old friends though we be, and in spite of the projected alliance, I will not tamely submit to be insulted."

"Heyday! what next?—Insulted!"

"I now repeat, in the plainest conceivable terms, that Lord Creighton has just entered your house. If you have reasons for concealing him—so be it—I wish you good morning."

Sir Crab, after regarding the speaker for some time, in utter amazement, muttered—

"You are mad, Sir, mad! mad as a March hare! by 'the immortal Magog.'"

Argent's ears were sufficiently acute to transmit this startling accusation to the seat of understanding; and he replied—

"Such language, Sir Crab, makes this, in all probability, the last interview we may ever have. That unhappy disposition to make the best bargain breaks through a friendship, which the trials of thirty years had not impaired. You call me mad! I still assert the Duke of Nottingham's eldest son, Lord Creighton, is under your roof; and I will give you a proof sufficient for the satisfaction of any man. Yesterday, no longer since than yesterday, I had some pecuniary transactions with his lordship; and must, therefore, of necessity, be acquainted with his person. Now, are you satisfied?"

Sir Crab stared, as well he might, at such positive assertion; and, for a moment, appeared in a state of doubt as to his conduct.

"Come, Sir Crab, come," said Argent, noting the worthy merchant's hesitation, "here's my hand. Let not so long a friendship, as ours be terminated by such a mistake. Identity is easily ascertained from the parties themselves;" and he was moving forward for this purpose, when Lady Numberwell made her appearance.

"Only think, Numby, only think — your nephew, Bolland——"

"There!" interrupted the knight; "he will have him a lord! what's the use of my talking. He's only fit for Bedlam," pointing to Argent.

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated the lady; "a mad friend in the house."

"Zounds and the devil, madam!" began the now enraged Argent —but a coughing fit suddenly put an end to the period, so eloquently commenced. Sir Crab seemed still undecided; while Lady Numberwell retreated behind him.

At that instant, hearing the voice of Sir Crab, Wilmot, using the privilege of a relation, followed the sound, and unexpectedly appeared before the trio. Had a rattle-snake suddenly crossed his path, he could not have rushed past the terrific object, and disappeared with

greater velocity than he now displayed, on perceiving Argent. Followed by his companion, with equal speed, they were, in a moment, whirling along toward Brighton with what expedition four horses could convey them.

When the astonishment caused by this abrupt flight had partially ceased, each eye was bent on Argent as if for explanation, since it appeared evident that to his presence alone their hasty departure was attributable.

"And is that really the graceless Wilmot Bolland?" said the usurer, in fearful trepidation, as the unwelcome truth began to glimmer upon him.

"It is, it is!" was the reluctant reply of Sir Crab; who, from the usurer's unwonted terror, augured something, he knew not definitely what, of horrible.

Argent, was now convinced: and with the conviction came the certainty, that when he fancied, he had lent Lord Creighton 5000l., he had been the prey of an expert swindler. Of this he could no longer doubt; and, for the first five minutes after the fact was ascertained, he seemed stupified; then he raved loudly and bitterly for vengeance. Vengeance he would have: and though all manner of noxious things beset his path—though mountains frowned before him—though oceans intervened—though pestilence scattered the contents of his phial around him. Vengeance, vengeance should lay her soothing unction to his wounded spirit!

The hurricane subsided by degrees, and a calm succeeded, only to be broken by a still more fearful display.

"Pursued!" continued the victim, "aye, pursue him like a whirlwind, even to the world's end. Mine own will I have; and bitterly shall he rue the day when he selected me on whom to play his infamous schemes. Five thousand pounds! and from me! I, who have risen early, and late retired to my pallet; who have trudged, with thousands in my pocket, to the poverty-smitten abode of splendour, while my feet were weary and my stomach empty, yet expended not sixpence for a coach or for food; who have passed hours, days, years, in increasing vigilance, and untiring perseverance; whose days have been consumed in thought, thought the most intense; and whose very nights have been no seasons of rest for me! I, who have sacrificed a life in amassing treasure—whohave enjoyed none of the world's luxuries; who have suffered every torture in the power of fear to inflict; and who have scarcely partaken of a sufficiency to keep breath in this miserable carcass! That such as I should have, at last, been duped, cheated, defrauded—villanously defrauded—is too, too much!" and the wretched old usurer sunk on a chair. The next moment he started up; his cheeks burning, his eyes the seat of ungovernable fury, and every limb quivering from excess of rage. He gasped for speech—and again he sunk down. The struggle had been too severe—the sudden rupture of a blood-vessel released him from the endurance of a life which, for the better part of half a century, had been most wretched from its very prosperity.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

CLAMOUR AT THE MARCH OF MORTAR.—A controversy has been carried on, with no little acrimony, between Mr. Wilkins, the architect, and others of his brethren, respecting the projected National Gallery. The difference apparently arises from a contemplated encroachment of the new building upon the open view of the front of St. Martin's Church. Now, if the plans subjected by the architect are really worthy to be carried into effect, the grandeur and real importance of a national building is, in our opinion, of so much more consequence than St. Martin's Church, that the objections raised against Mr. Wilkins's plan would appear to be more the result of party feeling, than of just and impartial criticism. It seems to us, moreover, that the value of the church, as a specimen of architecture, is much over-rated. It was built at a time when the architectural dignity of our metropolis did not stand very high, in comparison with the other nations of Europe; it, therefore, became with us of an undue importance; and, not to be enraptured with its proportion, was considered a sort of heresy in taste. Did ever architecture happen to be the subject of conversation, thereupon the beauties of St. Martin's were held up to admiration—it was like the eternal eloquence of Frère Jacques on the accomplishments of his cat—it was cat! cat! everlastingly. One would fancy, to hear some *quid nuncs*, that there is but one portico in the world, and that belongs to St. Martin's—and that, by no possibility, can there be another, because the man is dead that made it.

We are happy to bear testimony to the following condescension of the dignitaries of Worthing. It is not always we find country gentlemen so liberal in this encouragement of Art:—

"We understand that Mr. Hancock will probably, in the course of two or three weeks, run his new and elegant steam-carriage, 'The Autopsy,' between Brighton and Worthing. At their meeting, on Thursday last, the Commissioners of Worthing, in the handsomest manner, gave Mr. Hancock permission to make use of their *town pumps*."

We question whether Mr. Hancock will be able to avail himself advantageously of the offer of these *town pumps*. However, the intention is kind, and deserves notice.

THE BLESSING OF IGNORANCE.—At a late trial in the country, an action was brought to recover the value of a gun, which had burst, although *warranted*. The principal witness proved to us the advantage, when firing a strange gun, of not being blessed with the professional expertness of a sportsman.

"Witness sent it down to a friend in the country, and it burst on the second shot. His friend was *inexperienced*, and held the gun *rather awkwardly*, or his hand would have been shot off."

In future commend us to inexperience in these matters. It is a real "consolation to the tremulous" sportsman to reflect, that, though his pride is touched, his hands are safe. They are not liable to those excentric excursions to which the manipulators of a practised shot are prone to take. We should prefer placing our hands *rather awkwardly*, than witness their independent evolutions in a sphere for which nature never intended them. We would, however, recommend the tyro, if he must go upon these expeditions, to leave the glory and danger to the ambitious marksman, and make all sure by keeping his hands in his pockets.

Celestial Peculiarities.—We are hardly sufficiently grateful to Providence for having cast our lot in such "pleasant places." It is only by the occasional receipt of foreign documents that we can, by comparison, appreciate our own security. The decease of a crowned head is surely sufficiently distressing, without lacerating the feelings of a bereaved people by orders such as these:—

"On the 15th July, died at Pekin, the consort of the Emperor of China. A general mourning has been ordered in consequence. The Mantshur *employés* are for 27 days to wear garments of coarse white linen, and caps without *tassels* or *buttons;* during 100 days they must not *shave their heads*. The Mongolian *employés* are to assume the same mourning, with the exception of the white garments. The Chinese people must leave their *heads unshaved* for the same period, and are to wear no *tassels* on their caps for seven days."—*Russian Paper*.

Now, when we unhappily suffer a similar calamity, the people are merely enjoined to put on *decent mourning*, a comprehensive term enough, and ingeniously contrived; but our shaving is left to our own sense of propriety. We can fancy the consternation at court produced by an order for the discontinuance of scissors and razors for the space of 100 days—our *Mongolian employés* would be in a state little short of frenzy. We remember the effect produced by such a mandate, although on a small scale, upon a regiment of cavalry, when the discontinuance of the growth of *moustache* was delicately hinted to them. Many, who had been at great pains and expense to enter the regiment for the privilege of wearing them, retired from the service in disgust; and the precincts of the Horse Guards were disquieted for many days with the apprehension that the heroes would march out—drums beating and colours flying—to fortify Primrose-hill, rather than ingloriously part with their whiskers. Nothing offends a gentleman more than interfering with the cut of his wig, or the pointing of his whiskers; and our independence in these particulars makes us pity the tonsorial enthralment of those whose razors are only sharpened by royal authority. After all, to speak seriously, if we place the celestial order beside one from our own Chamberlain's office, and place our *bag wigs and ruffles* against the *buttons and tassels* of the Chinese, we shall find the distinction of absurdity pretty much on an equality, whether in the courts of Asia or Europe.

The Columns of Royalty.—We are not of that class who fancy that loyalty to the monarch can only be proved by hollow encomium

and fulsome adulation; who would persuade the lieges that a common act of justice in a private individual, becomes in a king magnified into a most exalted virtue—as though the humanities of society were denied to that privileged class.

"Through the high sense of honour and justice on the part of his Majesty, arrangements are in contemplation, by which all the *bonâ fide* and honest creditors of the Duke of York are likely to receive the full amount of their claims."

We have not so ill an opinion of royalty as to suppose the illustrious individuals composing that class are entirely destitute of the common principles of honour and correct pride, which are considered of no great merit in persons of inferior station to possess. The Duke of York's debts have been a positive scandal to the royal family of England ever since his decease; and when we consider the immense sums of money drawn yearly by each individual of that family, our astonishment is not at the *high sense of honour and justice* displayed by his Majesty, by causing *arrangements* to be *contemplated* for paying his illustrious brother's deficiencies, but that the same feeling did not prompt him to do it before. It is very true that his Majesty's family is numerous; but his income is large; and we sincerely hope that he may live long to make up a tolerable purse for them. The comparatively small sum required can never be better expended than in relieving the memory of his relative from the odium which must ever attach to the vices, however extenuated, of improvidence.

It would have been a sad mockery to have exhibited the statue of the deceased duke to the sneers of the populace; and the tradesman would have sighed, as he looked over his ledger, to think that the illustrious original had raised more *columns* at the expense of the people than any man in England.

Promotion of the 3d Regiment of South-Devon Royal Auxiliary-Supplementary Yeomanry Cavalry!—The gallant yeomanry, if they are of no other use, at least afford plenty of amusement. Their antics on horseback are ludicrous enough, excepting occasionally where they interfere with the people's comfort, by treading upon their toes—a *guacherie*, which a well-bred horse of the Guards would be ashamed to commit.—

"Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has been pleased to command that the South Devon shall in future be styled 'The 3d Royal Devon, or Duchess of Kent's own Regiment of Yeomanry.'"

We are glad to hear the "South Devon" has deserved the honour thus conferred upon it, and hope the members of the *corps* are somewhat more dexterous with their weapons than formerly. When they were last called out into "active service," against some contumacious rustics, one of the *corps*, who was more disposed for "business" than his comrades, had pushed his horse in advance, which was seized by some unceremonious chopstick by the bridle. The indignant *militaire* aimed at him a desperate blow with his sabre, in the practice of which, not having a veteran's experience, the gallant gentleman unfortunately cut his charger's ear off!

An anecdote is related of this same distinguished regiment:—In the earlier part of their military career, it was customary with them to practise their evolutions without the assistance of any of their officers, except the adjutant, who gave the command, the other ranks being filled by serjeants and corporals. On one occasion, the military march of mind was rather ludicrously exhibited: on the command being given by the adjutant, that—"*the—regi—ment—will—charge—by—squadrons—al—ternately,*"—it was repeated by one of the *majors* to his bewildered comrades as follows:—"the regi—ment—will—charge by—squadrons—to—all—eternity!"

PRODIGIOUS!—Our country friends are always on the *qui vive* to astonish us. They exert their ingenuity most industriously, and, so far as amusement is concerned, to good purpose—to wit, the following:—

"A bullock, weighing only 26 stones Dutch, was on Thursday slaughtered at Linlithgow, when the tallow inclosing the left kidney was observed to be of *prodigious* size. On taking the kidney out, after leaving the usual proportion, it weighed *five stones* imperial! The bullock was three years old, and quite healthy."

Fancy a kidney *seventy pounds!* If the readers of the talented paragraph above, had swallows equal to alligators, they would not find them a whit too large for this kidney. Again:—

"Last week, a sea cob, kept in the garden of J. Lloyd Williams, Esq. of Alderbrook-hall, Cardigan, swallowed a mole alive, which after a considerable time, worked its way out through the breast of the bird, and made its escape. The bird is still alive and doing well!"

We are quite sure that our respected friend, Captain Cram, has lately been on a visit to Mr. Williams; and it was he, who doubtless forwarded the account to the Editor of the paper when we took it. If that be the case, we are not so much surprised, as our travelled friend has certainly witnessed more extraordinary things than any man in England. Had it been related by any other, we should hardly believe it.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

A great clamour has been raised about the right of Mr. BUNN to unite the two houses under one management—a question which solely involves the interests of manager and actors, but in which the latter have very ingeniously contrived to inveigle the public. Now what the public have to complain of is simply this—the high prices of admission, and the inferiority of entertainment. And the reason?—Why, the enormous salaries given to actors by a ruinous competition, precludes the possibility of encouraging first-rate dramatic talent as it deserves—the consequence is, hashes from the French, and threadbare pieces, which the public are sick of seeing.

Actors and singers are paid at a higher rate, in proportion to their talent, than any other class of the community; and because a manager

devises some means to check this evil, he naturally enough excites their wrath. In former days, when the theatre was the resort of all the genius and fashion of England, when the stage was graced by talent of the first order, no such salaries where thought of; and now when patronage is withdrawn, and every thing appears upon a mediocre scale, actors are dissatisfied if they do not receive the income of princes. As genuine worth declines, greediness is on the advance; but of this we feel assured, that the stage never can hope to regain its former popularity, until it ceases to be a ruinous speculation to managers—until the salaries of actors are brought to a level with other professions—the rent reduced with all other rent—authors properly treated—and the prices made suitable to the means of those who would willingly go if they could afford it. Till this is done, all the rest is patch-work. Managers may adopt temporary means of relief, it will not ultimately avail—a thorough reform is wanting to meet the means of the public.

A *debutante* for theatrical honours lately appeared at COVENT GARDEN, in the character of *Rosina*—and is a very graceful pleasing little person. We understand that she was formerly a pupil of CRIVELLI, who, in fact, formed her voice; but that she has latterly, unfortunately, been receiving *instruction* from a gentleman who is a flute player, or a fiddler, or some such thing, but certainly without experience as a singing master, and altogether unfit for the task of qualifying such a singer as Miss ATKINSON for the stage. It is to be regretted, that the young lady did not pursue her former course of instruction—she would, by this time, have had no reason to fear a competitor—as it is, her talent is of first-rate order, and her success, in the character of *Rosina*, was complete. Her performance of *Mandane*, in "*Artaxerxes*," was equivocal: for the part is altogether unfit for her voice, which is of *mezzo-soprano* quality. The music of *Mandane* requires a soprano voice of full compass: therefore, placing Miss ATKINSON in such a position was not only ungenerous to her individually, but grossly unjust.

We hear she is refused an engagement, because she was not so successful in a part where she ought never to have been placed.—Such is theatrical justice!

The new piece of "*Gustavus*," at COVENT GARDEN, continues to attract large audiences, and has been profitable to the management. It is "adapted from the French," by PLANCHE, and is certainly a very splendid spectacle. The music, however, is by no means to be laid to the fault of poor AUBER, who has sins enough to answer for. It is principally got up, contrived, and worked into the piece by a Mr. CARTER, who might have been more advantageously employed in some other business. This opera was introduced at the VICTORIA, and, if we except the grand scenic effects, to our mind much better. The music was arranged and partly composed by Mr. BARNETT, a composer of acknowledged reputation, who executed his task most successfully. The costumes were, likewise, arranged with greater accuracy; we were not astonished there by the appearance of Napoleon

at the masked ball, in his well-known costume of latter days—an anachronism at COVENT GARDEN which could only have been suggested by the grossest ignorance.

The "*Butterfly's Ball*," at the ADELPHI, was but a poor affair. Its attraction chiefly depended on the merits of the legs of Mrs. WAYLETT and Mrs. HONEY; but whether they have been seen often enough, or that the taste of the Adelphi audience is becoming more pure, they failed to produce a run.

The fair widow of Wych-street has not been so successful as last year. "*The Beulah Spa*" seems to be the most attractive piece hitherto introduced; we hope MADAME may receive great benefit from the waters.

The French theatrical world has been in serious commotion lately —nothing less than a rupture with Sweden is spoken of. The descendants of the heroes of Charles XII. have threatened vengeance. As we have been guilty of the same impropriety, we must leave Mr. BUNN to get the country out of the scrape as he can. It is hard that an innocent people should suffer from the delinquency of a manager. It appears that a diplomatic correspondence of an angry nature has taken place between the French and Swedish governments, in consequence of the latter having demanded the withdrawal from the French Stage of the opera of the "*Bal Masqué de Gustave*," and the vaudeville of the "*Camarade de Lit*." The latter piece is certainly not calculated to flatter the vanity of the reigning monarch of Sweden. The plot of this singular dramatic production, which is from the pens of MM. LANGLE and VANDERBURCK, is as follows:—*Thiebault*, an old grognard of the Grande Armée, and his Majesty, Charles John (Bernadotte), had, when simple grenadiers in the service, been bedfellows—*Camarades de Lit*. *Thiebault* goes to Sweden after the late revolution, where he carries on the trade of a cabinet-maker. He there meets the king, who, at the sight of his old comrade, feels all the force of youthful impressions, that he puts on his old uniform of a grenadier, and with *Thiebault* repairs to a *cabaret*. Here the latter reads the king a lesson on politics and the art of government, who at last, under the influence of deep potations, signs several edicts calculated completely to reorganize the political condition of the Swedish people. The *denouement* is admirably managed, and the piece throughout full of interest and gaiety. It has met with great success.

The rage in Paris for theatrical novelties is truly surprising. The life of Napoleon made but the subject of one piece—while the ages of Louis XIV. and XV. have been ransacked over and over again for subjects to satisfy the greedy curiosity of *La Jeune France*. During the last month thirteen new pieces were produced at the different theatres of Paris, viz. two tragedies, two dramas, one comic opera, and eight vaudevilles; a number, considering what has been, and what is expected, is thought by our neighbours to be a monstrous meagre affair after all.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

The Forget-me-not.—Ackermann & Co.

The eldest-born of annuals has always been a welcome guest at our Christmas fire-sides, and from the pains taken to keep pace with the fresh attraction offered by other adventurers in the most interesting of literary competition, we have no doubt it will long continue so. There are many very interesting articles in the present volume, of which we shall extract the following: the view from an hitherto unpublished sketch by the late Sir Walter Scott, and the tale by our friend the Ettrick Shepherd:—

SCOTTISH HAYMAKERS.

There is no employment in Scotland so sweet as working in a hay-field on a fine summer day. Indeed it is only on a fine summerday that the youths and maidens of this northern clime can work at the hay. But then the scent of the new hay, which of all others in the world is the most delicious and healthful, the handsome dress of the girls, which is uniformly the same, consisting of a snow-white bedgown and white or red striped petticoat—the dress that Wilkie is so fond of, and certainly the most lovely and becoming dress that ever was or will be worn by woman; and then the rosy flush of healthful exercise on the cheeks of the maidens, with their merry jibes and smiles of innocent delight! Well do I know, from long and well tried experience, that it is impossible for any man with the true feelings of a man to work with them or even to stand and look on—both of which I have done a thousand times, first as a servant, and afterwards as a master—I say it is impossible to be among them and not be in love with some one or other of them.

But this simple prologue was merely meant to introduce a singular adventure I met with a good many years ago. Mr. Terry, the player, his father and brother-in-law, the two celebrated Naesmiths, and some others, among whom was Monsieur Alexandre, the most wonderful ventriloquist that I believe ever was born, and I think Grieve and Scott, but at this distance of time I am uncertain, were of the party. However, we met by appointment; and, as the weather was remarkably fine, agreed to take a walk into the country and dine at "The Hunter's Tryste," a little, neat, cleanly, well-kept inn, about two miles to the southward of Edinburgh. We left the city by the hills of Braid, and there went into a hay-field. The scene certainly was quite delightful, what with the scent of the hay, the beauty of the day, and the rural group of haymakers. Some were working hard, some wooing, and some towzling, as we call it, when Alexander Naesmith, who was always on the look-out for any striking scene of nature, called to his son—"Come here, Peter, and look at this scene. Did you ever see aught equal to this? Look at those happy haymakers on the foreground; that fine old ash tree, and the castle between us and the clear blue sky. I declare I have hardly ever seen such a landscape! And if you had not been a perfect stump as you are, you would have noticed it before me. If you had I would have set ten times more value on it."

"Oh, I saw it well enough," said Peter, "and have been taking a peep at it this while past, but I hae some other thing to think of and look at just now. Do you see that girl standing there with the hay-rake in her hand?"

"Ay, now, Peter, that's some sense," said the veteran artist. "I excuse you for not looking at the scene I was sketching. Do you know, man, that is the only sensible speech I ever heard you make in my life."

There were three men and a very handsome girl loading an immense cart of hay. We walked on, and at length this moving hay-stack overtook us. I remember it well, with a black horse in the shafts and a fine light grey one in the traces. We made very slow progress; for Naesmith would never cease either sketching or stopping us to admire the scenery of nature, and I remember he made a remark to me that day which I think neither he nor his most ingenious son, now no more, ever attended much to; for they have often drawn most extensive vistas the truest to nature of any thing I ever saw in my uncultivated judgment, which can only discern what is accordant with nature by looking on nature itself: but, if a hundred years hence, the pictures of the Naesmiths are not held invaluable, I am no judge of true natural scenery. But I have forgot myself. The remark that he made to me was this: "It is amazing how little makes a good picture; and frequently the less that is taken in the better." Some of the ladies of the family seem to have improved greatly on this hint.

But to return to my story. We made such slow progress on account of Naesmith, that up came the great cart-load of hay on one side of us, with a great burly Lothian peasant sitting upon the hay, lashing on his team, and whistling his tune. We walked on, side by side, for a while, I think about half a mile, when, all at once, a child began to cry in the middle of the cart-load of hay. I declare I was cheated myself; for, though I was walking alongside of Alexandre, I thought there was a child among the hay; for it cried with a kind of half smothered breath, that I am sure there never was such a deception practised in this world. Peter Naesmith was leaning on the cart-shaft at the time, and conversing with the driver about the beautiful girl he had seen in the hay-field. But Peter was rather deaf, and, not hearing the screaming of the child, looked up in astonishment. when the driver of the cart began to stare around him like a man bereaved of his senses.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Terry. "You are smothering a child among your hay."

The poor fellow, rough and burly as was his outer man, was so much appalled at the idea of taking infant life, that he exclaimed in a half-articulate voice: "I wonder how they could fork a bairn up to me frae the meadow, an' me never ken!" And without taking time to descend to loose his cart-ropes, he cut them through the middle, and turned off his hay, roll after roll, with the utmost expedition; and still the child kept crying almost under his hands and feet. He was even obliged to set his feet on each side of the cart for fear of trampling the poor infant to death. At length, when he had turned the greater part of the hay off upon the road, the child fell a-crying most bitterly amongst the hay; on which the poor fellow (his name was Sandy Burnet) jumped off the cart in the greatest trepidation. "Od! I hae thrawn the poor thing ower!" exclaimed he. "I's warrant it's killed"—and he began to shake out the hay with the greatest caution. I and one of my companions went forward to assist him. "Stand back! stand back!" cried he. "Ye'll may be tramp its life out. I'll look for't mysel'." But, after he had shaken out the whole of the hay, no child was to be found. I never saw looks of such amazement as Sandy Burnet's then were. He seemed to have lost all comprehension of every thing in this world. I was obliged myself to go on to the brow of the hill and call on some of the hay-makers to come and load the cart again.

Mr. Scott and I stripped off our coats, and assisted; and, as we were busy loading the cart, I said to Sandy, seeing him always turning the hay over and over for fear of running the fork through a child, "What can hae become o' the creature, Sandy?—for you must be sensible that there was a bairn among this hay."

"The Lord kens, sir," said Sandy.

"Think ye the lasses are a' safe enough an' to be trusted?" said I.

"For ony thing that I ken, sir."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?"

"The Lord kens, sir. There was a bairn, or the semblance o' ane, naebody can doubt; but I'm thinking it was a fairy, an' that I'm hauntit."

"Did you ever murder any bairns, Sandy?"

"Oh no! I wadna murder a bairn for the hale world."

"But were ye ever the cause o' any lasses murdering their bairns?"

"Not that I ken o'."

"Then where could the bairn come frae?—for you are sensible that there is or was a bairn among your hay. It is rather a bad-looking job, Sandy, and I wish you were quit of it."

"I wish the same, sir,. But there can be nae doubt that the creature among the hay was either a fairy or the ghaist of a bairn, for the hay was a' forkit off the swathe on the meadow. An' how could ony body fork up a bairn, an' neither him nor me ken?"

We got the cart loaded once more, knitted the ropes firmly, and set out; but we had not proceeded a hundred yards before the child fell a-crying again among the hay with more vehemence and with more choaking screams than ever. "Gudeness have a care o' us! Heard ever ony leevin the like o' that! I declare the creature's there again!" cried Sandy, and, flinging himself from the cart with a summerset, he ran off, and never once looked over his shoulder as long as he was in our sight. We were very sorry to hear afterwards that he had fled all the way to the highlands of Perthshire, where he still lives in a deranged state of muid.

We dined at "The Hunter's Tryste," and spent the afternoon in hilarity; but such a night of fun as Monsieur Alexandre made us I never witnessed and never shall again. On the stage, where I had often seen him, his powers were extraordinary, and altogether unequalled; that was allowed by every one: but the effect there was not to be compared with that which he produced in a private party. The family at the inn consisted of the landlord, his wife, and her daughter, who was the landlord's step-daughter, a very pretty girl, and dressed like a lady; but, I am sure that family never spent an afternoon of such astonishment and terror from the day they were united until death parted them—though they may be all living yet, for any thing that I know, for I have never been there since. But Alexandre made people of all ages and sexes speak from every part of the house, from under the beds, from the basin-stands, and from the garret, where a dreadful quarrel took place. And then he placed a bottle on the top of the clock, and made a child scream out of it, and declare that the mistress had corked it in there to murder it. The young lady ran, opened the bottle, and looked into it, and then, losing all power with amazement, she let it fall from her hand and smashed it to pieces. He made a bee buz round my head and face until I struck at it several times and had nearly felled myself. Then there was a drunken man came to the door, and insisted in a rough obstreperous manner on being let in to shoot Mr. Hogg; on which the landlord ran to the door and bolted it, and ordered the man to go about his business, for there was no room in the house, and there he should not enter on any account. We all heard the voice of the man going round and round the house, grumbling, swearing, and threatening and all the while Alexandre was just standing with his back to us at the room-door, always holding his hand to his mouth, but nothing else. The people ran to the windows to see the drunken man going by, and Miss Jane even ventured to the corner of the house to look after him; but neither drunken man nor any other man was to be seen. At length, on calling her in to serve us with some wine and toddy, we heard the drunken man's voice coming in at the top of the chimney. Such a state of amazement as Jane was in I never

beheld. "But ye need nae be feared, gentlemen," said she, "for I'll defy him to win down. The door's boltit an' lockit, an' the vent o' the lumb is na sae wide as that jug."

However, down he came, and down he came, until his voice actually seemed to be coming out of the grate. Jane ran for it, saying, "He is winning down, I believe, after a'. He is surely the deil."

Alexandre went to the chimney, and, in his own natural voice ordered the fellow to go about his business, for into our party he should not be admitted, and if he forced himself in he would shoot him through the heart. The voice then went again grumbling and swearing up the chimney. We actually heard him hurling down over the slates, and afterwards his voice dying away in the distance as he vanished into Mr. Trotter's plantations. We drank freely, and paid liberally, that afternoon; but I am sure the family never were so glad to get quit of a party in all their lives.

To prove the authenticity of this story, I may just mention that Peter Naesmith and Alexander ran a race in going home for half a dozen of wine, and, it being down the hill, Peter fell and hurt his breast very badly. I have been told that that fall ultimately occasioned his death. I hope it was not so; for though a perfect simpleton, he was a great man in his art.

Hood's Comic Annual, 1834. Tilt.

We have received this volume too late for such an elaborate notice as the reputation of its author justly entitles it. Upon a hasty glance it appears to be particularly rich in its literary portion: almost every article possesses a claim to attention. We can only at present, present our readers with a specimen in prose, by way of whetting their appetite for the remainder:—

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

THE DILEMMA.

"Read! it's very easy to say read."—The Burgomaster.
"I have trusted to a reed."—Old Proverb.

"Hoy!—Cotch!—Co-ach!—Coachy!—Coachee!—hullo!—hulloo!—woh!—wo-hoay?—wough-hoaeiouy!"—for the last cry was a waterman's, and went all through the vowels.

The Portsmouth Rocket pulled up, and a middle-aged, domestic-looking woman, just handsome enough for a plain cook at an ordinary, was deposited on the dickey; two trunks, three bandboxes, a bundle, and a hand-basket, were stowed in the hind boot. "This is where I'm to go to," she said to the guard, putting into his hand a slip of paper. The guard took the paper, looked hard at it, right side upwards, then upside down, and then he looked at the back; he in the meantime seemed to examine the consistency of the fabric between his finger and thumb; he approached it to his nose as if to smell out its meaning; I even thought that he was going to try the sense of it by tasting, when, by a sudden jerk, he gave the label with its direction to the winds, and snatching up his key-bugle began to play "O where, and O where," with all his breath.

I defy the metaphysicians to explain by what vehicle I travelled to the conclusion that the guard could not read; but I felt as morally sure of it as if I had examined him in his a—b—ab. It was a prejudice not very liberal;

but yet it clung to me, and fancy persisted in sticking a dunce's cap on his head. Shakspeare says that "he who runs may read," and I had seen him run a good shilling's worth after an umbrella that dropped from the coach; it was a presumptuous opinion, therefore, to form, but I formed it notwithstanding—that he was a perfect stranger to all those booking-offices where the clerks are schoolmasters. Morally speaking, I had no earthly right to clap an ideal Saracen's Head on his shoulders; but, for the life of me, I could not persuade myself that he had more to do with literature than the Blue Boar.

Women are naturally communicative: after a little while the female in the dickey brought up, as a military man would say, her reserve, and entered into recitative with the guard during the pauses of the key-bugle. She informed him in the course of conversation, or rather dickey gossip, that she was an invaluable servant, and, as such, had been bequeathed by a deceased master to the care of one of his relatives at Putney, to exert her vigilance as a housekeeper, and to overlook every thing for fifty pounds a-year. "Such places," she remarked, "is not to be found every day in the year."

The last sentence was prophetic!

"If it's Putney," said the guard, "it's the very place we're going through. Hold hard, Tom, the young woman wants to get down." Tom immediately pulled up; the young woman did get down, and her two trunks, three bandboxes, her bundle, and her hand-basket were ranged round her. "I've had a very pleasant ride," she said, giving the fare with a smirk and a curtsey to the coachman, "and am very much obliged,"—dropping a second curtsey to the guard,—"for other civilities. The boxes and things is quite correct, and won't give further trouble, Mr. Guard, except to be as good as pint out the house I'm going to." The guard thus appealed to, for a moment stood all aghast; but at last his wits came to his aid, and he gave the following lesson in geography.

"You're all right—ourn a'n't a short stage, and can't go round setting people down at their own doors; but you're safe enough at Putney—don't be alarmed, my dear—you can't go out of it. It's all Putney, from the bridge we've just come over, to the windmill you almost can't see t'other side of the common."

"But, Mr. Guard, I've never been in Putney before, and it seems a scrambling sort of a place. If the coach can't go round with me to the house, can't you stretch a pint and set me down in sight of it?"

"It's impossible—that's the sum total; this coach is timed to a minute, and can't do more for outsides if they was all Kings of England."

"I see how it is," said the female, bridling up, while the coachman, out of patience, prepared to do quite the reverse; "some people are very civil, while some people are setting beside 'em in dickies; but give me the paper again, and I'll find my own ways."

"It's chucked away," said the guard, as the coach got into motion; "but just ask the first man you meet—any body will tell you."

"But I don't know who or where to ask for," screamed the lost woman after the flying Rocket; "I can't read; but it was all down in the paper as is chucked away."

A loud flourish of the bugle to the tune of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground" was the only reply; and as long as the road remained straight, I could see "the Bewildered Maid" standing in the midst of her baggage, as forlorn as Eve, when, according to Milton—

> "The world was all before her, where to choose
> Her *place*—"

MEMOIR OF MR. JOHN DUNGETT, OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, A USEFUL CLASS-LEADER, AND SUCCESSFUL LOCAL PREACHER IN THE WELEYAN METHODIST CONNEXION. BY J. HEATON.

CANT—cant—cant! "Heaven stops the nose at it."

DECISION AND INDECISION; OR THE TWO COUSINS. BY THE WIFE OF A WESLEYAN MINISTER. MASON, 1833.

WE fear we must confess ourselves obnoxious to all the consequences of "indecision," as respects this work; our "decision" being somewhat perplexed by the consideration "that a lady is in the case." Dr. Johnson says, in his Rambler (and we always bear this in mind), "Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present;" and the world is witness that our coffers are ever ready to liquidate such debts, with the benefit of the discount of a clear conscience, as soon as incurred. As, however, it is not in our nature to offer (nor would it be decorous, upon so slight an acquaintance, in a lady to accept) the present of the latter, the nature of our opinion of this work we leave to the sagacity of the fair authoress and the public.

We may take this opportunity, perhaps, of remonstrating with the small fry of writers, upon their very unnecessary and ridiculous indulgence in the use of the italics, intended, it would seem, to strengthen and enforce the egregious no-meaning of their awkward sentences. One cannot get though a line without a row of these slanting gentlemen posted in the way. It reminds us very much of the story told of the poor artist, who, having completed something between an ox and a hippopotamus, thought fit, for the information of his friends, to transcribe beneath, "this is a cow;" presenting a sad and melancholy portraiture of that useful animal.

SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY. BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER, M. A., THE MECHANIC. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

"I AM not a politician," is the preliminary admission of the Rev. Charles Tayler. Surely, now, such a statement is quite unnecessary; quite as much so, we should say, as though that excellent bird that flourishes at Michaelmas, were to declare, "I am not an eagle;" or a certain long-eared quadruped, "I am not a Cordovan jennet." Perhaps Mr. Tayler means to say, though, that he professes no particular political creed. We beg his pardon. To become a politician, we imagine, demands greater powers than those required to jabber infinite nonsense, at the full valuation of a reasonably sonorous snore per minute.

We regret we have not time to make a barbecue of this pretender. We may, however, advise him to cease to decorate his title-page with the irreverent, catch-penny device he has chosen. Such symbols are too serious to be made to serve the purposes of trade. Who, pray, suggested this?

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

With the exception of the Iberean Peninsula, Europe has, during the last month, been in a state of political quietism. Even diplomacy appears to have relaxed something of its wonted energies, and to be reposing from the toils of its last campaign. In Spain, however, the aspect of affairs is becoming daily more complicated. Carlism is gaining ground, rearing, hydra-like, its heads in almost every province. The position of the Queen-Regent is, it must be confessed, a difficult one; if, on the one hand, she throws herself into the arms of the Constitutionalists, she loses the support of the juste-milieu party; and, upon the other, if she demands the interference of the French, she will, by one blow, throw the whole nation into the opposite scale. The major part of the Spanish people, we firmly believe, care little about political liberty; but they are a haughty race, and the interference of a foreign power would popularize the cause of Don Carlos, which would be associated with that of national independence. Both the ruling government of Spain, and that of Louis Philippe, see the danger of such a measure—besides, there is no doubt that, on the crossing of the Bidossoa by the French, the armies of Russia, Austria and Prussia, would advance upon the Rhine, and thus would be kindled that fearful war of principles, the eruption of which it has been the great effort of European diplomacy for the last three years to prevent. In the mean time Spain appears destined to pass through the same fiery ordeal that has been the fate of Portugal for the last eighteen months. By the last accounts from that country, Miguel's prospects look better. He is showing an imposing front at Sartarem—recruits even flocking to his standard from the Northern Provinces—in fact, if he only uses with skill the resources he has yet at his disposition, the ulterior success of his niece is not so certain as many fondly imagine.

In the North, the only political event of importance is the tripartite alliance between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, for preserving the *statu quo* in Poland. In Germany considerable opposition is offered by the smaller States to the Prussian tariffe system. In France, no question of importance will be mooted until the opening of the Chambers, fixed for the 3d December; while in Turkey we have a continuation of the old story—internal revolt, venality, and corruption, fostered by Russian intrigue

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

Lord Durham and Mr. O'Connell have been the lions of the month. Both have been making known to the public their aspirations after fame—the Rent of the Irish orator has not been so productive this year as formerly. The people are well enough pleased with patriots so long as they keep their hands out of their breeches pockets; but when "stump up" is the cry, people double-lock their strong boxes—like a crowd round a Punch-and-Judy shew, they are delighted to see the dog thumped, and the thwacks dealt by Punch's cudgel; but the moment the cap goes round, off they walk.

The Tithe and Tax uproar has subsided—like the ancient *Pistol*, people grumble and eat their leeks.

The Corporative Inquiry has been progressing with great effect. The Merchant Tailors' Company, however, have been contumacious. They beg to offer their particular respects to the king, and assure him of their duty, but beg to deny his authority, Tailors are, proverbially, a pugnacious race. Poor Sir Richard Birnie used to say, that he had more difficulty with tailors than all the operatives of the metropolis put together. This is very reprehensible, and we trust the company may be brought to reason without the aid of the treadmill or any other equally disagreeable exercise.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CELEBRATED WOMEN of all Countries, their Lives and Portraits. By the DUCHESS OF ABRANTES and COUNT STRASZEWICZ, to be commenced on the First of January, and continued Monthly, containing FOUR FINE PORTRAITS and MEMOIRS, in Octavo, and Folio.

In one small volume, illustrated with a Portrait of the Author, the Life of the original Lawrie Todd, entitled FORTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN AMERICA; or the Doctrine of a particular Providence, exemplified in the Life of Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, of New York. Written by Himself.

Will be Published in December, a BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CATALOGUE of Works privately printed; including such as have emanated from the Roxburghe, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, and the Private Presses at Strawberry Hill. Auchinleck, Darlington, Lee Priory, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Broadway. By JOHN MARTJN, F.L.S.

RHYMES for YOUTHFUL HISTORIANS, designed to assist the Memory in retaining the most important events in Ancient and English History. Third Edition.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE grand business of the autumnal season, wheat sowing, is drawing towards a close, or rather may be said to have already closed, in even the most backward parts of the country. With some exceptions, arising from peculiar and local causes, and such must ever be expected, the wheat-seed season of the present year may be unhesitatingly pronounced as one of the most fortunate and successful. Indeed, a retrospect will show, that of late years, in an especial manner, we have been fortunate in our wheat sowing, and at the start, whatever may have resulted at the conclusion, that is to say, at harvest. Our two last wheat harvests, indeed, have been wonderfully productive; the state of the lands, of the climate, and the condition of the generality of the farms considered. Want of money, so general among the farmers, and according to all the reports from the country, greatly increased and exaggerated at the present crisis, has hurried such quantities of corn of every description to market, that we have now obtained satisfactory evidence as to the various products of the late harvests, and find that our early speculations, as to the quantities and condition of the crops, were not very wide of the mark. Wheat, the most important, has also proved the most plentiful crop, and is deemed a full average, the overplus on the best lands making up the deficiency of the poor and least productive. As a drawback upon this piece of national good fortune, the condition of too great a part of this splendid crop was lamentably deteriorated by the excesssive hurry with which it was drawn from the field, in order to be turned into money; many who were not in distress for money, taking the same course, under the apprehension of large imports from the Continent, which, however, have not yet arrived. The wheat market has thus been greatly overstocked, whilst the damp condition of the best wheat has greatly reduced the price, the ordinary and lower samples being beat down below all proportion. Some hopes are yet entertained in the country of a favourable rally in the price of wheat, but that will materially depend on the quantity imported. Oats have proved the next best crop, and clover seed, of which seed, indeed, there is such a quantity in the country, that a resolution is announced of petitioning Parliament to impose upon the article an additional and exclusive duty, which will, no doubt, be stoutly opposed by the free trade party. Barley is an average crop upon a few of the best lands only, in general far

below an average, but much of it fine and weighty in quality. The pulse crops, both beans and peas, are much below an average, being on too many farms scarcely worth the labour and expense of harvesting. There are, however, many fine samples to be found of both. Potatoes, on the whole, are said not to amount to more than half a crop, but with favourable exceptions, and the quality often superior. Mangel wurzel, a small quantity in the country, and the article getting out of repute. Another change in this, our unsteady climate, since September, when the grass was burned to the root; alternate showers and favourable growing weather have produced a fine stock of fresh autumnal grass, which will prove a great saving of hay to the stock-farmer. Seed-time, for the new crop, has been equally fortunate and successful, as the harvest of the wheats never had a more beautiful green and flourishing aspect than at the present season. They have generally shot up early, a strong and healthy plant proving the general goodness of the seed, but with strange accounts from a few parts, of a failure of the plant, from the seminal virtues being destroyed by the unguarded use of arsenic in the steeping, with the view of preventing smut, as though the perpetual sudden variations between heat and cold, moisture and drought, were not sufficient in themselves to produce that disease, in despite of all that could be effected by a remedy used so many months before hand; a case somewhat analagous to a man's taking a medicine in October, in order to prevent a cold or rheumatism which might otherwise occur in the next year's July. This is not said to decry the custom of steeping seed, or even the prudent use of arsenic, however, with very different expectations. It is said in a few parts, that less wheat has been sown during this than in any late season, and the reason assigned is the high price of barley and its ready sale, thence the most advantageous crop. But this may, or must be, a mere temporary advantage, and for the most part the old opinion prevails that the quantity of wheat increases yearly. There seems to be an old dispute lately revived, as to the proper month for sowing wheat; one party standing up for September, the other stifly insisting on the preference due to November. No doubt, but the quality and situation of the soil must form an important consideration; but, as a general question, we have ever been the advocates and practisers of early sowing, whether in autumn or spring. Alas! the distress of the farmers speaks too plainly to be either questioned or denied. The Oxfordshire newspapers lately announced upwards of thirty sales of farming stock in one week, and nearly thirty farms to be let; as might be expected, the stock and farming implements were sold at ruinous prices.

The stout and fat cattle market is somewhat lower, sheep holding their price. As to pigs, they have suffered a very sudden and heavy depreciation; in fact, are nearly unsaleable at any price, occasioned, in some parts, materially by Irish superabundant importations. Horses, the superior few excepted, have fallen much below the price of former days, and for very obvious reasons, are not probable to rally.

The dead Markets, by the carcase, per stone, of 8lbs.—Beef, 2s. 2d. to 3s. 6d. Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 8d. Lamb, ——. Veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d. Pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 4d.

Corn Exchange—40s. to 60s. Barley, 26s. to 35s. Oats, 16s. to 25s. Hay, 60s. 84s. Clover ditto, 75s. to 100s. Straw, 24s. 33s.

Coal Exchange—Coals in the Port, 15s. to 21s. per ton, delivered to the consumer at an addition of 9s. to 12s. per ton.

Game at Leadenhall Market—Grouse, 7s. to 8s. a brace. Pheasants, 7s. to 8s. a brace. Birds, 5s. Hares, great plenty, 4s. each. Wild ducks, 8s. Widgeons, 6s. and Teal, 3s. 6d. the couple. Woodcocks, 8s. and Snipes, 3s. 6d. a couple. Golden Plover, 3s., common, 1s. 6d. a couple. Wild Rabbits, from 8s. to 12s. per dozen.

Middlesex, Nov. 25, 1833.

BRITISH MUSEUM PRESENT
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